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INDEX

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## INDEX

VOLUME 222 • JANUARY 1961 . . . JUNE 1961

*Actual titles are in quotations; subject matter in capital type.*

Acheson, Dean — Adenauer and McCloy: Godfathers of the New Germany, Apr. 40; Ernest Bevin, May 55

"ADENAUER AND MCCLOY: Godfathers of the New Germany" — Dean Acheson, Apr. 40

### ADVERTISING

"The Golden Twig," Mar. 64

AFGHANISTAN, Feb. 78

### AFRICA

"Africans Beat on Our College Doors," Apr. 53  
Portuguese Angola, May 29

"AFRICANS BEAT ON OUR COLLEGE DOORS" — Albert G. Sims, Apr. 53

### AFTER HOURS

Art Show of Marsden Hartley, Jan. 26  
"Boris for the Millions," Martin Mayer, June 22

"Cat, The Squirrel and the Jays, The," Bertram Brownold, Feb. 30

"Down-Easterner Off to Europe," Russell Lynes, Jan. 26

"Exigencies of Eighty," Henry H. Saylor, May 23

Film Criticism, Jan. 28

*Iceman Cometh*, TV Production of, Feb. 28

Hartley Art Show, Marsden, Jan. 26

"Hot Property," Russell Lynes, Feb. 28

"Musical Coals to Newcastle," Corinne and Jack M. Watson, Mar. 29  
Opera, American Singers in German, Mar. 29

Opera on TV, June 22

"Science Lecture for Any Occasion, A," James L. McPherson, May 25

"Travel Notes from *Harper's* Readers," Apr. 22

TV, *Boris Godunov* on, June 22

TV Hot Property, Feb. 28

"AGENDA FOR THE TWO K'S" — John Fischer, Feb. 14

"AIR SAFETY, PRESSURES AGAINST" — E. R. Quesada, Jan. 58

ALPA (AIR LINE PILOTS ASSN.), Jan. 58

"AMERICAN NEGRO'S NEW COMEDY ACT, THE" — Louis E. Lomax, June 41

"AMERICA'S WANDERING SCHOLARS" — Richard M. Gummere, Jr., May 73

ANGOLA, PORTUGUESE, May 29

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION, Apr. 85

Anonymous — The Kingdom of Silence, May 29

"'ANTI-AMERICANISM' IN CANADA" — Hugh MacLennan, Mar. 14

"APOCALYPSE" — Norman O. Brown, May 46

ARAB REPUBLIC, UNITED, June 54

### ARCHITECTURE

"Everything's Up-to-date in Texas . . . but Me," May 38

### ART

Marsden Hartley Art Show, Jan. 26

### ASIA

"Stranded in Kabul," Feb. 78

"ATOMIC ACCIDENT, A SMALL" — Ralph E. Lapp, June 47

### AUTOMOBILES

Driving Through Russia, May 147

### AVIATION

"Pressures Against Air Safety," Jan. 58

"Stranded in Kabul," Feb. 78

Ayme, Marcel — Knate, Feb. 89

"BAFFLED YOUNG MEN OF JAPAN, THE" — Peter F. Drucker, Jan. 65

Baldwin, James — The Dangerous Road Before Martin Luther King, Feb. 33

"BANK ROBBER?, CAN WE BRING BACK THE OLD-FASHIONED" — Malcolm Bradbury, Apr. 37

BEHAVIORAL CONTROL TECHNIQUES, Apr. 85

"BETTER WAY WITH PRESS CONFERENCES, A" — Philip M. Wagner, May 12

"BEVIN, ERNEST: COMFORTABLE FRIEND, FORMIDABLE ADVERSARY" — Dean Acheson, May 55

BILL OF RIGHTS, Feb. 63

Black, Jr., Charles L. — Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court, and the Bill of Rights, Feb. 63

"BLACK, MR. JUSTICE, THE SUPREME COURT, AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS" — Charles L. Black, Jr., Feb. 63

Blake, Patricia — "We Don't Breathe Easily," May 118

"BLANK FORMS CAN RUIN A WOMAN" — Helen Kaves Hudson, Jan. 75

BOLLING, RICHARD: INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN FROM KANSAS CITY, May 83

### BOOKS

"Books in Brief" — Katherine Gauss Jackson, Jan. 106; Feb. 105; Mar. 120; Apr. 104; May 98; June 97

Kracauer's *Theory of Film*, Review of, Jan. 28

*Lonely Crowd*, The, June 59

"My Other Books" — James A. Michener, Jan. 42

"New Books" — Elizabeth Hardwick, Jan. 103; June 90; Garrett Mattingly, Feb. 100; Alan Pryce-Jones, Mar. 112; Apr. 98; Robert L. Heilbroner, May 88

"BORIS FOR THE MILLIONS" — Martin Mayer, June 22

"BOSTON GIRL, A" — Mark Twain, June 52

Bovie, Palmer — The Danaids, May 53

Bradbury, Malcolm — Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robber?, Apr. 37

Brain, Richard — On the Road in Russia, May 147

Brecher, Ruth and Edward — The Happiest Creatures on Earth?, Apr. 85

Brooks, Van Wyck — William Carlos Williams, June 83

Brown, Norman O. — Apocalypse, May 46

Brownold, Bertram — The Cat, the Squirrel and the Jays, Feb. 30

"BRUNO, WALTER: THE WORKING MUSICIAN OF BEVERLY HILLS" — Martin Mayer, Feb. 73

Burg, David — The Voice of a Dissembler, May 122

### BUSINESS AND ECONOMICS

"Chicken Explosion, The," Apr. 77

"Japan, The Baffled Young Men of," Jan. 65

"Kentucky's Quiet Revolution," Jan. 45

"CALIFORNIA'S \$2 BILLION THIRST" — Sydney Kossen, Mar. 94

"CAN DEGAULLE AVOID A CIVIL WAR?" — George Steiner, Feb. 44

"CANADA, 'ANTI-AMERICANISM' IN" — Hugh MacLennan, Mar. 14

### CARTOONS

"Congratulations, Grandma, You Have Another Baby," May 117

Kentucky, from India's Viewpoint, Jan. 48

School Bus with Trailer, Apr. 49

"CASTLE AT ARUNDEL, THE" — Arthur Heiserman, Mar. 73

"CAT, THE SQUIRREL AND THE JAYS, THE" — Bertram Brownold, Feb. 30



Chesley, Elizabeth — Merchant of Rio, Apr. 88  
 "CHICKEN EXPLOSION, THE" — George Soule, Apr. 77  
 CHINA A RISING POWER, Jan. 38  
 Ciardi, John — My Countryman Marco Polo, Mar. 91  
 "CIVIL WAR, SURE NUFF TRUTH ABOUT THE" — John Fischer, Apr. 14  
 CLARK, FATHER CHARLES DISMAS, Feb. 57  
 "COLLEGE DOORS, AFRICANS BEAT ON OUR," Apr. 53  
 COLLEGE TRANSFERS, May 73  
 "COMING BUST IN THE REAL ESTATE BOOM" — Daniel M. Friedenberg, June 29

## COMMUNISM

"Agenda for the Two K's," Feb. 14  
 Russian Supplement, May pp. 105-152  
 "Timken Edition of Lenin," Mar. 56  
 "CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS, A DEBATE ON," Jan. 16  
 "CONGRESSMAN, UNLESS . . . DON'T WRITE YOUR" — Ellen Davis, June 12

## CONSERVATION

"California's \$2 Billion Thirst," Mar. 94  
 "CONVICTS, HOODLUM PRIEST AND RESPECTABLE" — William Krashner, Feb. 57  
 "CORNER OF A FOREIGN JAIL, A" — Alexis Ladas, Apr. 59  
 COURTS ON TRIAL, OUR, Apr. 31

## COVERS

January — Walter C. Whitlock  
 February — Chermayeff & Geismar Associates  
 March — Whitlock Studio  
 April — Robert Osborn and Ira Silberlicht  
 May — Janet Halverson  
 June — Bert Goldblatt

CRIMINOLOGY, Feb. 57  
 "CRISIS IN AMERICAN MEDICINE," Letters on, Jan. 78  
 Crowley, Harriet Hughes — My Dear Irish Doctors, Mar. 86  
 CUBA, Jan. 16, 39  
 "CURE FOR BEWITCHMENT, A" — Herbert Passin, May 43  
 "DANGEROUS ROAD BEFORE MARTIN LUTHER KING" — James Baldwin, Feb. 33  
 Davis, Ellen — "Don't Write Your Congressman . . . Unless," June 12  
 "DEATH OF A WRITER" — Priscilla Johnson, May 140  
 "DEGAULLE AVOID A CIVIL WAR?, CAN" — George Steiner, Feb. 44  
 Dikeman, May — The Polarizing Force, May 63  
 DISARMAMENT, Feb. 14  
 Discuss — Music in the Round, Jan. 110; Feb. 108; Mar. 125; Apr. 109; May 102; June 102  
 "DISSENTER, VOICE OF A" — David Burg, May 122  
 "DOCTORS, MY DEAR IRISH" — Harriet Hughes Crowley, Mar. 86

Dodd, Sen. Thomas J. — A Debate on Congressional Investigations, Jan. 16  
 "DON'T WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN, UNLESS" — Ellen Davis, June 12  
 Dressler, David — Trial by Combat in American Courts, Apr. 31  
 DRIVING THROUGH RUSSIA, May 147  
 Drucker, Peter F. — "The Baffled Young Man of Japan," Jan. 65  
 Druon, Maurice — A Matter of Luck, June 77

## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

"Agenda for the Two K's" — John Fischer, Feb. 14  
 "'Anti-Americanism' in Canada" — Hugh MacLennan, Mar. 14  
 "Civil War, Sure Nuff Truth About" — John Fischer, Apr. 14  
 Congressional Investigations, A Debate on — Sen. Thomas J. Dodd & Kenneth Tynan, Jan. 16  
 "Congressman, Unless . . . , Don't Write Your" — Ellen Davis, June 12  
 Disarmament, Feb. 14  
 "Press Conferences, A Better Way with" — Philip M. Wagner, May 12

## EDUCATION

"Africans Beat on Our College Doors," Apr. 53  
 "America's Wandering Scholars," May 73  
 "Good Slum Schools, The," Apr. 46  
 "Kentucky's Quiet Revolution," Jan. 47  
 "EIGHTY, EXIGENCIES OF" — Henry H. Saylor, May 23  
 Ellis, William S. — Nasser's Other Voice, June 54  
 Engel, Leonard — Surgery for Strokes, Feb. 52

## ENGLAND

"Ernest Bevin," May 55  
 EUROPEAN RECOVERY, PARIS CONFERENCE ON, May 55  
 "EVERYTHING'S UP-TO-DATE IN TEXAS . . . BUT ME," Russell Lynes, May 38  
 "EXIGENCIES OF EIGHTY" — Henry H. Saylor, May 23  
 FEATHER RIVER PROJECT IN CALIFORNIA, Mar. 94  
 FEDERAL AVIATION AGENCY, Jan. 58

## FICTION

"Castle at Arundel, The" — Arthur Heiserman, Mar. 73  
 "Corner of a Foreign Jail, A" — Alexis Ladas, Apr. 59  
 "Frozen Moose, The" — Garfield Scrog, Feb. 43  
 "Knote" — Marcel Ayme, Feb. 89  
 "Matter of Luck, A" — Maurice Druon, June 77  
 "Polarizing Force, The" — May Dikeman, May 63  
 "Well, The" — Hugh Nissenson, Jan. 84

## FILLERS

Bread, in 1771, Mar. 90  
 British Movies and American English, Mar. 44  
 Franklin, Benjamin, and the First Balloon Ascent, Apr. 58

Heroes, In Search of, May 139  
 Laughter, In Search of, May 151  
 Over-Stuffed Mind, May 129  
 Rockets?, What Price, May 112  
 Rumble on the Black Sea, May 127  
 Typist Will Wear, What the Cultured, May 144

Fischer, John — Agenda for the Two K's, Feb. 14; Answer to "Anti-Americanism" in Canada, Mar. 24; Sure Nuff Truth about the Civil War, Apr. 14  
 Fischer, Markoosha — The Grandmothers, May 113

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND PLACES

"Adenauer and McCloy," Apr. 40  
 Angola, Portuguese, May 29  
 "Bevin, Ernest," May 55  
 "Canada, 'Anti-Americanism' in," Mar. 14  
 "DeGaulle Avoid A Civil War?, Can," Feb. 44  
 "Japan, Baffled Young Men of," Jan. 65  
 "Kabul, Stranded in," Feb. 78  
 Mexico's Thieves Market, June 66  
 "Nasser's Other Voice," June 54  
 "New Start in Foreign Policy," Jan. 33  
 Russian Supplement, May, 105-152

"FOREIGN POLICY, A NEW START IN" — Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff, Jan. 33

FOREWORD TO RUSSIAN SUPPLEMENT, May 106

"FORMS CAN RUIN A WOMAN, BLANK" — Helen Kayes Hudson, Jan. 75

"FOUNDATION, HOW TO RUN A SMALL" — Adam Yarmolinsky, Apr. 80

## FRANCE

"Can DeGaulle Avoid a Civil War?," Feb. 44  
 Friedenberg, Daniel M. — The Coming Bust in the Real Estate Boom, June 29  
 "FROZEN MOOSE, THE" — Garfield Scrog, Feb. 43

## GERMANY

"Adenauer and McCloy," Apr. 40  
 American Singers in German Opera, Mar. 29  
 "Ernest Bevin," May 55

Gibson, William — To My Survivors, Jan. 74

"GOLDEN TWIG, THE" — Howard Luck Gossage, Mar. 64

"GOOD SLUM SCHOOLS, THE" — Martin Mayer, Apr. 46

Goodman, Paul — The Character of Washington, Feb. 51

GOP, THE SEARCH FOR A NEW, June 86

Gossage, Howard Luck — "The Golden Twig," Mar. 64

## GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

"Adenauer and McCloy," Apr. 40  
 "Agenda for the Two K's," Feb. 14  
 "Better Way with Press Conferences," May 12  
 "Bevin, Ernest," May 55  
 "Bolling, Richard, Invisible Gentleman from Kansas City," May 83



"Congressional Investigations, Debate on," Jan. 16  
 "Congressman, Unless . . . Don't Write Your," June 12  
 "Foreign Policy, A New Start in," Jan. 33  
 "Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press," Apr. 92  
 "Nixon and the GOP, Razor's Edge for," Feb. 94  
 "People-Machine, The," Thomas B. Morgan, Jan. 53  
 Republican Party and the Ex-Ivy Leaguers, June 86  
 Senate, Collective Leadership for the, Mar. 105  
 "White House Politics, High Style in," Jan. 94

GRADUATE, INTERVIEW WITH MOSCOW UNIVERSITY, May 122

"GRANDMOTHERS, THE"—Markoosha Fischer, May 113

Gray, George W. — "Which Scientists Win Nobel Prizes?", May 78

Gummere, Jr., Richard M. — America's Wandering Scholars, May 73

Gunther, John — Writing the "Inside" Books: 1. Exhilarated, Worn Out, Desperate, Mar. 49; 2. Exercise in Self-Education, Apr. 67

Hanff, Helene — No Legs, No Jokes, No Chance, Mar. 45

"HAPPIEST CREATURES ON EARTH? THE"—Ruth and Edward Brecher, Apr. 85

Hardwick, Elizabeth — The New Books, Jan. 103; June 90

HARTLEY ART SHOW, Jan. 26

Heilbroner, Robert L. — The New Books, May 88

Heiserman, Arthur — The Castle at Arundel, Mar. 73

"HIGH STYLE IN WHITE HOUSE POLITICS"—William S. White, Jan. 94

Highet, Gilbert — Memento, Feb. 62

Hoffman, Banesh — The Tyranny of Multiple-Choice Tests, Mar. 37

"HOODLUM PRIEST AND RESPECTABLE CONVICTS"—William Krasner, Feb. 57

"HOW TO RUN A SMALL FOUNDATION"—Adam Yarmolinsky, Apr. 80

"HOW TO TALK TO PEOPLE, IF ANY, ON OTHER PLANETS"—Ralph E. Lapp, Mar. 58

Hudson, Helen Kayes — Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman, Jan. 75

#### ILLUSTRATORS

Banbery, Frederick E. — A Matter of Luck, June 77  
 Berry, Bill — The Chicken Explosion, Apr. 77; The Pitchman, May 50  
 Bodecker, N. M. — After Hours, Jan. 26; Feb. 28; Mar. 29; Apr. 22; May 23; June 22; My Other Books, Jan. 42  
 Bramman, Michael — A Boston Girl, June 53  
 Brandt, Reese — The Golden Twig, Mar. 64  
 Cleveland, Anne — Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman, Jan. 75  
 Day, Robert — Cartoon: School Bus with Trailer, Apr. 49

Dinnerstein, Harvey — The Well, Jan. 84

Domanska, Janina — The Character of Washington, Feb. 51

Fisher, Ed — No Legs, No Jokes, No Chance, Mar. 45; Cartoon: Kentucky, from India's Viewpoint, Jan. 48

Frank, Helen — Bass Viol, Mar. 130; Books, May 90

Goldblatt, Burt — June Cover; Coming Bust in the Real Estate Boom, June 27

Goodman, Willard — Map for "Nasser's Other Voice," June 57

Groth, John — Baffled Young Man of Japan, Jan. 65

Jones, G. Hunter — Bruno Walter, Feb. 75

Kezer, Karel — Italy's New Caesar, Mar. 79

Koplin, Norma-Jean — Knate, Feb. 89; The Polarizing Force, May 63

Osborn, Robert — Frozen Moose, Feb. 43; American Court Trials, Apr. 31

Pimlott, John — Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robber?, Apr. 37

Pomerantz, Norman — Nasser's Other Voice, June 55

Powers, Clayton D. — Angel and Trumpet, Feb. 108; Harp and Spider, Jan. 110

Rudisill, Abram — Corner of a Foreign Jail, Apr. 59

Shilstone, Arthur — Castle at Arundel, Mar. 73

Thompson, Mozelle — Hoodlum Priest, Feb. 57; Martin Luther King, Feb. 36

Walker, Charles W. — Stranded in Kabul, Feb. 78

Walker, Gil — Cure for Bewitchment, May 43

Wyatt, Stanley — My Dear Irish Doctors, Mar. 86

INDIANS, TARAHUMARA, May 43

"'INSIDE' BOOKS, WRITING THE"—John Gunther, Mar. 49; Apr. 67

"INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN FROM KANSAS CITY"—William S. White, May 83

"IRISH DOCTORS, MY DEAR"—Harriet Hughes Crowley, Mar. 86

"ITALY'S NEW CAESAR"—Robert Neville, Mar. 79

Jackson, Katherine Gauss — Books in Brief, Jan. 106; Feb. 105; Mar. 120; Apr. 104; May 98; June 97

"JAPAN, THE BAFFLED YOUNG MEN OF"—Peter F. Drucker, Jan. 65

"JAZZ NOTES"—Eric Larrabee, Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104

"JEWS, AMONG RUSSIA'S"—Alfred Kazin, May 135

Johnson, Priscilla — Death of a Writer, May 140

"KABUL, STRANDED IN"—Santha Rama Rau, Feb. 78

Kazin, Alfred — Among Russia's Jews, May 135

KENNEDY AND KHRUSHCHEV, Feb. 14

"KENNEDY'S SEVEN RULES FOR HANDLING THE PRESS"—William S. White, Apr. 92

"KENTUCKY'S QUIET REVOLUTION"—John Ed Pearce, Jan. 45

KHRUSHCHEV AND KENNEDY, Feb. 14

"KING, THE DANGEROUS ROAD BEFORE MARTIN LUTHER"—James Baldwin, Feb. 33

"KINGDOM OF SILENCE, THE"—Anonymous, May 29

"KNATE"—Marcel Ayme, Feb. 89

Kossen, Sydney — California's \$2 Billion Thirst, Mar. 94

Kracauer, Siefried — *Theory of Film, Redemption of Physical Reality*, Review, Jan. 28

Krasner, William — Hoodlum Priest and Respectable Convicts, Feb. 57

Kumin, Maxine W. — The Journey, Feb. 49

Ladas, Alexis — A Corner of a Foreign Jail, Apr. 59

Lamport, Felicia — A Sigh for Cybernetics, Jan. 57

Lapp, Ralph E. — How to Talk to People, If Any, on Other Planets, Mar. 58; A Small Atomic Accident, June 47

Larrabee, Eric — Jazz Notes, Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104; Review of Siegfried Kracauer's *Theory of Film, Redemption of Physical Reality*, Jan. 28; Riesman and His Readers, June 59

#### LAW, THE

"Justice Black, the Supreme Court and the Bill of Rights," Feb. 63

"Trial by Combat in American Courts," Apr. 31

"Lenin, The Timken Edition of," Mar. 56

#### LETTERS

Jan. 6, 78; Feb. 6; Mar. 6; Apr. 6; May 6; June 6

Lewis, Oscar — Manuel in the Thieves' Market, June 66

"LITERATURE OF DEVELOPMENT"—Robert L. Heilbroner, May 88

Lomax, Louis E. — The American Negro's New Comedy Act, June 41

Lynes, Russell — Down-Easterner Off to Europe, Jan. 26; Everything's Up-to-Date in Texas . . . but Me, May 38; Hot Property, Feb. 28

MacLennan, Hugh — "Anti-Americanism" in Canada, Mar. 14

"MANUEL IN THE THIEVES MARKET"—Oscar Lewis, June 66

MATTEI, ENRICO, MYSTERIOUS CAREER OF, Mar. 79

"MATTER OF LUCK, A"—Maurice Duon, June 77

Mattingly, Garrett — History Books of 1960, Feb. 100

Mayer, Martin — Boris for the Millions, June 22; Bruno Walter: The Working Musician of Beverly Hills, Feb. 73; The Good Slum Schools, Apr. 46

"McCLOY AND ADENAUER"—Dean Acheson, Apr. 40

McCord, David — So I Will Punch You One-O, June 27

McPherson, James L. — A Science Lecture for Any Occasion, May 25

## MEDICINE AND HEALTH

- "Crisis in American Medicine," Letters on, Jan. 78  
"Cure for Bewitchment," May 13  
"Exigencies of Fight," May 23  
"Irish Doctors, My Dear," Mar. 86  
"Strokes, Surgery for," Feb. 52  
Menashe, Samuel — Two Poems, Apr. 97

## MEXICO

- Sorcery and Magic in Mexico, May 13  
Thieves Market, June 66  
Mezey, Robert — Late Winter Birthday, Apr. 66  
Michener, James A. — My Other Books, Jan. 42  
MIND, THE PLACE OF MYSTERY IN THE LIFE OF THE, May 16  
MOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, May 105 152  
Morgan, Thomas B. — The People Machine, Jan. 53

## MOVIES

- Film Criticism, Jan. 28  
"MULTIPLE CHOICE TESTS, THE 'TANNY OF'" — Banesh Hoffman, Mar. 37

## MUSIC

- Coleman, Ornette, May 104  
Experimental Music, May 102  
German Opera, American Singers in, Mar. 29  
"Jazz Notes," Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104  
"Music in the Round," Jan. 110; Feb. 108; Mar. 125; Apr. 109; May 102; June 102  
TV, *Boris Godunov* on, June 22  
"Walter, Bruno" — Feb. 73  
MUSIC IN THE ROUND — Discs, Jan. 110; Feb. 108; Mar. 125; Apr. 109; May 102; June 102  
"MY OTHER BOOKS" — James A. Michener, Jan. 42  
"NASSER'S OTHER VOICE" — William S. Ellis, June 54  
Nebel, Long John — The Pitchman, May 50  
NEGRO LEADER MARTIN LUTHER KING, Feb. 33  
"NEGRO'S NEW COMEDY ACT, THE AMERICAN" — Louis E. Lomax, June 41  
Nelson, Benjamin — Introductory Comment on "Apocalypse," May 46  
Neville, Robert — Italy's New Caesar, Mar. 79

## NEW BOOKS

- Hardwick, Elizabeth, Jan. 103; June 90  
Heilbroner, Robert L., May 88  
Jackson, Katherine Gauss, Jan. 106; Feb. 105; Mar. 120; Apr. 104; May 98; June 97  
Mattingly, Garrett, Feb. 100  
Pryce-Jones, Alan, Mar. 112; Apr. 98  
"NEW START IN FOREIGN POLICY, A" — Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff, Jan. 33  
NEW YORK CITY REAL ESTATE BOOM, June 29  
Nissenson, Hugh — The Well, Jan. 84

NIXON, RICHARD M. AND THE GOP, Feb. 94

"NO LEGS, NO JOKES, NO CHANCE" — Helene Hanft, Mar. 15  
"NOBEL PRIZES?, WHICH SCIENTISTS WIN?" — George W. Gray, May 78

## OPERA

American Singers in German Opera, Mar. 29  
*Boris Godunov* on TV, June 22

Passin, Herbert — A Cure for Bewitchment, May 13  
PASTERNAK, BORIS: INTERVIEW WITH, May 118, Death of, May 110  
Pearce, John Ed — Kentucky's Quiet Revolution, Jan. 15

## PEOPLE

Adenauer, Konrad, German Chancellor, Apr. 40  
Bevin, Ernest, May 55  
Black, Hugo, Supreme Court Justice, Feb. 63  
Bolling, Richard, Congressman, May 83  
Coleman, Ornette, Musician, May 104  
Combs, Bert, Governor of Kentucky, Jan. 45  
Cripps, Sir Stafford, May 55  
Friedman, Lewis, TV Producer, Feb. 28  
Goldwater, Barry, Senator, Feb. 94  
Hartley, Marsden, Painter, Jan. 26  
Humphrey, Hubert, Senator, Mar. 105  
King, Martin Luther, Feb. 33  
Mansfield, Mike, Senator, Mar. 105  
Mattei, Enrico, Italian Industrialist, Mar. 79  
McCloy, John J., U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, Apr. 40  
Michelson, Albert Abraham, Scientist, May 79  
Nixon, Richard M., Feb. 94  
Pasternak, Boris, May 120, 140  
Riesman, David, Writer, June 59  
Said, Ahmed, Arab Broadcaster, June 54  
Salinger, Pierre, White House Press Officer, Apr. 92  
Sanchez, Manuel, Mexican Tradesman, June 66  
Smathers, George, Senator, Mar. 105  
Walter, Bruno, Feb. 73  
Williams, William Carlos, Poet, June 83  
Wyatt, Wilson, Lt. Governor of Kentucky, Jan. 45  
Zeckendorf, William, Real Estate, June 33

"PEOPLE-MACHINE, THE" — Thomas B. Morgan, Jan. 53

Pfaff, William and Edmund Stillman — A New Start in Foreign Policy, Jan. 33

Pfeiffer, Eric — Naming the Colors, May 33

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION — May 46  
Pipes, Richard — The Public Mood (in Russia), May 107

"PITCHMAN, THE" — Long John Nebel, May 50

"PLANETS, HOW TO TALK TO PEOPLE, IF ANY, ON OTHER" — Ralph E. Lapp, Mar. 58

Plath, Sylvia — You're, June 40

"POEMS UNDERGROUND" — A. Zr., May 132

## POETRY

Arthur, James — A Zr. poems, May 100

A. Zr. Spill Over a Puddle — James Wright, May 77

Commissioner of Washington — Wendell Goodman, Feb. 31

Confessionary Reflection — A Zr. poems, May 133

Dances, The — Patricia Boice, May 100

Deceit, The — A Zr. poems, May 133

Johnny, The — Maxine W. Kimm, Feb. 49

"Judge and Referee" — A Zr. poems, May 134

Late Winter Birthdays — Robert Mezey, Apr. 66

"Man" — A. Zr., trans., May 134

"March" — James Wright, Mar. 39

"Marco Polo My Countryman" — John Giardi, Mar. 91

"Memento" — Gilbert Highet, Feb. 62

"Merchant of Rio" — Elizabeth Chesley, Apr. 88

"Naming the Colors" — Eric Pfeiffer, May 33

"Pastoral" — Samuel Menashe, Apr. 97

"Propaganda" — A. Zr. trans., May 134

"Sigh for Cybernetics" — Felicia Lamport, Jan. 57

"So I Will Punch You One-O" — David McCord, June 27

"Sudden Shadow" — Samuel Menashe, Apr. 97

"To My Survivors" — William Gibson, Jan. 74

"Two New Poems: 1) Song; 2) The Children" — William Carlos Williams, June 85

"Year Changes in the City, The" — James Wright, Jan. 37

"You're" — Sylvia Plath, June 40

"POLARIZING FORCE, THE" — May Dikeman, May 63

Popper, Hermine I. — Sophisticates Abroad, Apr. 27

PORTUGUESE ANGOLA, May 29

PRESS, NEWSPAPER, May 12

"PRESS CONFERENCES, A BETTER WAY WITH" — Philip M. Wagner, May 12

"PRESSURES AGAINST AIR SAFETY" — E. R. Quesada, Jan. 58

"PRIVATE TALKS WITH THE EX-IVY LEAGUE" — William S. White, June 86

Pryce-Jones, Alan — New Books, Mar. 112; Apr. 98

## PUBLIC & PERSONAL—William S. White

"High Style in White House Politics," Jan. 94

"Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press," Apr. 92

"Private Talks with the Ex-Ivy League," June 86

"Razor's Edge for Nixon and the GOP," Feb. 94

"Richard Bolling: Invisible Gentleman from Kansas City," May 83

"Three Senators Heading West," Mar. 105

"PUBLIC MOOD (IN RUSSIA), THE" — Richard Pipes, May 107



"Congressional Investigations. Debate on," Jan. 16  
 "Congressman Unless . . . Don't Write You," June 12  
 "Foreign Policy, A New Start in," Jan. 33  
 "Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press," Apr. 92  
 "Nixon and the GOP: Razor's Edge for," Feb. 94  
 "People Machine, The," Thomas B. Morgan, Jan. 53  
 Republican Party and the Ex-Liv Leaguers, June 86  
 Senate, Collective Leadership for the, Mar. 105  
 "White House Politics, High Style in," Jan. 94

GRADUATE, INTERVIEW WITH MOSCOW UNIVERSITY, May 122

"GRANDMOTHERS, THE"—Markoosha Fischer, May 113

Gray, George W. — "Which Scientists Win Nobel Prizes?", May 78

Gummere, Jr., Richard M. — America's Wandering Scholars, May 73

Gunther, John — Writing the "Inside" Books: 1. Exhilarated, Worn Out, Desperate, Mar. 49; 2. Exercise in Self Education, Apr. 67

Hanff, Helene — No Legs, No Jokes, No Chance, Mar. 45

"HAPPIEST CREATURES ON EARTH? THE"—Ruth and Edward Brecher, Apr. 85

Hardwick, Elizabeth — The New Books, Jan. 103; June 90

HARTLEY ART SHOW, Jan. 26

Heilbroner, Robert L. — The New Books, May 88

Heiserman, Arthur — The Castle at Arundel, Mar. 73

"HIGH STYLE IN WHITE HOUSE POLITICS"—William S. White, Jan. 94

Higley, Gilbert — Memento, Feb. 62

Hoffman, Banesh — The Tyranny of Multiple-Choice Tests, Mar. 37

"HOODLUM PRIEST AND RESPECTABLE CONVICTS"—William Krasner, Feb. 57

"HOW TO RUN A SMALL FOUNDATION"—Adam Yarmolinsky, Apr. 80

"HOW TO TALK TO PEOPLE, IF ANY, ON OTHER PLANETS"—Ralph E. Lapp, Mar. 58

Hudson, Helen Kayes — Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman, Jan. 75

## ILLUSTRATORS

Banbery, Frederick E. — A Matter of Luck, June 77

Berry, Bill — The Chicken Explosion, Apr. 77; The Pitchman, May 50

Bodecker, N. M. — After Hours, Jan. 26; Feb. 28; Mar. 29; Apr. 22; May 23; June 22; My Other Books, Jan. 42

Bramman, Michael — A Boston Girl, June 53

Brandt, Reese — The Golden Twig, Mar. 64

Cleveland, Anne — Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman, Jan. 75

Day, Robert — Cartoon: School Bus with Trailer, Apr. 49

Dinnerstein, Harvey — The Well, Jan. 84

Domanska, Janina — The Character of Washington, Feb. 51

Fisher, Ed — No Legs, No Jokes, No Chance, Mar. 45; Cartoon: Kentucky from India's Viewpoint, Jan. 48

Frank, Helen — Bass Viol, Mar. 130; Books, May 90

Goldblatt, Burt — June Cover: Coming Bust in the Real Estate Boom, June 27

Goodman, Willard — Map for "Nasser's Other Voice," June 57

Groth, John — Baffled Young Man of Japan, Jan. 65

Jones, G. Hunter — Bruno Walter, Feb. 75

Kezer, Karel — Italy's New Caesar, Mar. 79

Koplin, Norma Jean — Knate, Feb. 89; The Polarizing Force, May 63

Osborn, Robert — Frozen Moose, Feb. 43; American Court Trials, Apr. 31

Pimlott, John — Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robbery?, Apr. 37

Pomerantz, Norman — Nasser's Other Voice, June 55

Powers, Clayton D. — Angel and Trumpet, Feb. 108; Hap and Spider, Jan. 110

Rudisill, Abram — Corner of a Foreign Jail, Apr. 59

Shilstone, Arthur — Castle at Arundel, Mar. 73

Thompson, Mozelle — Hoodlum Priest, Feb. 57; Martin Luther King, Feb. 36

Walker, Charles W. — Stranded in Kabul, Feb. 78

Walker, Gil — Cure for Bewitchment, May 43

Wyatt, Stanley — My Dear First Doctors, Mar. 86

INDIANS, IARAHU MARA, May 43

"INSIDE" BOOKS, WRITING THE

John Gunther, Mar. 49; Apr. 67

"INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN FROM KANSAS CITY"—William S. White, May 83

"IRISH DOCTORS, MY DEAR"—Harriet Hughes Crowley, Mar. 86

"ITALY'S NEW CAESAR"—Robert Neville, Mar. 79

Jackson, Katherine Gauss — Books in Brief, Jan. 106; Feb. 105; Mar. 120; Apr. 104; May 98; June 97

"JAPAN, THE BAFLED YOUNG MEN OF"—Peter F. Drucker, Jan. 65

"JAZZ NOTES"—Eric Larrabee, Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104

"JEWS, AMONG RUSSIA'S"—Alfred Kazin, May 135

Johnson, Priscilla — Death of a Witch, May 140

"KABUL, STRANDED IN"—Santha Rama Rau, Feb. 78

Kazin, Alfred — Among Russia's Jews, May 135

KENNEDY AND KHRUSHCHEV, Feb. 14

"KENNEDY'S SEVEN RULES FOR HANDLING THE PRESS"—William S. White, Apr. 92

"KENTUCKY'S QUIET REVOLUTION"—John Ed Pearce, Jan. 45

KHRUSHCHEV AND KENNEDY, Feb. 14

KING, THE DANGEROUS ROAD BEFORE MARTIN LUTHER — James Baldwin, Feb. 35

"KINGDOM OF SILENCE, THE"—Anonymous, May 29

"KNATE"—March Avenue, Feb. 89

Kossen, Sydney — California's \$2 Billion Thirst, Mar. 94

Kracauer, Siegfried — *Theory of Film, Redemption of Physical Reality*, Review, Jan. 28

Krasner, William — Hoodlum Priest and Respectable Convicts, Feb. 57

Kumin, Maxine W. — The Journey, Feb. 49

Ladas, Alexis — A Corner of a Foreign Jail, Apr. 59

Lamport, Felicia — A Sigh for Cybernetics, Jan. 57

Lapp, Ralph E. — How to Talk to People, If Any, on Other Planets, Mar. 58; A Small Atomic Accident, June 47

Larrabee, Eric — Jazz Notes, Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104; Review of Siegfried Kracauer's *Theory of Film, Redemption of Physical Reality*, Jan. 28; Riesman and His Readers, June 59

## LAW, THE

"Justice Black, the Supreme Court and the Bill of Rights," Feb. 63

"Trial by Combat in American Courts," Apr. 31

"Lenin, The Timken Edition of," Mar. 56

## LETTERS

Jan. 6, 78; Feb. 6; Mar. 6; Apr. 6; May 6; June 6

Lewis, Oscar — Manuel in the Thieves' Market, June 66

"LITERATURE OF DEVELOPMENT"—Robert L. Heilbroner, May 88

Lomax, Louis E. — The American Negro's New Comedy Act, June 41

Lynes, Russell — Down-Easter Off to Europe, Jan. 26; Everything's Up-to-Date in Texas . . . but Me, May 38; Hot Property, Feb. 28

MacLennan, Hugh — "Anti-Americanism" in Canada, Mar. 14

"MANUEL IN THE THIEVES MARKET"—Oscar Lewis, June 66

MATTEI, ENRICO, MYSTERIOUS CAREER OF, Mar. 79

"MATTER OF LUCK, A"—Maurice Druon, June 77

Mattingly, Garrett — History Books of 1960, Feb. 100

Mayer, Martin — Boats for the Millions, June 22; Bruno Walter: The Working Musician of Beverly Hills, Feb. 73; The Good Slum Schools, Apr. 46

"McCLOY AND ADENAUER"—Dean Acheson, Apr. 40

McCord, David — So I Will Punch You One-O, June 27

McPherson, James L. — A Science Lecture for Any Occasion, May 25

## MEDICINE AND HEALTH

- "Crisis in American Medicine," Letters on, Jan. 78  
"Cure for Bewitchment," May 43  
"Exigencies of Flight," May 23  
"Irish Doctors, My Dear," Mar. 86  
"Strokes, Surgery for," Feb. 52  
Menashe, Samuel — Two Poems, Apr. 97

## MEXICO

- Sorcery and Magic in Mexico, May 43  
Thieves Market, June 66  
Mezey, Robert — Late Winter Birthday, Apr. 66  
Michener, James A. — My Other Books, Jan. 42  
MIND, THE PLACE OF MYSTERY IN THE LIFE OF THE, May 16  
MOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, May 105-152  
Morgan, Thomas B. — The People-Machine, Jan. 53

## MOVIES

- Film Criticism, Jan. 28  
"MULTIPLE CHOICE TESTS, THE 'FANNY OF'" — Banesh Hoffman, Mar. 37

## MUSIC

- Coleman, Ornette, May 104  
Experimental Music, May 102  
German Opera, American Singers in, Mar. 29  
"Jazz Notes," Jan. 113; Feb. 113; Mar. 130; Apr. 112; May 104; June 104  
"Music in the Round," Jan. 110; Feb. 108; Mar. 125; Apr. 109; May 102; June 102  
TV, *Boris Godunov* on, June 22  
"Walter, Bruno" — Feb. 73  
MUSIC IN THE ROUND — Discus, Jan. 110; Feb. 108; Mar. 125; Apr. 109; May 102; June 102  
"MY OTHER BOOKS" — James A. Michener, Jan. 42  
"NASSER'S OTHER VOICE" — William S. Ellis, June 54  
Nebel, Long John — The Pitchman, May 50  
NEGRO LEADER MARTIN LUTHER KING, Feb. 33  
"NEGRO'S NEW COMEDY ACT, THE AMERICAN" — Louis E. Loman, June 41  
Nelson, Benjamin — Introductory Comment on "Apocalypse," May 46  
Neville, Robert — Italy's New Caesar, Mar. 79

## NEW BOOKS

- Hardwick, Elizabeth, Jan. 103; June 90  
Heilbroner, Robert L., May 88  
Jackson, Katherine Gauss, Jan. 106; Feb. 105; Mar. 120; Apr. 104; May 98; June 97  
Mattingly, Garrett, Feb. 100  
Pryce-Jones, Alan, Mar. 112; Apr. 98  
"NEW START IN FOREIGN POLICY, A" — Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff, Jan. 33  
NEW YORK CITY REAL ESTATE BOOM, June 29  
Nissenson, Hugh — The Well, Jan. 84

NIXON, RICHARD M. AND THE GOP  
Feb. 94

- "NO LEGS, NO JOKES, NO CHANCE" — Helene Hanff, Mar. 45  
"NOBLE PRIZES: WHICH SCIENTISTS WIN" — George W. Gray, May 78

## OPERA

- American Singers in German Opera, Mar. 29  
*Boris Godunov* on TV, June 22

- PASSIN, HERBERT — A Cure for Bewitchment, May 43  
PASTERNAK, BORIS: INTERVIEW WITH, May 118, Death of, May 140  
Pearce, John Ed — Kentucky's Quiet Revolution, Jan. 45

## PEOPLE

- Adenauer, Konrad, German Chancellor, Apr. 40  
Bevin, Ernest, May 55  
Black, Hugo, Supreme Court Justice, Feb. 63  
Bolling, Richard, Congressman, May 83  
Coleman, Ornette, Musician, May 104  
Combs, Bert, Governor of Kentucky, Jan. 45  
Cripps, Sir Stafford, May 55  
Friedman, Lewis, TV Producer, Feb. 28  
Goldwater, Barry, Senator, Feb. 94  
Hartley, Marsden, Painter, Jan. 26  
Humphrey, Hubert, Senator, Mar. 105  
King, Martin Luther, Feb. 33  
Mansfield, Mike, Senator, Mar. 105  
Mattei, Enrico, Italian Industrialist, Mar. 79  
McCloy, John J., U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, Apr. 40  
Michelson, Albert Abraham, Scientist, May 79  
Nixon, Richard M., Feb. 94  
Pasternak, Boris, May 120, 140  
Riesman, David, Writer, June 59  
Said, Ahmed, Arab Broadcaster, June 54  
Salinger, Pierre, White House Press Officer, Apr. 92  
Sanchez, Manuel, Mexican Tradesman, June 66  
Smathers, George, Senator, Mar. 105  
Walter, Bruno, Feb. 73  
Williams, William Carlos, Poet, June 83  
Wyatt, Wilson, Lt. Governor of Kentucky, Jan. 45  
Zeckendorf, William, Real Estate, June 33

- "PEOPLE-MACHINE, THE" — Thomas B. Morgan, Jan. 53  
Pfaff, William and Edmund Stillman — A New Start in Foreign Policy, Jan. 33  
Pfeiffer, Eric — Naming the Colors, May 33  
PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION — May 46  
Pipes, Richard — The Public Mood (in Russia), May 107  
"PITCHMAN, THE" — Long John Nebel, May 50  
"PLANETS, HOW TO TALK TO PEOPLE, IF ANY, ON OTHER" — Ralph E. Lapp, Mar. 58  
Plath, Sylvia — You're, June 40  
"POEMS UNDERGROUND" — A. Z., May 132

## POETRY

- "About Jews" — A. Z., trans. May 131  
"As I Step Over a Puddle" — John Wright, May 77  
"Character of Washington" — Paul Goodman, Feb. 51  
Contemporary Reflections — A. Z., trans. May 133  
"Dante's Lie" — Palmer Bovie, May 43  
"Deceived, The" — A. Z., trans., May 133  
"Journey, The" — Maxine W. Kumin, Feb. 49  
"Judge and Referee" — A. Z., trans., May 134  
"Late Winter Birthday" — Robert Mezey, Apr. 66  
"Man" — A. Z., trans. May 134  
"March" — James Wright, Mar. 39  
"Marco Polo My Countryman" — John Giardi, Mar. 91  
"Memento" — Gilbert Highet, Feb. 62  
"Merchant of Rio" — Elizabeth Chesley, Apr. 88  
"Naming the Colors" — Eric Pfeiffer, May 33  
"Pastoral" — Samuel Menashe, Apr. 97  
"Propaganda" — A. Z., trans. May 134  
"Sigh for Cybernetics" — Felicia Lamport, Jan. 57  
"So I Will Punch You One O' — David McCord, June 27  
"Sudden Shadow" — Samuel Menashe, Apr. 97  
"To My Survivors" — William Gibson, Jan. 74  
"Two New Poems: 1) Song; 2) The Children" — William Carlos Williams, June 85  
"Year Changes in the City, The" — James Wright, Jan. 37  
"You're" — Sylvia Plath, June 40

- "POLARIZING FORCE, THE" — May Dikeman, May 63  
Popper, Hermine I. — Sophisticates Abroad, Apr. 27  
PORTUGUESE ANGOLA, May 29  
PRESS, NEWSPAPER, May 12  
"PRESS CONFERENCES, A BETTER WAY WITH" — Philip M. Wagner, May 12  
"PRESSURES AGAINST AIR SAFETY" — E. R. Quesada, Jan. 58  
"PRIVATE TALKS WITH THE EX-IVY LEAGUE" — William S. White, June 86  
Pryce-Jones, Alan — New Books, Mar. 112; Apr. 98

## PUBLIC & PERSONAL—William S. White

- "High Style in White House Politics," Jan. 94  
"Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press," Apr. 92  
"Private Talks with the Ex-Ivy League," June 86  
"Razor's Edge for Nixon and the GOP," Feb. 94  
"Richard Bolling: Invisible Gentleman from Kansas City," May 83  
"Three Senators Heading West," Mar. 105  
"PUBLIC MOOD (IN RUSSIA), THE" — Richard Pipes, May 107



Quesada, E. R. — The Pressures Against Air Safety, Jan. 58  
 Rama Rau, Santha — Stranded in Kabul, Feb. 78  
 "RAZOR'S EDGE FOR NIXON AND THE GOP, THE" — William S. White, Feb. 94  
 "REAL ESTATE BOOM, THE COMING BEST IN THE" — Daniel M. Friedenberg, June 29  
 RECORD REVIEW COLUMNS. See under *Muse in the Round* and *Jazz Notes*.

## RELIGION

"Among Russia's Jews," May 135  
 REPUBLICAN PARTY, Feb. 94; June 86  
 "RIESEN AND HIS READERS" — Eric Larrabee, June 59  
 "ROAD IN RUSSIA, ON THE" — Richard Brain, May 147

## RUSSIAN SUPPLEMENT,

### May 105-152

Blake, Patricia — We Don't Breathe Easily, May 118  
 Brain, Richard — On the Road in Russia, May 147  
 Burg, David — The Voice of a Dissenter, May 122  
 Cartoon: "Congratulations, Grandma, You Have Another Baby!" May 117  
 "Death of a Writer, The" — Priscilla Johnson, May 140  
 "Dissenter, The Voice of a" — David Burg, May 122  
 Driving Through Russia — May 147  
 Fillers: May 112; 114; 127; 129; 139; 151  
 Fischer, Markoosha — The Grandmothers, May 113  
 Foreword to the Supplement — The Editors, May 106  
 Graduate, Interview with Moscow University, May 122  
 "Grandmothers, The" — Markoosha Fischer, May 113  
 Intelligentia, Fear Among the Russian, May 118  
 "Jews, Among Russia's" — Alfred Kazin, May 135  
 Johnson, Priscilla — Death of a Writer, May 140  
 Kazin, Alfred — Among Russia's Jews, May 135  
 Pasternak, Boris — Interview with, May 118; Death of, May 140  
 Photographs, May 105; 106; 115; 124; 137; 148  
 Pipes, Richard — The Public Mood, May 107  
 Poems Underground — A. Zr., May 132  
 "About Jews," May 133  
 "Contemporary Reflections," May 133  
 "Deceived, The," May 133  
 "Judge and Referee," May 134  
 "Man," May 134  
 "Propaganda," May 134  
 "Public Mood, The" — Richard Pipes, May 107  
 "Road in Russia, On the" — Richard Brain, May 147  
 Silvers, Robert B. — Interview with Moscow University Graduate, May 122  
 "Voice of a Dissenter, The" — David Burg, May 122  
 "We Don't Breathe Easily" — Patricia Blake, May 118

Zr., A. — Poems Underground, May 132

SAID, AHMED, ARAB BROADCASTER, June 54  
 Saylor, Henry H. — Exigencies of Eighty, May 23  
 "SCHOOLS, THE GOOD SLUM" — Martin Mayer, Apr. 46

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

"Atomic Accident, A Small," June 47  
 "Happiest Creatures on Earth?," Apr. 85  
 "How to Talk to People on Other Planets," Mar. 58  
 "Nobel Prizes? Which Scientists Win," May 78  
 "People-Machine, The," Jan. 53  
 "Science Lecture for Any Occasion," May 25  
 "SCIENCE LECTURE FOR ANY OCCASION" — James L. McPherson, May 25  
 Scrog, Garfield — The Frozen Moose, Feb. 43  
 SELLING BY "MEDICINE SHOW," May 50  
 Silvers, Robert B. — Voice of a Dissenter, May 122  
 Sims, Albert G. — Africans Beat on Our College Doors, Apr. 53  
 Sinclair, Upton — Mr. Upton-Sinclair-Lewis, Mar. 48  
 "SMALL ATOMIC ACCIDENT, A" — Ralph E. Lapp, June 47  
 "SOPHISTICATES ABROAD," Apr. 27  
 SORCERY AND MAGIC IN MEXICO, May 43  
 Soule, George — The Chicken Explosion, Apr. 77

## SOVIET RUSSIA

"Agenda for the Two K's," Feb. 14  
 Airplane Ride, Feb. 78  
 Next Ten Years, Jan. 37  
 Russian Supplement, May 105-152  
 SPACE EXPLORATION, Mar. 58  
 Spitz, David — The Timken Edition of Lenin, Mar. 56  
 Steiner, George — Can DeGaulle Avoid a Civil War?, Feb. 44  
 Stillman, Edmund and William Pfaff — A New Start in Foreign Policy, Jan. 33  
 "STRANDED IN KABUL" — Santha Rama Rau, Feb. 78  
 "STROKES, SURGERY FOR" — Leonard Engel, Feb. 52  
 SUPREME COURT, Feb. 63  
 "SURGERY FOR STROKES" — Leonard Engel, Feb. 52

## TELEVISION

"Boris for the Millions," June 22  
 "Hot Property," Feb. 24  
 "TESTS, THE TYRANNY OF MULTIPLE-CHOICE," Mar. 37

## THEATRE

"No Legs. No Jokes. No Chance," Mar. 45  
 THIEVES' MARKET, MEXICO, June 66  
 "THREE SCOUTS HEADING WEST" — William S. White, Mar. 105

"TIMKEN EDITION OF LENIN" — David Spitz, Mar. 56  
 TRAVEL NOTES FROM HARPER'S READERS, Apr. 22  
 "TRIAL BY COMBAT IN AMERICAN COURTS" — David Dressler, Apr. 31  
 Twain, Mark — A Boston Girl, June 52  
 Tynan, Kenneth — A Debate on Congressional Investigations, Jan. 16  
 "TYRANNY OF MULTIPLE-CHOICE TESTS, THE" — Banesh Hoffman, Mar. 37

## UNITED STATES

"California's \$2 Billion Thirst," Mar. 94  
 "Texas, but Me . . . Everything's Up-to Date in," May 38  
 "UPTON-SINCLAIR-LEWIS, MR.," Mar. 48  
 "VOICE OF A DISSENTER, THE" — David Burg and Robert B. Silvers, May 122  
 Wagner, Philip M. — A Better Way with Press Conferences, May 12  
 "WALTER, BRUNO: THE WORKING MUSICIAN OF BEVERLY HILL" — Martin Mayer, Feb. 73  
 WATER, CALIFORNIA'S PLAN FOR, Mar. 94  
 Watson, Corinne and Jack — Musical Coals to Newcastle, Mar. 29  
 "WE DON'T BREATHE EASILY" — Priscilla Blake, May 118  
 "WELL, THE" — Hugh Nissenson, Jan. 84  
 "WHICH SCIENTISTS WIN NOBEL PRIZES?" — George W. Gray, May 78  
 White, William S. — (Public & Personal) — High Style in White House Politics, Jan. 94; Razor's Edge for Nixon and the GOP, Feb. 94; Three Scouts Heading West, Mar. 105; Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press, Apr. 92; Richard Bolling, Invisible Gentleman from Kansas City, May 83; Private Talks with the Ex-Ivy League, June 86  
 Williams, William Carlos — Two New Poems: Song; The Children, June 85  
 WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS — Van Wyck Brooks, June 83  
 Wright, James — The Year Changes in the City, Jan. 37; March, Mar. 39; As I Step Over a Puddle, May 77

## WRITING AND PUBLISHING

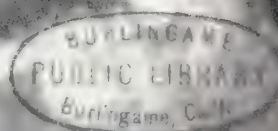
Books. See also under  
 "Boston Girl, A," June 52  
 "Inside" books, Writing the, Mar. 49; Apr. 66  
 Lonely Crowd, The, June 59  
 "My Other Books," Jan. 42  
 "Theory of Film," Jan. 28  
 Yarmolinsky, Adam — How to Run a Small Foundation, Apr. 80  
 ZECKENDORF, WILLIAM, June 33  
 Zr., A. — Poems Underground, May 132



# Harper's

*magazine*

JAN 3 1969



THE PRESSURES

● AGAINST  
● AIR SAFETY

E. R. Quesada

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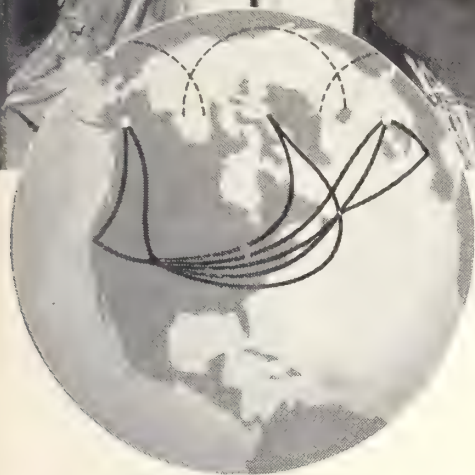
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## ARTICLES

- 33 A New Start in Foreign Policy, *Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff*
- 42 My Other Books, *James A. Michener*
- 45 Kentucky's Quiet Revolution, *John Ed Pearce*
- 53 The People-machine, *Thomas B. Morgan*
- 58 The Pressures Against Air Safety, *E. R. Quesada*
- 65 The Baffled Young Men of Japan, *Peter F. Drucker*
- 75 Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman, *Helen Kayes Hu*
- 78 The Crisis in American Medicine: As Harper's Readers See It

## FICTION

- 84 The Well, *Hugh Nissenson*

## VERSE

- 37 The Year Changes in the City, *James Wright*
- 57 A Sigh for Cybernetics, *Felicia Lamport*
- 74 To My Survivors, *William Gibson*

## DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
- 16 The Easy Chair—DODD VS. TYNAN: A DEBATE
- 26 After Hours—*Russell Lynes and Eric Larrabee*
- 94 Public & Personal—HIGH STYLE IN WHITE HOUSE POLI  
*William S. White*
- 103 The New Books, *Elizabeth Hardwick*
- 106 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 110 Music in the Round, *Discus*
- 113 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

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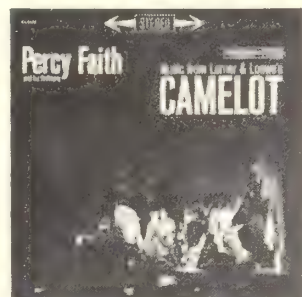
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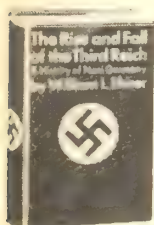
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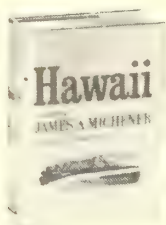


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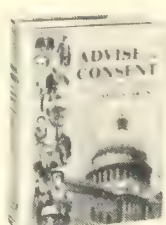
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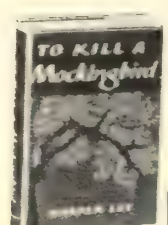
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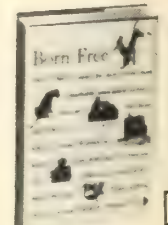
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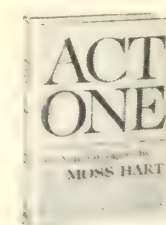
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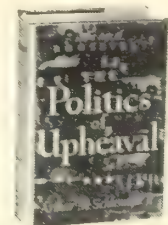
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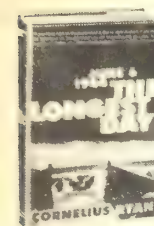
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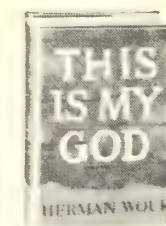
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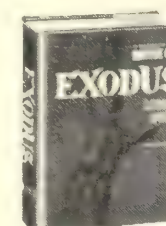
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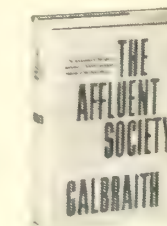
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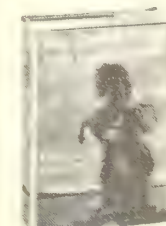
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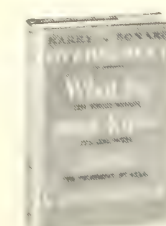
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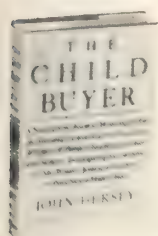
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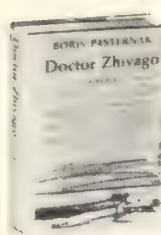
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# LETTERS

## Lesson of Anne Frank

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Ignored Lesson of Anne Frank" [Bruno Bettelheim, November] proves to me—to be complacent is to die!

ANTHONY AMATO  
Secaucus, N. J.

... As a former German of Anne Frank's age, though not Jewish, I know well the reaction my family would have shown in a similar situation. We too would have gone their way, intent on staying together, clinging to our beloved possessions, refusing to believe in destruction and death. We would have defended ourselves no more than we acted to help our fellow German-Jewish citizens. . . .

Here in America I am following the same footsteps, investing my life energy in the acquisition of property, retiring into the private world of my little family, ignoring and even denying elements dreadfully similar to those of Nazi days. . . . Dr. Bettelheim's article must be brought to the attention of all the world. God help us that we may never face destruction; but may he also help us take warning, shake off inertia, keep in mind the example set by those Jews who retained the will to live, and succeeded in living by not succumbing to the general apathy. I know the pain of losing one's possessions, but they are not worth dying for. Let us not forget that our responsibility to our children is to help them build again if it becomes necessary.

MRS. PAUL MEGGS  
Austin, Tex.

... Dr. Bettelheim believes that Mr. Frank could have purchased a pistol before going into hiding. Perhaps, but I do know that the Resistance group to which I belonged in the Kaunas Ghetto in Lithuania acquired its first pistol in 1913, a year before the ghetto was destroyed, and this despite arduous attempts to get hold of weapons. Even Lithuanian organizations who were against the Nazis refused to help us with weapons. The situation in other countries was the same. . . .

Dr. Bettelheim's inferred analogy to the Negroes under *apartheid* is misleading. The African Negroes are a minority

with an intent plan of murder do not stand against them. Compared to the Jews under Hitler their freedom is enormous. . . .

The Nazis were encouraged in their policy of murder [not] by the Jews' lack of resistance, [but by the Nazis'] own *Volk*, by the active and passive support of millions throughout Europe (in Italy, where the local population would not tolerate such acts, no crematoria or concentration camps were established), and by the absence of any serious attempts to prevent this genocide on the part of the rest of the world. . . .

ARJE LATZ  
Cambridge, Mass.

... Hooray for a psychoanalyst who affirms the manliness of the freedom "to decide how one wishes to think and feel about the conditions of one's life," and who can use liberal humanitarian language to arrive at a good gray Victorian attitude toward personal autonomy. His spine-stiffening essay on facing external reality and "where one stands" would make a Milquetoast come out swinging. . . .

JOHN GARDNER  
Bakersfield, Calif.

... Anne Frank, to Jews, has become part of Jewish martyrology and, to gentiles, the symbol of the Jewish people suffering from gentile persecution. She has become some sort of Jewish Jesus Christ of the twentieth century, crucified by the gentiles. This has helped to relieve guilt feelings among some Jews who did not suffer so much and among gentiles who did not do so much to prevent suffering. . . . Without such guilt feelings of both Jews and gentiles, perhaps the state of Israel would not exist yet. . . .

DR. BERNARD N. BACHRA  
New York, N. Y.

Dr. Bettelheim's crude application of Freudian theory to the cruel exigencies of survival in Nazi-dominated Europe strikes [me] as astonishingly insensitive for someone who has, himself, survived the holocaust. . . . While [he] is castigating the Frank family he blunders past the crucial fact that no one who was not yet in a concentration camp like Auschwitz could possibly imagine what they actually were like. It is absurd to demand of the Franks a foreknowledge of the bestialities perpetrated upon human beings in these places, for it was not until

tation camps were opened up to the horrified gaze of all humanity. . . .

The Franks chose to cling to the dwindling shreds of normal human relationships and, indeed, showed much more common sense and responsibility than the poor soul who survived by living under his gentle wife's bed for four years. Dr. Bettelheim speaks airily of "death wish" and "life instinct" and misses the point that violence and hate lead logically to death; that nurture of the young and protection of the helpless are the essence of the instinct to live. I am curious to know . . . how many Nazi bullies did Dr. Bettelheim shoot? . . .

NANCY KAGHAN  
Nyack, N. Y.

... A few years ago I attended a lawn party in a "restricted" neighborhood in a nearby Maryland county (the Free State). Our host had invited all races, many of them university students and professors. Within an hour after the party started, a squad car arrived, bringing a police captain and two aides, all with side arms. Our host met the captain and asked what the trouble was. The captain said, "This is a restricted neighborhood. We had a complaint that you were entertaining niggers." My host pointed out that there were Negroes next door, at a rest home. The police captain sneeringly pointed out that *those* Negroes were *servants*. "If I get another complaint," said the captain, "I'll have to book all of you on a disorderly conduct charge. Also, you are not supposed to have *those* kind of people here." The captain pointed to some guests. "You mean Jewish people?" asked our host. "I mean this is a restricted neighborhood and you are not supposed to have niggers OR Jews," said the captain. The Maryland Gestapo left and . . . did not return. But all of us wondered when they would return. Perhaps in 1965? Perhaps never, if more citizens took the case of Anne Frank seriously, rather than as a teen-age melodrama.

VIRGINIAN

*For valid professional reasons the author asks that his name be withheld.*

THE EDITORS

## Jensen's Geography

TO THE EDITORS:

No doubt the scrambled geography of Johannes V. Jensen's "Potawatomi's Daughter" [November] neither helps nor hurts the sensitive, poetic, cruel story. . . . But as a native of that Fox River country I must assert that the Fox River that flows out of Pistakee Bay does not flow



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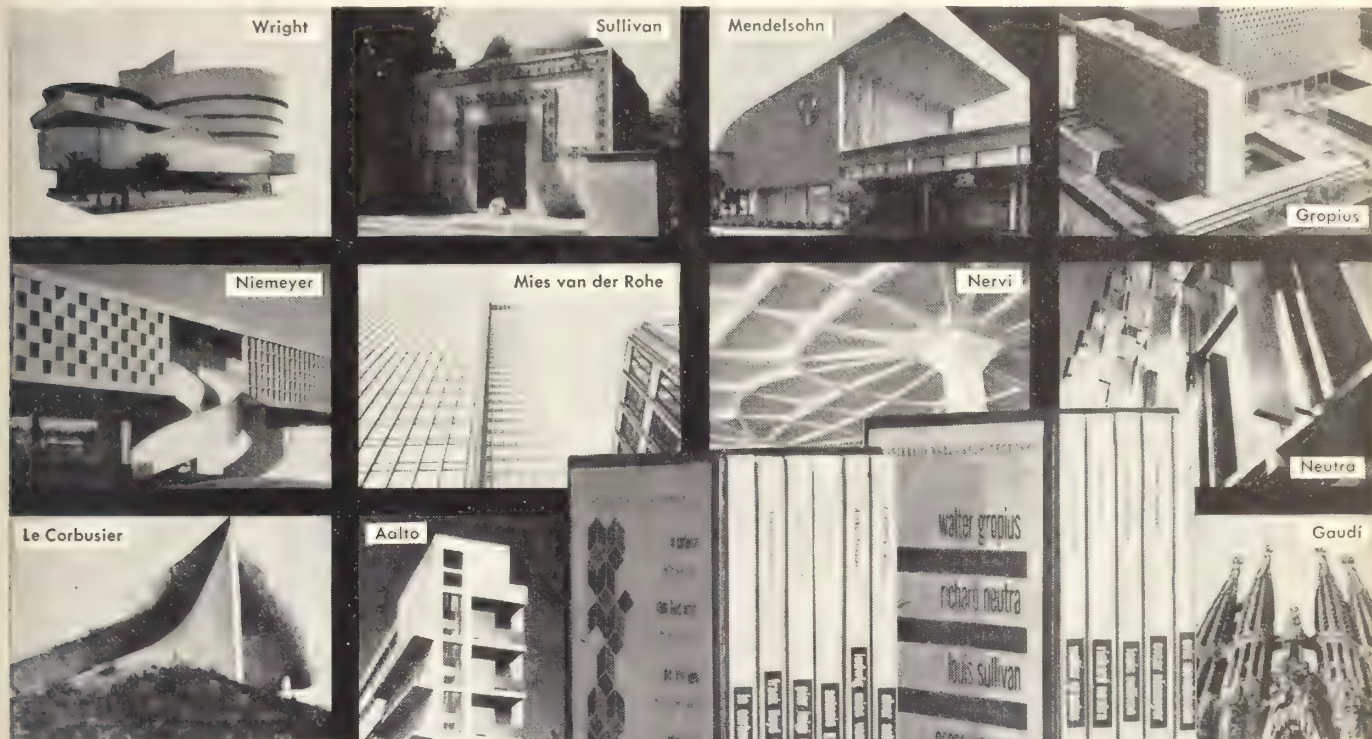
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## LETTERS

Illinois at Ottawa, then to the Mississippi. Possibly Jensen confused the Illinois Fox with the very different Wisconsin Fox River which does flow eventually into Lake Michigan. . . .

BAKER BROWNELL  
Fairhope, Ala.

### *Air Force Flack*

TO THE EDITORS:

Fred Taylor's "I was a Flack for the Wild Blue Yonder" ["After Hours," November] struck a responsive chord in me since I was the major on leave to which he referred. . . .

In case any of your readers may be lacking in a sense of humor and are of the opinion that General Puryear was being "hard to please" on his "no-erasure" policy, I believe that it is this attention to detail and desire for perfection that has made General Puryear, a West Pointer and Command pilot, one of the Air Force's outstanding Operations leaders. . . .

WILLIAM R. GEDDINGS, Major  
McChord Air Force Base, Wash.

### *Proud of Its Press*

TO THE EDITORS:

Peter Braestrup [in "What the Press Has Done to Boston and Vice Versa," October] is wrong. We doubt that there is a more forceful newspaper [than the Boston Herald] in the field of civil liberties and censorship in this country. [It] does a more effective job on our un-American Activities Committee than does the *New York Times*. It takes on our local censors regularly. It writes fighting editorials against capital punishment. It was on the side of Sacco and Vanzetti. What else does our Nieman scholar expect? Perfection? It is run by Republicans. So what! Aren't most papers controlled by or owned by Republicans? . . .

A Nieman scholar may look down on the publication of race results and box scores but . . . racing and other sports interest millions of Americans and the Hearst press is performing a useful service in publishing all results promptly. . . .

We have more newspapers, better coverage, and better reporting than most cities in this country. . . .

SAMUEL E. ANGOFF  
Boston, Mass.

### *Plastic Saints*

TO THE EDITORS:

Regarding Robert Weeks' "Ten Mil-

1959 it was a white blur of mobile iconatry. I settled for an eight-inch porcelain bust of Bach—all shepherd's curls and gastric expression—mounted it on my dashboard, and spent the next six months dodging cops. By the time I left I had been asked ten million times why he was there. . . . Only once did I get a real, appreciative laugh—from three Jesuit seminarians on the corner at St. Louis University.

SHEILA B. KESSLER  
New York, N. Y.

### *Barzun's Output*

TO THE EDITORS:

The correspondence on "The Cults of 'Research' and 'Creativity'" [Jacques Barzun, October] has missed the appropriate rejoinder. . . . Among all the people who are saying harsh things about the universities and their inhabitants, Barzun is in a unique position to do something about the situation he so eloquently deplores. Surely, as Provost and Dean of Faculties at Columbia, he must be considering administrative reforms designed to relieve the "publish or perish" syndrome and to gain a new respect for the teaching process. I ask only that he describe these so that the rest of us—professors as well as deans and presidents—can know something of the cure as well as the disease. This can hardly be too great an effort to demand of a man who . . . outpublishes most of his faculty. And it would be enlightening indeed to discover how he minds his own store.

DONALD KENNEDY  
Stanford, Calif.

### *Kentucky Politics*

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to the Kentucky Legislator who had the courage to pen "How an Election Was Bought and Sold" [October]. As a small cog in the big wheel of Kentucky's politics I have seen this and more in a land where politics is synonymous with loyalty to friends who have voted the right way—and gotten others to do the same.

My state job terminated the week my political backer switched to the other side in the election in 1959. . . . I volunteered in campaign headquarters . . . and by midnight election night I knew I had chosen the losing side.

With the new administration came a merit system to choose employees, so I took and passed seven tests and was told I was on top of the pile. Before taking them, however, I had to be screened politically and then have my applica-





Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff  
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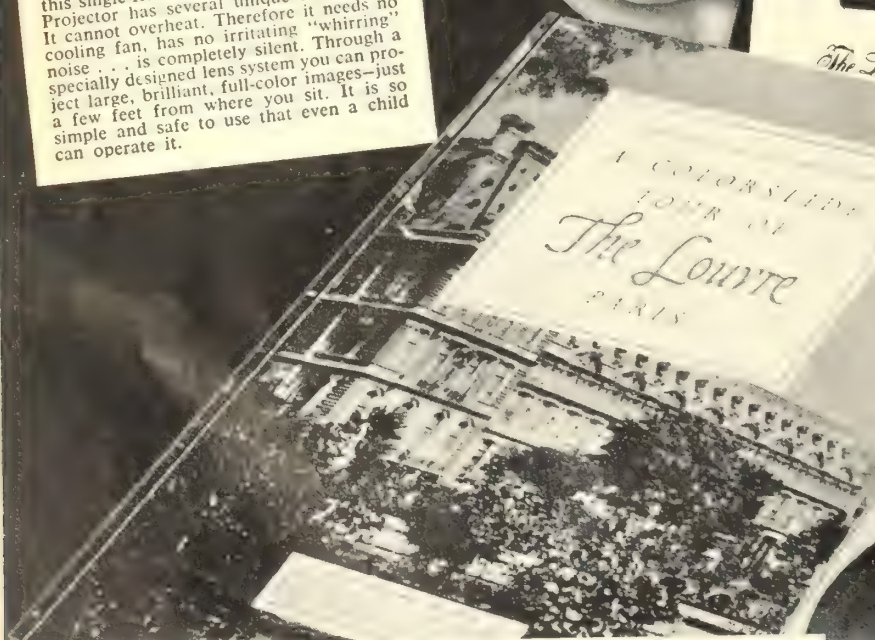
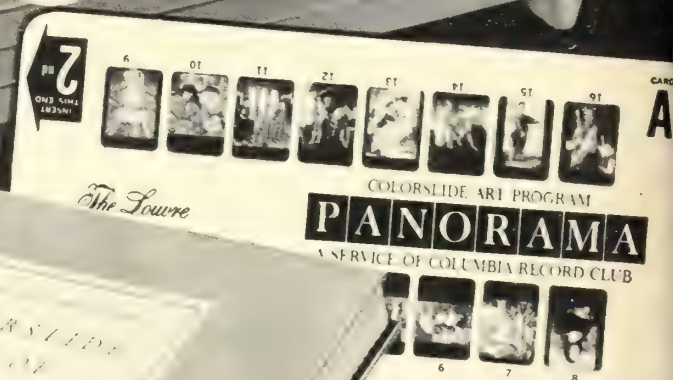
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was told I should get a special political backer to talk for me so I made an appointment with a prominent politician in my church. When I arrived at his office he was too busy to see me. His secretary said she would make another appointment, which to date I have not had. Later, I learned he contended he could not possibly help me when I had campaigned for the other side! Multiply my case by thousands and this can become a serious matter. . . .

EX-KENTUCKY EMPLOYEE  
Frankfort, Ky.

Letters like the foregoing confirm the author's findings. However, some segments of Kentucky's press and several legislators have indignantly denied the article's validity in radio broadcasts and editorials.

THE EDITORS

## Convention Melodrama

TO THE EDITORS:

William S. White, in his curious column about the party conventions ["Public and Personal," October] says, "We cozen the American people by a tasteless, endlessly repetitive melodrama." . . . I have covered most of these affairs in my lifetime and I recall the Wendell Willkie victory. I recall in that same 1940 a moment of indecision by Paul McNutt of Indiana which denied him a nomination he might have had. I call these conventions not melodrama, but drama, and the mad and foolish gatherings are the essence of those rare moments when the reality of power and decision for the political future touches, if only in a fugitive moment, the friends of my childhood in Wisconsin and the true grass roots of the nation. I would not change them for all the rhetoric Mr. White can muster. . . .

JAMES FLEMING  
New York, N. Y.

## More FM Good News

TO THE EDITORS:

I'm pleased to add to my listing of good music FM stations ["After Hours," October] the following (recommended by *Harper's* readers), which all issue program guides: KHFM in Albuquerque, N. Mex.; WYFS in Winston-Salem, N. C.; and WRR-FM in Dallas, Tex.

Here also are four "jazz good music" stations: WJZZ, Fairfield, Conn. (with Dave Brubeck as musical director); KJAZ, Alameda, Calif.; KNOB, Long Beach, Calif.; and WHAT-FM in Philadelphia.

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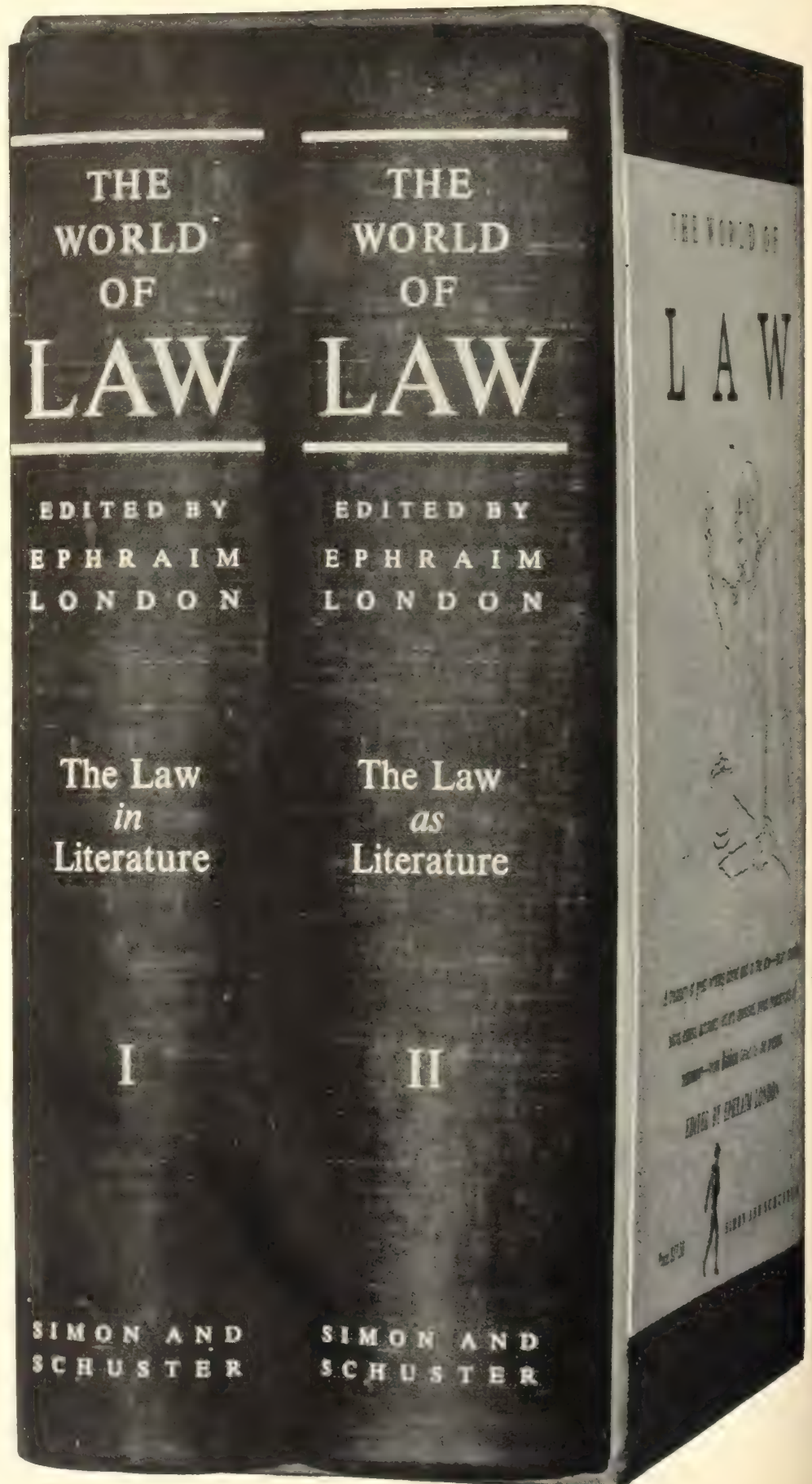
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# THE EASY CHAIR

Dodd vs. Tynan:

A Debate

on Congressional Investigations

*Guest columnists this month are Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut and Kenneth Tynan, British drama critic. Their comments on Mr. Tynan's article, "Command Performance," raise some fundamental questions about free speech, a free press, and the proper role of Congressional investigating committees. They are followed by an editorial note on points not covered by either of the debaters. Senator Dodd begins.*

IN ITS issue for October, *Harper's* ran an article by Mr. Kenneth Tynan, British drama critic, purportedly describing his appearance before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, on May 5, 1960. Mr. Tynan's article was full of inaccuracies, some minor, some grave. I regret that *Harper's* saw fit to print Mr. Tynan's statement without troubling to check his version of the facts or his allegations with the Subcommittee on Internal Security.

In the paragraphs that follow, I present the other side of the story.

Mr. Tynan was one of several witnesses called before the Subcommittee for the purpose of attempting to obtain more information about the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," which announced itself to the public with a full-page advertisement supporting Castro in the *New York Times* for April 6, 1960. Since Mr. Tynan was one of the signers of this advertisement, it was reasonable for the Subcommittee to assume that he might be able to shed some light on the organization and on the origins and financing of the *New York Times* advertisement.

The hearings in the case of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" have not been completed and it would therefore be improper for me to venture a final opinion. I assure you, however, that the Subcommittee on Internal Security had solid reasons for investigating the possibility of collu-

sion between this pro-Castro organization and the Castro government. The specific reason for the hearings was to determine whether there may not have been a circumvention of the Foreign Agents Registration Act which warranted examination with a view to possible legislative remedy.

As one item in a much larger case, there is the shocking fact that the Secretary of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," Miss Joanne Grant, repeatedly invoked the Fifth Amendment when called before the Subcommittee and asked a long series of questions relating to Communist affiliations and associations with the Castro government.

The hearings were held in executive session, as is the Subcommittee's general custom with initial hearings. The purpose of this procedure is to assure privacy to those witnesses who have only information to give and to protect those against whom the evidence is fragmentary or inconclusive or completely incorrect, as occasionally happens.

The Subcommittee had made no public charges or allegations against Mr. Tynan, nor has it sought to expose him or harass him. A statement has, however, become necessary by way of replying to the serious public allegations which Mr. Tynan has now made against the Subcommittee.

Mr. Tynan has endeavored to convey the impression that the Subcommittee's action in calling him as a witness constituted a violation of freedom of the press. This is nonsensical. Under its mandate from Congress, the Subcommittee has the right and the duty to request information from visitors and residents, aliens and nationals, journalists and non-journalists, if it has reason to believe that the information requested has a direct bearing on the matter under consideration. If the prerogatives that normally apply to freedom of the press are respected, I fail to see how a request for information, *per se*, can constitute an infringement of freedom of the press.

In Mr. Tynan's own case, there is another reason for rejecting his plea for immunity from Congressional committees.

As a foreign journalist in a democratic country, Mr. Tynan (who has now returned to England) was completely free to think and write what he pleased about American politics. But when Mr. Tynan participated in a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* obviously intended to exert pressure on the State Department in favor of the Castro regime, he was not expressing an opinion—he was engaging, with American citizens and with an American organization, in a political pressure action vis-à-vis the American government. There is no law preventing a visiting journalist from doing so; but at the point where he does so, in my opinion, he assumes the same responsibilities as the American citizens with whom he is co-operating.

To deal with all of the inaccuracies in Mr. Tynan's article would require a 5,000-word arti-



*After an April shower at Buttermere, Cumbria— one of the lakes that W. Wordsworth loved.*

## Beware the sparkle of Britain's Spring!

**S**PRING in Britain is a heady season. It inspires giddy odes. Unlikely similes. Frightful clichés. And love.

It also has a mind of its own which it expresses by ignoring the vernal equinox. In Devon, the primroses start to pop in January. Cornish daffodils stare February in the face and chuckle. And, by the time those April showers fill the air with invisible hyacinths, you

begin to believe there's a flower seed in every raindrop.

You can sense some of the sparkle of Britain's Spring merely by flicking through a calendar of events. Flat racing starts in Spring. So does the leisurely lunacy of cricket. Festivals, fairs and floral dances put a froth on your fun. And, like any fauna faced with flora, you want to grow wild. In

one Buckinghamshire village, housewives celebrate Shrove Tuesday by running a pancake race!

If you *must* get practical about this irresponsible season, ask your travel agent about the latest transatlantic fares. Complete your trip by March 31 and you can get to Britain and back for \$320. If that little bargain doesn't inspire spring fever, see a doctor.

*FREE! Colorful 24-page fully illustrated booklet "Portrait of Britain"; write Box 172, British Travel Association.*

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Golden chalice, The Cloisters, The Metropolitan Museum

## A goldsmith "inherits" the shell from Renaissance painters

By the middle of the sixteenth century the scallop shell—long a favorite symbol of such painters as Botticelli and Titian—was disappearing from canvas and fresco wall. But in architecture, sculpture and the goldsmith's art, the seashell flourished. The example you see here was made by an anonymous, superb craftsman in 1599. Like so many of his peers and forebears, he turned to nature and the graceful seashell for decorative inspiration.

Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists—inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum—create, develop and perfect ideas that result in substances useful to man. This imaginative research yields petroleum and chemical products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.



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cle. Let me mention only those that I consider particularly glaring.

Mr. Tynan said that he was unable to quote verbatim because he had been "forbidden access" to the transcript. Copies of testimony, for obvious reasons, cannot be mailed out until the testimony has been released for publication. But in the long history of the Subcommittee, no witness or his counsel has been denied access to the transcript of his own testimony in executive session. The fact is that Mr. Tynan never requested access.

Mr. Tynan stated that the questioning started with his TV show, "We Dissent." The record shows that it started with the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," and his relations with it. The effect of this inversion of the facts is to create the impression that Mr. Tynan was really called before the Subcommittee because of his TV program and not because of his involvement with the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

When questioned about his relations with the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," Mr. Tynan stated that he was not a member, that he had not contributed to it, that he had simply given his signature to the statement which was printed in the *New York Times*. . . . On these points, Mr. Tynan's account in *Harper's* was accurate. At other points, however, his account lapses into the kind of fantasy that is difficult to explain.

"Such was the caliber of the inquisition," wrote Mr. Tynan, "that astonished amusement became the only possible response. Had I received money for signing the ad? No. Was it paid for by Cuban gold? No. . . ."

I can state categorically that neither these questions nor any questions similar to them were asked of Mr. Tynan. Since he consistently took the stand that he knew nothing about the organization or workings of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," however, I cannot help marveling that he should now be able to respond with so firm and knowledgeable a "no" to imaginary question number two: Was the ad paid for with Cuban gold?

According to Mr. Tynan, he was asked whether he thought himself "justified in holding opinions that openly defied those of the President of the United States" on the question of Cuba. The question addressed to Mr. Tynan by the Counsel for the Subcommittee had nothing to do with "opinions"; it had to do with political *action*. The question was whether he had taken the action of participating in the petition, knowing that it ran completely counter to the policy of the United States government. Such a question, I submit, was valid.

As is essential and proper in all such cases, Mr. Tynan was asked some general questions about his background.

He was asked whether he had in March 1960 contributed an article to *Mainstream*, a periodical which consistently toes the Party line and

which was identified as a publication of the Communist party in the *Guide to Subversive Organizations* published by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1951. Mr. Tynan agreed that he had contributed the article in question, but he said that he had done so without knowing whether it was a Communist publication, and without troubling to ask.

He was also asked about the program which he had produced for the British Television Network which purportedly dealt with the matter of dissent and dissenters in America. I found Mr. Tynan's discussion of the program in his *Harper's* article a prime example of intellectual fuzziness. In his article he maintains the pretense that his program placed a heavy emphasis on the "Socialist" point of view because in a capitalist society Socialism and dissent are so frequently identified. Under the "Socialist" caption, he bracketed a long string of Communists and pro-Communists. Unless my information is completely mistaken, the great majority of Mr. Tynan's colleagues in the British Labour party take the stand that Communism has nothing to do with democratic Socialism and that Socialism is being libeled when Communists are identified as Socialists.

The "proud tradition of dissent" in America was represented on Mr. Tynan's program by several legitimate dissenters like Robert Hutchins, Kenneth Galbraith, Norman Thomas, and Norman Cousins. But I challenge Mr. Tynan's contention that our tradition of dissent is in any way represented by most of the other members of his tententiously composed amalgam—by Communists, party-liners, and a convicted perjurer, by beatniks, eccentrics, a dope addict, and a self-described expert on sex deviation.

Some of the eccentrics displayed no definite political bent. But so far as political viewpoints were represented, it was a pro-Communist viewpoint that predominated.

There was Arnold Johnson, Legislative Director of the Communist party, one of the twenty-eight Communists sentenced to prison under the Smith Act.

There was Clinton Jencks, head of the United Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, which was expelled from the CIO in 1950 because of its Communist control. In hearings before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in October 1952, Jencks was identified by two witnesses in sworn testimony, as a member of the Communist party and he invoked the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer questions about his Communist associations.

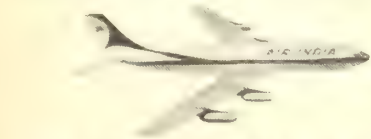
There was a Reverend Stephen Fritchman of Los Angeles, whose many associations with Communist-front organizations are recorded in the hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities of September 12, 1951, and December 7, 1956, and who invoked the Fifth Amendment when he was asked about his mem-





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bership in the Communist party and his other pro-Communist activities.

There was Dalton Trumbo, one of the "Hollywood Ten" sentenced to prison for contempt of Congress because they refused to answer questions relating to their membership or activities in the Communist party. At the hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in October 1947, Trumbo's Party membership card was produced and he was subsequently identified as a member of the Communist party by six witnesses.

Finally, there was Alger Hiss. "We Dissent" described Hiss as someone who had been convicted of perjury in a famous trial. It failed to mention the fact that one count of the conviction was that he had perjured himself when he denied turning over secret State Department documents to Whittaker Chambers, a self-admitted Soviet agent; nor did it mention the fact that Hiss had been identified as a member of the Communist underground in government by at least three independent witnesses in testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee on August 3, 1948, and before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on August 2, 1951, and February 19, 1952, respectively.

The "so-called dissenters" were not simply members of the panel. Clinton Jencks was presented as the spokesman for non-conformist trade unionism in America; the Reverend Stephen Fritchman as the spokesman for non-conformist religion in America; Dalton Trumbo as the spokesman for non-conformist Hollywood writers. Only one of this group, Arnold Johnson, was formally identified as a Communist or Communist sympathizer, nor was any reference made to the fact that they had all either taken shelter behind the Fifth Amendment like the Reverend Fritchman, or else had been identified as Communists as stated above.

Mr. Tynan obviously thinks otherwise, but, for my own part, I believe that there was no place on such a program for a single Communist or party-liner. I submit that Moscow agents and Moscow dupes have absolutely nothing in common with the American tradition, that they are not even "dissenters" but rigid totalitarian conformists who would

deny the right of dissent to others.

For my own part, too, I must marvel at either the miraculous workings of the laws of chance or the rare esoteric knowledge of the roster of Fifth Amendment cases which enabled Mr. Tynan to select, with unerring accuracy, names like Clinton Jencks and Dalton Trumbo and Stephen Fritchman, which command recognition by one American in one thousand and probably by no more than one Englishman in ten thousand.

Mr. Tynan asserts that part of the purpose of this program was to demonstrate that America was still a land where the tradition of dissent was very much alive. I challenge this assertion. If the English language has any meaning, his program portrayed America as a land where conformism and fear of non-conformism prevail and where dissenters are persecuted, deprived of passports, incarcerated, and black-listed.

The program was severely criticized by three of its participants, Mr. Norman Thomas, Mr. Norman Cousins, and Dr. Robert Hutchins. Mr. Cousins and Mr. Thomas both told me that they were in basic agreement with the description of the program which I presented to the United States Senate on February 25. Mr. Cousins, in a cabled protest to the Associated Television Network, said that he had not been informed that his interview would be used in the context of "What's Wrong with America," and he vigorously protested the misrepresentations that had been made to him at the time he did the recording. He requested permission to organize a ninety-minute television program on the subject of "What's Right with America." I made a similar proposal in my speech in the Senate and in a letter to the head of Associated Television. Mr. Tynan, who believes in freedom of speech, apparently was opposed to a counter-program, although it is not clear whether Associated Television consulted him before deciding not to accede to our request.

Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Tynan's testimony before the Subcommittee on Internal Security would probably not be published because it is admittedly fragmentary and inconclusive. Since Mr. Tynan has publicly broached the matter,



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In January, television will add the immediacy of sight to sound for such notable events as the world première of Leonard Kastle's opera, "Deseret"... "Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"... "Music for a New Year's Night"... and "The Gershwin Years" produced by Leland Hayward.

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We invite you to check your local television schedules for such programs as those listed here.



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## In January

### SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

#### "Deseret"

World première of Leonard Kastle's opera—the story of Brigham Young.  
Sunday, January 1 (3-5 PM)

#### "Music for a New Year's Night"

A musical revue to usher in 1961.  
Sunday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "Tournament of Roses Parade"

Annual spectacle of flower-made floats precedes the Rose Bowl Football Game from Pasadena, California.  
Monday, January 2  
(11:30 AM-1:45 PM)

#### "Ordeal of the Single Girl"

A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society.  
Thursday, January 5 (4-5 PM)

#### "Overtures and Preludes"

Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in the first of this season's concerts for young people.  
Sunday, January 8 (4-5 PM)

#### "Tribute to a Patriot"

An examination of the life and career of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.  
Tuesday, January 10 (10-11 PM)

#### "The Invincible Dude"

A dramatization of the crucial early years in the career of Theodore Roosevelt.  
Friday, January 13 (9-10 PM)

#### "The Gershwin Years"

A chronicle of life in the '20s and '30s told against a background of George Gershwin's music.  
Sunday, January 15 (8-9:30 PM)

#### "Prisoner of Zenda"

Christopher Plummer stars in this classic tale of adventure and intrigue.  
Wednesday, January 18 (8:30-10 PM)

#### "Inaugural Day Highlights"

The Presidential Inauguration, the Inaugural Parade, and Inaugural Ball will be broadcast by all three networks.  
Friday, January 20 (from 11 AM)

#### "Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"

Sunday, January 22 (4-5:30 PM)

#### "The Red and the Black"

A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.  
Sunday, January 22 (9:30-10:30 PM)

#### "Meet the Professor"

Première of new series focusing on outstanding members of the teaching profession.  
Sunday, January 29

#### REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Issues and Answers  
Meet the Press  
Roundup USA  
The Twentieth Century  
Winston Churchill—  
The Valiant Years  
Mondays: Face the Nation  
Tuesdays: Expedition!  
Thursdays: Person to Person  
Fridays: Eyewitness to History  
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Mon-Fri: Continental Classroom  
Road to Reality

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## THE EASY CHAIR

however, I shall recommend that, in proper time, his testimony be printed together with all the other testimony on the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee." —Thomas J. Dodd

### Mr. Tynan replies:

SENATOR DODD overestimates my capacity for total recall. There is not one sentence of *verbatim* transcription in my whole account of the interrogation. Nor did I pretend there was. I was working without a transcript and said so. I paraphrased what I could recall of the strange proceedings, in the manner of a drama critic outlining the plot of a play. I had returned to England shortly after the hearing, and it was not until more than a month later that I finally decided to write about it. I naturally sought legal advice about getting hold of the transcript. I was told that it was unavailable to me, and that under the Subcommittee's standard procedure I would not be permitted to have copies or photostats made. This nettled me, since it meant that the factual evidence would be in the hands of the other side; all the same, I decided to go ahead and write the piece from memory. . . . What I didn't realize at the time was that I could have inspected it if I had been in Washington. As I was in London, this notion never occurred to me. . . .

Hence I got the order of events slightly wrong, and either misheard or misremembered two questions. I take the Senator's word for it that I wasn't asked whether I was paid for signing the "Fair Play for Cuba" ad; I was merely asked what I knew about its financial background. By the reference to "Cuban gold," I hoped to clarify a similar question about the ad's sponsorship, since it was perfectly obvious, in the context of the hearing, that the Subcommittee thought the Cuban government had paid for it. In a recent TV interview broadcast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Senator Dodd quoted me as having said "on the record" that I "didn't know who paid for the ad." This seems odd, in view of the fact that he now claims I was never asked any such question.

His other points arise out of pure, understandable petulance. The "Fair Play for Cuba" ad was *not* "a polit-

ical pressure action vis-à-vis the American government"; it was addressed solely to newspaper readers and recommended no "action" other than fuller and fairer reportage of the Cuban situation. The Senator further says that I was questioned about participating in a petition that ran counter to the policy of the U. S. government; I said I was questioned about holding opinions that ran counter to that policy. The difference between *holding* opinions and *publicly expressing or endorsing* them seems to me infinitesimal; or at least it ought to be, in a reasonable society. When, for example, an American newspaperman in London writes an article lambasting British policy, I feel no patriotic urge to have him hauled up for questioning about his loyalty to Mr. Macmillan.

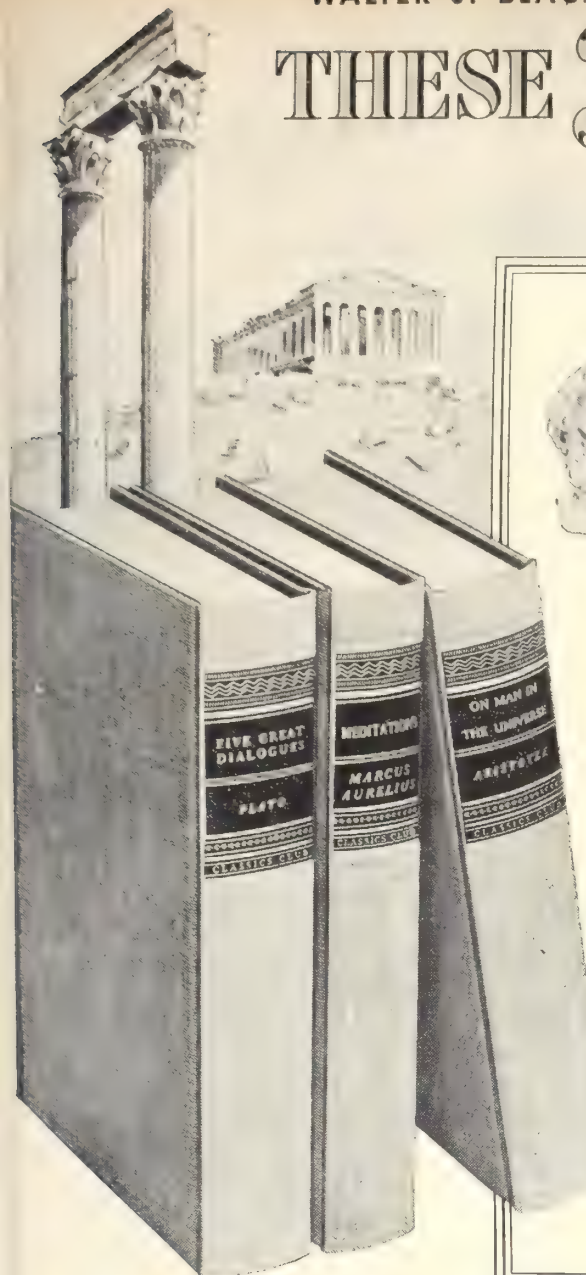
A sort of reflex action now prompts me to ask the Senator a few questions. If the purpose of interrogating me was to elicit information about the "Fair Play" committee, why were no subpoenas sent out to such other signatories of the ad as Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, and James Baldwin? Why was most of my hearing concerned not with Cuba but with my TV program on American dissent? . . . How does the Senator justify the Subcommittee's demand that I should name the employees of an English TV company with whom, in England, I had discussed my TV show? And is there not a touch of impertinence in questioning me at length about a program that neither Senator Dodd nor any other member of the Subcommittee had seen? And is not that impertinence compounded by the fact that the Senator's friend, Professor Eugene Rostow, Dean of the Yale University Law School, had stated in the closing session of the show: "I don't think this program was unfavorable to America. . . . It presented a very interesting and very significant part of the story of American life"? And is the Senator not aware that I wholeheartedly supported the screening, two days later on the same network, of an unrehearsed discussion entitled "Right to Reply," on which the merits of my own program were freely debated by a group of panelists including Dean Rostow?

For the Senator's benefit, let me clarify a few things about the show



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itself. There was nothing "esoteric" or "miraculous" in our knowledge of "Fifth Amendment cases." The indictments of Dalton Trumbo and Clinton Jencks were widely reported in the European press; and the circumstances of the Hiss case are part of the common knowledge of our time.

As to the Reverend Stephen Fritchman, he is the minister of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles (one of the three cities in which the program was filmed). We had been repeatedly informed that the Unitarian Church was among the most independent, and least conformist, of all American religious groups. We did not know that the Reverend Mr. Fritchman had ever taken the Fifth or any other Amendment, though even if someone had told us, I doubt whether we would have dropped him from the show; we were concerned with his religion, not his politics.

Senator Dodd asserts that it was "the pro-Communist viewpoint that predominated." Can he really have studied the transcript? If he had, he would know that Clinton Jencks spoke in favor of an American labor party on the British pattern; that Dalton Trumbo advocated "Socialism without jails"; and that Mr. Fritchman passionately extolled the American tradition of religious liberty. Even Arnold Johnson, who was expressly identified as a member of the Communist party, did nothing more subversive than object to the imprisonment of American citizens because of their political beliefs. And Alger Hiss? He deplored the spread of conformity, described the American legal heritage as "one of our finest areas of valuable non-conformity," and called America a "dynamic, growing, developing country."

Does Senator Dodd really disagree with this testimony? And would he like to repeat his statement, made over CBC-TV, that my program featured "sex perverts," when it did nothing of the sort? (It included one spokesman for a society dedicated to the reform of the laws against homosexuality.) . . . And what about the other twenty-odd people who appeared, apart from the four whom Senator Dodd regards as "legitimate dissenters"?

The truth is that I cannot understand what the Senator means by

"legitimate dissent." It looks as if he meant safe, uncontroversial, toothless dissent; which by my definition is not dissent at all. If I were invited to produce a program on British dissenters, I would feel myself bound to include advocates of civil disobedience and members of the Communist party; if I did not, the British press would undoubtedly call me unfair, and complain of my conformist bias. It saddened me, incidentally, when Norman Cousins protested against my program. He was fully informed about its nature and purpose; I attribute his lapse of memory to the fact that he was interviewed on the press day of the magazine he edits, and may not have absorbed everything that was told him. . . .

Senator Dodd points out, as evidence of his magnanimity, that the Subcommittee has not sought to "expose" me; as what, I wonder, could I possibly be exposed? I must, however, agree with him that I gave an article to a magazine called *Mainstream* without "troubling to ask" whether it was a Communist publication. I seem somehow to have got out of the habit of asking these indispensable questions. In the past decade I have contributed pieces to *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, *Holiday*, *Theatre Arts*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and *The Paris Review* without bothering to inquire about the editors' political affiliations. In future I shall be more careful.

George B. Merlis, an American tourist who was arrested last summer by the Russian secret police and expelled from the U.S.S.R., has sent me a copy of a letter he has written to Senator Dodd. His alleged offense was distributing copies of the pro-American magazine, *Amerika*. "While I was in the custody of the Secret Police of the Soviet Union," he tells the Senator, "no attempts were made to question my political beliefs. I can safely say that I was better treated by these dread agents of a totalitarian state than Mr. Tynan was treated by elected representatives of a democracy. The actions of your Committee are shameful." If it is any comfort to Mr. Merlis, I would never dream of judging America by the behavior of Senator Dodd; nor would any-

one I know and respect. We know an exception when we see one. But we cannot help bristling, and being regretfully amused.

—Kenneth Tynan

### Editor's Note:

NEITHER comment reaches to the underlying question: What is the proper role of Congressional investigating committees?

Senator Dodd's legal right to summon a foreign journalist is not open to question; but his judgment in so doing certainly is. A little forethought should have warned him that journalists are likely to write about such experiences—with highly damaging results to America's reputation. (It is fortunate that Mr. Tynan's article was published in this country rather than abroad, where the repercussions almost certainly would have been much worse.) And no explanation can ever erase the impression that the Committee's line of questioning was likely to discourage free expression of political views in the press and on the air.

Indeed, the whole record of Congressional inquiries into un-American activities indicates that they have done the United States far more harm than good. They have turned up remarkably few subversives who had not already been spotted by the FBI or other security agencies. But they have furnished mountains of ammunition to hostile propagandists; they have made it infinitely harder to recruit good men into the public service; and—particularly during the McCarthy era—their excesses corroded the fabric of American life.

Moreover, when a legislative body takes on the additional roles of policeman and judge, it breaks down the traditional boundaries between the three branches of government. It undermines our basic doctrine of separation of powers, which holds that legislative committees should confine themselves to developing information needed for wise legislation; while the pursuit of wrongdoers should be left to the police agencies and their punishment to the courts. Perhaps the Tynan episode will help a little to encourage legislators to stick to their proper jobs—and to consider in advance the consequences of their actions.





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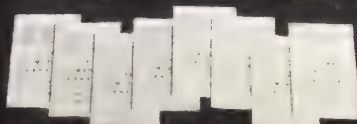
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## DOWN-EASTERNER OFF TO EUROPE

SEEING an exhibition of paintings stacked against the rough white walls of a room in a warehouse is rather like catching a housewife in the morning with her apron and a dust cap on. There is a taken-off-guard air about it which can be quite attractive. I met some fifty-three paintings and twenty-one drawings of the late Marsden Hartley in such a state of informality recently in a warehouse on West 19th Street in New York. They had been propped against the wall for an informal inspection by art reviewers and by the collectors who had lent paintings and drawings to an exhibition which will appear in four cities in America and five in Europe.

It is not often, indeed it is very rare, that the director of a European museum asks for a one-man show of paintings by an American whom we can reasonably call contemporary. But that is precisely what happened in this case; William J. H. B. Sandberg, the director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, Holland, asked the American Federation of Arts to assist him in collecting an exhibition of Hartley's work. It was he who made the selection, and it is the Federation that will put the show, quite literally, on the road.

Many paintings by American artists have been shown in Europe, of

# AFTER HOURS

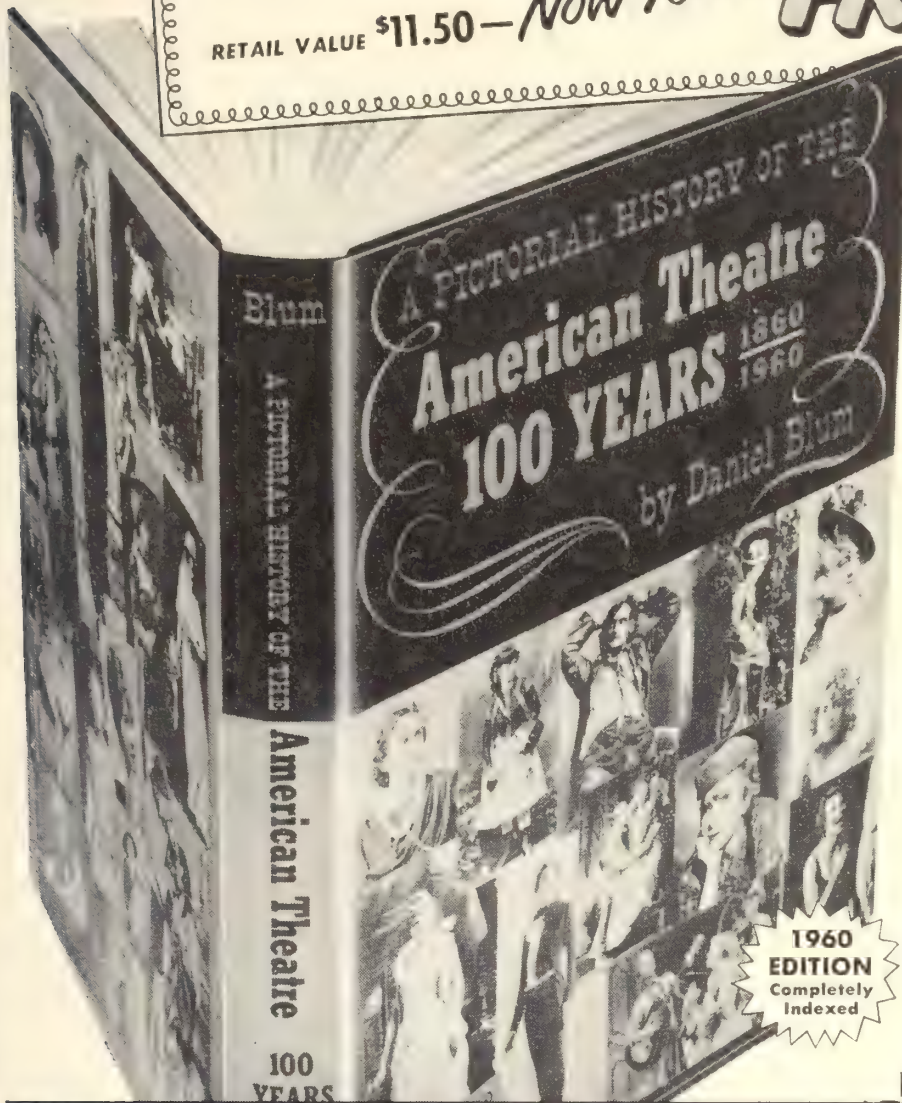
course; today our "abstract expressionists" are probably the most influential painters in the Western World, and they are avidly collected abroad (except, it should be noted, by the French). But it is a new experience for Americans to have some of the winds of taste blowing from the west to the east across the Atlantic. They had blown the other way for four centuries, and it is gratifying (though no excuse for chauvinism) to be able to repay some of our indebtedness.

Hartley's paintings are not, to be sure, unerringly American though the total effect of the fifty-three that I saw was as rock-bound as the coast of Maine, where Hartley started life in 1877 and ended it in 1943. As a young man, he was one of the painters who was befriended by Alfred Stieglitz, the great photographer who ran the famous "291" gallery on Fifth Avenue. Stieglitz was one of the first in this country to exhibit the works of the young painters who were so horrifying Paris—Picasso and Matisse and their likes—and the influence of the Cubists and of the Expressionists is strong in the early paintings of Hartley. Like a great many young artists of his day, he went to Europe just before the first world war. He was looking for a way to exercise a principle he had



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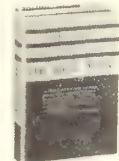
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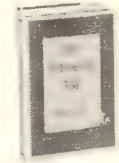
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found in William Blake: "Put off intellect and put on imagination: the imagination is the man." It didn't work for him, and, as he wrote in 1928: "I rose one certain day—and the whole thing had become changed. . . . I have greater faith that intellectual clarity is better and more entertaining than imaginative wisdom or emotional richness."

The effect of the paintings is not that of an artist whose primary concern was with intellectual clarity but of a spirit harassed by intellectual and emotional searching and unrest. The paintings are of extremely uneven quality, as though each one were a separate experiment, some successful and some merely nice tries. But there are unquestionable virtues in this very unevenness. All of the pictures are vigorous, none of them is a cliché, and each seems like a fresh start.

"Modern art," he wrote, "must of necessity remain in a state of experimental research if it is to have any significance at all."

He practiced what he preached. What he practiced is often somber but often glows with color; its drawing is rugged, in the same way that the Maine landscape he paints best is rugged. There is never anything mincing or prettified about his still-lives (and about a third of the pictures are still-lives). They seem, indeed, less like poetic exercises than like lectures. "Look here," they seem to say, "this is a structure made of fruit and flowers which are merely excuses for a painting. Fruit and flowers don't matter; painting does." And he more or less bears out this impression when he says, "I have no interest in the subject matter of a picture, not the slightest. A picture has but one meaning—it is well done, or it isn't—and if it is, it is sure to be a good picture whether the spectator likes it or not."

MANY more spectators will like these pictures now than would have liked them seventeen years ago when Hartley died at the age of sixty-six. There is said to be something of a boom in the Hartley market today, a state of affairs from which he never benefited while he was alive. If it hadn't been for a few friends, most notably Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Walker, who own many of the paint-

ings in this exhibition, Hartley might not have been able to afford paints and brushes. But there is a staying power about his work that seems to grow more vigorous with the passage of time. There is a sureness and grandeur about the paintings of the last five years of his life, especially, when back in his native Maine he painted the sea and the men who lived by it, the fish who lived in it, and the birds who lived off it. Hartley's last picture, a flame-shaped still-life of roses, seems almost (if you'll forgive my sentimentality) as though he had painted his own funeral pyre.

The exhibition will be at the McNay Art Institute in San Antonio when this issue of *Harper's* appears. It then goes to Europe where it will be shown in Amsterdam, Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, and London during the first half of 1961.

Next October it will be back here at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. From November 15 to December 15, 1961, it will be at the City Art Museum in St. Louis, from which it goes to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston for the month of January 1962.

And then, thank heaven, the painting which my wife and I loaned to this exhibition, a landscape of Garmish-Partenkirchen, will be back where it belongs in our living-room.

—Russell Lynes

#### REFLECTIONS IN A PUDDLE

FILM criticism is at best a thankless task. No one pays it more than a minimum of attention. Though drama critics enjoy an unparalleled tyranny over their readers, and while the influence of book reviewers is at least subject to debate, there can be no question about the powerlessness of the movie critics. The correlation between their opinion of a film and the public's attendance at it is normally a flat negative, and their job has naturally come to be regarded with a certain good-natured contempt. On a newspaper, the job of film critic is likely to be held by the restaurant-and-travel editor while he waits for the drama critic to retire.

Film criticism, in other words, is not yet a profession. It has no body



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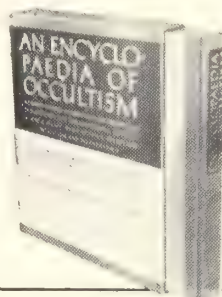
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## AFTER HOURS

of commonly accepted doctrine. You cannot put five film critics in one room, subject them to the same film, and expect to get anything but five individual and unrelated reactions. (As an alumnus of several such occasions, a jury to give film awards, I might add that I am understating the case.) Under the circumstances, it is thoroughly understandable that the average filmgoer prefers simply to consult the opinion of friends whom he has found, over long experience, to have tastes similar to his own. He accepts a critical vocabulary limited to "I liked it" and "I didn't like it," and tries to make out as best he can.

Such is the situation that Siegfried Kracauer's new book, *Theory of Film, The Redemption of Physical Reality*,\* is intended to repair. He is trying to make film criticism possible. He is trying to give it a set of conceptual tools. He is trying to construct the aesthetic principles on which it might conceivably be based. His book is clearly aimed to be the definitive word on the subject, and it makes few compromises with easiness or popularity. It may indeed be far from popular even with the professional audience to whom it is primarily directed, since Dr. Kracauer's thesis is exclusive, argumentative, and to some extent heretical. He maintains that the cinema cannot be judged by the standards that have traditionally been used in the older arts.

The high arts of Western man have grown great through form. They organize the disorder of nature; they capture it in works that are balanced and complete, perfect in themselves, each with an unchangeable shape and color, or a definite beginning, middle, and end. But film is precisely the opposite. It is most at home in the formless, the endless, the ambiguous. The camera loves to linger over the accidental, ordinary, and meaningless procession of reality. A leaf drops in a pool and the ripples spread outward. A row of poplar trees is tossed in the wind, making a tapestry of ever-changing light and shadow. In a crowded street the faces pass before us, each one caught for an instant and then lost again, leaving only the

vivid impress of an origin and fate that we will never know.

Why this is so, and what effect it has on the quality of a given film, is Dr. Kracauer's theme. He has been a pioneer, as readers of his *From Caligari to Hitler* (1947) will know, in the kind of film criticism which elicits inner meanings out of the apparent content—a school all-too-sparsely represented, alas, by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites' *Movies* (1950), the books of Parker Tyler, and scattered writings of John Grierson, James Agee, Manny Farber, and Robert Warshaw (it has no practitioner among the current major reviewers). It is an approach to film which finds delight in what film alone can do, in the effects unique to the medium, and its term of highest praise is "cinematic." *Theory of Film* is an extended gloss on the use of this word, as though the author had accepted an obligation to explain and defend it. If so, the debt has been paid in full.

THE author came early by his love of films. It is in fact extraordinary how many of his best ideas were present in his first responses to movies seen some years ago, in the Germany of his youth. He tells, for example, of his favorite richly-decorated silent movie house where the pianist, a gifted man who had fallen on hard times, was rarely sober and seldom able to co-ordinate his playing with the films. Sometimes he would improvise freely on no theme whatever; sometimes he would drunkenly repeat, over and over, the same mechanical music-hall melodies. So it was not uncommon, as Kracauer remembers, for cheerful music to sound as "the indignant Count turned his adulterous wife out of the house," or for a funeral march to accompany "the blue-tinted scene of their ultimate reconciliation." And it was here that Kracauer learned how relatively unimportant, as I will leave you to discover from his own pages, is the synchronization of precise musical mood to the scene it accompanies.

He has much also to say on the subject of the actor, on the difference between stage and screen acting, and the reasons why the latter puts great emphasis on personality. The stage actor must project. He must

\* Published by the Oxford University Press, \$10



## AFTER HOURS

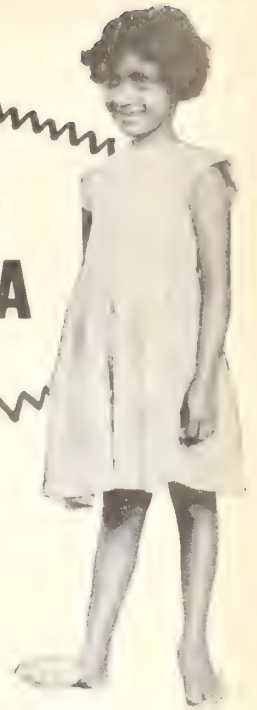
enlarge each word and gesture so that it will carry into the farthest corner of the upper balcony. But the screen actor, magnified many times life size by a camera that sees everything, must carefully control each of his most offhand motions. He must always underplay and, at all costs, be casual. "Sorry, I did it again," Kracauer quotes Fredric March as saying during one movie scene. "I keep forgetting—this is a movie and I mustn't act." The screen has a built-in preference for the two varieties of non-actor; the amateur, who knows no better than to behave naturally; and the Hollywood star, who always plays the same person, himself.

Kracauer sees in the film, furthermore, an art form peculiarly suited to the twentieth century. We need its ability to manage unorganized nature. Bereft of ideologies, we struggle to apprehend a universe of innumerable facts—the function, as it happens, that cinema can perform. Not only can it portray reality, and with unparalleled fidelity; it can penetrate through the shimmering surface of sense impressions and take us with it into an aesthetic and moral beyond. It can transcend its raw material; its final purpose, in Kracauer's unabashedly catechistic term, is "redemption."

Kracauer was still a young boy, so he writes, when he saw his first film. It must have been intoxicating, since it prompted him to his first piece of literary composition. He has long since forgotten whether or not it ever materialized, but he has never forgotten the title—and it still sums up the essence of his theory. "Back home from the movie house," he says, "I immediately put [it] on a shred of paper. *Film as the Discoverer of the Marvels of Everyday Life*, the title read. And I remember, as if it were today, the marvels themselves. What thrilled me so deeply was an ordinary suburban street, filled with lights and shadows which transfigured it. Several trees stood about, and there was in the foreground a puddle reflecting invisible house façades and a piece of sky. Then a breeze moved the shadows, and the façades with the sky below began to waver. The trembling upper world in the dirty puddle—this image has never left me."

—Eric Larrabee

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## A NEW START IN FOREIGN POLICY

EDMUND STILLMAN  
AND WILLIAM PFAFF

*Two foreign-policy experts argue that our Cold War strategy is obsolete and based on dangerous illusions. They outline for the Kennedy Administration what amounts to a revolutionary new approach to a world seething with revolutions we have been unable to comprehend.*

THE COLD WAR has now been with us for a decade and a half. Its terms—once so strange—are now familiar as a possession, its terrors almost banal. Our foreign policy, for all the angry claims of contending parties and politicians, is essentially the one drafted in 1947, when Stalin confronted us across the wreckage of postwar Europe.

Our policies have not changed, yet the world itself has been transformed out of all recognition. The alliance system this country so laboriously constructed is disintegrating before our eyes. Russia's primacy is daily challenged by Peking. The new states of the 'sixties resist our claims, ours and the Russians' as well, question our purposes—and seek places of their own in the world.

Perhaps the Soviets have not yet begun to understand that their share of history is shrinking. But we Americans know that our policies are in disorder, and that the Administration which takes office in January must find new points of reckoning in order to traverse the strange terrain that lies ahead.

The truth is that the familiar postwar world, the bi-polar world, is ended. The decade now beginning will see the power of both Russia and the United States diminished in relation to the rest of the globe. It will see China's strident rise in Asia, the emergence of new states and new centers of power, quite probably of new tyrannies. It will witness a fundamental change in the sources of national power, the waning of the industrial hegemony of Europe and North America, and the emergence of a world where sheer size and volume of production will be a commonplace and national quality will be what counts.

This new decade will see the beginnings of a many-centered world not unlike the pre-industrial seventeenth century, when Europe still shared power with the Osmanlis, the Moguls, the empire of the Ch'ings, and its embryonic technology provided advantages of degree only and not yet of kind. It will be a time of greater complexity than we have yet known, and of original horrors—but it will also have its consolations. For the menace of Soviet totalitarianism



will be challenged, not by America alone, but by the diffusion of world power—by the rise of states which, whatever their expressed beliefs, will stand against the pretensions of the Soviets. China will threaten its neighbors, surely, but more by sheer physical force than by the vitality of its ideology or by exerting any special fascination over emerging Asian states; although in more distant Africa, safe from the immediate effects of Chinese imperialism, the example of its revolution may continue to radiate a pernicious glamour.

As America enters this new decade it must make a choice. Either it can go on viewing the world as if nothing had happened, invoking the obsolete slogans of the 'forties and 'fifties, resisting the breakup of the world system so painfully put together to contain Russia, obsessed with a belief that our supreme test lies in this competition with Soviet society. Or we Americans can seek some dispassion, some humility before the inexhaustible variety and challenge of history and sort out our problems, amend our policies, and perhaps turn to things which are more likely to let us put our mark on the times.

The bi-polar world was an anomaly. At the close of the second world war only two states were left with the ability to take decisive action on the international scene. This marked the climax of a trend—the decline of the Great Powers—which had set in at the beginning of the century. In 1900 the roster of great states included Imperial Russia, Ottoman Turkey, France, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Japan. One by one they were reduced by the two world wars until in 1945 a new Russia and a United States, torn from isolation and self-conscious in its maturity, confronted one another over the ruins of the old empires. For the Soviets, the meaning seemed evident: only one power stood against the logic of Marxist history. Soviet energy and the dialectic surely would soon bring America's collapse and pass sole leadership to Moscow.

For America, this unexpected Soviet threat provoked a moral and intellectual crisis. We emerged with scars, but with a determination to confront and master the challenge: in 1947 we intervened in Turkey and Greece and began the program of containment. We have since remained faithful—in our fashion—to that strategy drafted in the great debates of that time.

Beginning containment with the brilliant successes of the Atlantic Alliance and the Marshall Plan—programs founded on a real community of interest that transcended the military problem

alone—we have in the years which have followed tried vainly to duplicate those successes in other places under quite different conditions. As we have become more and more engrossed in this conflict with the Soviets, we have confused political and economic needs, and have acted as though symbol could stand in place of fact—as though treaties, for example, could manufacture rather than ratify true communities of interest. Making military aid into a kind of political currency, we have distributed it with little regard for the realities of the Soviet military threat, and in so doing we have involved ourselves—to our embarrassment—in local power struggles and the domestic affairs of client states. We have expected economic aid to function as a social palliative, forgetting that if economic development is ideally a movement toward order, it usually proceeds through disorder—the destruction of existing political and social systems. We have expected political interventions to help, rather than to disrupt, small and proud states. We have, in short, lost our sense of proportion, and our innocence. The undertaking begun with such *élan* and promise is failing—not, to be sure, in the simple military containment of Russia, but failing to gratify the vague but grandiose expectations we attached to it.

The Soviets have not been overcome, nor have the Chinese; the world seems less than grateful for our trouble. And we are as far from settling the dilemmas of history as we ever were.

#### THE PLURAL WORLD EMERGES

NOT only we, but much of the world, remain gripped by the old bi-polar conception of international power. Yet, though not all nations have quite wakened from the trance, the failing influence of Russia and America is manifest in a whole series of events since the early 'fifties. China has dramatically re-entered the world stage and, by the force and radicalism of her politics, shocks the Communist establishment itself. Eastern Europe since 1956 is not, and is unlikely again to be, the dark and sullen occupation zone it was in Stalin's day. France and Great Britain have reasserted their independent roles in the world. The Suez affair was a defeat for them; but it was not the paroxysm of dying empires, for since 1956 France and Britain have grown stronger, not weaker. Charles de Gaulle, with his atomic bomb, his magisterial indifference to NATO, his European policy and distinctive approaches to Khrushchev, seizes the imagination of the world. Britain consistently

takes diplomatic initiatives which the United States is compelled to follow. Germany and Japan are fast acquiring the material resources for independent roles and while they hesitate now over the implications, it would be rash to expect them to remain in our tutelage very much longer. The whole of Western Europe is a flourishing economy. The movement toward integration is far from exhausted; as an integrated system Europe will have the capacity to equal Russia and America, and when total intellectual resources are counted, to do rather more.

The age of nuclear plenty is now approaching. Its effects can be seen in Europe where Great Britain not only has its own nuclear arsenal but a powerful and skillful RAF strategic bomber command. Aircraft may become increasingly obsolete over the next few years but Skybolt and Polaris—and the rocket technology they represent—will become available for independent use within the same period. France has its own atomic weapon. NATO as a whole is considering a nuclear-rocket system under European authority.

The consequences of this diffusion of nuclear power for the military balance in the world are quite incalculable. For like gunpowder in another age, nuclear weapons must have the eventual effect of making the small the equal of the great. It was not the feudal prince who needed the gunpowder to keep his status. Instead it ushered in the age of democracy and revolution by giving peasant and proletarian armies the means to destroy the cumbersome and costly panoply of feudal war.

Similarly the long-range effect of nuclear technology can only be detrimental to the American and Russian share of power. As continental states, disposing of vast conventional resources and armies, they had no need for these exotic weapons, though the short-range effect was to increase their stature in the world.

The diffusion of nuclear power will go on unless it can be arrested by the kind of weapons-control system the world has thus far been unable

to enforce. The prospects are not easy. America, Britain, and Russia have an unspoken interest in suspending the nuclear race. Whether they can express that interest in a valid nuclear-control system will be one of the crucial questions of the coming year—not only because of the catastrophe that would result from the use of these weapons but because of the paralysis they now impose on politics and diplomacy. Because their violence is radically disproportionate to any politically meaningful use, these weapons tend to deprive states of *effective* power.

The unchecked diffusion of nuclear power would provide small states with a kind of parity with the great, just as French and British nuclear systems today impose serious inhibitions on Soviet policy. The very violence of the new weapons may in time give the smaller and the emergent nations increasing freedom of maneuver.

In the long run, however, the prospects of a nuclear-arms race will become more fearful as the poor nations reach industrial maturity. It is now impossible to foresee the styles of government and the kinds of internal pressures that will develop in these potential great powers. It is not, however, difficult to visualize the fantastic dangers of a world in which they all share weapons of mass destruction. The United States has been hard put to solve the problem of nuclear deterrence while we were sure that attack could come from one nation alone. The problems of deterrence that will arise when attack might come from any direction are staggering.

Indeed, as the world changes, it may be that the chief clear-cut authority left to the United States and Russia is their temporary ability to impose effective arms control on the world if they want to.

"The common objective," Walt Rostow has written, "would be to make the system of arms control so solid and secure over the coming decades that, as these massive new nations—China and those to the south—come into maturity, they enter a world of orderly politics rather than one where the power struggle persists with weapons of mass destruction still one of the pawns."

But the time in which such an embargo remains possible is very short, and the new Administration must quickly make a vigorous attempt to convince the Soviets that their interests as well as ours require a valid control system. One cannot be too optimistic that this attempt will succeed. The Russians—and we—have vested interests in the maintenance of the weapons race.

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*"A New Start in Foreign Policy" is adapted from Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff's book called "The New Politics" to be published by Coward-McCann early in 1961. Mr. Stillman, a member of the New York Bar who served as a U. S. diplomatic officer in the Balkans and Western Europe, has published a collection of writings from the Soviet orbit, "Bitter Harvest." Mr. Pfaff served in the Korean war and has been a foreign correspondent in Central Africa, the Arab states, and South Asia.*



They certainly will view with suspicion the opening of Russian society to inspections from the West, and may be reluctant to convert their economy from the hard austerity necessary to maintain Soviet military posture to a more permissive system emphasizing high mass consumption of goods and services. And in our own country there is a political and social inertia resisting suspension of the arms race and the change in national life it implies. Therefore, to find agreement on this overriding issue would be a diplomatic feat of unprecedented proportions. But we owe it to ourselves—and to the world—to try, and to try with all our imagination and determination.

#### POLICIES FOR THE NEW AGE

A NATION which seeks to respond intelligently to this transformed world must first ask what it wants for itself. A meaningful strategy will have to keep within our resources. Not only do our present policies commit us to a siege along the entire periphery of the Sino-Soviet world, but we have also, as a nation committed to an apocalyptic struggle, been living beyond our emotional means. The truth is that we are blindly dominated by our sense of vast cause—by the conviction that every episode in the factional fights of Thailand or the communal squabbles of Lebanon is an episode in the Last Days.

There is no precedent for this illusion which afflicts us. Never before in our history have we indulged in the fantasy of universal competence and universal responsibility. This is the legacy of the ideological politics of the 'thirties and the moral fervor of the second world war, for as Charles de Gaulle remarked in his memoirs, when the United States renounced its isolationism it passed from one extreme to the other and sought to institute a "permanent system of intervention by international law."

It is time to admit that the American destiny, however imposing, is more modest than universal responsibility. So are our genuine needs. Our first concern is sheer survival, the conditions of security in which we can grow and flourish. This means a willingness to prevent the Soviets and the Chinese from forcing their ideological convictions to a military climax. This is not a cheap responsibility. It involves not only the nuclear deterrent—sterile in itself, though the necessary shelter for politics—but also stronger conventional forces, capable of being used for politically meaningful tasks. Yet while survival requires

greater and more flexible military force than we now possess, it does not mean a neurotic concern with the military threat alone, nor with the imagined capacity of our enemies to subvert healthy, functioning societies. If we need to remain strong, there is an equally pressing need to disengage *psychologically* from the Russians and the Chinese.

With survival our first concern, our second concern is to seek a congenial order in the world. This does not mean a world in the American image. No nation can find fulfillment for another: in South Korea, for example, it has not been America's efforts but those of the Koreans which have given that country its first real chance of success. Neither inventing nor exterminating a nation is easy for strangers. The artifice of Liberia has taken more than a century to put down the shallowest of roots, while Poland has been incorrigibly Poland throughout a thousand years of conquest and gravestones. Nor is our future necessarily one of a universal rule of law, a federation of world states, or even a parliamentary rule in the high Himalayas or the Niger delta—however gratifying such remote eventualities might be.

Our interest lies with the growth of authentic states capable of looking after their own affairs, responsive to their own needs and character, willing to take a responsible role in the concerns of their regions. Such states need not be allied to us, or even especially friendly, so long as there are enough of them to assure that no single power or combination of powers can enforce dominance in the world.

Such states will serve our interests better than clients or reluctant allies. They cannot be authentic, true to their native genius, without asserting their will to independence by resisting the encroachment of Soviet and Chinese influence. Few states or peoples willingly hand themselves over to strangers or welcome subversion—certainly not, as events have shown, India, or Egypt, or Iraq.

We are not, of course, morally or intellectually isolated. We prefer a world of states where the values we respect are held by others, where states are energetic and serious and thus enrich our lives and the culture we know. With such states we can have a special relationship, as for a hundred and fifty years we have been involved in the progress—and aberrations—of Europe and the British Commonwealth. That relationship has been neither simple nor peaceful, but it has been different in kind from our relationship with cultures which, though we may deeply respect

them, we do not really comprehend. We and India know one another to the degree that we share in, and have shaped, a British culture. But the India of the Lord Buddha, of Vishnu and Shiva, is essentially closed to us, and we would do well to respect that fact.

#### THE NEXT TEN YEARS

**I**F A plural world is inevitable, then vital states are what we want and we can do much to encourage them. The American capacity to shape the emerging pattern of power is very large, though it is not infinite. By determined action we can speed those developments favorable to us, and so help restore conditions in which an intelligent diplomacy can function freely and successfully.

The three areas which will pose the most critical problems for a new American administration obviously are Russia, China, and the rising states of the Southern Hemisphere.

**The Soviet Union.** The seven years since Stalin's death have transformed Russia—if not out of recognition, still so profoundly as to confound those experts who claimed to understand this strange society best. Those supposedly immutable features of the Soviet system—the “permanent purge,” the supremacy of the police, the total prohibition of foreign contacts, the slave-labor camps, in short the absolute reliance on terror—all these are gone or much mitigated. The next ten years will almost certainly accelerate the trend.

The realities of Soviet power today are the reverse of 1947, when the Cold War began. Then, in George Kennan's phrase, Russia was a state “capable of exporting its enthusiasms and of radiating the strange charm of its primitive political vitality but unable to back up those articles of export by the real evidences of material power and prosperity.” Sputnik, Lunik, and intercontinental missiles have voided that prophecy; nor is the economy so Spartan as it used to be.

But the Soviets have paid a price. It is the ideology, the “primitive political vitality,” which is weakening. The passion is vanished from the doctrine, and Khrushchev is more concerned with the painful reconciling of old slogans with new facts than he is with relighting the zeal of the Bolshevik 'twenties. And the Soviets, whatever their military conquests in the aftermath of the war, have had little luck in exporting their culture and their ways.

More and more the Soviet Union takes on the

look of a quasi-normal civilian society (and it is noteworthy that it *is* a civilian state—the great Soviet careers are not made in the army). Russia today is a *have* state, a nation with a great deal to lose. It is China that now carries the zealot banner. Indeed, the Soviet leaders seem embarrassed and uneasy at China's aggressive and puritanical Communism; they are likely to grow more so.

As for a new crisis of succession, it is worth recalling that the absence of legal forms is not quite the same thing as an instability of the society itself. Legitimacy may take odd forms: The struggle for power may actually provide a Darwinian selection of the fittest. Of the Byzantine emperors, sixty-five were assassinated, twelve died in convent or prison, eighteen were mutilated—yet the empire endured a thousand years.

All this, of course, is not to deny the continuing streak of ideological messianism in Soviet policy, nor the obstinate ignorance with which the Soviets view history and politics. Pragmatism and irrationality are tightly twisted together in their ethos. But normality too is a powerful force. The demonic energy of a totalitarian state depends on the unfailing maintenance of the fictions by which it accounts for history. When this psychotic world is opened to the ordinary and the practical, and the machinery of total control slowly falls into disrepair, as seems to be happening in Russia, there is ground for hope.

We have paid a stiff price for our own illusionist thinking about Russia. We have both held this adversary cheap and at the same time imputed to it a power beyond that of any mundane state. Soviet society will continue to grow and score

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#### *The Year Changes in the City*

I see nothing before me  
But the dark wing  
Of a policeman,  
And I hear nothing  
But a violet  
Dragging its chains.

It is only underground that I hear  
The muffled cry of a tree,  
A vixen laboring to bear  
Ghosts in her sleep.

—James Wright



impressive *quantitative* successes. Its military potential will remain formidable for a long time to come—indeed, the great danger is that as the Soviet leaders meet frustrations in this emerging plural world they will turn again to the violence which has given them their only true successes. But the opportunities for violence are not unlimited, nor is it so certain that they can score *qualitative* successes to match their victories of scale.

#### THE RISING POWERS

**China.** The new riddle is China: the Soviets are an open society compared with this. Yet it is possible to make a few observations about this terrifying nation and identify a few of the forces which will affect her in the next decade. The first thing that needs saying is that if Soviet society is curiously of a piece with the Russian past, still more is this true of China. We have deluded ourselves for years with the image of filial China, pacifist China, the China of Confucius, Chuang-tze, and the Sung painters' inner eye. There is another China: the China of the military dynasties—the Han, the T'ang, of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, the First Universal Emperor, who willed that the whole world be walled off and saw it done. This is the China of Pan Ch'ao, who burned the oases of central Asia and ground their palaces to dust.

"Let China sleep," said Napoleon. "When she wakes the world will be sorry." We have wakened her—we, the Russians, the Japanese, the British. To confront this postindustrial age, she has seized on the worst of her past—the traditions of centralized autocracy, bureaucratic oppression, alliance between ideology and the state—and fused it with a terrible corruption of the Western Faustian dream. If there is any consolation in this awesome spectacle it is that this is a national Communism of a peculiarly unedifying sort: China's Asian neighbors, who have always resisted her, are unlikely to wish to emulate this tragedy, however rapidly Chinese steel production may rise. As for Africans, though they may be dazzled by the specious analogies between China's "colonial" past and their own, geography and logistics tend to protect them. It is one thing for China to seek influence abroad; it is quite another to attempt to seize power. The latter will be resisted by nationalist forces if the new nations are true to themselves, and in Africa the Chinese are in a poor position to apply military pressures.

One by one, the Burmese, the Thais, the Indo-

nesians, the Indians have turned against China. If the Japanese still keep their illusions, it is because we Americans have too long shielded them from taking responsibility for themselves.

The military containment of China is likely to prove the most vexing problem of the next decade, although it is just possible that we and the Russians will find a tacit common interest in checking the Chinese. There is no need to postulate war between Russia and China to admit the likelihood of sharpening antagonisms between them. They are an ill-matched pair: their phases of revolutionary development are dissimilar; one is land-rich, the other is land-poor. Most important, the geography of history has placed the Soviets adjacent to a stabilized front—Europe. In Asia the situation that tempts the Chinese is still fluid. If tensions between these two powers are further exacerbated over the next ten years, economic interest alone will not hold the Chinese: it did not hold Tito.

And China's other frontiers are not so easily crossed. She can, of course, launch a simple assault on Asia, and if this is prevented it will not be SEATO which does it. The United States will go to war for neutral India as resolutely—or reluctantly—as for Thailand. The Chinese know this, and they must also know that their neighbors will resist. Neither military action nor an eventual nuclear blackmail is likely to be profitable for them so long as the Western powers offer Asian states alternatives and support. As for the whole range of subversive and irregular military operations beyond their borders, nationalism again blocks them. As Mao Tse-tung has acknowledged, an irregular campaign is futile without political support in the war zone, and the events of the past thirteen years have supported this notable theorist of guerrilla war. Where nationalism has found expression in authentic governments—in Burma, in the Philippines, in Malaya—the Communists have failed.

The best hope for a military check on China lies in implicit Western guarantees for a cordon of vigorous national states along her eastern and southern frontiers. The transformation of geopolitical terms in the world is, in the long run, no more favorable to China than to any other aggressive power. Japan, a unique nation of vast capabilities, will assert itself again within the decade—indeed, it is already doing so. In time Indian power will grow, and even today India ought not to be underestimated as an experienced military power entrenched behind its mountain barrier.

As for recognition and China's relation to the

United Nations, unilateral concessions can serve no useful purpose. It may be true that diplomatic recognition and admission to the UN *ought* to be ethically neutral, but in fact they are not because we have given them value. They should be understood for exactly what they are: of symbolic importance to China, bargaining counters for the West. If they can be traded for meaningful Chinese concessions—a release of Western prisoners, an abatement of pressures on Taiwan, some significant opening into the Chinese fortress, acceptance of nuclear control—then they should be traded. But as mere gestures of reconciliation they are likely only to be despised.

#### PRICKLY VARIETY

*The New Nations.* We have learned by now—in the UAR, India, Indonesia, Iraq—that neutralism is no necessary prelude to a Soviet seizure of power. The British have lost influence in the Middle East and the French in North Africa, but Russia, whatever its gains, has not succeeded in dominating this area.

If we face the implications of a plural world we ought to recognize that while the assertion of independent roles in the world by these new states has upset our preconceptions and challenged our rather presumptuous vision of what the world ought to be, Communism by contrast has been fundamentally challenged. The Communists, set on making a unitary world, now must overpower not merely a single system but a bewildering variety of Titos, Nassers, Kassims, and Nkrumahs—all of them delighted to be aided, prickly when challenged, and irrevocably committed to nationalism.

Inhibited as they are by the threat of nuclear annihilation—a threat that hangs over us all—the Russians have sought to develop new tactics in these areas. They have reversed Clausewitz' famous dictum—that "war is the continuation of policy by other means"—so that, in effect, it is war that they seek to wage by the traditional, and not so traditional, means of policy. They have employed a *mélange* of economic and technical aid, arms gifts, political flattery, and diplomatic support, and on occasion (as in the Congo) ill-considered and abortive attempts at subversion.

So far, the new Soviet strategists have no special reason to be encouraged. To collapse the precarious Western position in these regions, acting in alliance with nationalism, has proved relatively easy. Nationalism, however, is a weapon with another edge. When Soviet tacticians have turned against a national movement, they have

been rebuffed. This is, of course, no grounds for Western complacency. It remains to be seen whether the new countries of the Middle East and Africa can achieve stability in their present forms, especially those whose claims to "national" roots are sketchy, whose economies are beggarized, whose elites lack the training to carry out the radical transformations their economies require.

But whether or not the poor countries survive in their present form, there is an encouraging absence of naïveté and a strong wariness about Soviet intentions even in some of the most wretched areas. Rubles have not automatically bought friendship any more than dollars. Indeed, there is perhaps some naïveté in Russia's own policies. If the thousands of students from poor countries now in Moscow learn their lessons well, if those countries now engaging in Soviet barter can make effective use of their new machinery, there is reason to believe that the result will be the growth of independent states increasingly able to shape their own destinies, unwilling to be drawn into the Russian orbit.

In any event, we in America ought to look very carefully at what is happening in some of these emerging states. We have been too quick to identify the disorderly politics of these regions with Communism. There is something quite new here, a politics which *claims* an ideology, but does not have one in any rigorous sense; a politics based much more significantly on popular emotion than we like, where propaganda—the whole apparatus of mass meetings, television marathons, street demonstrations—has a fundamental role in the quest for governmental legitimacy. The style is often hysteria, the government impulsive, the policy highly symbolic. We see it in Iraq and Cuba and the Congo today, and we are likely to see more of it. A party with purpose and discipline works at an advantage in these disrupted states, but not in the long run a party such as the Communists whose ultimate appeal is to a foreign power. The next ten years may produce some most unpleasant regimes in the resurgent areas of the world, but they are not likely to be regimes that genuinely threaten the fundamental interests of the United States, nor will they justify the indignation this country has wasted on Cuba.

Fidel Castro's Cuba may become a kind of petty client of Russia's, a potentially formidable forward base for political warfare, encouraging disorder in Latin America and supplying tangible aid to dissident movements, but it will hardly be a Soviet military bastion in the



Caribbean. Nor can a too-close alliance between Castro and the Soviets do anything but rob Cuba of the glamour attached to its contest with the American goliath—as even Castro's radical advisers give signs of beginning to understand. Even in Cuba the Soviet presence may stimulate nationalist antibodies as it has done elsewhere.

It is not beyond America to understand this emergent nationalism. As a developed state with a fundamental commitment to order, we are incapable of giving unqualified inspiration and support to a nationalism which more often than not is xenophobic and hysterical, but we cannot be true to ourselves when we blindly resist change in the name of anti-Communism, especially if our political and economic policies have given legitimate cause for bitterness. We too have revolutionary roots and sympathies, and should be able to see ourselves through the eyes of countries that have deep resentments against us.

In dealing with the poor nations, we would do well to remember that some of the deepest emotional and intellectual problems of our own mass industrial society have not yet been solved. And we have material failures: a migrant labor scandal of breath-taking proportions, desolate mining towns and cities stripped of industry, terrifying slums and poverty. Our affluence itself is deadening and in a way corrupting. The relation this has to our role in the revolutionary world was defined by Walter Lippmann when he said of our dealings with Latin America:

The sense of equality which can breed friendship will come when we dispel the notion that our neighbors are undeveloped and struggling, while we are developed and are virtually a perfected model of a free society. If this country becomes again the scene of a movement to improve and reform and develop itself, we shall again win friends abroad and influence them. It is no accident but the very nature of human affairs that in the times when we have been most liked and respected abroad, as under the two Roosevelts and Wilson, we were the least smug about our own affairs and the least satisfied with ourselves.

#### POLICIES

#### FOR A PLURAL WORLD

**V**IEWED in retrospect the fifteen years past seem almost like a pointless agony. We have not been able to break up the Soviet empire; they have not subverted the West. All our exertions, the menace and strain, have ended in stalemate. Now the very terms of the struggle

are changed. This is disappointing, but Americans at last are caught up in history and will have to learn to take the long view.

It has sometimes been the fate of the great ideological conflicts to end by becoming irrelevant. The passions which led Byzantines to choose death rather than submit to the Trinitarian doctrines of the Western Church subsided; the brutal religious wars of the seventeenth century were succeeded by the genteel deism of the eighteenth. This was not, as is so often argued, a matter of synthesis between the contending ideologies. It was simply that other matters had begun to demand men's attention.

There has been such a shift in our lifetime. We have been living through the last paroxysm of a dying ideological age. The students rioting in the streets of Ankara, Baghdad, Havana, Tokyo—or Budapest—do not fit the old categories of "right" and "left," Communist, Fascist, Nazi, black shirt, brown shirt, or red. The very irrelevance of old slogans is part of the reason for our anxiety.

For Americans the first lesson in all this is time's ability to shift the scenes, to blur, to transpose events to another key. Therefore as a practical matter it is not always a foolish policy merely to buy time. Time has worked for us—in Greece, in Cyprus, in Western Europe, in Iraq, in the Soviet empire itself.

The second lesson is that since we as a nation are mainly political and not ideological—a plural society capable of living with ambiguity and difference—there are forces in the world working in our favor. In the new age of diffusion of power it is the Russians who are committed to reducing this splendid variety to a unity; and here they are likely to meet their surest defeat.

Beyond this there are no certain lessons, no rules. But a new American policy would accelerate the growth of this independent spirit, this pluralism of power which will hold the Chinese and the Russians in check more surely than our failing alliances.

**Investment.** We can speed the emergence of this plural world by wise use of investment resources, but here the problems are far more complex than many seem to realize. It is true that much larger amounts of skill and capital should flow from the rich nations to the poorer if the latter are to avoid that artificial depression of living standards and the forced labor that the Soviets and Chinese have pioneered. But the crucial questions turn on how the aid will be put to use.

It is, for example, fundamental to any effective

aid program that it be framed with a view to long-term growth and provided to the country involved on a continuing basis. Local leaders cannot be expected to reform their economies effectively while tensely depending on year-to-year handouts. We have dissipated millions through random investment but still have not learned this basic lesson.

Nor have we learned the equally fundamental principle that aid in itself is useless, indeed damaging, unless local governments are truly determined to convert their stagnant societies to a modern industrial system even at the cost of eclipsing the old social order. To use aid funds to shore up narrow-minded elites can only delay reform and hurt American interests. This often will mean the eclipse or destruction of the old ruling class.

In many of the poorer countries, the immediate need is not for large sums of capital but rather for expert advice on how to educate, improve agricultural methods, and create the conditions under which the industrial revolution can get under way. Such programs are a necessary investment in a secure international economy. But it is a mistake to confuse them with our diplomacy. They are more successfully administered by a supranational agency like the UN which can more easily provide continuity and whose technicians will be more welcome.

Finally we cannot afford to be indiscriminate, because we simply do not have enough capital to satisfy every country that needs it. A new American policy, aware of the world's developing pluralism, would provide massive injections of capital to a few promising nations which are, in Professor Rostow's phrase, starting the "take-off"—*i.e.*, beginning to achieve self-sustaining momentum as industrial nations—and are capable of significantly affecting the balance of power. Today India and Brazil are obvious candidates for such assistance, and perhaps also a revitalized Turkey. Poland could benefit enormously from such aid, and might in fact make a decisive change in the frozen pattern of Europe.

In the case of countries like India we must act quickly. Effective investment in poor Asian and Latin American countries will grow much more difficult as their populations expand. If we are to provide not mere subsistence help, but the capital funds that will make the *decisive difference* in the future of these countries, we must lose no time.

**Bases.** We should withdraw from our overseas bases as rapidly as advancing military technology permits; for these bases—for which we often

claim symbolic value—increasingly are political liabilities. The ICBM, the Polaris submarine, the B-70 jet bomber, and reconnaissance satellites eventually can provide a nuclear-deterrent force independent of elaborate foreign installations. Re-equipping our conventional force and a revision of military doctrine can provide us with a non-nuclear force in being, where needed, with less dependence on overseas staging areas and centers of supply.

**Alliances.** There is no need for an abrupt cancellation of treaties. Those that were valid in the first place will stand; nor does this mean a retreat to a fortress America. The alternative to megalomania is not isolationism: We should maintain our friendships and our common policies where they have meaning. Vigorous support of the United Nations as an instrument of international conciliation and administration clearly has become one of the imperatives of American policy. Through it we can affirm to a tense and unsure world that we will carry on a dignified and respectful intercourse with all men.

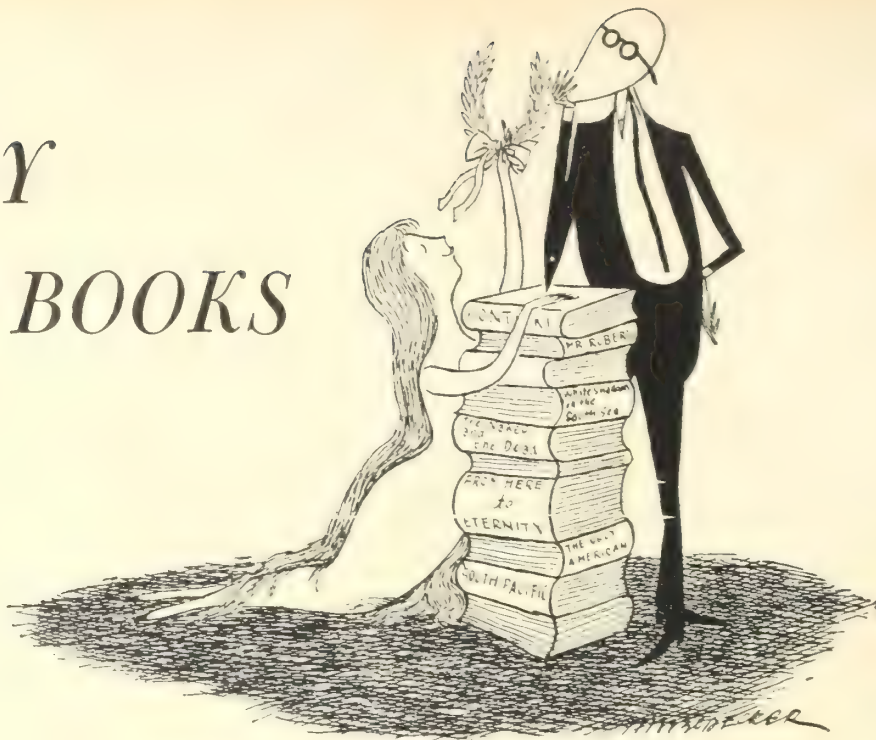
AMERICANS of this generation have not failed in generosity or in courage. Our failure has been a profound confusion of ambitions—a slackness and sentimentality of our political intelligence. Out of two separate purposes—our attempt to curb an aggressive Soviet Union and our concern for poverty and despair in the world—we have made a single crusade almost Manichean in its implications: the powers of light confronting darkness incarnate, with the resolution of history itself in the balance. We would do well to rid ourselves of this presumption.

For all our ambition of the last decade and a half, we have asked too little of ourselves in everything but money. Our achievements have been extensive but shallow, disproportionate to the advantages we have enjoyed.

As a nation, as a culture, as a people we will have to do more. The tasks are not only those set by the political struggle but by the search for national quality—for those transcendent skills which, though we have deafened the world with our boasts for more than a century, have always eluded us. We must discover how a fragmented postindustrial society—of which we are the earliest example in the world—is to cure the deep personal alienation which today infects it. Then we might hope to make a genuine mark on our times, and perhaps contribute as honorably to the lives of future generations as did the Americans of our nation's earliest and poor years.



# MY OTHER BOOKS



## JAMES A. MICHENER

*Fame attracts fame the way money attracts money, and if it happens to be somebody else's fame, it can still be fun to be admired—even for the wrong reasons.*

IN RECENT years I have received an extraordinary amount of praise for my various literary efforts, but lest this observation seem immodest let me quickly add that almost invariably the hurrahs are for what I have come to think of as "my other books."

It goes like this. At a party some enthusiastic woman who obviously finds much enjoyment in books rushes up and cries, "Mr. Michener, I can't thank you enough for your great novel about Hawaii. Tell me, how did you have the energy to write *From Here to Eternity*?"

When this kind of thing first happened I could not hide my embarrassment, and made things worse by trying to correct matters, but now I no longer care, and everyone seems to like it better that way. I continue to get a considerable amount of praise for *From Here to Eternity*, but I would be less than honest if I hid the fact that some of my women admirers temper it with carefully phrased rebukes. "Why," they want to know, "did you have to use so many ugly words?"

Frankly, Mr. Michener, you don't look like the kind of man who would use ugly words, let alone put them down in print."

I always point out that "I was striving for realism in this novel . . . men in barracks, you know . . . and the words just came out."

Even my detractors, however, grudgingly admit that the scenes in the stockade and those with the wife, who was later played by Deborah Kerr, were handled beautifully. Over the years I have come to think of this book as one of my more successful efforts, and I am glad when people praise me for having written it.

I must confess, however, that the public at large seems to feel that good as *Eternity* was, first place has got to go to my hilarious novel of the Pacific, *Mister Roberts*. Hardly a week goes by but that someone shares with me the delight he has found in my loving account of that old crock sailing back and forth across the Pacific. "I loved your book," these people assure me, "but when you turned it into a play you really knocked me out. How did you ever think of those hilarious scenes with the rubber plant?" I explain to such friends that I once knew a captain who actually carried a rubber plant about with him.

"He must have been a character," my admirers say, and I agree. "No wonder your book was so hilarious," they add. "Michener, you ought to write another book like that one." I assure them that I've been trying for years.

On the more serious side I rather think that

*The Ugly American* has been my best effort. A good many critics, both verbally and in print, have found my work in this polemic novel incisive and instructive. Many tell me, "It's remarkable that a man who could do the comic scenes in *Mr. Roberts* could also have written as profoundly as you have about the State Department." There has also been a good deal of comment about the fact that I ought to go to Washington to help get things straightened out about the teaching of languages to our officers who are about to serve overseas. One good lady has assured me, "I read everything you write about Asia, Mr. Michener, and I feel with men like you writing books like your great *Ugly American* we have not lost our capacity for self-criticism." Indulging in that art for a moment, I have come to feel that although my novel does have certain shortcomings from a technical point of view, as a polemic it has much to commend it.

Many of my friends apparently share this opinion, for when President Eisenhower blasted my book on his recent visit to Portugal, they rallied round rather reassuringly, I thought. The best comment came from a man who I fear is a Democrat. He growled, "Hell, I bet Ike never even read your novel."

**B**UT considering all things, my most successful book, in the opinion of my friends, continues to be *Kon-Tiki*. "I just love that book," men tell me. "You've captured the real feel of the ocean." Even women, who might not be expected to enjoy an account of men on a raft drifting across an ocean, assure me that in my book they have found adventure they could appreciate and exposition they could understand. Some ask slyly, "What happened when you landed on that coral island? I'll bet you had a high old time."

In all modesty I allow such insinuations to pass without comment, but I am no longer able to brush off a major confusion that has arisen over my stirring account of the raft *Kon-Tiki*. As some may have noticed, in my recent writings I have adopted a point of view diametrically opposed to the one I originally expounded in *Kon-Tiki*. To be explicit, it now seems incontrovertible that the Polynesians reached Tahiti and Hawaii not from Peru but from Malaya, and in the interests of truth, if not consistency, I have had to state flatly that the general thesis of my earlier masterpiece, *Kon-Tiki*, must be abandoned. So far as I know, it is now held chiefly by the distinguished Norwegian anthropologist, Thor Heyerdahl.

I must admit, however, that even though I have outgrown some of the errors I espoused when writing *Kon-Tiki*, I still get great pleasure when admirers tell me that they consider it, all in all, my best book so far. At my wedding, for example, a close friend announced to the Chicago newspapers that "of course I have read everything Jim has written, but *Kon-Tiki* will always remain my favorite, as it is of millions of others." How could praise for a writer be more exquisitely expressed?

I am going to pass over my numerous well-wishers who argue that my finest book was really *The Naked and the Dead*, or those drama lovers who hurry up to me with the news that they have just seen my superb play, "Teahouse of the August Moon," for the fifth time, the most recent exposure having been in the summer theatre in Ogunquit. These were, if I must say so myself, very fine works and I am not embarrassed in confessing that I take a good deal of pride in their authorship. But what gives me unexpected personal satisfaction is the large number of people who hold that my real accomplishment has been not in writing but in the music I composed for "South Pacific."

"Writing the lyrics I can understand," one man told me recently, "because lyrics would come naturally to a man who could construct a great play like 'Mister Roberts.' But the music! Michener, how did you do it?"

When this flood of adulation first inundated me, I must admit I was a little bit disconcerted, but then I came across a study which showed that even people who buy books regularly did not know, once in a hundred times, who had published the book, which was supposed to prove that the continued institutional advertising that publishers engage in was 99 per cent wasted, since nobody knew them anyway. I now suspect that further inquiries, not concerning publishers' names but authors', would produce comparable results. Certainly the fulsome praise I have received for *White Shadows in the South Seas* and the *Bounty* trilogy make me believe that identities are rather quickly blurred.

Of course this confusion applies not only to me. Some years ago an unusually ambi-

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*James A. Michener, a Quaker, served in the Pacific with the U. S. Navy in World War II, and has been writing about that world ever since. His books include "Tales of the South Pacific," "Sayonara," "Return to Paradise," and "Hawaii"—all best sellers. He lives in Hawaii nowadays and is married to a Japanese girl he met in Chicago.*



tious gathering of booklovers in Dallas imported both Louis Bromfield and S. J. Perelman to address them, and the two authors flew down from New York on the same plane. It would be difficult to find two men more different in appearance, for Bromfield in those days was the epitome of the well-dressed, urbane, handsome novelist in an expensive double-breasted suit, while Perelman was, as he still is, the only grown man in America who looks exactly like a bewildered Brown freshman asking the dean where he can register for English I.

When the plane landed, the welcoming committee surged forward, headed by a rather large woman carrying a huge bouquet of roses and some carefully memorized greetings. As Bromfield and Perelman descended she hesitated for just a moment, fighting furiously to identify which was which. Satisfied with her choice, she gave one of the deepest curtsies ever seen in the Lone Star State and shouted at Perelman, "Oh, Mr. Bromfield! The rains came, and so did you!" Looking back on that happy event, Perelman holds it to be the most felicitous greeting he has so far received.

My own most memorable experience in this field, however, occurred in a small city in California, famed for its alert and progressive forum, to which many of America's greatest speakers had come. One night someone in the grand tradition found himself unable to fulfill his engagement, and I was rushed in as a last-minute substitute, but I arrived at a rather critical time, for the moderator was defending himself against a charge of having misappropriated \$4,000 of the forum's funds. "Do I look like a man who would steal \$4,000?" he thundered from the podium repeatedly, and with each clarion call for vindication he appealed to me, sitting on the stage beside him. Dutifully I indicated that in my judgment, at least, here was an honest man.

When he had sufficiently cleared himself I expected to go on with my talk, but instead of calling upon me he asked his wife, sitting in the third row of the orchestra, to rise, and as she exposed herself to public scrutiny he shouted, "Does she look like a woman who would steal \$4,000?" Again I was appealed to and again I indicated that the kindly woman looked exactly like what she was, a decent, God-fearing, California housewife. Having done what was expected of me, I again prepared to speak, but now the wife sat down and from the seat next to her rose the daughter, and I was asked, "Does she look like a girl who would steal \$4,000?"

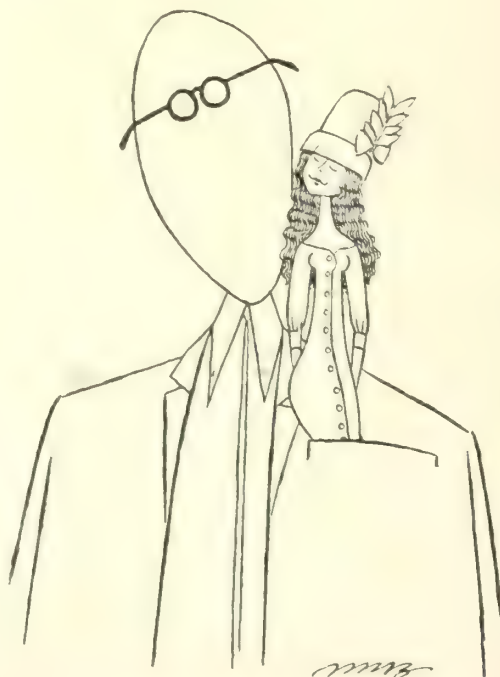
This time I was rather hard put to it, but

I gave her a good character reference and adjusted my notes.

"Tonight," the chairman cried, having thus exculpated his entire family, "this forum is blessed in having one more famous speaker in the great tradition that has brought us such eminent figures as Clarence Darrow, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, and Rabindranath Tagore. Tonight our speaker is . . ." The moral crisis over the missing \$4,000 now exacted its toll, and the chairman looked at me with dumb agony in his eyes, for he could not begin to remember who I was. Rather beautifully, I thought, he solved his momentary panic by concluding his sentence with an adroit escape: "Tonight our speaker is a worthy successor to that distinguished brotherhood of the intellect."

He backed up and started another peroration, rather more florid than the first, in which the forthcoming speaker, as yet unnamed, was compared with Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and Maxwell Anderson, all of whom had at one time or other occupied the podium before me. Rolling on in fine periods, the chairman came at last to the point where he simply had to mention my name, and again he had not the slightest idea who I was. But then, during a pause that must have been as agonizing to the public as it was to me, a refulgent light came into his eyes and he cried with joyous relief, "Tonight we have the daring young man who wrote *Kon-Tiki*."

The audience was delighted.



"Are you really the daring young man who wrote *Kon-Tiki*?"

JOHN ED PEARCE

# KENTUCKY'S QUIET REVOLUTION

*In a single year two unlikely characters—a country judge and a corporation lawyer—have pushed the state further than it has moved in the previous half-century. But the enemies of change are rallying for a counterattack. . . .*

BERT COMBS and Wilson Wyatt do not look like revolutionaries. The one is, in fact, a quiet, shy mountain judge; the other an urbane corporation lawyer. But since November 1959, when they were elected Governor and Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, they have wrought revolutionary changes in the land of bluegrass and mint julep. Quite justly, they claim that under their leadership the state has moved further and faster than in the previous fifty years. By their radical—and often costly—changes in political, economic, education, and welfare systems they have also angered pressure groups, alarmed their supporters, and fed the ever-green hopes of their political foes.

But the fact is that Kentucky was ripe for revolution. Once a rich state, it has largely failed to make the shift from an agrarian to an industrial society. To be sure, the bluegrass section, with its distilleries, horses, and tobacco farms, has kept pace with the twentieth century. So have Louisville and other cities along the Ohio River and farming areas in the western part of the state. But the Appalachian region, the knob farmlands of the south-central section, and the coal regions in the east have remained isolated and impoverished. Despite boom times

elsewhere, life for one-fourth of all Kentuckians is blighted by stark want.

Per capita income in sixty-three of the state's 120 counties is half of the national average of \$2,000 and in fifteen counties it is less than \$500. In thirty-two counties nearly a third of the population subsists on government surplus food and many people have regularly stood in breadlines for the past twelve years. Seventy-five per cent of all housing in our state is substandard.

We have the second-highest tuberculosis rate in the nation—and lead in incidence of infectious hepatitis. Functional illiteracy and poor health have produced a draft rejection of 40 per cent. In eleven counties there is no full-time doctor or dentist and Frontier Nurses still ride the creek beds training midwives. During the school year the free lunch program provides thousands of children with their only hot meal of the day and thousands are undernourished.

Large-scale mining, beginning in the 1920s, brought railroads, jobs, and the first twisting highways to the mountains. But this temporary blessing set the stage for disaster. For the timber soon petered out. Mechanization and the development of hillside strip and auger mining (which use far fewer men than deep mines) produced mass unemployment. Since 1950, 250,000 people—mostly the younger ones—have left the mountain regions to find work. But the ranks of the unemployed and the underemployed do not shrink because the birth rate is among the highest in the nation.

Suffering from chronic depression, the state has lacked revenues to support needed education, welfare, and health services. Governor Ruby Laffoon levied a sales tax in 1932 in an effort to "get us out of the mud." But it proved so unpopular that his successor, A. B. "Happy" Chandler, was elected on a promise to repeal it. He did, and the sales tax has been political anathema in Kentucky ever since. In 1955 Chandler, unemployed after being U. S. Senator and Baseball Commissioner, was able to win the governorship again by warning the people that "the sales taxers are after you!"

He increased income taxes 50 per cent and levied higher taxes on distillers but scarcely scratched the surface of the state's needs. State law forbids a governor to succeed himself, so in 1959 he backed Lieutenant Governor Harry Lee Waterfield.

His chief opponent was Bert Combs, who was supported by Earle Clements, former Governor and Senator and leader of the anti-Chandler faction. Also in the race for the governorship was



Wilson Wyatt, former Louisville Mayor, Federal Housing Expediter under Harry Truman, and campaign manager for Adlai Stevenson in 1952. Opinion polls showed that Wyatt probably could not win but that a three-cornered race could split the anti-administration vote and give the governorship to Waterfield. So Combs and Wyatt agreed to join forces.

Combs got the top spot. Wyatt got agreement on a sixteen-point platform which alarmed many party professionals. Together they swept to a record victory.

#### FIREWORKS IN FRANKFORT

THE two are strikingly different. Ruggedly handsome, forty-seven-year-old Combs is shy, stubborn, and speaks with the mountaineer's twang. Wyatt in contrast looks like a balding diplomat with a suave courtroom manner (though he was born on a Kentucky dirt farm and worked his way through law school driving a milk truck). Neither Combs nor his wife Mabel is fond of entertaining beyond a few drinks with friends over cards. The Lieutenant Governor's mansion, on the other hand, bulges with legislators, visiting industrialists, and newspapermen. Guest rooms are usually full, and together with his accomplished wife Anne, the witty, sophisticated Lieutenant Governor delights in presiding over a long table. His booming laugh led one newspaperman to say, "He sounds like Santa Claus on Benzedrine." He also enjoys earnest sessions with a group of advisers that includes educators, editors, advertising and business men.

Politically, the two men complement each other. Combs has the patience and homely sincerity that impress the politicians and job-seekers who flock to the Governor's office in the state capital, Frankfort. Wyatt, who has been the attorney of large corporations, knows how to win the confidence of businessmen and also has a surprising knack with rural voters.

The two men launched their revolution when Wyatt, in recognition of his unusual campaign role, became the first Lieutenant Governor to make an inaugural address. Combs then shocked the old pros by ordering a 15 per cent cut in state employees, including those in the politically sensitive Highway Department. Further, he promised to carry out his entire sixteen-point campaign platform.

The legislature which convened three weeks later was Democratic and strongly pro-Combs. None the less, it was rocked by the new Governor's program which was presented in an ad-

dress that lasted only twenty minutes. In the ensuing months, far-reaching changes were rammed through the legislative mill.

The school budget was increased by 50 per cent. Teachers were given raises of up to \$2,000 with the promise of more to come. Funds were appropriated for new extension colleges, for additional buildings for the university and state colleges, to complete the university's medical school, for industrial and agricultural research centers, prisons, and tuberculosis sanatoria. A building authority was created to help counties finance school construction.

The state's already progressive mental hospitals were given new buildings, more personnel, and salary increases. Free medical care was to be furnished to old people on public assistance. A new Child Welfare Department was created and a Commission on Human Rights to accelerate progress toward equal opportunity for Negroes. Substantial sums were appropriated for new highways, parks, and forestry programs.

In a frontal attack on grass-roots political corruption, the legislature acted to install voting machines in every precinct, placing state workers under a merit system and making it a felony to assess them for campaign funds. After a rip-shirt fight, a law was passed to curb the damage done by strip and auger mines. Stripping, in which earth is bulldozed from a coal seam and the coal is scooped out, and auger mining, in which the side of a hill is sliced off, are ruinous to mountain country. Both processes leave scarred, acid surfaces unfit for cultivation and subject to erosion. When the soil covering the seam is dumped down the hillside, it kills vegetative cover, produces mud slides across highways, and silts and clogs streams, killing fish, making the water unfit for cattle, and adding to the threat of floods.

Strip and auger mining make it possible to exploit thin, dirty coal seams and permit small operators to compete with larger firms. These operations furnish jobs to hundreds of miners in eastern Kentucky—no small political consideration. Combs was especially handicapped by the fact that people from his home district strongly opposed the mine-control bill. In the end, however, he won passage of an act designed to reduce the destruction.

Meanwhile Wyatt embarked on a drive to

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promote new industry. Funds were voted for a complete topographic and geological survey of the state and for a "little RFC" to assist communities in attracting industries. Businessmen and the state jointly set up a group financed by private funds to give direct aid to new businesses seeking to locate in Kentucky.

These and other controversial measures became storm centers of the Combs-Wyatt administration. One of the roughest battles was waged over a proposal for a veterans' bonus financed by a retail sales tax. The plan was put on the 1959 ballot for referendum vote by a legislature which was confident it would be turned down. But when they elected Combs and Wyatt, the people also approved the bonus and sales-tax package. Veterans' organizations had won support among the hard-pressed mountaineers by assuring them that Louisville would pay most of the tax because such basic items as food, clothes, and medicine would be exempted. Veterans with overseas service were assured they would get a flat \$500 while the rest would get \$300. Governor Combs, however, called for a flat 3 per cent—instead of the hoped-for one per cent—sales tax and the bill exempted almost nothing. Furthermore, the bonus was only for veterans living in Kentucky at the time it was approved—or their heirs.

Outraged veterans, together with spokesmen for industry and labor leaders, descended on the capital. Legislators implored Combs to ease his stand. Happy Chandler issued gloating I-told-you-so statements. But Combs refused to yield ground. To support Wyatt's program for attracting new industry he granted exemptions to manufacturing machinery, some replacements, and bulk electricity. He also agreed to tie the sales tax to a 36 per cent cut in income taxes and he promised to review and correct any inequities later. There he stopped.

"I'll just have to take the rub," he told legislators. "We've got to have the money if we're going to do anything. You can't operate on jolt-wagon methods in the hydrogen age."

The day the bonus bill was to be voted Combs invited key legislative leaders to breakfast in the executive mansion. Tense and red-eyed from fencing with angry constituents, the lawmakers nibbled at their food and waited for the Governor to explain his strategy and ask their support. But when the meal was finished, Combs simply said, "We'd better be getting over to the Capitol. You fellows are going to have a day of it, I guess."

"It was the damndest thing I ever saw," said one veteran legislator. "Happy would have been

promising and pleading, threatening, crying, singing. Combs never even mentioned the word bonus. Just said, 'Hope the coffee was all right,' and grinned." The strategy worked. The bonus and sales tax passed, adding from \$60 million to \$80 million a year to the General Fund.

#### THE COURTHOUSE CROWD

BUT more trouble was brewing. Mine operators stormed against the new strip and auger controls. Veterans, labor, industry, and just plain people continued to denounce the sales tax. Meanwhile a House committee which had been investigating the state's schools issued its report and a new battle erupted.

The report, said one legislator, "slapped the teachers' shirrtails out," for it argued that money alone could not cure Kentucky's educational ills. Indeed it forecast that the unprecedented funds voted by the legislature would be largely wasted unless the methods as well as the pay scales of the state's teachers were corrected. The schools, it said, were loaded with soft courses, promoting students without proof of ability, and flooding the colleges with semi-illiterates.

Teachers, it added, were often ill-trained in state colleges that had fallen victim to the worst phases of "progressivism." Wasteful school-construction methods also came under fire. County superintendents were charged with using the schools for financial and political profit.

The educationists reacted swiftly. Harry Sparks, president of the Kentucky Education Association, announced that students were brighter, teachers better than ever. He charged that the report was the work of Catholics on the committee who wanted to destroy the schools rather than pay higher taxes to support them.

These tactics angered rather than cowed the legislature, which passed a resolution condemning Sparks' "bigotry." They also commended the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for an exposé of graft in the schools and created a committee to inquire continuously into the schools and their methods.

While the professional educators were still off balance, they were hit from another quarter when a group of University of Kentucky students publicly charged that the state school system was "woefully inadequate" and that the high schools, in which they had all been honor students, had failed to prepare them for college work. They hardly knew how to read upon entering college, they complained, for they had never been required to read anything substantial. "We had never had to write a theme. We did not know



how to express ourselves. College came as a shock . . . we did not know how to study. . . ." Quite naturally the educationists and their allies were aroused.

In Kentucky, these groups wield extraordinary political leverage, for their strength is rooted in the 120 counties. Kentucky has a larger number of counties than any other state of proportionate size, and their social and political composition is a major obstacle to the whole Combs-Wyatt program. In the days when it was important to locate the county seat within a day's horseback ride of any citizen, it made sense to establish this many subdivisions. But for the present state population, the counties are an economic burden, performing no function that could not be better done by a larger governmental unit.

There is, however, little hope of changing the system. We Kentuckians love our counties. "Goodbye, cruel world," cries a folk hero. "I'm going back to good old Meade County." Harlan is Bloody Harlan and Fayette is the pride of the bluegrass. Blood-letting among the spectators is not uncommon at basketball games between adjoining county high schools.

Moreover the county system is entrenched economically and politically. Nearly a third of the 1958-60 state budget of \$685,700,000 was federal money, most of which was channeled to the people through county agencies. Federal,

state, and county salaries are important in regions where steady income is scarce.

For example, only about 10 per cent of Wolfe County's 6,495 people have full-time non-governmental jobs. Half of the full-time jobs are in the schools, county employment, welfare, highway, and health departments. In such a situation the school superintendent who controls teachers' jobs and school purchases wields real political power.

While the teachers were still seething, a new pit of wrath boiled up over the veterans' bonus, which excluded the veterans who have left Kentucky since World War II. They deluged the Capitol with angry, bitter letters, wires, phone calls, and delegations. By fall of 1960, these pressures became irresistible. Combs called a special session of the legislature which extended the bonus to out-of-state residents. Sixty million dollars more will thus be drained from a state treasury already hard pressed to deliver on the Combs-Wyatt promises.

From other quarters their program is also gravely threatened—not to mention the effects of the Nixon victory in Kentucky this fall. One imponderable is their ability to continue as a working team. Combs frankly wants the people "to know I've been here." Wyatt resents references to "the Combs program." A possibly disruptive factor is Earle Clements, who was appointed Highway Commissioner by Combs. With

most state workers protected by the new merit system, only the courthouses and the thousands of Highway Department employees can be manipulated politically. The power thus wielded by Clements was demonstrated in the majority he produced for his old friend Lyndon Johnson at the Democratic Convention. Clements resigned last August (and is currently facing a charge of federal income-tax evasion). Before his departure, however, his department figured in several incidents that dimmed the luster of the new administration. One involved thirty-four dump trucks which were leased by the Highway Department from Thurston Cooke, finance chairman of the Combs-Wyatt campaign, for \$10,200 per truck. The trucks, old, in poor repair, and too heavy for most Kentucky roads, later were sold at auction for an average of \$3,253



*"Of course, the only real solution for places like Kentucky would be a crash program of population control, family-planning centers, and a cheap oral contraceptive."*

alter Cooke went broke and he and three assistants were indicted and convicted on charges of financial malpractice.

Clements (nicknamed "Unspeak" by reporters for his ability to talk a great deal without saying anything) is not linked to the incident by any solid evidence and has kept mum. But Combs took eight days to cancel the contract. By that time a full-fledged scandal had broken. Happy Chandler has reportedly bought one of the rickety trucks for use in 1963 when he promises to seek the governorship again. The usually friendly *Courier-Journal* turned its guns on Clements and raked Combs. When Wyatt, speaking at the University of Kentucky, mentioned the "improved political climate" in Frankfort, the students snickered.

Other unsavory incidents followed, including complaints that the Rural Highway Commissioner had pressured county officials to buy unneeded road equipment and a report that the Highway Department was paving private roads and driveways for politically influential citizens—some across the state line. The responsible employees were quickly suspended but suspicions lingered on. Despite his legal troubles and though he is no longer Highway Commissioner, Clements is still a power in Kentucky. Clements has promised to back Wyatt if he runs, as expected, for Governor in 1963—"unless he drives me off the reservation." But the two are poles apart. Wyatt would rather try to persuade the mass of voters than to handle the tedious chores of precinct organization. Clements, on the other hand, would rather scheme and maneuver in the wings and win two votes than state his case on-stage and win two hundred. These are troubling clouds on the horizon. But the real threat to Kentucky's revolution is more basic.

#### UNDERDEVELOPED AMERICA

THE economic ills of the depressed mountain areas are too old and deep-seated to be cured by the state alone. This is a land that man has abused. Overcutting, too many mines, too many years of hillside farming and the ravages of strip mines have eroded and torn the hills, clogged the creeks, and silted the river beds. Eastern Kentucky has a thousand miles of navigable streams, but not one mile of stable river. Each spring the rivers, fed by rains that the stripped hills can no longer absorb, tear through their narrow valleys, ruining crops, silting the fields, washing out roads and bridges, dumping their mud into the main streets and

stores and houses of the towns. By late summer the same rivers are so shallow that "a tad can wade it and not wet his belly-button."

This is the situation not only of Kentucky, but of the Appalachian highlands of Virginia and West Virginia as well.

Only a broadly based federal program to control strip and auger mining can save the region. And it must go hand in hand with effective flood-control measures and with new highways that will admit the twentieth century to the Appalachian area. But the bills Congress has considered to date have failed to do this. As Wyatt has pointed out, they have been fashioned more for Detroit and New England than for the Big Sandy and Kentucky River valleys. The towns of eastern Kentucky—which have no industries—do not need federal loans for utilities; they need jobs. Their business houses do not need loans for modernization; they need customers. Only new factories can provide the jobs. But factories will not come until there is transportation and a stable water supply and until the plant sites are flood-free. As Wyatt explains it:

"We need four-lane, ridge-top roads that will give industry the fast, safe transportation it must have. We must control our streams by erosion control, by upper-watershed replanting and small lakes, and by mainstream dams. The trouble is that roads are approved for federal aid on the basis of traffic counts, and dams on the basis of economic feasibility, how much money they will save by preventing floods.

"But we won't have the traffic count to justify the kind of roads we must have until we can get industry to provide the jobs that produce traffic, and we can't get the industry until we get the roads. We can't show economic feasibility of dams and watershed-control programs because floods and lack of stable water deprive us of the industrial investment that would produce an economy worth protecting. In other words, we're caught in a circle. And it must be broken."

What Wyatt proposes is, briefly, a lower set of standards for judging proposed projects in depressed areas like eastern Kentucky. Fifty per cent of the usual traffic count would justify a federal-aid four-lane highway. Fifty per cent economic-feasibility ratings would justify river projects.

Though his plan seems radical, something like it will be necessary to revive the economy of eastern Kentucky. The region must have new jobs. Coal alone, even if mining stages its hoped-for comeback, will never be a sufficient base for the regional economy, if only because a coal



mine, unlike other producing plants, cannot revive and perpetuate its production through re-tooling or new methods. A coal seam is tapped to be exhausted, and when the coal is gone, the mine equipment moves on. The jobs move with it. Until eastern Kentucky gets a new and more stable base, the whole state will suffer.

#### IN PLACE OF HANDOUTS

THE suffering is felt in many ways. It is felt by the state government deprived of needed revenues and obliged to spend a disproportionate share of its limited funds in an area that cannot carry its own weight. The coal counties have long been among the top counties in receipt of welfare, health, and school funds. It is felt, though less directly, by other regions to which these people must migrate in search of jobs, and where their different customs and folkways clash with their urban environment. And it is felt by the nation, in whose economy these people are not participants.

There is another harmful result of long depression, more subtle, perhaps, but one that cannot be ignored. Prolonged relief payments do something to the human spirit. When 20 per cent of a town's people are on relief, they are embarrassed and try to become self-supporting. But when 51 per cent are getting handouts it is no longer humiliating.

During the disastrous floods of 1955, a local Red Cross volunteer was distributing mattresses and blankets to victims of the Big Sandy flood that had crushed the valley. She noticed some oddly familiar faces in the line before her.

"I didn't think you people on Greasy Creek were hit," she said to one man.

"Nope, we were lucky this time," he said. "Water didn't get us."

"Then what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Why," he replied, "we heard they was handing out down here, so we just come down to get ours."

This type of relief must be replaced with real regional rehabilitation.

"In the past fifty years," Combs points out, "the government has spent enough in this area on relief to have corrected the conditions that make relief necessary. In the next fifty years, the cost will be higher and the results worse."

"If it makes sense to rebuild Western Europe and the uncommitted nations so they may stand on their own feet, and stand with us, surely it makes equally good sense to rebuild the depressed areas of our country."

Meanwhile Combs and Wyatt are not sitting idle. An \$80 million toll highway project has been started, and work is under way on a series of small lakes for recreation and flood control.

Combs hopes to stimulate the state's burgeoning tourist industry by improving existing eastern Kentucky parks and creating new ones. He has been careful to protect the new Parks Department from political pressure, and has appointed two newspapermen and a former Commissioner of Conservation to help plan the expansion program and advise the Commissioner. He has given Wyatt full support in his efforts to rebuild Kentucky's forests, and to entice pulp- and wood-using industries into the eastern part of the state.

For his part, Wyatt is working eighteen hours a day as a salesman for Kentucky's industrial opportunities. So far, the results are good, if not startling. A new TVA steam plant is being built at Paradise. A new American Gas and Electric plant is planned for eastern Kentucky, and TVA has options on land in southeastern Kentucky for another. REA Co-ops will soon begin a steam plant at Burnside on Lake Cumberland. A huge synthetic rubber plant is being built in Louisville. Two new chemical plants and a fabricating factory have been announced, and Wyatt expects to add "at least two dozen sizable plants" this year. Kentucky, he knows, has for too long tried to live off whiskey, horses, and tobacco. ("An attack of virtue could ruin us," Alben Barkley once said.) To survive, the state must broaden its industrial base.

But the quiet revolution is by no means won. Wyatt has declared that he will run for Governor in 1963 to carry out the program; but Happy Chandler is promising to tax less and pay more "when I get back," and the November elections showed grave weaknesses in the Combs-Wyatt political organization. Kennedy's religion was undoubtedly the major factor in Nixon's 75,000-vote margin in the state. The \$100 million road-and-parks bond issue proposed by the legislature was approved by a whopping majority and will be helpful to Combs and Wyatt.

The defeat of the proposed Constitutional Convention, however, was a major defeat. It had been strongly backed by Combs, loudly attacked by Chandler, and most political observers credited its defeat to the unpopularity of the Combs administration and lingering resentment of the sales tax. An attack on the tax and on the program it supports can be expected in the next legislature, and in the gubernatorial race of 1963. The fate of Kentucky for the remainder of this century hangs in the balance.



*Educational television in Puerto Rico: Don Federico discusses Don Quixote. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

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# THE PEOPLE-MACHINE

The First Report on a Computing Device Secretly Designed for the  
Democratic Presidential Campaign—and on Its Consequences for Political Strategy

**T**HE model of an experimental airplane, when placed in a wind tunnel which simulates flight conditions, provides vital information about the future behavior of the actual plane without risking a test pilot's life.

"Weather-machines" have been developed which react mathematically the way weather usually acts in reality. Vast quantities of carefully weighted past data—a model of the world's weather—are stored in the memory cells of a computer. When current weather information is added, the weather-machine simulates future weather behavior and enables trained analysts to make long-range forecasts many times more reliable than older techniques of meteorology.

Can something akin to these things be done where people are concerned? What if one could fuse the talents of the electronic computer—memory, speed, accuracy—to those aspects of human behavior revealed by public-opinion polling? What if one could devise a mathematical model of the American public and feed it into a computer? Wouldn't this be a "people-machine" that could simulate future human behavior?

One of the world's first practical people-machines—feeding a mathematical model of the United States electorate into an IBM 704 computer—was put to work early in the 1960 Presidential race to provide information for John F. Kennedy's inner circle of campaign strategists. The machine was the creation of a new enterprise known as The Simulmatics Corporation and was nourished by the Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee as well as the Kennedy organization. Its success opens up possibilities for business and government as well as electioneering that can hardly be overestimated. It also raises questions about the future of free societies that won't be easy to answer. As Dr. Harold Lasswell, professor of law and

political science at Yale University, said recently: "This is the A-bomb of the social sciences. The breakthrough here is comparable to what happened at Stagg Field."

Reports evaluating the people-machine's computations were delivered to the Democratic campaign manager, Robert Kennedy, on August 25, almost eleven weeks before election day and six weeks before the first televised debate between Kennedy and Nixon. One section of these reports described a simulation\* of future human behavior in terms of voters' reactions to the religious issue. It was the first simulation of its kind.

The people-machine considered this question: What would happen on election day if the issue of anti-Catholicism became "much more salient" in the voters' minds? The answer would give the campaign strategists a scientific basis for deciding how to deal with the issue. Usual means for determining public opinion—polling and trend forecasting—could not give an answer because this was a *what if* question—one concerned with a change from the present situation. Indeed, throughout the campaign, the so-called "bigotry vote" was the mystery question and chief dilemma of pollsters. The people-machine, however, gave its answer on August 25.

The Simulmatics report on "the consequences of embitterment of the religious issue" detailed a simulation of Kennedy's vote in percentiles, regionally and on a state-by-state basis. These numerical estimates were compared to the results of a poll taken for Simulmatics by Furst Surveys, August 13-18. Both the poll and the simulation showed Kennedy trailing Nixon, but the dramatic revelation was a close parallel between the

\*"Simulation" in the language of Simulmatics means an estimation of hypothetical behavior; it is make-believe on mathematical principles.—*The Editors*



Simulmatics picture and the actual poll. This suggested that exacerbation of the religious issue probably would not damage Kennedy any more than he had already been damaged, once his nomination was assured. Such a conclusion was made self-evident when both the Furst sampling and the simulation were compared to polls taken before the Democratic convention when Kennedy's popularity was at a peak. In the Simulmatics regional report, the percentages for Kennedy looked like this:

REGION	Pre-convention poll results	Furst Surveys Aug. 13-18 poll	Religious issue Simulation results
East	53	54	51
Border	55	42	49
South	70	47	47
Midwest	52	48	45
West	54	44	46

Comparing these computations, the Simulmatics report to Robert Kennedy came up with this interpretation:

... Kennedy today has lost the bulk of the votes he would lose if the election campaign were to be embittered by the issue of anti-Catholicism. The net worst has been done. If the campaign becomes embittered he will lose a few more reluctant Protestant votes to Nixon, but will gain Catholic and minority group votes. Bitter anti-Catholicism in the campaign would bring about a reaction against prejudice and for Kennedy from Catholics and others who would resent overt prejudice. It is in Kennedy's hands to handle the religious issue during the campaign in a way that maximizes Kennedy votes based on resentment against religious prejudice and minimizes further defections. On balance, he would not lose further from forthright and persistent attention to the religious issue, and could gain. The simulation shows that there has already been a serious defection from Kennedy by Protestant voters. Under these circumstances, it makes no sense to brush the religious issue under the rug. Kennedy has already suffered the disadvantages of the issue even though it is not embittered now—and without receiving compensating advantages inherent in it.

#### THE KENNEDY "IMAGE"

HERE was obviously the informational basis for a clear-cut tactical decision. In 1928, Al Smith had, for all intents and purposes, tried to avoid the religious issue. Kennedy could follow Smith or he could pay "forthright and persistent attention" to it. (Nixon correctly understood the nature of the religious issue and did his best to minimize it during the campaign.) No one in Simulmatics was privy to the decisions of the Kennedy strategists, nor have I had any

access to them. It is not known what, if any, influence the Simulmatics simulation had in the development of Kennedy's approach to the religious issue after August 25. One might guess—on the basis of what one knows about Kennedy's personality and his experience in the West Virginia primaries—that his campaign strategy was already oriented toward forthrightness and persistence. The concept of simulation was perhaps too new to be completely trusted. It seems that, at most, the simulation may have lent some psychological support to those Kennedy strategists who favored its conclusions anyway. In the aftermath of the election, however, it is apparent that the interpretation of the simulation was verified by events. While the religious issue did not dominate the campaign, it did become exacerbated. Kennedy handled it with forthrightness and persistence and, most observers have agreed, in a way that produced a net gain for him.

In addition to the process of simulation, the people-machine provided much important information about the "images" of Kennedy and Nixon and about voters' attitudes toward other issues. This information came from the computer's memory which relates millions of isolated bits of data in a way that human minds could do if they had months and years to make all the necessary calculations. It is difficult to describe this process without including here a raft of statistical charts. Rather, here are some examples from the report to Robert Kennedy that show the type of tactical evaluations made possible by the swift availability of such information:

*On the upcoming TV debates:* Nixon has been less effective on TV than Kennedy. The crucial TV debates are therefore a risk for him. Should he be able to trap Kennedy into approaching the debates at his own level of super-coolness, he can "win" the debates. The danger to Nixon is that Kennedy can make use of his more personable traits—including a range of emotions such as fervor, humor, friendship, and spirituality beyond the expected seriousness and anger—and thus cause Nixon to "lose" the debates.

*On the foreign affairs issue:* ... This issue is Kennedy's area of greatest weakness, but it is also an area in which he has positive opportunities. ... Should he or should he not attack the Republican [foreign affairs] record? We conclude that the answer is: he should attack. As part of an aggressive, partisan campaign, Kennedy can materially affect party feeling among the electorate and enhance his own image by: (1) talking and acting about foreign affairs in a way which conveys a sense of knowledge and power; (2) unmistakably exposing the degeneration of prestige and power which the United States has suffered under the Republican Administration. ...

**On Nixon's probable style of campaigning:** Nixon can be hurt if his campaign style does not capitalize on his personal assets (self-confidence, competence, sober-mindedness). Should Nixon campaign intensely, but above party strife and personal attack . . . he can gain among the undecided Democrats and Independents.

[Simulmatics might have stated the converse here with as much truth. That is, Kennedy would be able to hurt Nixon if he was able to draw personal attacks upon himself. By taunting Nixon in the last weeks of the campaign, Kennedy seemed to be following this line of reasoning. Nixon took the bait. He did attack Kennedy, using such words as "ignoramus," and probably lost votes by dissipating his "assets."]

Like the simulation of the religious issue, these evaluations of computer data offered a firm basis for decision-making. There is, again, no way of knowing which, if any, decisions were based upon them, but in retrospect, the evaluations seem to have foreshadowed the direction of the campaign to an uncanny degree.

#### THE "WHAT IF" MEN

ONE may be tempted here to invoke the shades of Orwell and Wells, but the people-machine is, after all, a creation of men. It merely produces neatly typed rows of numbers which men must evaluate. As it happens, only a few men in the country have mastered both the computer technology and the social theory necessary to operate the machine. Three such men and a far-sighted businessman were responsible for the Simulmatics political people-machine.

In the fall of 1958, Dr. William McPhee, a director of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, conceived of the theory needed to build a computer model of the U. S. television-viewing public. His would not be the first model of human behavior ever built; several social scientists had developed experimental models and others had worked out valuable concepts of model building. But McPhee had reason to hope that his model would have practical value. He offered it to Edward Greenfield, a New York businessman and former personal aide to W. Averell Harriman. In turn, Greenfield arranged for McPhee to discuss the project with Dr. Ithiel de Sola Pool, chairman of the Political Science Section of the Department of Economics and Social Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a consultant to the Defense Department.

McPhee, Pool, and Greenfield decided to forgo the TV project, for which funds were likely to be unavailable. Instead, at Greenfield's suggestion, they agreed to build a model of the U. S.

electorate for which the required \$65,000 might be found among Democrats in New York City. Early in 1959, a third social scientist, Dr. Robert Abelson, professor of psychology at Yale and a designer of computer models, joined the group. The four men incorporated themselves, and McPhee, Pool, and Abelson set about planning the political model.

The model's basic premise was related to that of the science of public-opinion polling: People are predictable. Polling had reached a high level of accuracy in reporting the current distribution of opinion in the community. But Gallup and Roper had found individual behavior to be so sensitive that, as in the case of forecasting elections, polling had to be done as close to election day as possible. Therefore, polling was essentially static. Interviews could be punched on IBM cards, tabulated, and evaluated. Projections could be made with a small degree of error (*e.g.*, the 1960 election projections). Yet polling could not get around the fact that each IBM card still represented an individual at a given moment in time. A poll could provide information on which a politician or a businessman could base a decision about the future, but nothing in a poll would project the change that might occur under new circumstances. What was needed was something that could simulate new circumstances and test the result of a decision before it occurred in real life.

To break through the limits of polling, McPhee, Pool, and Abelson introduced the kind of speculations about human dynamics and change used by social scientists in their more creative and literary moments. The Lynds, who wrote *Middletown* in 1929, in effect worked from a "model" and used their own brains as computers. Their conclusions were far more than reports on the results of a survey. They tried to answer *what if* questions. They started with facts they had observed, organized, and tabulated, but then they attempted to "compute" the nature of change. They made an effort to understand, given the facts, how people might behave in varying future situations.

Now, using computer technology, the Simulmatics group was able to return, better equipped,

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*A free-lance writer whose work has appeared in many magazines, Thomas B. Morgan formerly was a senior editor of "Look" and features editor of "Esquire." His documentary film script on Albert Schweitzer won an Academy Award in 1957. A native of Springfield, Illinois, he was educated at Carleton College.*



to the dynamic method of the Lynds. They could lay out their own "Middletown"—a model of the electorate, the buying public, or the viewing audience—in the memory cells of a computer. They could use much of the data that had been so painstakingly collected by pollsters over so many years. With precision, speed, and efficiency, they could define groups in the population whose past behavior could be clearly identified and could permit the computer to play out alternative courses of events.

In the spring of 1959, Greenfield sent a memo to Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary for Air in the Truman Administration and a member of the Democratic Advisory Council, in New York. "It is possible," the memo said, "to develop a computer program which will predict the result of alternative campaign strategies from limited public-opinion-poll data and do so in a matter of minutes with great detail about different states and groups of voters." (The use of the word "predict" was not precise. The people-machine does not predict, but rather estimates behavior in hypothetical situations.)

Finletter circulated the memo and in May the Advisory Council met with the Simulmatics group in Washington, with Paul Butler, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, presiding. The Council endorsed the proposed project and encouraged a private group in New York to spend \$35,000 for the initial development phase. McPhee, Pool, and Abelson had one stipulation about accepting the money. The Council had to agree that anything produced by the machine would be made publicly available after the 1960 election. When this condition was accepted, the real work began. Says Pool: "It was extraordinary that a group of practical politicians would go along on a sheerly speculative venture in science. It was a kind of Manhattan Project gamble in politics."

#### THE BIRTH OF A MODEL

ABELSON assembled the model of the U. S. electorate during the summer of 1959. An additional \$30,000 was provided to finish the job that fell after the project was reviewed and approved by consultants to the Advisory Council—Dr. Lasswell; Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, chairman of the Department of Sociology at Columbia; James Coleman, chairman of the Department of Social Relations at Johns Hopkins; and Dr. John Tukey, Princeton mathematician. The Simulmatics people-machine was ready for use in April 1960, but by this time there was so much

confusion among Democratic politicians inside and out of the Council that no one was prepared to take full advantage of it.

The model of the electorate consisted of more than 100,000 interviews with eligible voters. Many of these interviews came from the Roper Public Opinion Research Center at Williams College, one of the few places in the country where past poll data is efficiently stored. The total represented the results of sixty-six nationwide opinion surveys made since 1952, including fifteen conducted in the prior eighteen months. Each interview in this "survey bank" had to be evaluated, weighted and balanced, and coded so that different methods of asking the same question in a Roper or a Gallup poll would mean the same thing in the machine.

With Pool, Abelson divided the 100,000-plus individual interviews into 480 groups—"voter-types"—and demographic as well as political facts about each group were prepared for storage in the computer's memory cells. Here are examples of voter-types as they appear in the model: *Eastern, rural, well-off, Protestant, male; Midwestern, small-town, poor, Catholic, female; Western, metropolitan, Jewish, male*. As many as five—and in a few cases, eight—variables identified each group in the model. Then, again for each group, past voting behavior, record of turnout at the polls, and attitudes and opinions on as many as fifty issues were specified. Among the issues were *civil rights, anti-Catholicism, McCarthyism, the H-bomb*, and the like.

All this data—over six million different pieces of information—was consolidated and transferred to a memory tape. Thus, the model was born. In the computer, this material could be scanned in about forty minutes. Printed, it would fill a book the size of the Manhattan telephone directory. Properly programmed, it could not only produce information for the kind of tactical evaluations just quoted, but also, it could *simulate*. The Simulmatics religious-issue simulation of August 25 is proof that (a) the machine works and (b) it works on "old" data. The hypothetical campaign and election result, assuming embitterment of the religious issue, was completely developed from data in the survey bank collected by April 1960.

Before the Democratic convention convened, Simulmatics did manage to produce one report: on the Negro voter. This report described the threat of massive Negro defection from the Democratic party, especially in the big cities. The report suggested that defections might be minimized by a strong civil-rights plank in the

Democratic platform. The impact of the report is not known, but it was in the hands of Chester Bowles and other members of the platform-writing committee before the strong plank was written. After Kennedy's nomination, interest in the people-machine was renewed. On August 11, Robert Kennedy, as campaign manager, ordered the reports from which I have been quoting. Under Pool's supervision, they were produced in fourteen days at a cost of \$18,000.

#### FEEDBACK FROM THE VOTERS

NOW that the campaign is over, Simul-matics (as might be expected) is going into the commercial field. Here, too, the ramifications of the people-machine are immense. Just as the politician can use its information to help decide campaign strategy, so can businessmen use it to develop marketing strategy. The ultimate use of the machine, however, may not be in election campaigns or the market place, but in government. It will speed up the process of discovering a consensus concerning the goals of our society. It will compel leaders to refine their decisions because they will at last have accurate information about public opinion.

As Pool says: "The classic theory of democracy has always assumed that effective democratic decision-making requires that human beings have as much information as can be available. All that machines do is provide more data to more people more quickly than otherwise. Questions have been raised about the morality of using advanced computer programs in political research. It seems ironical that people should view decisions made on the basis of confused guesses about what the public wants as more democratic than decisions made on the basis of careful compilations of information.

"The research we have done for the Democrats was focused on the issues and what they mean to the voters. Its purpose was to make it possible to conduct a campaign in the way an intelligent democratic discourse should be conducted—by debating the issues that matter to people and explaining to them things they wish to understand.

"What we have, in short, is a device which could give a national campaign more of the quality of a traditional town meeting. Mass democracy in the hectic environment of the mid-twentieth century tends to lose this quality precisely because there is no feedback from the voters to the politicians.

"Machines can do nothing but speed up communication. By so doing, they restore the possibility of ready discourses about important matters in large societies."

Doubtless, the introduction of the people-machine must pose many questions that neither scientists like Dr. Pool nor anyone else can yet answer. If, in a free society, information is power, how do we prevent tampering with the data provided by the machine? As we approach a consensus of opinion, what happens to freedom and spontaneity? As we seek more and more data for the machines, can we maintain our traditions of privacy? How much pressure toward conformity will be created by the machine and what will happen to taste and style and quality in a market influenced by it? What, finally, is the relationship of the people-machine to human dignity?

"You can't simulate the consequences of simulation," says Dr. Lasswell. "We must use our minds for that. I know this already—if we want an open society in the future, we are going to have to plan for it. If we do, I think we have a fighting chance."

## A SIGH FOR CYBERNETICS

Dr. Norbert Wiener, a pioneer in the use of electronic brains, warns that computing machines, now working faster than their inventors, may go out of control and cause widespread destruction.—*News Item*

THINKING machines are outwitting their masters,  
Menacing mankind with ghastly disasters.

These mechanized giants designed for compliance

Exhibit their open defiance of science

By daily committing such gross misdemeanors

That scientists fear they'll make mincemeat of Wieners.

—*Felicia Lamport*



E. R. QUESADA

# *The Pressures Against Air Safety*

*Pilots have called him a dictator . . . but air travelers may be grateful to the combat-hardened Administrator who has waged a bruising two-year battle with Washington lobbyists.*

AVIATION is not inherently dangerous, but even more than the sea, it is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness, neglect, or incompetence."

The basic truth of these words—known as the pilot's code—has been brought home to me many times in the four decades since I first went into aviation. In December 1958 I took on the job of eliminating "carelessness, neglect, and incompetence" from this nation's airways insofar as is humanly possible.

Aviation was at a dangerous crossroads. With the jet age dawning, civilian and military traffic were, for all practical purposes, conducted as separate operations without effective co-ordinated control. Tragedy dramatized the hazard early in 1958—when sixty-one lives were lost in two mid-air collisions involving military and commercial aircraft.

I gave up my retired status as an Air Force officer to become the first civilian chief of the newborn Federal Aviation Agency which had been given authority far exceeding that of any previous regulatory body in this field. Our responsibility in fact embraces every aspect of civil aviation—from the construction of aircraft to the design of seats and ashtrays and the amount of whiskey consumed by passengers; from ground

maintenance to pilot and crew competence. It embraces vital aspects of military flying as well.

When I took office, years of timid and indecisive regulation by the government had bred a dangerous spirit of complacency throughout the field of aviation. Someone, I knew, was going to have to meet this head-on. I did not shrink from this assignment, nor do I today.

The aviation industry on its own initiative devotes a vast amount of time, money, and effort to making flying safe. Yet, no one likes to be regulated—least of all the types of men whose adventuresome spirit has attracted them to flying.

And so I was prepared for resistance, arguments, and delays. But I was not prepared for the sustained, highly organized pressure campaigns that we soon encountered at every turn. I did not anticipate that my own motives—and those of the agency—would be constantly questioned, that the Congress and the public would be deliberately misled and misinformed, and that willful misrepresentations would be used to stir up grievances and foment resentment among the very men whose own lives were at stake in our safety rules.

From my first day in office, the irresponsible pressure asserted itself. The agency was still an embryo when Max Karant, vice president of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association (AOPA)—which purports to represent the fliers of private planes—bitterly warned his members of "increasing military domination of the FAA." (At that time, only two of the twenty top positions in the agency had even been filled. Today, of a complement of 38,000 only 130 are military men and only one of our major offices is headed by one.) Not long afterward, I was visited by the same organization's president, Joseph Hartranft. His purpose was to protest against our new medical requirements for pilots' licenses—a subject I will discuss in more detail later in this report. I listened to him attentively and then told him our decision would stand.

"This means war," he answered, his face flushed.

He has certainly fulfilled this threat. The AOPA has kept up a continuous drumfire of distortion and invective. Through its magazine and "confidential newsletter," it has even fought against rules that in no way affected private pilots. It has accused us of sinister plans and then taken credit for "defeating" proposals we never contemplated.

Equally hostile has been the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA), spokesman for the commercial pilots. At times ALPA's tactics have em-

barrassed its own members and they have gone out of their way to tell us so.

One, for instance, sent us anonymously what we call the ALPA "Do-It-Yourself Kit." This is a collection of mimeographed material designed to teach pilots how to write to Congressmen in protest against FAA. It includes lists of key committee members, helpful hints on style, outlines, a collection of "suggested tidbits," and miscellaneous advice on how to give letters the ring of originality. Many of the communications from pilots which Congressmen refer to our agency have obviously been inspired in this way.

AOPA and ALPA have not been the only sources of pressure. More than forty such groups representing aviation interests have participated in our rule-making activities and—at one time or another—a number of them have managed to put stumbling blocks in our way. The new agency's devotion to duty—it appears—came as a great shock to many of them. They had grown used to a situation in which the regulator was regulating with an eye more to the wishes of the regulated, than to the needs of the public. It was this situation which led to the creation of the FAA.

#### CROWDING THE AIR

**I**N THE mid-1950s almost everyone concerned with aviation knew that the government's machinery for supervising our airways and supervising aviation safety was hopelessly out of date. Responsibility was split among three government bodies: the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the Defense establishment. The evils of lax administration, bureaucratic inertia, and red tape were all too apparent. A Presidential committee was appointed to look into the situation, and in the spring of 1957 it produced a blueprint of what needed to be done. After hearings in both houses of Congress, these recommendations were enacted into law with unprecedented speed, thanks very largely to the strong leadership of Senator Mike Monroney and Congressman Oren Harris.

The new statute scrapped the old CAA. It created an independent agency, the FAA, with full authority to make and enforce rules governing safety, issue certificates to airmen, allocate the air space, establish and operate aids to navigation, and manage the air lanes through the control of both civil and military traffic.

The CAB remained responsible for all the economic aspects of air transport, including rates, routes, and subsidies. It also retained a quasi-

judicial function in the field of safety—the investigation of accidents and determination of their probable cause. (The FAA also participates in such investigations—not in any quasi-judicial capacity but in order to discover whether immediate administrative or regulatory measures are needed to prevent a recurrence.) The FAA has full authority to issue rules, subject only to the normal review of the courts as to reasonableness. However, its enforcement actions—when they take the form of revoking or suspending a certificate held by any airman, airline, or aviation entity—may be appealed to the CAB and from there to the courts. Despite long-standing acceptance of this type of procedure for all regulatory agencies, the FAA and I as its administrator are regularly accused of exercising "dictatorial powers." Over the past two years our agency has taken scores of new rule-making actions, not one of which has been successfully challenged in the courts. Virtually all, however, have been attacked by pressure groups. Again and again, vitally needed changes in safety standards have been stalled by an elaborate pattern of delaying tactics: Meetings are postponed; additional time for study is requested; reconsideration is demanded because of "an important new fact" which—all too often—turns out to be an unimportant old fact. None the less, we have managed to get on with the job.

Today under the new agency this country has a co-ordinated air-traffic system for military and civilian planes. All high-altitude routes are monitored by ground radar. At our experimental center near Atlantic City, New Jersey, we are developing what we believe will be a completely effective automated ground-control system.

But the traffic problem in our skies continues to challenge our best efforts. For aviation has progressed faster than our methods of regulating it. In 1938 there were only some 29,000 planes aloft. Today there are more than 102,000, of which about 2,000 are commercial airliners (including 150 jets), 70,000 are private and business aircraft, and 30,000 are military planes.

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*General E. R. Quesada retired from the Air Force in 1951 after a brilliant record of flying in war and peace. He has been a director and officer of Olin Industries and Lockheed Aircraft and was appointed first Administrator of FAA by President Eisenhower in 1958. On January 20 he will leave the government and take charge of the syndicate which has a franchise for a new American League baseball team in Washington, D. C.*



The meteoric growth of air transport is not going to slow down—nor would we want it to. But the hazards inherent in our increasing air traffic and our ever faster planes are so great that the government's regulatory program is a matter of top public importance. For this reason attempts to discredit that program and to mire it down in delays and red tape cannot be viewed merely as an unpleasant—but natural—burden for a bureaucrat or agency. *They are a menace to public safety.* It is particularly dismaying to find that one of the leaders in the campaign of harassment has been the Air Line Pilots Association, whose members—in the main—are skilled and dedicated professional men.

#### GREEK GOD IN THE COCKPIT

THE ALPA is a labor union—of a rather special order. Its more than 13,000 members earn from \$11,000 to \$32,000 a year. The union is said to have millions of dollars in its "war chest" and can pay strike benefits of \$500 to \$600 a month. Its president, Clarence N. Sayen, receives a salary of \$36,000 a year. He recently described his membership as "highly individualistic."

This is a description few would dispute. Unfortunately, at the time FAA was created, individualism—in some instances—had assumed the form of complacency and open contempt for government regulations. In his new book, *The Probable Cause*, Robert J. Serling, the well-known and able aviation reporter, observed:

"The CAA almost seemed to be afraid of pilots. A few years ago a CAA inspector was asked why he didn't crack down on more flight crews.

"'How do you spank a Greek god?' the inspector plaintively replied."

Perhaps because I am a pilot myself I do not regard fliers as godlike or infallible. In our first year we filed 235 violation reports against airline pilots. This represented an increase of almost 100 per cent over the average number filed in any one of the previous five years.

Among the actions which particularly roused the ALPA was my early announcement that I intended to keep pilots in the cockpit during flights. It was then a widespread practice—encouraged by some companies—for pilots to socialize with the passengers. I believe that a pilot's place is at the controls and I set about strictly enforcing our requirements for continuous cockpit vigilance.

Despite all the automated controls that we have developed, we must still rely very heavily

on the human eye as an essential defense against collisions. For this reason the "see-and-be-seen" principle remains a cardinal rule of air safety. To illustrate—we fined the pilot of a DC-7 carrying thirty-five passengers because of a near miss involving an Air Force tanker engaged in refueling two fighter craft. The pilot of the tanker saw the DC-7 at a distance of more than a mile. But the pilot of the DC-7 gave no evidence of ever having seen the tanker, because—as our investigation disclosed—he was back in the passenger cabin.

This is only one instance among many of the demonstrated need for cockpit vigilance. Yet when we undertook a program of strict enforcement, the ALPA attacked our efforts as those of a "childish Gestapo" and engaged in a public campaign of abuse and vilification against our agency.

It has taken a similar attitude toward the presence of our inspectors who go aboard about one of every 500 airline flights to make a first-hand check of safety practices. Calling these inspections "harassment" and a "hazard," ALPA objected strenuously to our inspectors' being seated where they needed to be to observe what was going on. Underlying this absurd position was a battle the union was waging with the companies for an additional "pilot-qualified" crew member on jets.

It is interesting to note the views of the Flight Engineers' International Association, which issued a statement in the interest of protecting its members from "misplaced public anger due to ALPA's irresponsible actions." As a result of ALPA pressure, the statement pointed out, "At the start of 1959 and the jet age we find four men in the cockpit: pilot, copilot, flight engineer, and . . . third pilot, or featherbird, as he is sometimes called. From the beginning this man meant trouble in the cockpit. He had no duties and the cockpit was not designed with him in mind. . . . On countless occasions the FAA has conducted en-route inspections and in many cases has had to order the extra pilot out of the number-four seat to properly observe the flight operations. . . . Most captains are glad to get the extra man off their necks. . . ."

"It appears that this latest swipe at the FAA by the ALPA is an attempt to justify the existence of a man on the jet flight deck who can do nothing, reach nothing from his seat, and in most cases is incapable of handling the aircraft. In their attempt to justify this man the ALPA has chosen to attack the FAA on a basis totally lacking in logic or fact. . . ."

It was over this same issue that on June 7, 1960, pilots of Eastern Airlines and Pan American—in open defiance of Federal Court orders—staged a crippling wildcat strike which masqueraded as a sudden wave of “sickness.” The union took no effective steps to prevent this occurrence. On the contrary, shortly thereafter, a local council of the ALPA in a statement to its members deplored the lack of public sympathy toward “the pilot’s side of the grave sickness which overtook us all.” The same statement announced that steps were being taken to improve public relations, including the following: “A file of facts on all incidents, violations, fines, and penalties imposed by FAA and/or Company is being gathered. Specific examples are urgently needed . . . of mistreatment and abuses by an FAA dictatorial regime. With your help, we will have it available at a moment’s notice. . . . Newspapers, for example, are interested only in the meat and potatoes. . . . These editors are very sharp fellows.”

One of the most vicious attacks we have experienced occurred after a National airliner broke up in mid-air over the North Carolina coast last January. The next day Captain R. J. Rohan of ALPA’s National Airlines Council made a public charge to the effect that the plane’s structure had been fatally weakened by maneuvers required by FAA inspectors while checking pilots’ performance. As it turned out, the wreckage yielded sufficient evidence to prove that a bomb carried aboard by a passenger had caused the crash. If, however, the plane had fallen into the sea instead of on land Captain Rohan’s irresponsible charge might never have been disproved.

#### THE AGE-SIXTY QUESTION

**O**NE very bitter clash with ALPA was over our ruling making sixty the age limit for pilots in air-carrier operations. The decision was prompted by medical considerations: with advancing years, men deteriorate psychologically and physically. Heart attacks and strokes are much more likely to occur after the age of sixty—and such physical accidents are unpredictable.

In aviation certain decisions must be reached largely through judgment. We cannot always back them up by comprehensive and proven statistics—as in the case of highway transport—for aviation is a young industry. We did not have enough old pilots in service to provide any meaningful comparison of the accident records of young and old pilots. But we could and did look to the common-sense example of the airlines of other nations. (BOAC, KLM have made fifty-

five the compulsory retirement age for pilots; and SAS, sixty.)

In 1959 approximately forty airline pilots had reached the age of sixty. By 1967 there will be 250. Because of the seniority system, older pilots have first choice of the newer aircraft, which generally carry higher pay and greater prestige. As a consequence the average age of jet pilots today is considerably above the general average. (A year ago well over half of one airline’s jet pilots were sixty or over.) In bygone years ALPA has readily conceded that flying is a young man’s game. (This does not mean that a skilled pilot will be out of work after sixty—if he wants to stay in aviation there are plenty of jobs, on the ground or even in flight training and checking, in which his experience can be well used.) The union went to bat for its senior citizens and was joined in the ensuing pressure campaign by the private pilots organization, AOPA, which was not affected by the age limit and was—in many other ways—a strange bedfellow for the airline pilots.

In the nature of things, the man who pilots a jet airliner and the fellow who flies a Piper Cub have even less in common than a Greyhound Bus operator and the driver of a Volkswagen. The little fellow tends to think the big one is pushing him around, and seldom has occasion to team up with him. There are other major differences between the two organizations. Although ALPA is essentially a union, it performs many of the functions of a professional association, including a valuable program of air-safety studies. Furthermore, ALPA is organized along more democratic lines which give its locals and master executive councils a voice in policy and permit its members to vote directly for their officers.

AOPA, on the other hand, is one of the many lobbying and pressure groups adorning the Washington scene which seem to devote at least 50 per cent of their energies to perpetuating a small handful of men in managerial positions. For groups of this sort, “throwing rocks” at a government agency is a time-tested way of getting publicity and holding the interest of those who support them financially.

This interest in self-perpetuation was clearly proved by a recent AOPA mailer with the title “YOUR RIGHT TO FLY IS IN JEOPARDY.” In this letter, AOPA told prospective members:

The present FAA administrator is traveling a path that, at its worst, could lead to chaos. At its best to severe curtailment in the progress of general aviation. . . .

*This is a fight that you dare not watch from the sidelines. If you are still flying . . . then*



you should give your strength and support to AOPA in its efforts to keep the nation's air space open to you and in its fight for sensible legislation. . . .

So I urgently request you to affiliate with AOPA and add your name to those of more than 80,000 AOPA pilots who are currently supporting our vigorous program. . . .

The technique is simple. First there is incitement of the private pilots to a false sense of grievance. Then there is an unabashed appeal to join AOPA as the sword and shield of the private pilot. The purpose is clear.

AOPA is incorporated as a non-profit association in New Jersey. Membership fees, revenues from advertising in its magazine, the sale of various kinds of equipment, and insurance provide an income estimated at more than a million dollars a year. Although AOPA claims to speak for 80,000 private pilots, its pilot members are not consulted on policy and have no voice in choosing officers, who are elected by the association's trustees.

#### THEIR DAY IN COURT

**F**AA has, naturally, concerned itself with the safety of private pilots. We have, for example, required them to have some instrument training—for when weather is so bad that you cannot see the horizon, only instruments can enable a pilot to fly straight and level and thus avoid disaster. We have also refused to issue certificates to persons suffering from such diseases as epilepsy, insanity, diabetes, and serious heart ailments. (Heart attacks have been a significant cause of private plane accidents and one recently is believed to have figured in the crash of one of our newest commercial jets during a training flight.) Unlike our predecessor agencies, we will not accept medical certificates signed merely by the applicant's personal physician. We require examination by one of several thousand doctors designated by FAA who are kept fully informed of our standards.

This was the practice followed by the government from 1926 to 1945. Then in 1945, against medical advice, the CAA relaxed the rule and agreed to let any doctor perform these examinations. When we at the FAA looked into the situation we found that of the airmen originally given a clean bill of health by an examiner and later rejected by FAA for failure to meet our physical standards, 84 per cent had been cleared by non-designated examiners.

Accordingly, last June—after a public hearing

and with the approval of the American Medical Association—we issued a rule requiring certification by designated aviation medical examiners. This action evoked a storm of protest from AOPA. We were accused of—among other things—planning to “outlaw the family physician.” In fact, any family doctor or any other physician can become a designated examiner by demonstrating an interest in aviation medicine and keeping informed of our standards and examining procedures.

We regard these rules as safeguards of the pilot's right to stay alive, but it was at this time that AOPA flashed the word to its members that “YOUR RIGHT TO FLY IS IN JEOPARDY.”

Protesting both our “unreasonable medical regulations” and our “unreasonable age restrictions,” AOPA, in a joint statement with ALPA, announced that the issue of “FAA dictatorship” and our “arbitrary and militaristic empire” would be taken directly to Congress. Both associations mounted an assault on Capitol Hill.

It is interesting to note that while the two organizations joined together, their motives were different. The AOPA's purpose was an increase in membership while ALPA—whose members have grown complacent through the previous years of government indecision—was objecting to FAA determination that it, not the regulated, shall do the regulating.

Meanwhile ALPA took the age-sixty question to court for a legal test. The courts in due course upheld the rule as “reasonable in relation to the standards prescribed in the statute and the facts before the Administrator.” But ALPA continues its fight, going so far as to claim, at a Senate hearing, that our courts do not provide an adequate system of review. They have since said that they lost out legally only because they had been “outsmarted” by the government's lawyers.

In fairness to ALPA I must say it is not alone. Others in the aviation community share this attitude, and insist that the FAA Administrator's rules should be curbed by some additional layer of review above and beyond the courts—that, in other words, when a court agrees with the Administrator there must be something wrong with the court.

Over the years the airline industry and the Air Transport Association developed the idea that regulation should be some sort of co-operative effort between the airlines and the government, with the ultimate decision to be reached by mutual agreement. I recall at one meeting jolting a group of airline presidents by telling

them that we had no notion whatever that the industry had to agree with an FAA regulation before it would be adopted. Inevitably there have been a number of occasions when they did not agree—but I believe the public has reason to be grateful for our strength of purpose.

#### DOLLARS VERSUS LIVES

FROM the management and industry side we have been under fire in the main because safety is expensive. For example, it costs as much as \$25,000 per plane to install all-weather radar. None the less we have insisted that all commercial planes be so equipped and the program is scheduled for completion by next year.

Likewise we insist that all turbine-powered planes carry flight recorders connected to the instrument panel and that all recorded information be kept for sixty days. This data provides a detailed report on speed, altitude, direction, and time of day. This information is not only invaluable in accident investigations but provides a useful check on everyday plane performance. Flight recorders cost from \$5,000 to \$7,000. Even worse—from the business-office point of view—each one weighs about twenty-five pounds, which means twenty-five pounds less payload every trip. As expected, the airlines found many reasons why flight recorders were not needed.

Similarly they were displeased when we insisted that the copilots of jets must attain a standard of proficiency almost as high as pilots. This could be accomplished only by ten or fifteen hours of additional training. In the case of a new jet, rental for this purpose can run as high as \$4,000 an hour. The airlines have estimated that this additional training is saddling them with an added cost in the millions. And they are not happy about it.

Generally speaking, the pressure from the management end has been more sophisticated though no less obstructive than the AOPA and ALPA campaigns. For instance, the companies complained at a Senate hearing this year that FAA did not seek the industry's views early enough to provide opportunity for full discussion.

When I looked into the matter I found—to my own consternation—that our Bureau of Flight Standards had conducted 506 meetings at which 5,158 people were present. The Bureau of Air Traffic Management had dealt with 2,077 people at 363 formal gatherings. The Bureau of Aviation Medicine had held 175 meetings attended by 2,038. In addition there had been too many informal and regional meetings to tabulate. I am

inclined to doubt that this much discussion is necessary or even helpful.

I question too whether any amount of discussion can satisfy people who attend meetings only for the purpose of opposing. For example, in response to a demand to "take part in the early thinking" at a time when FAA's attitude was "still flexible," last August we called an exploratory meeting of 200 people to discuss airline maintenance problems. Yet William B. Becker, Director of Operating and Engineering for the Air Transport Association (the airlines' Washington lobby) walked out because, he said, we had not provided a sufficiently detailed agenda. He departed for the announced purpose of "developing a common industry position"—which, to no one's surprise, turned out to be an inflexible opposition to any change in regulations.

There is a point when conferences and committees serve no purpose beyond delaying necessary action. It seems to me, also, if we yield to false and insincere appeals for more "due process" and protection of the rights of the individual, going beyond what is legitimate and traditional in this regard, we can easily lose sight of the larger good.

The balance between legitimate concern for individual rights and the public good is well illustrated by the crash of an Arctic Pacific airliner near Toledo this past October, with a loss of twenty-two lives. The pilot, who was among those killed, was Donald F. J. Cheshier. Several months earlier FAA had revoked his airline pilot rating after a hearing in which it was determined that he had violated the regulations and demonstrated a lack of care, responsibility, and judgment. However, our order was automatically stayed by his appeal to the CAB and he was able to continue flying pending the appeal. Legally this proceeding was quite proper. But one may well ask whether the correct rights were adequately safeguarded in this instance.

Now I do not question that there can be honest and valid differences of opinion on matters of air safety. Difficult questions of judgment are involved and few decisions are immune to plausible counter-argument. Criticism based

Among the most discussed aviation problems of the past year was the question of whether or not to ground all Electra planes following a crash of one in September 1959 and another in March 1960. Why the FAA decided instead to reduce their speed was reported in *Life* magazine (July 25, 1960) and in *Reader's Digest* (November 1960).

—The Editors



on facts and documented by the record should always be welcomed by any public official. But opposition that is mere obstructionism is a different matter. Even more reprehensible is a calculated effort to attribute questionable motives to a government agency and to use intemperate attack to undermine confidence in its decisions.

Fortunately, through exposure to these tactics, we are onto their game. Two years of experience have lent us sophistication. We know what to expect. We know the pattern. It generally goes like this: The first attack is to charge the agency itself with being "arbitrary and capricious." The second target is the procedure by which action was taken. This is inevitably discredited as being "unfair," "unjust." The third attack charges the agency with being a "dictatorship." The fourth target is myself, the Administrator. My resignation is demanded and letters are sent to the President calling for my dismissal.

I have refused to be intimidated by such attacks. But it is high time, I think, that the public became aware of the calculated campaigns of deliberate subversion to which regulatory agencies are exposed. In the field of aviation these pressures may well be considered the most serious menace to effective regulation and enforcement—and hence to air safety—that faces us.

#### FAA'S MANDATE

**A**IR safety is the keystone of aeronautical progress. This is—or should be—well understood by everyone who earns his living in aviation, including the pilot, the union leader, and the profit-conscious airline executive.

My role is a different one though the goal is the same. As Administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency my most important job is to do for the American public, in the field of air safety, what the public cannot do for itself. My mandate was spelled out by Congressman Oren Harris, Chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, in a 1957 report that helped lay the groundwork for the creation of our agency the following year:

Any tendency by government agencies to proceed with caution in promulgating or enforcing regulations to promote safety must be avoided at all costs, even at the risk of being charged with undue harshness. . . . In achieving the maximum safety standards possible in the public interest, all segments of aviation have a responsibility to give and take for the common good. Those affected should gladly accept and co-operate in making effective

needed controls in the interest of safety, disregarding the burdens involved.

Intemperate pressure campaigns clearly violate this concept. It is my belief that groups representing special interests—which are in fact segments of the public interest—have responsibilities beyond the mere pursuit of their selfish aims.

The problems of aviation are becoming so complex that the years ahead demand a very high order of leadership and decision on the part of the government. The FAA must continue to make effective, sure-handed use of the tools Congress gave it. Unfortunately you—the many millions of people who ride the airlines or stay on the ground and merely wish protection from aircraft—have no pressure group to give noisy support to efforts in your behalf. These efforts are carried on by the alert Senators and Congressmen who watch over aviation and by the government's regulatory agency.

In its coming session, Congress will, in all probability, have before it several aviation bills aimed at crippling the power and effectiveness of the Federal Aviation Agency. The power and effectiveness were originally given when Congress, government officials, and aviation leaders recognized the need for and worked toward creation of a vigorous agency capable of meeting its heavy responsibility. Since the agency was established two years ago, we have acted in the fashion Congress demanded. Some members of the aviation community had illusions that, by some miracle, safety could be obtained without paying any price. The aviation community now knows air safety cannot be achieved without some curtailment of their activities—some contribution on their part. Many friends of aviation, surveying these past two years and for the first time facing up to the cost, are weakening in their resolve. Some are questioning their original determination. Some are wavering. For myself, despite criticism and pressure, my resolve is unshaken.

We have come to think of exposure to irresponsible criticism as a normal hazard of public service. In time, a public servant can learn to shrug off such attacks. The danger, however, is that he may not have the firmness of purpose and that these attacks will ultimately erode his determination and courage. This is a problem that pervades our public life. I regard the pressure-group activities in aviation as particularly ominous—not because I am personally involved, but because in this field we are dealing daily with decisions of life and death importance.



# The Baffled Young Men of Japan

PETER F. DRUCKER

*Their deep frustration makes them envy the wild mobs in the street . . . though their country's postwar comeback is spectacular, and their own personal success is just around the corner.*

WHAT ails the young educated people of Japan? To the outsider from the West, they look singularly accomplished and attractive. They will surely be important leaders in tomorrow's world. Yet, for all their achievement and promise, the young postwar Japanese carry the world-wide distemper of their generation, and are endangered by it.

There is for example my friend Ho-Itsu, the young economist of whom I saw a great deal during the past two summers on my tours of lectures, conferences, and seminars in Japan. Last spring, at thirty-two, Ho-Itsu was put in charge of all planning and development work for a leading machinery manufacturer, a company with 20,000 employees, operating in the major countries of the East and South America.

Even in America, thirty-two would be very young for so big a job; in seniority-bound Japan it is sensational. Yet Ho-Itsu comes from a poor peasant family and owes his entire career to his ability and performance: his admission to Tokyo University (as much of a feat for a boy from a

small rural school in Japan as it would be for a boy in a backwoods school in Mississippi to get a full, four-year scholarship to MIT); his graduate scholarship to America; his advanced degree from Chicago; the two-year trainee job with an American company in St. Louis; the job as junior economist with his present company when he got back home five years ago; and his rapid promotion since. Ho-Itsu loves his work with infectious enthusiasm. He is happily married to a charming girl and dotes on his two lively boys. Any Junior Chamber of Commerce would elect him "Man of the Year" without hesitation. And yet this gay, lively, enthusiastic man, who has every obvious reason to be satisfied if not smug, is, just below the surface, a frustrated man who considers himself a failure.

Above all, he is frightened. Why?

A few years hence, the young educated Japanese will be in control of the only non-white and non-Western country that is a fully developed economy, a Great Power, and an educated society. Today, however, the positions of leadership in government, business, army, universities, and labor unions are still held by men who were already halfway up the ladder at the end of World War II. Now in their fifties and sixties, they are prewar and "old Japan" in their formative experiences and in their popular support.

The present pro-American conservative government, for instance, rests on the two traditional classes: the farmers, secure in their newly-gained land and their lush rice subsidy, and the



small tradesmen and shopkeepers. The farmers are still two-fifths of the population; but within ten years they will be only a quarter—less if the flight from the land continues at the present rate. And the small shopkeepers and tradesmen are either being squeezed out or completely made over by Japan's rapid economic advance.

The university leadership, too, is prewar—still dominated by largely German-trained, nineteenth-century "old liberal" scholars. And in business, also, today's top managers are the ablest of the middle-managers of 1945, men who were selected and trained by the Zaibatsu, the old family holding-companies.

Within a few years leadership in all these fields will have to be shared with the educated younger generation—men like my friend Ho-Itsu still under thirty-five, who have grown to manhood since Defeat and Occupation. Certainly, within five to ten years, their support will be the mainstay of any Japanese government. As in every other major industrial country, tomorrow's majority in Japan will be the professional middle class—such as the graduate students with whom I worked in Tokyo last summer. What they stand for, believe, and support will be what Japan stands for, believes, supports. What kind of people are they?

They are, all visitors agree, pure joy. They are everywhere; for Japan is a country of young people and has a larger proportion of them in colleges and universities than any other country except the United States. Wherever one meets them—at a lecture or a folk festival, at an open-air concert or camping along the trails in the Japanese alps—they are gay yet quiet, warm, interested; proud to show off their few bits of English, yet ready to laugh at their mistakes and to split their sides at the foreigner's attempts to speak their language. They are poised but natural and friendly as puppies—much more like our conventional picture of the "gay Neapolitans" than our (totally false) picture of the "subtle Oriental" with his reserve and his ceremonial stiffness. They are also quite confident about their personal future. They know that a job

is waiting for them, that there are acute shortages of trained people: engineers, teachers, accountants, chemists, and so on.

And yet, whenever one gets to know these serene young people a little better, one finds underneath a deep sickness of the spirit, a feeling that something has gone terribly wrong. One sees them by the hundreds in the bookstores, reading. And the bookstores are open and crowded till late at night. But one also sees them by the hundreds standing, as if hypnotized, in the pinball alleys. And these *pachinko* joints are open twenty-four hours a day—and there are ten times as many as there are bookstores (25,000 in Tokyo alone).

I rarely worked with a more responsive group than the Tokyo students last July: outgoing, full of questions, and well read. They were surprisingly conservative, especially in economics where they would have been criticized as rather old-fashioned on any "liberal" campus in America. Two or three hinted rather broadly that I was way too radical for their tastes. Yet the same young people had, only a few days earlier, run with the howling mobs that rioted in the streets with murder in their eyes.

#### THE UNDERPAID BOSS

**B**UT these are students, many older people say, and naturally they are unsettled and easily misled. In a few years they will have forgotten their radical notions. Sure, they say, the Zengakuren, the semi-official student organization (which, by the way, the Occupation imposed on Japan), is Communist-led. But there is no more than a handful of activists whether of the "main-stream" (Peiping) or "anti-main-stream" (Moscow) persuasion. They have control precisely because the great majority of students are completely uninterested, never go to meetings, and do not vote in student elections.

But much more mature and responsible members of the postwar generation suffer from the same disorder. Ho-Itsu, a staunch anti-Communist, felt just a little envious of the students who can still let themselves go and riot.

"Anti-Americanism" is not the explanation—it is mostly myth anyway. Communism—of the Chinese rather than the Moscow brand—may be the ultimate result. But it is not the cause—the few Communists simply manage, as they did last June, to exploit frustration. Nor is the cause to be found in that elusive catch-all, the "Japanese temperament."

The malaise of the young educated Japa-

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nese has more complex roots. It is in part grounded in the confusion of a society in transition, a society built and kept alive by the educated professionals but without a real place for them. It is in part a reaction to success—both an emptiness now that the job of rebuilding a war-shattered country has been done and a fear of the power this success has given to Japan. And finally it is a lack of purpose—and a vague but pervasive feeling that America is failing them in providing a direction, a standard under which the makers of tomorrow can rally.

The first thing Ho-Itsu—or any of his friends—will say when asked what ails him, is that he is poorly paid. And so he is. Even Ho-Itsu, who earns three or four times as much as any of his former classmates at Tokyo University, cannot afford a small car. Starting salaries for young educated people are shockingly low, even by Japanese standards. They run between \$300 and \$500 a year, and stay there until a man is close to thirty.

But this is not what really gripes Ho-Itsu and his friends. When he says “our salaries are too low,” he is thinking of the fact that every single one of the seventy-five men who now report to him in the company, makes at least twice, if not three times what he, their boss, makes. They are all older and have been there longer. Altogether what irks the young educated people is that, by any comparison, they are the poorest paid group in Japan’s modern economy, despite their scarcity, despite their rapid promotions to bigger responsibilities, despite their success. The real income of the worker, skilled or unskilled, in a modern plant in Japan is at least one-third that of his American counterpart, and his real cost to the employer is a good deal more. The real income of a Japanese top executive, not counting the perquisites, is similarly about one-third that of his American counterpart (unless he is also the owner of the business in which case he may make much more). But the real income of the educated professionals, the young economists, engineers, or teachers, is between one-twentieth and one-tenth of the corresponding American income.

Income is only a symptom. The industrial system depends on the educated professional and makes much of him. Yet he simply does not fit into the Japanese social system (see box on wages and jobs, p. 68). This system—though often enough a cloak for exploitation—was the key to Japan’s achievement in the nineteenth century. Without it, Western science, technology, and economics would have destroyed a country, which in its

own, highly cultured way was as little “Western” or “modern” as Tibet. The system also had a lot to do with Japan’s comeback after World War II. But today it tends increasingly to stifle, above all, the young educated people.

What the young people need is a little cash today for the down payment on the house—instead they get a promise of future benefits. What they need is challenge—and they get security. What they want is recognition of performance and merit—and they get seniority. What they want is ability to use their knowledge wherever it can be made productive; but instead they are limited, on the whole, to one employer and to the opportunities he offers. The traditional Japanese system is built on mutual obligations between master and subject. The young professional employee is neither.

#### FIXED IN A FLUID SOCIETY

THE traditional system is still considered the norm in Japan, but actually it is changing amazingly fast. The decisive step was the Land Reform which made the farmer, up till then the most immobile and caste-bound group in Japan, into a producer for the market and a proprietor. More and more, there are wage workers on the Western model, employed usually as permanent “temporary employees.” The small shops with their underpaid craftsmen are disappearing as the young people use education as an escape hatch from the “traditional” economy.

Ho-Itsu is himself a symbol of change. Thirty years ago he would not have held a top job at his age, no matter how able. Since the war a great many new businesses have grown, starting from nothing, especially in the electronics field. And the people in these do not seem to have heard of the “old school tie.” Even some old companies now sometimes hire young men who have started with somebody else.

But that the situation is fluid only makes it more confusing. No one knows what the rules are, nor, half the time, what game is being played. Here is an illustration:

Sikoku-san, in his early thirties, is a successful consultant on personnel training. He is working with the biggest companies in the country, making excellent money. He lectures at a big university. He is the kind of son-in-law respectable parents dream of. Yet when his wife and his children go to visit her parents, he does not come along. His father-in-law disapproves too sharply of his being on his own. “A man of thirty-four,” the father-in-law holds, “is too young not to have



a boss. He needs somebody to tell him when he makes a mistake, he needs somebody to protect him." The irony of this story is that the father-in-law, dean at one of the big universities, is one of the leading Japanese "liberals" and "pro-Westerners" and is famous for his impassioned speeches against "feudalism."

The young people themselves are torn. They are in revolt against the "organization man" of Japanese tradition, against the kind of "human relations" which underlies Japanese business, Japanese government service, and the whole of Japanese life. But this means a revolt also against the very spirit of their country. Japanese culture, Japanese art, the Japanese language

even are all founded on personal relations of mutuality, not on such impersonal things as goods produced or employment contracts. Even the most dissatisfied of the young educated people therefore shrink from the anarchy and uncertainties of a Japan that would have sloughed off the values and traditions of its past. The best of them—and the best in Japan are amazingly good—know that they have to find a way which preserves the great values of the Japanese traditions, and yet creates a new society appropriate to a highly industrialized country in which the bulk of the work must be done by educated people. They only do not know how this is to be done. *(Continued on p. 71)*

### *Wages and Jobs in Japan*

**T**he Westerner who applies his ideas of wages and jobs to Japan, finds himself confused. Wages, he is told, are low, but labor costs are high. Yet no Japanese industrialist knows what his labor costs are. The Japanese system is perfectly rational—but quite different from ours.

(1) There are two distinct economies in Japan, with little flow of people from one to the other. One is the "Western" economy of essentially modern industries making goods pre-Western Japan did not produce. The other is the "traditionally Japanese" economy of small workshops—at the most fifty people—producing the goods of pre-1867 Japan such as lacquer ware, silk fabrics, or silver. Wages in the "traditional" economy have been rising fast but are still no more than two-fifths those of the "Western" economy—with the result that the most highly skilled craftsmen tend to get the lowest wages.

(2) A man does not "get a job" in Japan. He is, so to speak, adopted into a clan: once on the payroll, always on the payroll. In many cases a young man joins the "clan" when he enters college. Large companies, government agencies, teaching fields often "belong" to this or that university and usually do not even consider other graduates. There need therefore be no "comparable wage" between industries or companies, except for the starting wage—and there is none.

(3) Wage and salary in Japan are an installment on a lifetime contract of mutual loyalty, not payment for work done. This makes seniority, rather than skill or accomplishment, the basis for wage levels, and raises the overhead in older companies.

For example Sony, the Japanese radio and TV manufacturer, has recently moved to a plant in Ireland, where gradually all Sony products for export all over the world are to be made. This plant buys only transistors in Japan; everything else comes from Western Europe, where prices are lower. Sony is a young company; but most of its

suppliers apparently are not—and their costs are therefore high.

(4) Japan knows no hourly or piecework rates; only "monthly salaries." Because the lifetime relationship between employer and employee is considered a family tie, the employee also participates in the earnings of the enterprise, over and above the employer's fair share. Hence—most confusing to a foreigner—the bonus system. Actually people do not get twelve monthly salaries; they get between fifteen and twenty-four according to the size of the semi-annual bonus. And wage negotiations usually turn on the number of "monthly salaries" in the bonus.

(5) The Japanese have always considered wages to be only peripheral to the relationship between employer and employee, not central. For over a thousand years *all* incomes in Japan were reckoned in terms of the amount of rice one man needs to live on for a year. To this day, cash wages, while becoming increasingly important, are only one part of labor cost and incomes. The only exception is the young educated employee—he is "above" the workers' benefits but far too young for the perquisites that come with seniority.

Because benefits are the main compensation for most employees, the manufacturer literally does not know what his labor costs really are. For benefits are not fixed, as a rule. The employer is expected to pay for all legitimate employee needs . . . from hospital bills (including abortions) and support of an employee's widow and children, to home-making courses for girl employees and even dowries and income taxes.

These needs vary tremendously, and so, of course, does the generosity of employers. But even the largest companies pay without clear policy and as the need arises—the stingiest will support the penniless widow of an employee, the most generous will not pay if she has a prosperous brother. The only certain thing about labor costs is therefore that cash wages, even with the bonus, are at best one-half, more often only one-third, of the total.—P.F.D.

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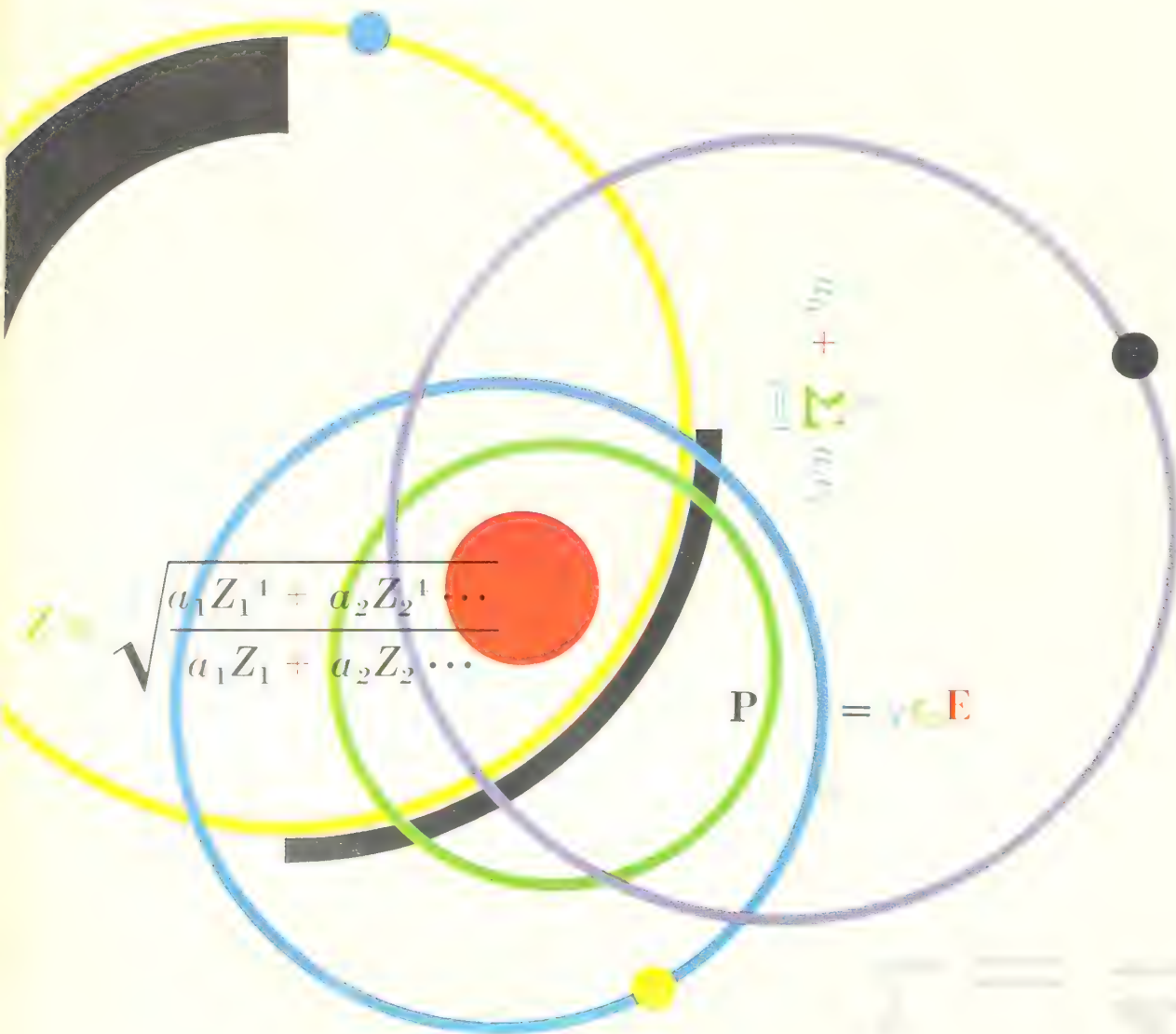


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The best—an architect in Kyoto; a sociologist at Tokyo University; an amazingly young department head in a major ministry; a bright, eager coed in a law school—see clearly that this task is not for Japan alone but for the entire “non-white” world. It is a task Japan should be uniquely fitted for. It is so very similar to the achievement of the Japan of a century ago—when, in thirty years, one of the most stagnant, most caste-bound, and poorest of clan societies transformed itself into a modern country. And (contrary to general belief in Japan as well as outside) the job then was not accomplished by copying the West. It was done primarily by original and bold social innovation—such as adapting clan concepts and values to the nineteenth-century Western factory. The confusion of today’s Japan should therefore be the opportunity for the young educated people. Japan needs a new generation of leaders similar to those of 1867 who created a new and yet fundamentally “Japanese” order.

But many, many more of the young people only know that they are baffled, confused, and on very treacherous ground. What is amazing is that so few, until now, have fallen for the strident “dynamism” and the oversimple, black-and-white certainties of the extremists, either right or left. For the dream merchants promise precisely what the young people are looking for: a goal, a direction, a challenge.

#### RELUCTANT GIANT

**I** DON’T have any difficulty getting all the good young men I need,” boasted the owner of a bus company from a poor and backward region. “All I’ve got to say, is: In my part of the country the big job, the job of building the new Japan, has still to be done.”

He neatly pinpointed the second major cause for the restiveness, the sense of emptiness in the young Japanese: The big job of restoring war-torn Japan is done. It set a goal for ability and ambition; and it gave stability to the nation. What is there to take its place?

The Japanese themselves talk of “rebuilding Japan.” This indicates that even they do not fully see the scope of their achievement; outside of Japan it is not seen at all. Germany “rebuilt”; the Japanese built anew. Germany regained her prewar place as the third industrial producer in the world. But Japan, which before the war ranked around tenth, now is the fourth-largest industrial country (after the U. S., Russia, and Germany) in total output.

In family income prewar Japan was one of the less poor of the poor countries. Today she is one of the less rich of the rich—well ahead of Russia and on a par with Northern Italy. Only in North America, in Great Britain, and in Germany are there more TV antennas on village roofs than there are in Japan. And the dollar a day which is considered minimum in Japan for the most menial jobs—sweeping the streets with hand brooms for instance—is three times what Spain, Greece, or Sicily pays for such work.

More striking even is the comparison with China and India. No matter how rapidly either country develops, it could not possibly reach the present industrial production of Japan for another twenty years; this is indeed the official goal of the Chinese planners, whom no one has accused of modesty. It would take another twenty-five years for either India or China to reach the present family income of the Japanese—today family income in India is one-fifth, in China one-eighth of Japan’s.

More important even: today’s economy rests on industries that barely existed in prewar Japan: chemicals, precision tools and precision optics, electronics, and so on. It is a great achievement. And though American help and American orders—especially during the Korean war—contributed heavily, it is the result of a tremendous concentration of energy on the part of the Japanese, of effort, of courage and hard work.

And now it is done—and the letdown is terrific. It takes several forms. The intellectuals want the fruits of the “business civilization,” but reject its values. Many businessmen are excited by the great challenge of developing the underdeveloped areas; they are making Japan a leader in technical-assistance work throughout Asia. But in many, especially of the younger people, the letdown creates a feeling of futility such as a crack athlete might have when, fully trained for the Olympics, he arrives at the stadium only to be told that the race has been called off.

One reaction, however, is general: the recoil from the power of this new Japan. Suddenly the Japanese have realized that the combination of a hundred million people and the fourth-largest industrial plant makes them a Great Power—the strongest one after the “Superpowers,” and, for years to come, the only truly modern power in Asia.

The power is bound to grow. In another ten years Japan may be the most influential country in the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, simply because she is likely to be the single most important market for Near Eastern petroleum. The more



she helps in developing underdeveloped countries, the greater her influence in these countries. And by 1975 Japan, according to an official and rather conservative forecast, will have doubled her national income and production. She will produce as much per person as West Germany does today—and have twice Germany's population.

A year or two ago few Japanese realized their country's power. I met with amazed incredulity when I mentioned it during my 1959 lecture tour. When I came back for my second lecture tour in June 1960, I found general awareness of it. But the Japanese are not happy over it. On the contrary it frightens them out of their wits, especially the younger ones.

To understand this one must first realize that the Japanese tended to underrate their strength after the defeat of 1945 as much as they had overrated it before. They tended to see themselves as a kind of Asiatic Switzerland, in which our Occupation policies confirmed them (such as the famous anti-war clause, the Article 9 of the Constitution). The reaction against the Security Treaty with the United States was so emotional and so violent because it destroyed this illusion.

#### THE NEW ASSASSINS

THE second thing to understand is that in all Japanese history power has always meant military dictatorship. The militarist regime of the 'thirties was only the latest in a series that goes back a thousand years and more. At that, military dictatorship in Japan was originally a great political achievement, with civil war the bitter alternative in a country of tightly knit, feuding clans. The only difference in this respect between Japan and Scotland is that the Japanese succeeded where Robert the Bruce and Montrose failed. As a result, however, "power" in Japan means rule by the man on horseback.

Again it was the Security Treaty which awakened the Japanese. Seen from America, the crucial clause of the treaty looked like a major concession. We promised to consult with the Japanese government before taking any military action from bases on Japanese soil. But few Japanese believe that such a decision could or would be made by a civilian government controlling the military. In Japanese history, the military has always controlled military decision, if not the civilian government altogether. Seen from Japan, this article is therefore a subterfuge to bring the military back into power over the

nation's destiny; at least it is the opening wedge.

This is, of course, a gross misunderstanding of the letter as well as of the intent of the Security Treaty. But as soon as the Treaty had passed the Diet, Japan's greatest political danger reappeared: "government by assassination." There were first two unsuccessful murder attempts, one in June on the life of a Socialist leader, another one in mid-July on the life of Kishi, the retiring conservative Prime Minister. Then last October, Japan's most popular Socialist, Inejiro Asanuma, was actually killed during a non-partisan rally.

All three assassins were members of very small, semi-secret right-wing societies dedicated to the restoration of the prewar military dictatorship. They have altogether only a handful of members and no respectable backing whatever. But, unlike Germany, Japan teaches the history of the last thirty years in her schools. And every young Japanese—let alone every older Japanese—knows that the toboggan ride into dictatorship, war, and defeat began thirty years ago with exactly such small, obscure groups of "super-patriots" specializing in "government by assassination."

It is no consolation to the intelligent and serious of the young Japanese that the right-wing extremists can say, "The left wing started it." The left-wingers have, it is true, not murdered anyone of importance—so far (which many Japanese put down to careful calculation by the left's masters in Peiping). But the Security Treaty gave the few semi-secret, disciplined fanatics on the left—the Peiping-inspired "main-stream" cells in student associations and labor unions—the opportunity to unleash their bully boys. By threats and violence on a large scale they have harassed students who do not join in "spontaneous" demonstrations, workers (especially on the railroads) who refuse to go out on a political strike, professors who are not sufficiently "democratic." They do not always succeed; last August, for instance, striking coal miners turned on the "student volunteers" the Communists had sent in to "help" them, and chased them out of town. But the left-wing fanatics now have what, thirty years ago, was the strength of the right-wingers: protection and encouragement from above. The professors play the role today which the generals played then—they disapprove, of course; but excuse and explain away.

In some part this tolerance of the goons is the result of stark fear. In large part it is opportunism; under the present "reactionary" regime one does not risk anything by being pro-left, but the Socialists, once in power, might not be so tender. There is also a good deal of the

moral confusion of the intellectual which makes him excuse evil because its perpetrators are "so sincere." And then there is a great deal of political color-blindness among Japanese intellectuals, very similar to the affliction of their American colleagues in the late 'thirties, and similarly exploited by the Communists. But the main reason is certainly the heavy legacy of clan loyalty as the "higher law" which all Japanese legend preaches and which in today's Japan is probably strongest among the very intellectuals who forever rail against the "remnants of feudalism."

Many of the young people, especially students, react to the danger that power will bring dictatorship by the extremists of right or left with a desperate head-in-the-sand maneuver. Disabused of their belief that Japan is going to be the "Switzerland of Asia," they search for someone else to blame. (That Switzerland owes her neutrality both to being the most heavily armed country in the world for its size, and to being vigorously and openly opposed to all dictatorships, the young Japanese neither know nor would believe, by the way.)

There are many more young Japanese who know that Japan can no more escape the reality of power than an elephant can be brushed under the rug. But they are still deeply perturbed. Ho-Itzu spoke for a great many of them when he said: "Our company will triple its output in the next ten years. One reason is that Japan needs some sort of a navy, if only to protect her coasts. After all, the Russians in Sakhalin are only twenty miles or so away from us. It's a wonderful challenge to build like this. But at the same time I feel like a traitor to all I believe in. The ships are all right. But I am scared stiff of the people who will command them."

#### THE MISSION THEY CRAVE

**B**UT the real disease that afflicts the young educated Japanese is neither social nor political. The real illness is one of the spirit. They are no longer at home in the Japan of their ancestors. They find it much easier to talk or do business with a Westerner than with a fellow-Asian from an underdeveloped country. Yet they need much more from the West than the horse operas their TV stations run—and they do not find it.

The Japanese crisis is basically an absence of leadership, of direction and purpose, of beliefs, and of example to be followed. There are "Marxists" in Japan, to be sure. But except for

a small number of "true believers," they are Marxists largely because there is no democratic opposition party to which a young man, bored with the career-politicians' game of musical chairs, can turn. There are "Nihilists"—"hooligans who have heard of Sartre," a Japanese friend explained the term. But they matter only as long as their elders excuse them because they are "sincere." Much more symptomatic and important than these political manifestations is what the young educated Japanese read today. They do not read politics. They read the same books the "non-political" young Europeans read in the 'twenties. Most popular among them are for instance the early novels of the German-Swiss Nobel Prize winner, Hermann Hesse, books dripping with self-pity, in which nature-boy somehow escapes from work, responsibility, and civilization into arty loafing and bucolic sex in the old sawmill. For a people so robust, so energetic, so much in love with work and with the newest gadgets, this kind of literary taste argues considerable emotional instability and confusion.

Eventually only the Japanese can provide the leadership they need. But it cannot, as yet, be found in Japan. The generation gap between the young and the prewar men at the top, is too great. The "Professors" (who enjoy in Japan the standing once reserved to the German "Herr Geheimrat") are incapable of leadership. Their two traditions, one Confucian, one German nineteenth-century, are traditions of scholarly specialization and social irresponsibility. And the young academicians are still ten years away from power and influence.

Where guidance will be found in the next decade will determine what the new Japan will be—the Japan created by Defeat, Occupation, and Reconstruction. American control of Japan ceased ten years ago. American leadership in Japan has not yet begun.

The Japanese, especially the young ones, expect too much from us. They feel that we have taken them up the mountain top and shown them the promised land—and then cast them out into the wilderness. If Japan goes Communist or Fascist, it will be out of disappointment with America. It will be because individual dignity, free society, and economic growth will appear to have brought material rather than spiritual satisfactions. The deep disease of the young educated Japanese has Japanese causes. But it became acute as the result of the crisis in American values and leadership in the world.

We are rightly conscious of the importance of



India's and China's attempts to develop themselves. But for a good long time to come it will be true, that as goes Japan, the only developed Asian country, so goes Asia. We can also expect the problems of the young educated men to be infinitely more acute in those countries that are only starting their development, in Asia, Africa, and in South America. But if we cannot give the young Japanese, with a century of industrial background, the leadership, the hope, the mission they need and crave, we have little chance elsewhere.

"You asked me," Ho-Itzu said, at our last talk at the airport a few minutes before my flight was

called, "whether many of our young people are attracted to Communist China. Of course, ancient China means to any educated Japanese what Ancient Greece and Renaissance Italy mean to any educated Westerner. But you aren't fond of a gangster because he happens to have a Greek grandfather, are you? We are not attracted to Communist China. We are attracted to the United States. We never expected anything from the Chinese and they promised nothing. We are not therefore going to be disappointed by them. You in the States, however, have been our light—and we worry lest it fail us just when we need light the most."

## TO MY SURVIVORS

by William Gibson

Tonight is winter's mouth  
Haranguing  
Our every window; I feel his teeth  
Grate on the swarmed  
Roof, and his malediction  
Moves  
The doors; he wraps our house in his arms  
And rocks it, noisy  
With griefs. All he wants  
Is in.  
I make the rounds, and my resurrection  
Is safe, two boys  
Like beans we tucked in skin  
Lustrous  
In each dark bed, with sprouting hands  
No comforter here  
Will long contain; our care  
I tuck  
Again to their chins, and go to my rest  
Under the boisterous  
Huff of his rage. My bones  
Twist  
To that cry. Not if all night I cling  
To my earthly hip  
Of wife, or lock my fingers  
Half  
Grown in her hair with twenty years  
Of grappling love,

Can I here, in the slip  
Of wind.  
Hold: tighter we hug in disbelief  
But looser lie  
Knit in each other's dying  
Limbs  
Breath by breath. I know who howls,  
Wretch in my ear,  
I never forgot. My boys  
And better  
Half of my life, listen, this charm  
Within each skull  
To keep my unknit voice  
I wind:  
When in my bed the sheets are staid,  
And I elsewhere  
Tucked in, the weepy stuff  
I wore  
All haircloth rags and sticks disjointed  
May gladly dry  
Wishless under its lid,  
But I  
Will not; hear, I adjure you, hear me  
Ravelling out  
Barbaric upon the wintry  
Roof  
In grief no fleshly lung has wind for,  
Nightly my loss  
To tell, and witless how,  
When all  
In heaven or hell I most shall want  
Is in. Is, now.

# Blank Forms Can Ruin a Woman



HELEN KAYES HUDSON

I USED to think I was pretty normal, an average, everyday woman, with an average, everyday intelligence. After marriage I was a standard kind of wife. I gave birth to four children, moved to a farm—and that's when “things” began to happen. The children grew up, started to go to school, and the school sent blank forms home; the rural mail carrier started filling our mail box with all sorts of blank forms from government agencies I didn't even know existed.

A certain amount of this is fine. During years of varied employment I had filled out my share of application blanks, taken the usual number of IQ tests, got a driver's license and a marriage license, and borrowed money from a bank. But in these things there was always something involved that I wanted to get, so I just went ahead and answered questions, marked little Xs, signed my name, and got it over with.

But when we picked up the permanent address of RFD 1, Portville, the blank forms began to have something wrong with them. Either I didn't want what I was going to get if I filled out the form, or I didn't know the answers and would get nothing if I *did* know them. The first few forms arrived while we were still unpacking. They wanted to know how many kinds of animals we had, and how many of each. We didn't have any of anything so I threw the forms away.

Gradually, which is the way people *usually*

make mistakes, we began to dabble in farming. A few chickens, two cows, and a pig for the freezer qualified us to be called “farmers.” We bought two shares of Grange League Federation stock (at \$5 each); Phill milked the cows (after someone showed him how), gathered eggs from the chickens, and fed the pig.

I kept on throwing out blank forms until one came in with a letter attached stating what Act of Congress authorized the sending out of these forms. It was a kindly letter assuring us that all answers were to be kept secret; in other words, nobody had to worry about whether or not “this” form matched his Tax Return. Being deeply moved by such an understanding letter I decided to fill out the form, but when I discovered I didn't know any of the answers, there didn't seem to be much choice. I threw it out. A few weeks later we received two “reminder” cards. Since I already knew I hadn't filled out the form, I threw out the cards, too.

But I learned. After the reminder cards (at three cents each) came reminder letters (at four cents each), and after that came registered letters by special delivery (at 84 cents each), notifying me that if the form weren't filled out and mailed back to the proper department posthaste, they would send somebody to help me fill it out.

I cannot do anything well if I don't see any particular reason for having done it after it gets done. In search of inspiration I wrote the department and asked what they wanted to know these things *for*. They answered. This is probably a slight oversimplification, but the reason



they wanted to know all of these things was that somebody else might want to know sometime, and they would like to be able to tell them.

Throughout all this, one thing had become completely clear to me; I was to fill out that form and any other form anybody could dream up, whether I knew the answers or not. The kids and I soon became experts in the art of filling out farm forms. They would agree on a number (any number) and I would decide which blank space to put it in. This method kept everybody happy, and it certainly was quick.

THE form of forms—the ultimate—the pride of Washington, was an every-three-year “Farm Census Report” with over three hundred questions printed on a sheet of paper that was a foot and a half wide and three feet long. There were spaces for a “Farm Census Taker” to comment in, and I would have loved that, but it said, “Do not write in here,” so I didn’t.

Its first important question was, “Are you white, colored, or other?” I wrote, “Yes.”

For the question about how many days the farmer had worked on the farm, and how many days the farmer had worked off the farm, I found a calendar, borrowed an adding machine, ignored my kids, and came up with the answer two days later.

Next question: During the past year, had we received any money from sale of products, rent, boarders, social security, old-age assistance, pensions, veterans allowances, unemployment compensation, interest, dividends, profits from non-farm business, financial help from members of the family? A half-inch space was provided to tell what, from which. It had been a rough year; I wrote, “Yes.”

By the time that “Farm Census Report” landed in our mail box, we had built up quite a poultry-and-egg business as a second source of income, and since I had been careful to keep all sorts of records, I thought the section on poultry would be a snap. Question: “How many chickens will be sold this year?” *Will* be?? I answered, “Don’t know.” Then it wanted to know how many dozens of eggs would be sold that year, and I loved that one. It had taken two weeks of arithmetic to answer a “were sold” question on the previous year’s Tax Return. In the blank space provided, I wrote: “See note.” On a separate sheet of paper I wrote: “Note.” Opposite a number corresponding to the number of the question, I wrote, “Approximately two thousand slips available for you to add up and estimate from if you have time. I don’t.”

There were several questions about how much of our land was used for what kinds of hay. After each I wrote, “See note,” where I lumped the numbers and wrote, “Don’t know how much is an acre. Also don’t know what is a cover crop, or what are any of the kinds of hay that you want to know if we grow. Grass grows; we cut it; we put it in the barn.”

We used to think that part-time farming was quite simple, so it was depressing to find that just when we began to think that we knew what we were doing, some far-off statistician would show us that we knew from nothing. Our cows just reacted to the call of nature, we spread it on the fields, and we hadn’t even thought of how important it was to weigh it. And all that milk we had been drinking, when we should have been weighing it instead!

After a question of how many acres we used for pasture I wrote, “No fences.” Actually that wasn’t quite true because we did have fences; we just didn’t have any standing-up fences. Our cows pastured all over New York State and half of Pennsylvania. In answer to another question as to how many acres we considered to be improved pasture, I wrote, “Front yard.” That was true, too. The year after Phill gave the cows away you should have *seen* that grass grow!

Thirty-one types of vegetables were listed. I was supposed to check each one we had raised that year. There were seventeen check-marks when I finished. After, “Did you sell them?” I wrote, “No.” After, “Did you consume them?” I wrote, “No.” After, “Other?” I wrote, “Cows ate them.” And (of course) there were places where everything was supposed to add up, followed by, “How much is unaccounted for?” and I didn’t even know that!

When you stop to think of it (and obviously I have) this situation is interesting. Feed stores have to report the amounts of feed sold and farmers have to report how much feed they bought. Hatcheries have to report the number of chicks sold and farmers have to report the number of chicks purchased. Nobody trusts nobody. And there’s more! Farmers have to report how much livestock they buy every year and how much livestock they have. Nobody in Washing-

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*Helen Kayes Hudson lives in Portville, N. Y., and describes herself as “a new writer who read a few articles about how easy it is to write a book. . . . ‘Blank Forms’ is adapted from the book I was inspired to write, and which I have entitled ‘R. F. D.’ because I like short titles.”*

ton can add. Farmers have to report how much land they have, and these figures are probably added up to see if all the states are still the same size as they used to be. Is California *really* growing? It would seem to me that if anybody in Washington were allowed to reach any conclusions all by themselves, things would be much easier on everybody.

**T**HERE is another kind of blank form—the kind that schools push off on your kids because it's cheaper than buying stamps. Kids all over the country come home with this one:

Name of parent: \_\_\_\_\_

Check one: ☐ I want to join the PTA

☐ I already have joined the PTA

Check one: ☐ I have paid my 50 cents

☐ My child has my 50 cents

The kids are told that if they don't bring these forms back, it doesn't count. One year I didn't want to join the PTA; I wanted to go someplace else the third Tuesday of every month. The entire weekend was miserable. The kids argued, "But if we don't bring them back it doesn't count!"

I bargained. If I could put two new blanks on the form I'd fill it out. They agreed. I drew a \_\_\_\_\_ and wrote, "I do not want to join the PTA." After a second \_\_\_\_\_ I wrote, "I haven't given my 50 cents to anybody." I checked my two blanks, wrote my name, and the kids were happy. They counted!

Anyone who has an eight-year-old boy in third grade, gets something like this form:

"The Boy Scouts of America has a program called Cub Scouting for eight-, nine-, and ten-year-old boys *and their parents*. If you and your boy are interested in joining Pack 75, please fill out the bottom half of this sheet," which said: "We are interested in joining Pack 75. Our son's name is \_\_\_\_\_" etc., etc.

I think they brainwash these kids on blank forms. Our son wanted us to join. I refused; he said I just didn't care whether he builds character or not; I said go to bed. I never even wanted to join the Girl Scouts, or the Blue Birds, or the Campfire Girls,

or the American Legion Auxiliary. The Den Mothers that democracy would die without can get along without me.

By the next morning we had reached a compromise. I crossed out the "We are interested," and wrote, "My son is interested." Wherever it said, "we," I wrote, "he." Cub Scouts of America—if you want my son you can have him, but hands off me!

On the first of every month, the kids came home from school with this one:

Child's name: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ milk break days @ \$ .02 each

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ total

Milk breaks are wonderful; I certainly am in favor of them; two cents is reasonable. But when you have two refrigerators full of milk from your own cows, you just don't buy more milk; you use thermos bottles. Eventually the kids learned to write their own names and draw their own zeros, but they never quit bringing that form home, or taking it back, either.

Where we had trouble was with the weekly school form:

Child's name: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ lunches @ \$ .30 each

Please check days for lunch

Mon \_\_\_\_\_ Tues \_\_\_\_\_ Wed \_\_\_\_\_ Thurs \_\_\_\_\_ Fri \_\_\_\_\_

Week after week, "Fill it in," the kids ordered. "But you *take* your lunch," I reminded them.

"Mom," they would say in superior but patient tones, "you *know* we buy it *sometimes*."

"Do you mean," I asked without much patience, "that I am supposed to *know* when I'm going to run out of peanut butter?"

Naturally, I was. "And, anyway, we're supposed to bring them back."

I tried for blanks of my own, special notes, everything I could think of, and then it happened. From a normal, everyday, average sort of a woman I turned into the most unpopular monster-mother in all of Portville. I wrote, "No" in every \_\_\_\_\_ on the lunch forms and told the kids they could plan on going without lunch altogether. There are times when popularity just isn't worth the price.





## AS HARPER'S READERS SEE IT: A ROUNDUP OF COMMENTS

### *The Crisis in American Medicine*

THE response to the special supplement published with our October issue was unexpectedly vigorous. In many cities across the country, the issue quickly sold out. It was debated on local and national television and radio programs, at medical society meetings, and in the lay and medical press.

Space permits publication of only a fraction of the many thoughtful and informative comments which were still arriving as this issue went to press. Since our authors have had their say, we give the floor mainly to those who differ with them.

#### *The Patient's Right to Die*

Of the eight articles in the supplement Dr. Joseph Fletcher's discussion of euthanasia evoked the most deeply felt response from readers. Many wrote out of personal experience. Some clergymen used the article as a basis for sermons; others called meetings to discuss the problem with physicians. One minister's letter is included here together with two representing opposite opinions within the health professions.

My years in the ministry have brought me to profound agreement with Professor Fletcher's conclusions. I have seen aged persons waste away unconscious in an oxygen tent when life outside would have been brief and merciful. I have watched person after person fight hopelessly against fatal disease which relentlessly robbed them of every vestige of life except breath itself, breath that modern medicine made possible. This worship of a heart beat results repeatedly in unnecessary emotional pain for families who are thus forced to stand by a deathbed for weeks or months or years.

To prolong life when it is hopeless and to postpone death when it is inevitable raises some searching ethical questions. I refuse to believe that our society cannot discover intelligent, reverent, and merciful answers. . . .

James H. Laird, Minister  
Central Methodist Church  
Detroit, Mich.

In my thirteen years as a physician I have yet to have a terminal patient request death. . . . The well-meaning clergyman or relative who is reluctant to see illness has no place making decisions in a hospital and a doctor who allowed such influence over his basic duty to his patient [should not] in my opinion be allowed to practice medicine. . . .

A year and a half ago a sixty-three-year-old woman came to our clinic unconscious . . . [suffering from] uremia which sooner or later would be fatal. . . . As a result of "scientific" treatment . . . she had a year and a half of life with an adoring husband and two devoted daughters before our "modern methods" were exhausted. At no time did she seem in any hurry to give up that life. Should we have withheld treatment a year and a half ago? . . .

The duty of a doctor . . . is to do everything he possibly can to continue the life of his patient. A doctor does not have the right to make the decision to commit murder. . . .

Franklin H. Epstein, M.D.  
Yale University School of Medicine  
New Haven, Conn.

I speak for the registered nurse . . . who has the most contact with the seriously ill patient and many times hears him utter a wish, if he is conscious, to be relieved of the agony. Yet she must carry out the physician's orders. . . . It is she who is confronted most often by relatives asking, "How much longer can my mother go on in this state?" . . . The intern, for example, often feels that he must fight to the bitter end or he is not doing his job. It would be embarrassing

for him to be present when the relatives receive the bill for drugs, whole blood, intravenous fluid, oxygen, etc. that are pumped into these patients. . . . It is most difficult morally for the nurse [to hear the doctor say,] "But if the patient lives it is in the interest of science." . . . When are our medical schools going to admit and graduate more compassionate men instead of mere scientific machines?

Evelyn Hedman, R.N.  
St. Paul, Minn.

#### *The Vanishing Family Doctor*

Our readers, with few exceptions, are worried about the growing shortage of personal physicians. Doctors and medical educators acknowledge the gravity of the problem but are divided as to the wisdom of the solution proposed by Dr. David D. Rutstein in "Do You Really Want A Family Doctor?"

What Dr. Rutstein is advocating at this time I have been preaching to the professors and deans for more than fifteen of my twenty years in practice. It has been impossible even to scratch the walls of the ivory towers of the medical schools or to persuade the deans to change the curriculum so as to produce more and better family doctors. The super-specialists [they produce] in vast quantity are too circumscribed in their narrow specialties even to begin to see the patient as a whole being. . . .

I. Phillips Frohman, M.D.  
Washington, D. C.

Professor Rutstein's article contains such unsound premises that its conclusions must not go unchallenged. The first such premise is the equating of "family doctor" with general practitioner. It isn't the quality of doing everything for everybody in the family that characterizes the family physician of modern medicine. . . . Harassed by the attempt to be medical man, pediatrician, surgeon, and obstetrician, he cannot conceivably have time to acquaint himself deeply with his patients. Moreover he rarely has the training to be the integrator . . . the helmsman. . . . There are many general practitioners and specialists whose compassion and native intelligence make them acceptable family physicians. But the internist is the ideal family physician now and will be increasingly trusted with this role in the future.

An even more unsound premise is the assumption that a "family doctor" needs less scientific medical-school education than "research workers and spe-



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JAMES LIND—*Conqueror of Scurvy*—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

## Great Moments in Medicine

James Lind, a British Naval Surgeon, in 1747 proved experimentally the value of a treatment for a disease that had incapacitated more seamen than all other diseases, naval engagements, marine mishaps, ship wrecks, and accidents combined. The disease was scurvy . . . a severe vitamin deficiency resulting from sailors' unvaried diet of salt meat and sea biscuits.

Lind's recommendation was the addition of fresh limes, other citrus fruits, and their juices to diets of seamen. Though not adopted generally by the British Navy until after his death, this diet saved countless lives. British seamen, thereafter called "Limeys," were

the first men to receive prophylactic vitamin therapy. Although some vitamin deficiencies in man cannot be prevented or corrected as dramatically and as simply as scurvy, modern medical research is constantly giving physicians better and more effective weapons for use in the fight for better health for people world-wide.

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cialists." . . . This general practitioner, who is to accept the first responsibility, who must cover surgery and obstetrics, is, by Professor Rutstein's suggestion, to receive a "three or four years' shorter program" than the specialist. Perhaps the premise that second-rate doctors are better than none may be debatable. But . . . certainly this curtailed education offers nothing specific that would qualify a student to become the kind of family doctor who could successfully integrate the complexities of modern medicine. . . .

The only quality which distinguishes the gifts of a physician from those of a sympathetic relative, a compassionate clergyman, or an interested quack is the fact that he is a scientific expert in human biology. It may be acceptable in communities without doctors to have Boy Scouts available for first aid, midwives for obstetrics, and faith healers for psychotherapy, but we must never fill the gap with second-rate physicians. . . . My forty-three years in medical education have convinced me that the scarcity of doctors cannot be safely solved by training medical artisans.

Dana W. Atchley, M.D.

Prof. Emer., Columbia University  
College of Physicians and Surgeons  
New York, N. Y.

## Money and Research

John Russell's article, "Medical Research: Choked by Dollars," evoked both criticism and spirited defense of the government's policies and the voluntary health agencies.

One is led to wonder where Mr. Russell thinks the money for medical research and education *should* come from. Under the old system of local and private support, the medical scientist was far more a hat-in-hand petitioner than he is today. Government financing and the enlightened policy of the National Institutes of Health are directly responsible for the salutary change.

I doubt that many of us who are recipients of grants under the system that disturbs Mr. Russell would care to disagree with him entirely. Obviously there must be some sort of sensible leveling off of government spending in this area. Just as clearly, medical research, narrowly defined, will not necessarily bring about control of all our health problems. . . .

Most illogically, but quite happily, Mr. Russell draws three excellent conclusions. He urges all of us, including Congressmen, to press (1) for *basic* biological research, (2) for quality rather than quantity in research, and (3) for

overcoming the shortage of good personnel. These are almost precisely the main determinants of NIH policy as it has developed to date. To require the establishment of sensible limits is one thing; to demand major reduction and reorientation in a brilliantly successful program is another.

When all is said and done, Mr. Russell urges "federal support of our medical schools and other institutions that train research workers." This is the centerpiece of NIH purpose as well as one can judge from its actions to date. Surely the only thing left to argue about is: How much further do the nation's needs require us to go?

Carleton B. Chapman, M.D.  
Southwestern Medical School  
Dallas, Tex.

As a banker with considerable practical experience in cancer . . . I feel we have been far too prudent in our financing of cancer research. We must not be too cautious or conservative in our efforts to combat a disease that destroys 265,000 men, women, and children a year; that will cause some three million deaths in the next decade if present rates continue.

I would like to see far more support of "long shots" or "wildcatting" in research. . . . Such research risk-taking requires more money than is now available to either government or private agencies. At the last meeting of the American Cancer Society we . . . had to reduce the level of support of ongoing research and were able to provide only about one third of the dollars recommended for new research by our Scientific Advisory Committee and Council in the highest category of merit. . . . New ideas, new projects are vital for cancer research. Unless there is more money available than is spent . . . the long shots in research will remain unplanned.

We quite agree that it is the man with the idea who does the research. We now support thirteen Lifetime Professorships which enable outstanding scientists to devote more of their time to research. We wish we could afford a hundred. We now make seventy fluid institutional grants and—if we had the money—would make a minimum of 150.

The challenges of medical science have not been dramatized as space and missiles have been, and medical science is not getting its fair share of the best minds available. If it is to compete for these brilliant minds it must offer similar incentives and wider opportunities. This takes money. . . .

Lane W. Adams  
American Cancer Society  
New York, N. Y.

As Mr. Russell says, any real breakthrough of medical science "requires a genius." . . . That is why our organization has invested \$63 million of March of Dimes funds in research and education for research. . . .

Three-fourths of the recipients of National Foundation fellowships have chosen to work *outside* the immediate field of polio. They were never ordered to do otherwise. . . . Paralytic polio was solved not by *polio* research, but by *virus* research—precisely the broad, free, venturesome inquiry into the fundamentals of disease which Mr. Russell describes as "the foundation upon which all other research rests." As an outstanding example he cites Nobel Prize winner Edward L. Tatum . . . [who is] one of the top scientific advisers of the National Foundation.

Basil O'Connor  
The National Foundation  
New York, N. Y.

## Is There a Crisis?

Three-quarters of our lay correspondents are profoundly dissatisfied with the present state of medical affairs. Only one in eight offered praise for doctors in general or their own in particular.

More surprisingly, half the physicians we heard from concede that a medical crisis exists and disagree strongly with the way their societies are coping with it. About 30 per cent deny there is a crisis and endorse the position of organized medicine while the rest had mixed feelings about the AMA—and *Harper's* supplement.

I picked up the October issue of *Harper's* in my reception room to see why, for the first time, patients were preferring this particular issue instead of comics and love magazines. I was shocked to see the degree of journalistic dishonesty displayed in your special section on medicine. . . .

If these are your experts on medicine, then we may expect to see supplements on Democracy by Castro and Kadar, on Judaism by Farouk, on Civil Rights by Mr. Griffin of the KKK, and on Piccadilly nights by a nun. . . .

Lewis E. Curlee, M.D.  
Concord, N. C.

Why does organized medicine fight against changes that have been adopted in nearly every other civilized country? For one thing, to keep American medicine from falling to the level medicine



has dropped to as a result of those changes in other countries. . . .

Henry L. Arnold, Jr., M.D.  
Honolulu, Hawaii

The distorted concept of my profession in "The Politics of Medicine," by Edward T. Chase, is evidence of an incredible naïveté or worse. Most practicing physicians have criticized closed-panel medicine, or the Socialistic schemes promulgated to alleviate the economic problems of the aged because they know that the patient, under such systems, inevitably suffers. . . .

In New York, municipal employees quickly discovered the defects of the monopolistic Health Insurance Plan. Sixty per cent of them have now rejected it even though to do so cost them their hospital insurance. Twenty-nine of their thirty unions have requested free choice of plans. Conversely when State employees were granted a choice of several competing plans . . . less than 10 per cent accepted HIP.\* The people we serve have spoken. Our opposition to these grandiose schemes is not economic.

Mr. Chase will understand this only when he endures a serious illness under the kind of medicine he espouses. I hope he recovers—first for humanitarian reasons; second because—after such an experience—he will take over from physicians the task of defending American medicine against those who . . . attack the finest system of medical care the world has ever known.

Herbert Berger, M.D.  
Staten Island, N. Y.

As a Staten Islander and a satisfied subscriber to HIP . . . I was gratified to see the Garabedian incident get the national coverage it deserved. Perhaps now the local medical societies and the AMA will channel their energies more to the needs of the community and less to actions bordering on restraint of trade. . . .

Anthony T. Marino  
Staten Island, N. Y.

There has been an almost complete breakdown in medical communications concerning medical sociology and economics, aside from advice on how to increase efficiency or collect better fees. This failure may be partly due to the influence (amounting sometimes to con-

trol) of the medical journals by the drug companies. . . . The profit-making pharmaceutical tail seems to have come to wag the eleemosynary medical dog—and yelps of distress from the latter tend consequently to be rarely published and heard. . . .

The medical-communications situation seems to be worsening. In addition to getting the usual junk advertisements, I (and presumably my colleagues) am barraged with medical "newspapers" never subscribed for, describing "latest advances" usually in inaccurate terms. This is still another confusing and distorting drain on the already inadequate reading time of the physician. . . . The key to remedying the situation your supplement describes lies, in large measure, in improving medical communications.

Nathaniel S. Lehrman, M.D.  
Great Neck, N. Y.

All occupational groups have economic goals. . . . What is unique about medicine is the doctor's freedom from personnel and administrative responsibilities. The average physician in private practice has no boss and only one or two employees. . . .

For these reasons medicine tends to attract men impatient with paper work and arbitrary regulation, men who see in medicine a last frontier of individual enterprise. . . . The abhorrence of "third-party medicine" is therefore not hypocrisy and not purely economic self-interest. . . .

In discussing the selection of students and interns, Mr. Chase tries to make a conspiracy out of a comparatively rational process. Attributes other than a high score on an entrance examination enter into the mental image that all of us have of the ideal physician. . . . Anti-Semitism, which Mr. Chase mentions, is certainly no more prevalent in medicine than in the other professions, and as a Jew I am pleased that what there is of it is steadily vanishing.

Nor is "the present critical scarcity of doctors" to be accepted as a fact. . . . If the problem exists at all, it is one of distribution, with physicians tending to overconcentrate in urban areas. . . .

Michael Halberstam, M.D.  
Burlington, Vt.

You have performed an outstanding public service in the preparation of "The Crisis in American Medicine." . . . We need to inform the people on these problems so intelligent public support can be developed for the changes in medical economics and administrative medicine that are so long overdue. . . .

Basil C. MacLean, M.D.  
New York, N. Y.

It is particularly vital at this time that the nature of the changes in medical practice be presented to the public. I think *Harper's* has rendered a public service in introducing this topic at a sensible level and without emotion overstatements.

George A. Silver, M.D.  
Montefiore Hospital  
New York, N. Y.

In our search for the means whereby Americans can be assured access to decent medical care we have found a disorganized system of medical practice often protected by an organized association of medical practitioners. It need not be this way. *Harper's* has made a major contribution toward better medical care for all Americans by bringing some of these urgent issues to the attention of the public.

Nelson H. Cruikshank, AFL-CIO  
Washington, D. C.

Experience has shown that resistance to massive demands by a special professional group forces those demands into political form; only the bulldozer of government can deal effectively with the medical Cadillac if, unhappily, these have to meet head-on.

Hope lies in the fact that four to five million Americans are now getting the benefits of modern medicine in health-insurance plans which supply comprehensive service through group practice; and that several thousand doctors are working with these consumers. . . . Some of them, along with other physicians whose ideas belong to the twentieth century, should take an active part in gaining acceptance for this pattern of medical care within the medical profession and among the lay public. An astutely led group of such doctors working with an organization of laymen could do much to smooth our way to progress, substituting evolution for collision.

Michael M. Davis  
Chevy Chase, Md.

High time that doctors, as a whole, became aware of the fact that they alone are not the guardians of public health and that the temper of the times will affect the practice of medicine.

James Malcolm Stratton, M.D.  
Berkeley, Calif.

## Coming

"The Crisis in American Medicine"—with new material added—will be published in book form by Harper & Brothers in March.

—The Editors

\*HIP challenges these figures, stating that: HIP has been chosen by 60 per cent of city workers (80-90 per cent in some departments) and by 59 per cent of transit workers living on Staten Island who were recently polled. HIP does not function in Albany and most of the other communities where State workers live.



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Classical guitar is enjoying a brisk renaissance. Julian Bream, whom the N.Y. Herald Tribune calls "an exceptional musician," is a dynamic force in the revival. Here, with the Melos Instrumental Ensemble, he performs two radiant works: the earliest (1808) virtuoso guitar concerto, and a modern concerto.



Van Cliburn, who built a bridge of friendship from America to the Soviet Union, plays contrasting music from the two nations. The MacDowell concerto is a romantic work that reflects the bold, exuberant spirit of our own land; the Prokofieff is a dazzlingly colorful creation in the most modern terms.



Piatigorsky: Dvořák's Cello Concerto. This is the master cellist's first stereo recording of a concerto. Choosing one of the best-loved of all cello concertos, Piatigorsky gives the work a personal interpretation that stands alone in its beauty.



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# THE WELL

A Story by Hugh Nissenson

Drawings by Harvey Dinnerstein

SUNDAY. It's ten-year-old Micah, Aviva's kid, waiting in front of the dining-hall just before lunch, who brings us the news: One of the Bedouin camels from Ahmad's camp two kilometers south of the *kibbutz* has strayed into our date grove to give birth. "Come and thee! Come and thee!" Micah cries. Bucktoothed, and with ugly brick-red hair like his mother, he speaks with a lisp, spraying a fine mist of spit into the air that gives me the fantastic notion that he has somehow boiled over from the heat. "Juth for a minute," he insists.

Grossman the mechanic is with me, pale and drawn from his morning's work in the machine shop and his attack of *shil-shul*, the chronic dysentery from which he has suffered the last two days. "Pleath," the boy pleads, but bathed in sweat, and absent-mindedly chewing on the ragged end of his drooping mustache, Grossman refuses with a shake of his head, and goes inside, slamming the screen door behind him, and stirring up the flies. The boy takes hold of my hand.

"It'll only take a minute."

"Where's your mother?"

A hubbub around us, as more and more of the

*chaverim*—the comrades, members of the collective settlement—arrive at the dining-hall from the work shops and the fields. They are in much the same state as Grossman and myself, and do not care who knows it; sullen, completely exhausted by the heat, and oppressed by the prospect of a meager meal and an afternoon's work still to be done.

"Oh pleath. Pleath," the boy begs, with the rising inflection, the sad whine of the ugly child who has already learned that he cannot command attention any other way. "You don't understand."

"Maybe after lunch."

"But that'll be too late. He'th going to kill it."

"Kill what? Who?"

"Oh hurry!"

It's too much of an effort for me to argue or try to understand, and he knows it. Hand in mine, he leads me away, past the deserted machine shop and the cow shed where, attracted by the feed, literally hundreds of twittering sparrows are perched on the corrugated tin roof—the only life, it seems, besides ourselves, abroad on the desert at this hour of the day.

Just noon. At the date grove, row on row of the broad dusty leaves cast no shadow, offer no refuge from the terrific glare of the sun.

"Look!" says the boy.

"Where?"

I shield my eyes with my hand, and there, in the direction that he points, just beyond the line of trees to the south, is the camel with her colt

that couldn't have been born more than an hour before. Beside them, on the ground and swarming with flies, is the bloody sac. A wonderful sight, I must admit. The colt, waist high, as yet with only a rudimentary hump, all knees and huge splayed toes, jerks its head convulsively as it sucks at the pendulous swollen udders of the mare.

"Promith me!"

"What?"

"You won't let him kill it, will you?"

"Who, Micah, what are you talking about?"

This time, he only has to turn his head. To my left, not ten feet away, and apparently watching us all the while, is a young Bedouin with a rifle, squatting on his hams against one of the trees.

"Shalom."

"And peace; peace unto you," he replies, speaking Hebrew with a thick Arabic accent. Under the *kafiyah* that shadows his eyes, a rather handsome, intelligent face; high cheekbones, a hooked nose, and a thick black mustache that droops down to the corners of his mouth.

"Ask him yourself. He says he's going to kill it. Why?" says the boy, and the Bedouin, for an answer, glances up to indicate—what? In the torpor engendered by the heat, it takes me a moment to understand fully. I too, as though compelled, look up at the cloudless sky from which the sun has bleached all the color, leaving a white, translucent haze that dazzles the eyes.

"Tell me why!"

It's the drought, of course. I try to explain to the boy. Now the middle of November, what little autumnal rains the Bedouins depend on to water their herds is more than six weeks overdue.

"But what about their well?"

"Ah, now that's just the trouble. Their well has all gone dry. The colt has to be killed so that their children will have the milk to drink. You wouldn't want the children to die of thirst, would you?"

"I don't care."

"Micah!"

"Is our well dry too?"

"Not yet; no."

"Why not?"

"It's deeper."

While we have been talking, the Bedouin has opened the bolt of his rifle—an old Lee Enfield .303, and inserted a cartridge with a click that rivets our attention to the oiled barrel gleaming in the sun. When he stands up in his soiled, billowing pantaloons, the boy cannot suppress a shout that makes the mare swivel her head in our direction. She apparently has just become aware of us, and with a kind of comical, bewildered ferocity, lets hang her protruding underlip, and bares her teeth. The startled colt has stopped sucking, and skitters backwards, with its shaky forelegs locked together, and the back spread awkwardly apart. For the first time, I catch a glimpse of its bitten cord, already withering from its belly like a dead vine.

"Chaver! . . . But comrade," the boy shouts.

"Micah, come here. Come away."

"Comrade, don't."

"Come away, I tell you. It's none of our business."

"You promised."

"No. There's nothing I can do."

I catch him by the hand and drag him away. At the cowshed, the echoing crack of the shot rouses the sparrows who rise in a dark, twittering mass, circle the silo twice, and begin once again to settle on the sloping tin roof.

GROSSMAN is still in the dining-hall when I get back, sitting alone at a corner table.

"Where's the kid?" he asks.

"I left him at the nursery."

"Aviva was looking for him."

"I know. I saw her. How's the stomach?"

"Okay."

"Really better?"

Obviously forcing himself to keep up his strength, he is eating a plate of white goat's cheese and chopped cucumbers, washing down mouthfuls of the stuff with sips from a cup of cold water.

"The water'll give you cramps."

"No," he says, "I really feel better. . . . So the Bedouins are beginning to slaughter their herds."

"You heard the shot. . . . The kid was terribly upset."

"It's a shame."

"I read in yesterday's paper that the government says if the drought keeps up, they'll try and relocate the tribes to better grazing land up north."

"The government," he grimaces. A stomach spasm? It's hard to tell. With a sour expression

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*In his mid-twenties, Hugh Nissenson is a New Yorker who lived for more than a year in Israel after college, some of the time on kibbutzim in the Negev and on the Syrian border. He has written screen plays, and his stories have appeared in "Harper's," "Commentary," and other magazines.*



on his face, wiping off his mustache, he pushes away the plate of food. "Who was doing the shooting?"

"One of the younger men. Good-looking. He speaks a little Hebrew, I think."

"Don't tell me. Not Ali?"

"Which one is Ali? . . . Oh." I remember, Ali, Sheik Ahmad's oldest son, with whom Grossman had struck up a friendship two years before, when for a season both of them were shepherds, pasturing their herds together some thirty kilometers or so north of here.

"Ah," he goes on. "It's a damn shame. By the time the government decides to do anything for them, it'll be too late."

"Not necessarily."

"You know it as well as I do. What's the use? By the time it goes through all the official channels to provide relief, they'll have slaughtered all their young animals. What'll they do come spring?"

"They'll manage."

"They'll starve. That's what."

Then absorbed in thought, he is silent. All around us, like insects in amber, each sound in the room seems embedded and preserved in the thick air, yellowed by the sunlight streaming through the windows; the clatter of tin forks, scrape of plates, murmur of the comrades' voices, and pervading all else the buzz of the flies that are so fat and lazy when they alight you can squash them with a finger.

"Ali, eh?" he asks. "I haven't seen him in over a year. What do you think? Maybe I ought to go over and have a talk with him."

"What you ought to do is go back to your room and lie down."

He gives me an ironic glance and is partly right. It's not his health alone that concerns me, but my reluctance, as elected secretary, more or less a kind of first among equals, general manager of the settlement, to allow the *kibbutz* to become officially involved in Bedouin affairs at all.

"No," I tell him.

"Why not? We were friends."

"You asked my advice and I'm telling you. If they really would like us to help them, let them take the initiative for once—just for once, and come to us."

"I can't see any harm in just talking to Ali."

But there is. That's the trouble, and Grossman knows it as well as I, in spite of any personal relationship he may have cultivated with the Sheik's son. For eleven years now, since the establishment of our settlement in the desert by

force of arms, we have lived in a state of truce with Ahmad's tribe, no more and no less. Time and time again, experience has taught us that when we so much as offer them any material assistance, much less demonstrate a willingness for a real peace, it is refused, and taken for nothing but a display of weakness on our part, a loss of face as far as we are concerned.

"No," I continue, "I . . ." But Grossman interrupts by standing up.

"No matter. It was just a thought."

He leaves, but all afternoon in the secretary's office—a desk, two rattan chairs, and a metal filing cabinet—I can think of nothing else while I should be at work checking a list of supplies to be brought tomorrow in Beersheba.

. . . One hundred kilos baking soda, one hundred salt . . .

Impossible to keep my mind on it. The office, adjacent to the radio shack, stands on a little rise behind the dining-hall, commanding a view of the desert to the south. Broken up by a network of wadis running east to west—dry water courses eroded by flash floods—the landscape always gives me the impression that it has been raked by the talons of some gigantic beast. Here and there, glaring in the sun, are white outcroppings of rock; ribs and spines and shoulder blades, only partly buried by the cracked earth. Yes. It is exactly as though some unimaginable animal has dug at the earth to bury the bones of its prey.

. . . Salt, one hundred kilos sugar, tea . . .

Again and again my gaze returns to the window, but at this distance, the black wool tents of the Bedouin encampment are indistinguishable in the chaotic pattern of the shadow cast by the afternoon sun on the broken ground. Once, and only for a moment, one of their camels is to be seen, silhouetted against the sky, and again—or is it my imagination?—I can hear the faint echo of a rifle shot borne on the rising wind.

Four-thirty. Finished by now with his work at the machine shop, Grossman is there, I am sure of it, but to speak with Ali means nothing. That's the whole point. It is Ahmad himself who has always been responsible for most of the difficulties that exist between us. The absolute ruler of the tribe for over twenty years, he is terrified—and with some justification—that even the minimal communication between the two communities will undermine his feudal authority. I have seen him only once or twice, at the Kassid or Morris, cafés in Beersheba; a great hulk of a man, not without dignity, who wears a pointed little beard, and whose dark, unhealthy-looking skin reminds

me, for some reason, of the color of a slice of apple left exposed to the air. Purportedly still possessed of a harem of twenty women or more, his licentiousness is legendary. One story has it that one day, long ago, at the height of his powers, he came upon a beautiful fourteen-year-old Bedouin girl drawing water from a desert well, and unable to resist making overtures—pleading, threatening, promising her anything to get her to join his harem—he reduced the child to tears.

"Let me go," she begged. "If you don't let me go, I'll tell my father."

"And just who is that?" Ahmad wanted to know.

"A sheik. A very powerful sheik who'd have you gelded like a horse."

"Who?" he laughed.

"Ahmad. Do you realize that? Sheik Ahmad," was the reply.

**F**IVE-fifteen. Sure enough, Grossman shows up at the office, looking even worse than before; completely drained, with livid lips and feverish eyes.

"So you went."

"Yes . . ." We walk back to his room and he talks. "Things are terrible there, worse than I imagined. Their well has been dry since the day before yesterday. What water they have will only last them to the end of the week, if they're lucky . . . less . . . They've made up their minds to slaughter most of their herds by then, sell the meat for what they can get in Beersheba, and maybe buy enough water to last them until the rains come."

"Did you speak to Ali?"

"I was right. It was he that you saw. He agrees with me absolutely. If and when the government acts to help them, it'll be too late."

The evening breeze is blowing from the southwest, drying the sweat from our bodies with a chill, and whipping the sand across the ground with a rasping noise that sets the teeth on edge. We pause in front of the row of attached wooden shacks that serve as the bachelor quarters of the settlement.

"So Ali really was willing to speak with you."

"Of course. One must be willing simply to . . . make the effort."

"And Ahmad?"

Grossman laughs. "The old dog . . . Would you believe it? Ali told me he's developed a taste for European women in his old age. He's actually gone so far as to place advertisements in three or four papers on the Continent for a new concubine . . . preferably young, fat, and blonde."

"But you didn't speak with him."

"It wasn't necessary."

"He refused to see you."

"Yes, but it doesn't make any difference. He'll soon be dead. Ali will be Sheik. He has most of the authority right now. . . . I tell you, this is something new. Times have changed."

"I see. And just what did Ali propose?"

"Nothing. He just told me what was happening. Of course, I could see it all with my own eyes. They're desperate. He . . . No. He didn't propose anything."

"But you did."

"No . . . That is, I suggested . . . Actually, I wanted to speak with you first."





We go inside his room that resembles nothing so much as a cell with its iron cot and tiled floor. Grossman insists on making coffee, squatting on his hams in front of the kerosene burner in the same posture as Ali against the date palm. Interesting, the similarities between them. It is never so apparent to me as now. Both of them, Arab and Jew, born in the country, reared here, feeling completely a part of it, even resemble each other physically, affecting the same drooping mustache that is probably Turkish in origin, signifying virility. The water begins to boil on the blue flame.

"Yes," repeats Grossman. "You'll see for yourself. Times have changed."

Does he really believe it? I don't know. Maybe it's so. In any case, what I as a European immigrant can never fully comprehend is the significance of that mustache or peculiar crouch; the sense of utterly belonging in this country of his birth. Whatever the truth concerning the Bedouins may be, it is that which is at the heart of Grossman's passionate desire to effect a rapprochement with the tribe. Knowing no other home, he appreciates and respects the Arab's sense of possession for a land that he loves as well. More, actually speaking fluent Arabic from his childhood, he can remember a time in the not too distant past, when the two populations lived side by side with no more than the usual conflicts that divide one man from another. The fact that he has fought them, has in fact, within my earliest memory of arriving here, fought bravely against Ahmad himself who attacked the settlement on the first night of its establishment, seems to him essentially beside the point. Being young, it is the present that counts for him—this moment alone, and the future, when the development of the land that he loves will depend first and foremost on peace.

"Sugar?"

"No thanks."

He hands me a cup, and sits on the cot which squeaks.

"You realize this is the chance we've been waiting for."

"Maybe."

"But I told you," he says. "Ali will soon be Sheik. If we can just establish good relations with him now . . ."

"But it isn't as if we haven't tried before. What about the drought four years ago? It was the same thing. They refused any help, and then—when was it? You remember. That little girl with appendicitis."

He remembers, nodding his head sadly in the

diminishing light. Two summers ago, rather than trust us to take one of their children into Beersheba for an operation, they apparently preferred to see her die.

"Still, this is different," he insists. "Ali is different from the old man. He spent almost a year in Tel Aviv, did you know that? Working at the port. With Jews. That's where he learned to speak some Hebrew. For the first time, they're more than willing to accept our help."

"What exactly do you suggest?"

"What about our own well?"

"All right, so far as I understand."

"That's what I thought. We've probably more than enough water to see us all through."

"That I couldn't say."

"Well, enough for at least a week, surely, if we're careful. The rains will surely be here by then."

"Then what you want is to have us share our water."

"Exactly."

"That's, of course, a decision that neither of us can make alone."

"I realize that," he tells me. "The whole *kibbutz* will have to decide. That's why I wanted to speak with you. We'll hold a meeting."

"When?"

"You should have seen the camp. They're rationing what water they have, and the kids have sores on their lips . . . the corners of their mouths. . . . They surrounded me with tin cans, begging for water, as one would beg for alms."

He has neglected to light a lamp. In the gathering dark, his face is almost invisible, and his momentary anguish is communicated only by the timbre of his voice.

"When do you want me to call a meeting?"

"What? . . . Right away. The sooner the better. Tonight, if you can. Right after supper."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Wonderful. Oh. I almost forgot. Tell the night watch to let Ali through, will you?"

"You asked him to come here tonight?"

Under his mustache, his teeth gleam faintly as he grimaces with a stomach pang or smiles to himself in the dark.

"Yes," he tells me, "of course. About ten."

THE meeting, held in the dining-hall, and attended by about sixty adult members of the settlement, is over by nine-forty-five. Grossman's motion is carried by almost two to one after Lev, the engineer who dug our artesian well four years ago, assures us that in all probability there will be enough water to supply the two

communities for at least the next week if we are careful.

It's agreed that the Bedouins are to be permitted to take as much as they need every morning without charge—on one condition imposed by Zvika, who holds forth from his bench for more than five minutes, his round face shining with sweat, and his eyes bloodshot from the cigarette smoke that hangs in the air. He is a tractor driver, a man of about twenty-eight, completely bald, and intensely self-conscious about it, so that even indoors, his head is always covered by an army fatigue cap, with its peak turned up. A particularly doctrinaire and pedantic Socialist, and an author to boot, he has recently published a book comparing the life of the modern *kibbutz* to the ancient Hebrew Essenic and early Christian communes. His high-pitched voice drones on. Now, to illustrate some point he is making, he is actually quoting by heart from Philo—the Alexandrian writer of antiquity—describing the life of the Essenic communes near the Dead Sea that were so much like our own.

"For none of them wishes to have any property of his own, but rather by joining together everything without exception, they all have a common profit from it."

Grossman, glancing at his wrist watch, interrupts him impatiently:

"Philo! Who's Philo? What's this Philo got to do with it?"

"I'm discussing the principles upon which this *kibbutz* has been founded. Principles which . . ."

"But there's a motion on the floor. What's all this have to do with sharing the water with the Bedouins?"

"That's it. Aha! Exactly. Sharing . . . You are evidently proposing an equitable distribution of the water. All well and good, and in accordance with our principles. But we are dealing here with a feudal lord—a Sheik, don't forget that. What's there to guarantee that Ahmad will distribute our water fairly among his own people? How can we be absolutely sure, for example, that it's not his harem alone, or his relations—who knows—who are going to benefit. Do I have to tell you . . ."

"I've already explained," says Grossman. "Ali . . ."

"What do I care about Ali? Ahmad. Ahmad is still Sheik, and whether you remember it or not, it was Ahmad who . . ." His shrill voice breaks off, but the rest of the sentence hangs over us as tangibly as the blue smoke. It was Ahmad who ordered the surprise attack on the settlement eleven years ago, and who was re-

sponsible for the murder and mutilation of Zvika's first wife, a girl of seventeen. "As a matter of fact . . ." he resumes.

"I guarantee it," says Grossman.

"How?"

"You have my word. I guarantee a fair distribution of the water. I'll supervise myself."

Zvika shrugs. Aviva rises, yawning behind her hand, and suggests that such a guarantee be amended to the original motion. She is exhausted from working all day in the communal laundry, and wants only to be able to go to bed.

"Well?"

A show of hands, throwing a forest of shadows resembling pruned trees against the wall. The amended motion is carried unanimously, and we adjourn.

"Congratulations," I tell Grossman.

"Thanks. Yes. It's a beginning, at least. A step in the right direction."

Outside, the wind is blowing from a blue-black sky that is ablaze with the innumerable stars of the desert night. Grossman shivers as we walk back to his room. The cold is intense. It is as if the sun today had burned away the atmosphere of the earth, exposing us to a chill from outer space itself.

"Ali ought to be here by now. Would you like to come in for a cup of coffee?"

"No thanks. I'm tired. Bed for me."

A LITTLE later, while brushing my teeth at the pump outside the row of shacks, I catch a glimpse of them both through the window of Grossman's room. They are standing in the corner, by the orange crate that serves as a bookcase, talking together with cups of coffee in their hands. Once again, their physical resemblance is striking. They are even the same height and, but for the slightly darker cast of the Bedouin's skin, might be taken for blood relatives, cousins, or even brothers perhaps, with their high cheekbones, and long mustaches that emphasize their thin lips. Are they speaking Arabic or Hebrew? I am too far away to tell. The Bedouin suddenly laughs, touching Grossman on the upper arm. It is not hard to imagine that they are recalling the memories they have of shepherding together, near Halutza. Now Grossman is laughing too, holding his nose. I was right. They are talking about shepherding—the stench of the long-haired sheep, the lonely hours spent under the shade of the cypress tree, with the shared, stale loaf of bread on the grass between them and the goat skin water bag passed from hand to hand.



**M**ONDAY, just after dawn, it begins. For almost four hours now, patiently queued in the blazing sun, a long line of Bedouin women—perhaps a hundred of them or more, dressed entirely in flowing robes of black wool, with only their eyes showing, and strings of Turkish coins sewed onto their veils—draw water from the spigot outside of the cow shed. There is no sound but the twittering of the sparrows and the tinkle of coins as one by one, they bend down and fill the tin cans they have brought with them. The silence is uncanny. Occasionally, on their arms, a naked infant, covered with flies, is to be seen, but it too, as though enjoined by some mysterious command, makes no noise, but only gazes about with solemn, feverish eyes.

Grossman and I are supervising. Just from the look of him, he feels no better, worse perhaps, than last night. The exhilaration of getting his motion passed and making arrangements with Ali has worn off. Periodically, he must excuse himself to go to the latrine, and when he returns with an embarrassed smile on his ravaged face, I plead with him to go back to his room and lie down.

"No, no, it's all right. I promised . . ."

He dozes a little, stretched out in the bar of shadow cast by the overhanging roof, while the black-robed women shuffle by. In the shed, a cow lows. I too began to fall asleep, only to be abruptly awakened by a confused babble of voices, and a piercing shriek.

"What is it? What's happened?" Grossman rubs his eyes.

At the spigot, two of the women have gotten into a row. For some reason, one of them, holding up the line, evidently cannot make up her mind whether to fill up her rusty can or not. With her hands at her side, clenching and unclenching one fist, she stares at the stream of water that splashes over the hem of her robe and bare feet, while now four or five of the others flap their arms and rage about her. Then, with another shriek, she is shoved aside, stumbling against Grossman who has come up to them, shouting in Arabic at the top of his voice. Silence again, sudden and complete, broken only by the wail of an infant from somewhere in the crowd.

"What's the trouble?" I ask.

"Turn off the water. . . . Just a minute," he tells me, and then, in Arabic, speaks to the woman who has been thrown against him. In a huddle on the ground, apparently mortified by her physical contact with a strange man, she buries her veiled face in her hands and emits

nothing but a high-pitched, quavering wail. It is more than a minute before he can get her to answer. Then, listening attentively, with a puzzled expression on his face, he turns to me.

"I don't understand."

"What does she say?"

"It just doesn't make sense. She says that she and her husband are very poor. They will starve because they own only two milch goats that will die of thirst unless they can get water."

"Then why doesn't she take it?"

"That's what's so confusing. She says she can't afford it."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"But tell her it's free. She can take as much as she needs without charge. Didn't you explain that to Ali?"

"Of course."

"Well, didn't he tell them?"

Again, Grossman questions her, but this time she refuses to answer altogether. It is impossible to determine her age, or even the shape of her body underneath that robe. Only her eyes are visible, yellowed and contracted in the glare of sun.

"Useless . . ." Grossman straightens up. The other women have fallen back in a silent semi-circle around us. "I just don't get it. There's obviously been a misunderstanding of some kind."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Ask Ali, I guess."

"Now?"

"I suppose so."

"Wait here, I'll bring the jeep and go with you."

"No, no, there's no need."

"Do as I say. You're in no condition to drive."

With one hand to his head, he closes his eyes and makes a gesture as if to shake off the weakness that has hold of him.

"I don't know," he says. "Maybe we ought to wait."

"For what?"

"They really can't afford it."

"Afford what? What are you talking about?"

"If we drive over to the camp now, we'll be considered guests. You know their laws of hospitality. They'll feel obliged to slaughter a sheep for a meal."

"You wait here."

The communal jeep is kept in the machine shop, but it takes me over twenty minutes to locate Chaim who has charge of the keys. He is working in the shack that houses our electric

generator, repairing a worn fan belt. I could have spared myself the effort. By the time I drive back to the cow shed, Ali is there. He had apparently just ridden over from the encampment on a small white mare that one of the women holds by the bridle as he dismounts and shakes hands with Grossman who begins talking to him at once, in a low, anxious voice. They are speaking in Hebrew as I come up, each with his forehead almost touching that of the other, and their hands clasped behind them.

"Then you did tell them," Grossman is saying. The Bedouin nods.

"But I still don't understand. If they know we're not charging them anything, why does the woman say she can't afford it?"

"It's nothing."

"There must be a reason."

"She's talking about the tax."

"What tax?"

"A half a pound."

"For what? Whose?"

"My father's. For the use of the water."

Ali is smiling. He is having difficulty in speaking Hebrew so quickly. Now, very slowly, searching for each word, he says, "You mustn't bother yourself."

"Do you mean to tell me that your father is taxing them a half a pound per person for the use of water from our well?"

"But of course."

Grossman is silent. Behind us, an infant gives a stifled cry, and the mare tosses her head and chomps at her bit.

"Let me get this straight. . . ."

"But I have already explained," says Ali. "There's no need to concern yourself. This is—" He completes the sentence in Arabic.

"Our affair entirely."

"Yes, that's it. It's the law. The tribe must always pay the Sheik for the right to draw water from the well."

"But the water is ours."

The Bedouin gives a barely perceptible shrug.

"Don't you understand?" says Grossman. "It's impossible. It . . . what we want . . . what I promised . . . I gave my word. . . . The whole point is for us to share with all of your people fairly . . . an equal distribution."

Again, the Bedouin apparently cannot get the drift of the Hebrew. Grossman must translate.

"Equal?"

"Yes," says Grossman. "That woman, for example. What about those who can't afford it?"

"Equal?" the Bedouin repeats, and then, giving up, he lapses entirely into Arabic.

"What's he saying?" I ask Grossman.

"He says it's the law. It's always been the law. He says it's . . . the lord's . . . his father's right as Sheik to tax them, just as it was his father's before him, and before that, long before. . . ."

"Before what?"

"He didn't say."

I glance at the Bedouin who is looking beyond me, beyond the sloping tin roof of the cow shed and the date grove, toward the desert where the shadows are diminishing as the sun slowly ascends toward noon. . . . Before. Before us, is of course what he means; long before our possession of the land, our settlement and government, when free, or at least subject only to his own law, the Bedouin roamed the desert that belonged to him alone.

"No," says Grossman. "It's out of the question. At the meeting, I promised . . ." and then, in a final effort to make himself understood, he too continues in Arabic.

Before he has finished, the sun has reached its zenith. His eyes are glazed, his face streaked with sweat. The Bedouin says nothing until, with a hopeless gesture, one palm upraised, he abruptly turns on his naked heel and walks with dignity toward the waiting mare. The little horse takes a mincing step as he swings himself into the wooden saddle, and shouts a word of command to the waiting women, one of whom catches his reins as he leads them away. For almost a minute after they are out of sight, their dust hangs in the air. Grossman coughs, and with averted eyes and saying nothing, goes down on one knee to the spigot, where he catches a few drops of water that cling to the spout, and moistens his parched lips.

**T**UESDAY and Wednesday. Not a cloud. No sign of rain. The colorless sky is empty but for the flocks of ravens that wheel in gigantic circles above the Bedouin camp. From morning to night they are to be seen like spots before the eyes, the symptom of some madness induced by the heat of the sun. Now there can be no doubt of it; without water, the Bedouins are slaughtering the remainder of their herds.

Although I am sure he is aware of what is happening, Grossman makes no mention of it. All day Tuesday he is too sick even to get out of bed. Some of the women take turns bringing him tea and toast, and emptying his bedpan, and for the rest of the time, he lies perfectly still, with his face to the wall. Then, as is sometimes the case, on Thursday morning, although greatly weakened, his stomach spasms have subsided suf-



ficiently for him to get up. Restless and inordinately thirsty, he haunts my office where I am busy writing a letter to *Tnuva*, the co-operative marketing organization of the *kibbutzim* that is negotiating with us for the export of our dates overseas. For what seems to be an hour, he sits by the window facing south, sucking on an orange and brushing away the flies that settle on his face and arms.

"What do you think?" he asks at last. "I suppose it's really Ahmad's fault."

I put down my pen. "I guess so."

"Still, it's a shame. There must be something that can be done."

Then, for a while longer, he is silent again. A ray of sunlight, riddled with dust, illuminates his face. In the past few days he has lost weight and looks somehow five years younger and more vulnerable than he really is—twenty-six or twenty-seven at the most. The drooping mustache seems more of an affectation than ever, a pretense of manhood pasted on by a kid.

"I don't suppose Ali was here while I was sick."

"No."

"No, I didn't think so. He'll never come back now. Strange. How well it was going that night when he and I had coffee in my room. Ai, if you only knew how sick of it all I am!"

"Of what?"

"This . . . hatred. Did you know that eleven years ago, the night of the attack, I was the one who found Chava?"

"Chava?"

"You remember. Zvika's wife."

"Chava. Yes."

"She was sleeping in her tent when they came. They went at her with their knives when she was still alive. I've never told Zvika, of course, but she was still alive when I found her. Sometimes, you know, I still . . . have dreams."

"But you don't hate them."

"The Bedouins? I did. Oh, how I did. It's just—how can I possibly explain it? I told you. It makes me sick. All these years, one thing bringing another . . . endless."

More silence. He rises abruptly from his chair.

"Who can say? I wonder if it'll do any good now."

"What's that?" I ask.

"It couldn't do any harm."

"What?"

"It might still help. You never know."

"I see. You want to go to their camp and try to speak with Ali again."

"Yes."

Now it is my turn to say nothing. He shreds the pulp from the orange rind with his teeth.

"It'll be unofficial, of course. No one here will ever know, except you and me."

"Then why tell me?"

"Because I thought you understood. Don't you see? It's better than not doing anything . . . letting it go on and on. What is there to lose?"

"I don't know."

"Nothing, I tell you. Come with me," he says. "You'll see."

I screw on the top of the fountain pen. My sweating wrist has smudged the ink on the letter. It will have to be done over again. "If that's what you really want."

"Yes."

WE TAKE the jeep. South of the settlement, there is only a narrow dirt track that eventually leads to the Egyptian border, just north of Nitzana. Surrounded by the white rocks, we are in the valley of the bones, but even here, in the mouths of the wadis, there is still some scrub vegetation left alive, a gray-green stubble incrusting by the white shells of countless snails. Not a tree is to be seen.

"How far now?"

"A half a kilometer. Less," Grossman shouts. Ahead of us, and to the left, where the track intersects with still another narrower path that leads between the rocks, he slows down.

"Their well."

It takes me a moment to be able to distinguish the ruin as a ring of man-raised stones, about knee-high and plastered together with sun-baked mud. He shrugs and drives on, now off the track itself, and up the floor of a huge wadi that runs parallel to the path among the rocks. When he stops, only one black tent can be seen to our right. The rest are apparently hidden around the bend of the wadi walls that are over ten feet tall.

"Where is everybody?"

"Hiding," Grossman explains.

"Are they afraid?"

"It's just the way they are with strangers."

"Well, there's Ali, at any rate."

"Where?"

He is standing with another man in the shadow of a huge boulder about fifty yards away, near the half-skinned carcasses of four or five freshly-slaughtered sheep that lie on the ground covered by a cloud of flies. The blood and flies, the cry of the ravens whose shadows flit across the ground, even the untended fire of dried camel dung smoking in front of the tent give the

impression that some kind of sudden catastrophe has overwhelmed the camp. The naked child completes the picture. A little boy, perhaps six years old, with a swollen belly and shaved skull, emerges from the tent at our approach with a tin can in his hands. "Brandied Apricots"—printed in English, coming from God knows where—part of the label is clearly visible as he thrusts it before us, begging for water without a sound.

"Give him your canteen," whispers Grossman, "and wait here."

He starts forward. The child, for some reason, refuses to drink from the canteen itself. I must pour the water into the rusty can, but there is too much of it, and it spills to the ground.

"Wait!" I cry, but it is too late. He has already turned and disappeared once more into the tent. Now Grossman is talking, rapidly and in an undertone to Ali, in Arabic, standing with the bloody carcass of the sheep on the ground between them. The second Bedouin has taken a little step to the left, and for the first time, I can see him clearly.

It's the old man himself, Ahmad, the Sheik, fatter and older than I remember him, with a fuller beard that has turned completely gray. Still, unmistakably, it is he; carrying himself erect, with his shoulders back, and one hand playing with the hilt of a silver dagger stuck in the yellow sash around his waist. Ali has begun to talk too, for the first time, in a loud, clear voice. The old man glances at him, and either because the sun is in his eyes, or because something his son has said amuses him, he screws up his face and shows his teeth in a grimace that could be taken for a smile.

Behind me, the child, or someone, stirs in the tent, and when again, I look around, what happens next, happens so quickly that it is only later, in retrospect, that I can visualize it all as a piece. Ali is talking, gesturing with his hands, and suddenly, without warning, Grossman has lunged at him, slipping on the bloody ground, so that he is only able to give the Bedouin a glancing blow on the right cheek with his fist. They are down, the both of them, and for the moment, incredulous, neither I nor the old man can make a move. He is still grimacing, the smile frozen on his face, his fingers spread on the hilt of the knife. A moment more, and both of us still remain where we are. Grossman is the first to get to his feet, staring stupidly down at the Bedouin who holds his hand to his cheek and rocks his head slightly from side to side. When I come up, the old man retreats another step to the left.



"What's happened?" I ask.

No answer. "What is it?" Still no response. With his mouth open and the same stupefied expression on his face, Grossman reaches out his hand with the evident intention of helping Ali to his feet. "Tell me," I repeat. The hand smeared with sheep's blood, is still extended, but now the Bedouin drags himself back on his elbows and spits on the ground with disgust.

"He blames us for everything," says Grossman, getting behind the wheel of the jeep. "The fact that they've lost their herds . . . this morning, a child died . . . everything. There was nothing I could say. He says his father is right. We've taken their land, and now deny them water."

He tries to turn on the ignition but fumbles with the keys. His hand is trembling. I glance up. The two Bedouins are standing in front of the tent. Something apparently has struck them as funny. The old man, at least, is laughing deep in his throat, with his head thrown back and his hand still on the hilt of his dagger.

"Why did you hit him?" I ask.

The engine starts with a roar. I have to repeat the question.

"Ah, dog," Grossman replies, looking away. "What else could I do? He called me a dog of a Jew."



# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



## High Style in White House Politics

*A subtle, tough, and very special brand of the politician's art—which both Kennedy and Johnson learned in the Senate training field—is likely to be the distinguishing mark of the new Administration.*

WASHINGTON—JFK and LBJ, soon to be Inaugurated in our one ritual rivaling the British Coronation, are about to transfer to the White House a peculiarly subtle form of politics.

The Senate version of politics—governance by the consent of the ablest, with some deference to the many—is almost certain to mark the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. This is politics as a high art. It differs from ordinary Presidential politics (which rests mainly on mere state-house and assembly-district traditions and techniques) as a Schubert sonata differs from, say, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

It is a politics which seeks great achievement; will settle where necessary for good performance; but will never occupy itself with slogans and theatrics in which good intentions struggle aimlessly with bad results. It is a politics which leads strongly,

and even harshly if need be, but which rarely says it is leading and never admits that it is leading toughly. It scorns both the bash-and-run type of play of Franklin Roosevelt and the amiable non-play of Dwight Eisenhower. It is a kind of politics which would regard Harry Truman as a first-rate President, but an embarrassingly unproficient fellow at the art of the thing.

In a word, ole Jack (Lyndon Johnson's habitual name for President-elect John F. Kennedy even though old Jack at forty-three is nine years his junior) and ole Lyndon will try to lift the Senate tradition bodily into the White House and into the Vice Presidential office.

Shortly after the election those nostalgic Democrats, for whom time halted forever with the death of FDR, were wistfully predicting that Kennedy would bring it all back—right down to the famous "First Hundred Days." Maybe they still are. But they might as well try to evoke again the torchlit parades of Chester A. Arthur.

This will be more than a fresh and young Administration. It will be a unique Administration, because it will apply a unique set of skills to its whole basic operation.

Now, as a biographer of the

United States Senate I am aware of a lively suspicion in some quarters that I have been too fond of that place, and too uncritical. Maybe so. But the unalterable fact remains that a politician long skilled in the mordantly delicate art in the Senate has a professional equipment of matchless savvy.

Though I personally regret it, the states and state houses are dead and finished, both as political training grounds and as vital political arenas. It was no accident that even before the conventions of last summer every single serious Presidential possibility was essentially a Senate man—including Richard M. Nixon.

Two of these, Kennedy and Johnson, came out on top. And their Administration will be as surely controlled by their common background as was that of Herbert Hoover, who gallantly sought to run the Presidency much as he had run the Department of Commerce—which is to say, much as he would have run Sears, Roebuck. In like fashion, Dwight Eisenhower sought to run the Presidency just as he operated his staff show as Allied Commander-in-Chief in Europe.

### NO RUBBER STAMP

THE meaning of all this is that the Kennedy Administration will restore not merely *political* control to public affairs. It will be a special kind of insightful political control, what might be called an *informed* political consent.

Legislation will be obtained and policies implemented through the constant development of sophisticated national concerts, lasting or transitory, of exactly the kind which typify the Senate. A good deal of "bi-partisanship"—though the term, to me, is a bit pompous—will necessarily be involved. There will be far less straight-out partisanship than many are assuming. For both Kennedy and Johnson like first of all to get the job done—and only later, if at all, to occupy themselves with separating the goats from the sheep.

And just as this is not going to be any resumed Roosevelt Administration, the new Congress is not going to be any "Roosevelt Congress." Put away all notions of that famous "rubber stamp" of decades ago. Kennedy will propose; Johnson will

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MANY OTHERWISE CULTIVATED PERSONS SEEM TO have a blind spot with respect to painting. They can stand before a famous or respected work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about" - and frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. They seem to be cut off from a rare form of pleasure they surely ought to be able to enjoy as much as other people.

**WHAT IS WRONG?** Can it be that the art of painting is something of a mystery? Indeed, it is not. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been without guidance as to what to look for in paintings. Either he has never had an opportunity to take a university course in the subject, or he has never found it convenient to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum because of sheer lack of time.

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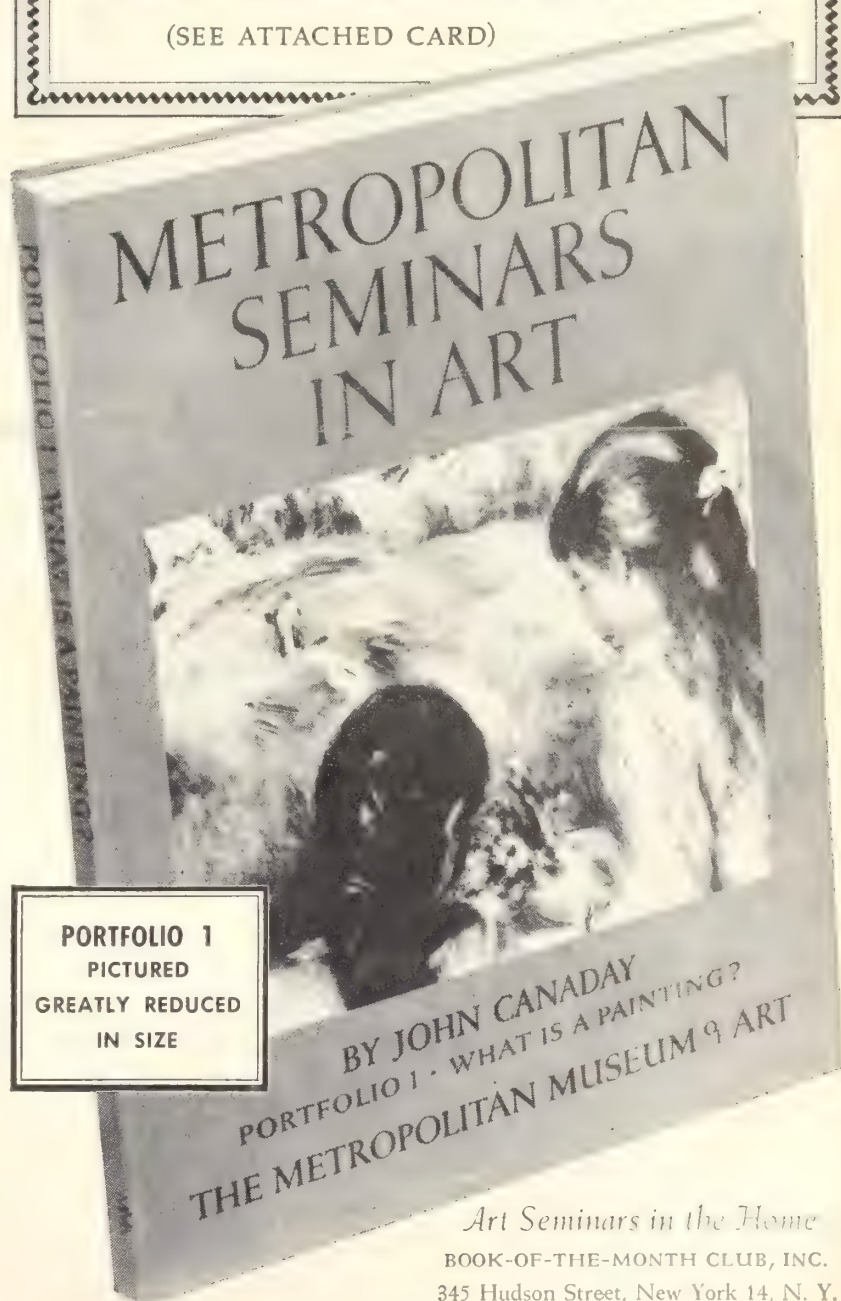
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faithfully endorse; Congress will not exclusively dispose. They will all come together, just as all factions in the Senate habitually come (more or less) together in the end, and collectively they will lay down the statutes and the line.

#### THE ROLE OF THE SOUTH

KENNEDY will be rationally and moderately liberal, but not a Professional Liberal. He has strong feelings about his responsibilities as the leader of a *national* Democratic party, and about his obligation to avoid disunion in a country which elected him so narrowly. He does not like the liberal ideologues—including the automatic South-haters—and never did. The South has very much come back to the Democratic party, under the alternate blandishments and brisk commands of ole Lyndon—and JFK is quite as glad of that as is LBJ.

The South therefore will be in no doghouse in this Administration. It has proved itself more truly liberal—on the religious question, for example—than the home areas of some of its constant detractors. In consequence there will be no disposition to move vengefully against *all* Southern power positions in Congress, though some of these positions will be modified. The House Rules Committee, for example, almost certainly will be cut down to size, so that it can no longer indefinitely block legislation. The Senate filibuster rule may be slightly altered, but it is extremely unlikely to undergo major surgery. Every Southern Senator save two—Byrd of Virginia and Thurmond of South Carolina—went all the way for Kennedy last autumn, at a time when it took guts. Kennedy is not going to join any enterprise to reward these people with humiliation now—and Johnson of course is not.

Kennedy will be a very strong President; but he will not go around pointing out that he is. Johnson will be the strongest Vice President in history; but he will flex his political muscles only behind closed doors. Kennedy will surely run the foreign policy of this country personally as no President since Roosevelt has done. (The precise identity of his Secretary of State will matter far less

than Foster Dulles' identity did in the Eisenhower Administration or Dean Acheson's in the Truman Administration.)

Johnson will be the big trouble-shooter, the chief personal negotiator for Kennedy—certainly in Congress and no doubt on some occasions elsewhere as well. Jack has long known that ole Lyndon is one of the best face-to-face persuaders of our time.

It has been said feelingly of him—and I believe with literal truth—that no single man, living or dead, ever left a *tête à tête* with LBJ feeling that he had won a single round of the discussion. (The force of this point still lingers poignantly among some Texas friends of mine—particularly some among the 107,000 to whom Lyndon addressed personal letters when he was fighting for the ticket down there, and some among the 55,000 to whom he sent blunt due bills calling in every single loan of personal friendship that he had ever made in that state.)

As President Kennedy will be his own Secretary of State. Vice President Johnson will continue to be the real Democratic leader of the Senate. (The title, of course, will pass to another.)

#### INSTEAD OF LOVE

NOW, all this suggests that there is some prospect of Kennedy-Johnson friction, particularly since Kennedy means to be President in every full sense, and since Johnson could no more avoid gathering power to himself than an author could avoid rereading a good notice for his book. Moreover, Johnson deeply wanted the Presidential nomination for himself, and in the hot and urgent hours in Los Angeles last summer some less than gentle shafts were passing back and forth between JFK and LBJ headquarters.

Still, I think the Administration's well-wishers (who, in my own perhaps sentimental view of the Presidency, ought now to be every one of us) have not a great deal to worry about here. The explanation lies in their philosophic and professional underpinnings, plus their long service in the Senate.

The Senate is a *big* place, in part because it deals with so many big

issues and in part because it is our only political instrumentality (apart from the Presidency, in the right hands) where truly national and world considerations are the daily fare. A powerful Governor is rarely challenged by anybody—except possibly by a faceless legislature. He gets the feeling that direct and personal disagreement with him is, on a small scale at least, a kind of violation of the rules. ("Sergeant, take that man's name, rank, and serial number.")

But a Senate man, even so puissant a one as Lyndon, can count it a dull day when at least one smiling colleague has not publicly questioned his common sense, his devotion to country, and invited him, with unimpeachable politeness, to consider the early rental of a small flat in hell.

Kennedy and Johnson have not only been through a great deal of such as that; they have also been through a great deal with each other. Neither, to be sure, would be a candidate for a benign scoutmaster; neither puts absolute faith in the injunction that one must turn the other cheek.

Neither, I should say, exactly loves the other. Their personal situation is far sounder than that. Each man *knows* the other, his strengths and weaknesses, his going point and his sticking point. There is, first of all, no danger here of war by miscalculation, in the famous phrase of the Pentagon. In the second place, each *respects* the other, in the deepest, most adult sense. When you are in a really big and vital game—high politics, or war—you want a fellow alongside you who is a combat character. Whether you are a Battalion commander or a Pfc you don't care first and foremost whether your platoon leader joins you in your deep appreciation of Proust—or poker—so long as he knows how to keep the mortars going and the rank and file as secure and decently fed as circumstances will permit. You are looking not so much for a sympathetic companion as for supplementary force.

So Kennedy and Johnson are the kind of men who would naturally join forces when a job has to be done. Things that might push them apart may exist academically; but they are incomparably less powerful



## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

than the things that will draw them together.

Kennedy is far more intellectual; the highly polished stone. Johnson is intuitive and colloquial; a rough diamond outwardly. Yet he hides a deep private sensitivity under a public manner of aggressive insensitivity. Kennedy likes the company of men famous for their cerebration; Johnson is uncomfortable in such company—which secretly he admires but which somehow he is impelled to seem to reject. Both “care about people,” but both find queasy and almost sick-making that kind of character who is forever going around moaning about the sad plight of the common man. Both detest clichés. Kennedy will go very far back in the classics to avoid mention of a rolling stone’s absence of moss; Johnson actually would sooner be called a blackguard than be called “that great American patriot.”

## TEMPER AND TASTE

EACH has a “temper,” Kennedy a cool, smiling, contained one, and Johnson a hot, loud-cussing one. Each knows how to dislike, and cordially. But neither knows how to hate enduringly. Each can spot a phony beyond the range of rifle shot. Either would be a most unrewarding target for a confidence man—either about money or about ideas. Kennedy would simply turn his back on a con man; Johnson, in the right mood, would bellow at him to get the hell out of here.

Each deeply dislikes the precious and is not inclined to be overly hospitable to unasked advice. Each knows just where he is going, and always has. Their personal backgrounds, of course, could hardly be more different. Johnson is a sometimes-poor but now “well-fixed” scion of an old family of frontier aristocracy, a graduate of a very fresh-water little teachers’ college. Kennedy, of course, is the privileged son of a large Irish-American family of great riches, and a graduate of Harvard.

These two might have met in the Navy during the war, but didn’t. Each was an authentic “war hero,” Kennedy pre-eminently so. But, again most agreeably, each is a thousand miles away from the Profes-



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### PUBLIC & PERSONAL

sional Veteran and democracy-saver. Each is a man of taste. Kennedy's taste is distinct and conventional, while Johnson's is the taste of a man who never in his life stopped to consider the point one way or another.

No one in his right mind should get the notion that Jack and Lyndon represent the perfect pair in American politics, the absolutely sympathetic Two Musketeers. But equally no one should buy the widely circulated, and wholly superficial, view that here are simply two cold, calculating, burningly ambitious, and steel-hardened men elbowing their way up. There is plenty of toughness in both; they are not, as Winston Churchill once said of the British race, made of sugar candy. But they will represent, unless I am greatly mistaken, a strong, sensible, grown-up, and capable association, which will treat the country at worst to a virtuoso performance in government and at best to a signally *good* one.

### INSTEAD OF PLEASING

EACH always had good qualities. In the fires of the campaign, each found, I think, additional qualities which he had not had before. Kennedy learned of the vastness, the richness, and the fine, salty pluralism of this country. If there was a parochial touch in him, it has been burned away now in the long trail that led from coast to coast so many times. Johnson, as I believe, discovered a sense of true community with *all* his party—and with Kennedy—that had not before been present in this sometimes over-proud man.

As Kennedy was and is unable to appeal directly for sympathy, because of the marked reserve that is in him, Johnson had forever been unable to appeal, for the same reason, for an understanding of his work and purposes, which has so belatedly now come to him.

Many things, therefore, will make the new Kennedy-Johnson Administration an arresting one. But most of all it will be arresting because they are men of the Senate—that place which always *apprehends* the country, whether or not it always pleases the country.

# the new BOOKS

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

## Ingredients Everywhere

IN THE theatre, on commercial Broadway at least, the curtain goes up and we sit back, not always happy, but feeling a quasi-relaxation, a bare willingness to accept what will follow, like the willingness Novocain brings to a morning of dentistry. The curtain goes up on a desperate Negro family, or an obsessed Southern family, or perhaps a group of frantic teen-agers, or a lonely young man in the Bronx, or a used-up old man in Brooklyn: a scene from our pitiful and painfully engrossing common life is being enacted. We are not entirely dismayed to learn that scenes, characters, themes, and style will perhaps again turn out to be oddly unconvincing, that repetition, imitation, the most puzzling incongruities and inconsistencies mark the playwright's efforts. We observe, idly, that the clichés of fiction do not become the clichés of the theatre until a decade later. But we make allowances, just as we would for the promises of a candidate who is not free to be himself. The real world, even in matters of art, must be acknowledged—or so it seems. The play has cost so much, so many people have spent so much time—anything, anything to make the audience agreeable. The whole project takes place in a cruel fairy tale. One false move and the king will chop everyone's head off. Those failures of honesty and art, those portentous moments so false in a light work, those light moments so unsettling in a somber work: these are the hopes, the desperation, the tension of the dramatist in society, his life as a social being, his need to succeed fabulously or quit, take up "another line of work."

The world of the novelist has, by comparison, always seemed small, old-fashioned, personal. The inquisitorial audience hardly existed. There had always been hacks, but good writers could always be failures. A young person could fail again and again and still lead a happy life, esteemed by himself and his circle, invigorated by his ability to produce a literary work rather than by the consent of thousands of readers. Books cost relatively little to publish and each

book had its right to life, the same right as an obscure person. Indeed a book is not easy to kill; it goes on living, somehow, somewhere. I remember not so long ago listening to an enthusiastic opinion of a novel called *The Encounter*, by Crawford Power, published in 1950. This book had not caught on in any way and little had been heard from the young man who had written it. Still this unknown novel of a decade ago lived on and it had a sort of financial existence as well, as an object of commerce, because I found it not long afterward in a second-hand bookstore and bought it, read it, passed it on to several other people. This is the life of the poor perhaps, but it is life nevertheless and not the instant cremation of the theatre.

And yet, after reading novels lately, one can wonder if the old consolations still console. Even the most serious writers, old as well as young, seem suddenly to feel an anxiety about fame and success, a tension about public position, a dismaying eagerness for large sales. The reader has the dizzying knowledge that he is being fed "ingredients," everywhere, by everyone. The small, independent artist is praying for public luck: "If *Lolita*, why not me, Lord?" The hope of catching on invades the personal, lyrical fiction as well as the crude and obvious. Indeed, writing novels is not a sensible way to spend one's life unless one can face poverty. Several years' work may bring a very good writer only a few thousand dollars. Short stories, even essays, are more profitable. The defiant novel, either defiantly thin or absurdly impractical in some large, cumbersome way, comes to us more and more frequently with interlineal notes, such as we used to put in difficult texts when we were students. These interpolations, reductions, concessions—and there are many brands on sale just now—are made in the hope of success. The aesthetic confusion of so many novels and plays is not always the result of a lack of art; it is the destructive end of an unconscious desire to please.

What is unique about the two best-sellers, *Lolita* and *Doctor Zhivago*, is that they were



composed in the old tradition, composed faithfully, willfully, as overwhelmingly personal statements and visions. These two authors (poets, translators of Shakespeare and Pushkin) became millionaires by accident; two multilingual, restless, international spirits, Gogolian ghosts, suddenly sneaked into paradise. For the rest, forever calculating, hoping, planning—they *fail* by accident. The sly or open pursuit of success may make an individual work neither better nor worse, but the belief in success as necessary, carrying with it self-contempt and discouragement at the moment of commercial failure, is of overwhelming importance for the future of fiction.

Today, to write and publish a novel that sells only a few thousand copies is a matter of social embarrassment. Only a decade ago such impractical labors were their own justification. Nowadays when you think of a novel like Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King* you can only honor it for the courage to be the long, unrealistic indulgence it is, a genuine work of a private artist, alone with himself and his imagination, without the dancing girls whining for money. I don't admire this novel as much as the earlier ones by Bellow, but its existence soothes the spirit, like an elm tree, not perfectly shaped perhaps, in a housing development.

William Styron's *Set This House on Fire* is prolix, complicated, brilliantly inventive and imaginative in parts, and yet I felt the presence in the composition—a presence condemned and even hated—of the threatening world of success and failure. Here, as in other books, the market place is responsible for the lack of unity of tone, the unconvincing combinations, the aesthetic insecurity and sense of strain we are not able to account for and identify in any other way. It is particularly the American novel that suffers from the effort to accommodate, just as it was the American playwright who was diminished by the demands of Broadway. For the small audience, the little theatre, the odd, the hard to follow—we can always allow the Europeans to supply whatever market still exists for that.

#### THE UNRELENTING MANIA

THE main Ingredient is, of course, Sex—the frank description of love-making, love-longing. It is everywhere, like salt on the nation's daily potatoes. How odd the old crazy world of pornography begins to seem. Robertson Davies, a Canadian critic much admired by Alfred Knopf and now published in this country, has a very entertaining long essay on this subject in *A Voice from the Attic* (Knopf, \$4.75). He discusses the "compulsion to completeness" of the persons who went in for pornographic collections, the unrelenting mania to get the "item in Port Said," or a "little book of pictures . . . popular among sailors in Cape Town." The

difficulty of obtaining the books, the secrecy in which they were kept: all of that was part of the game, part of the suspense and passion. Perhaps the increasing amount of sexual description in new novels—actually increasing daily like world population or lung cancer—will supplant the humble, fugitive pornographer, as the girl down the street, in an event of gradual social change, has put the old prostitute out of work. But things move very quickly in modern life and the plain freedom is already hardly enough. We have no sooner arrived than we are jaded. The frenzied search for novelty came on the very heels of liberation. Fresh perversions, new angles—it is hard to keep ahead in this game. The great revolution has already been institutionalized, seized by new exploiters, and the peasants are no freer than they were before. We can remember, as Davies does in this book, that D. H. Lawrence found the idea of *The Decameron* perfectly respectable, but wondered about the decorum of *Jane Eyre*.

It was Truth the great reformers had in mind, not satiety. The use of frankly sexual material is different in each book, each case; but who can fail to see that bad writers are degrading Sex, creating difficulties for their betters in this profitable meadow! Aldous Huxley in a current collection of his essays written over the years *On Art and Artists* (Harper, \$3.95) says about Middle Minoan art and recent Barcelona *art-nouveau* traditions, "Perhaps a very great artist might be able to surmount the obstacles which these [traditions] put in his way. I do not know. Anyhow, the difficulty of making something satisfactory out of forms that are a mixture of the naturalistic and the slimily decorative is obviously very great." For what is Sex in, say, *Peyton Place*, but slimily decorative?

Reading Huxley's essays (on Gesualdo, Goya, Chaucer, on the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, to mention a few) reminds us that the shock of the symbolic is more terrible and more lasting than the shock of mere exposure. The splendor of this author's knowledge, the fineness of his sensibilities, the beauty of his unconventional intelligence! Huxley seems to go on and on, with all the marvels and the oddities of his whole career still intact. Sexual disgust has always been strong in his work, a sort of horror before the brutal facts of existence, and a longing to escape from the body. "After an overdose of all too human hams, what an enormous relief to see even a tarantula, even a pair of scorpions!" And yet hardly anyone else writing has such a greed for experience.

ONE might have known it and yet how not to be just a little surprised to find John Updike's new novel, *Rabbit, Run* (Knopf, \$4) "very sexy." Updike's talent is pre-eminently lyrical and tender and also disillusioned. The cool, artistic purity of his last novel, *The Poorhouse Fair*,

those indigent old men and women, pushed to their limits, bitter and futile, living out their last days under the nervous, self-conscious eye of the young, appalled, overwrought Director: in this grim, sexless tale a lot about American life was suggested. *Rabbit, Run* is more diffuse and episodic, and meant to say much more. The book has some magical writing in it and prodigious knowledge of the taste, smell, and sound of things around us today; Updike seems to remember everything and there is something grand and heartbreaking about his imagination. But there is also something wrong with this new novel, something insignificant, or understated, or too dimly felt in the heart of Rabbit himself. Rabbit is a young and lustful basketball player, a literary type certainly and possibly a genuine national type; a young man whose heart is empty after his young, sports days are over. Rabbit runs away from his wife, his mistress, his children, and at the end is still running. Perhaps he does what people do in life, perhaps he is irresponsible, running-away America, but he is nevertheless not entirely lifelike as a character.

This novel makes great use of the *Ingredient* and this use in no way cheapens the scene. Rabbit's fornications are the book and the critic can only report them "well-written," convincing, actually charming. Updike has superlative talent for these awful young married couples. Janice, drinking, watching *The Mouskeeters* on television, is incomparable. *Love* is tragic, but sex is always comic. To quote from Huxley again, *Othello* would not be the tragedy we know if Desdemona had stepped ashore at Cyprus and "revealed the inadequacies of sixteenth-century underclothing. . . . There are certain things which even the best, even Shakespearean tragedy, cannot absorb into itself." Perhaps one of the unsatisfactory things about the new frank novels is that the novelists have not decided or discovered in what way this frankness will change the work itself. It cannot be merely interlarded like suet in the roast. A work like Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park* is an aesthetic whole because it carries the sex through to the end, accepts its human meaning.

Anthony West's *The Trend Is Up* (Random House, \$4.95) is a heavy, deeply conventional novel. (I was reminded many times of the film version of *Giant*.) The *Ingredient* is tossed into the pot at the very beginning. On page 29, we already have a nymphomaniac saying, "Perhaps I ought to kill myself. . . . Do you think I ought to kill myself? How can I go on, the way I am?" (The briskness of the introduction of sex seems to be based on the fear the bookseller or the reader will give up unless sufficiently stimulated in the first pages.) West's book is very sentimental: old families gone to seed, charming, ruthless men who make a fortune, end up alone, having in pursuit of the dollar improbably alienated wife and children. "Tell me, tell me, what I did wrong!" he said, speaking as if he expected an answer. But there was no one in the house to reply to his words, which were absorbed without echo by the shuttered void." Those words are the actual ending of this desolating book.

## TALES LIKE CONCERTOS

WHAT a relief to shift to a triumphant work by a mind free of cant: *The Trial Begins* (Pantheon, \$2.95) by a young, or so we assume, Soviet writer who publishes under the pseudonym, Abram Tertz. This short novel was written in secret and smuggled out of Russia, by way of Paris, where it was first published. Tertz's story, which takes place in Stalin's last period, during the time of the "doctors' plot," could hardly be excelled for interest and importance. The book is short, episodic, witty, tragic, amazingly cosmopolitan. When we see Marina, studying her nude image in a mirror, all of the corruption of Soviet bureaucracy is in her gesture. Restlessness, delinquency, pitiful revolutionary idealism on the part of the young intellectuals, abortions: Russia has, under its Puritanism, all the pathos and decay and tragedy of the rest of the world. But the very existence and possibility of this young man, Tertz, and the likelihood of others like him are intriguing beyond description. He has a brilliant literary mind, deeply taught in the intellectual European tradition, and a

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

marvelous, poetical prose style. His article "On Socialist Realism," published in *Dissent* last winter, concerns itself with the deepest and most pressing problems of Soviet life. "Sometimes we felt that only one final sacrifice was needed for the triumph of Communism—the renunciation of Communism. O Lord, O Lord—pardon us our sins!"

*Shadows on the Grass* by Isak Dinesen (Random House, \$3.75) is a sort of addition to her great book *Out of Africa*. The calm of her opening sentence: "As here, after twenty-five years, I again take up episodes of my life in Africa, one figure, straight, candid, and very fine to look at, stands as doorkeeper to all of them: my Somali servant Farah Aden. Were any reader to object that I might choose a character of greater importance, I should answer him that that would not be possible." Isak Dinesen has two styles, just as Conrad had: a serene one and a dense, Baroque manner. These foreigners, writing in English, have, or so one feels, a superabundance of language; they give the feeling of something mastered, like the piano, something constantly considered and practiced. And this is their greatness, their ability to write these wonderful tales, as if they were great concertos. About *Shadows on the Grass*, it is enough to say that it can stand with *Out of Africa*.

### LITERARY AND CULTURAL

Leslie Fiedler's *No! In Thunder* (Beacon Press, \$4.50) is a collection of breathless, astounding thoughts on literary and cultural matters. Some of these, particularly a long essay on the role of the child in literature, are the best things Fiedler has done. His exaggerations are so extreme that they become a sort of poetic surge, with one intense, concentrated image after another flowing past the amazed reader. It is hardly possible to suggest the excitement of this mind, the speed of the style. Very few works of fiction can compete with it for sheer suspense and vigor of imagination.

The *Pacifiers* by Mark Hanan (Little, Brown, \$5) and *The Smut Peddlers* by James Jackson Kilpatrick (Doubleday, \$4.50) are not

books at all. *The Smut Peddlers* uses phrases like "merchants of filth," and is a thoroughly useless book. The few quotations from pornographic books of the more feeble-minded sort might interest some readers who would not wish to go so far as to read or find the books themselves. *The Pacifiers*, about the morally narcotic effect of advertising, is, of course, written by an advertising consultant. One cannot do better on these books than a quotation from Harold Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New*:

" . . . I find something annoying about the mentality of those who keep handling the goods while denying any appetite for them. True, some of my best friends are mass-culture analysts. . . . The common argument of the mass-culture intellectuals that they have not come to bathe in the waters but to register the degree of its pollution does not impress me. I believe they play in this stuff because they like it, including those who dislike what they like."

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*Decision at Delphi*, by Helen MacInnes.

Miss MacInnes is a weaver of splendid suspense stories whose patterns take credible shape from the difficult milieu of international politics. This novel starts with two men starting out for Greece—an American architect, a Greek-American photographer—on a double assignment for a large American picture magazine. Even before they get there, all hell begins to break loose in quiet, mysterious ways. Slowly, against the loveliest backgrounds—Taormina, the Acropolis, the country around Sparta, Parnassos, Delphi—the complicated wheels-within-wheels plot unwinds. As always, her hero and heroine are brave, beautiful, and intelligent so that in their conversations one gets a full measure of Greek history, politics, art history;

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

discussions of Communism *vs.* nihilism; and even a modern Greek poet gets mixed into the plot. Given all this, plus an arch-villain and several long chases across the Greek countryside, and one has the most wonderful going-to-Greece present ever invented. One is entertained and can't help learning at the same time. Harcourt, \$4.95

**The Little Conquerors**, by Ann Abelson.

An intense novel about a large Italian family in a New England city. All the characters of this tempestuous and ambitious family are well realized, but since all of them are not only driven but driving, the reader finishes the book convinced by all the family feuds and bickerings and ambitions but almost as exhausted by them as the family itself. A discerning study of a special American world.

Random House, \$4.95

**The Light in the Piazza**, by Elizabeth Spencer.

Like all Miss Spencer's work, this book about an American mother and daughter in Florence sustains a remarkable balance between toughness and compassion, fragility and strength. The tension created by this confrontation of opposites is electric. The daughter falls in love with a charming young Italian. The reasons for and against the match produce the story and can't be revealed here but it's the kind of plot that one false line could turn into bathos. Instead, the resolution is sure, delicate, and even amusing, and the build-up of the character of the absent American father is masterly. In a shorter version the story appeared in *The New Yorker*.

McGraw-Hill, \$3

## NON-FICTION

**Two Ladies and Letters**

One of the pleasures of reading literary biography is that one becomes involved with not only one person but a whole world of familiar literary figures seen in a new light, through the eyes—and often through the very illuminating words—of the subject of the biography. In any case two striking biographies of two women utterly

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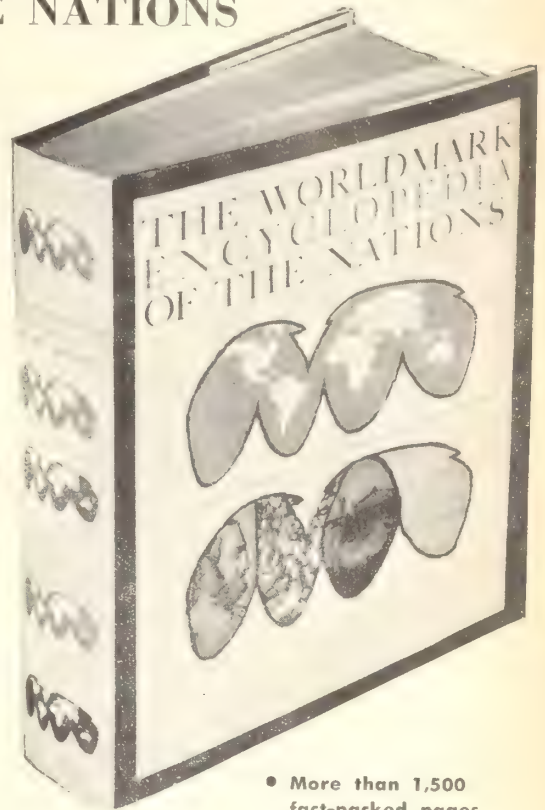
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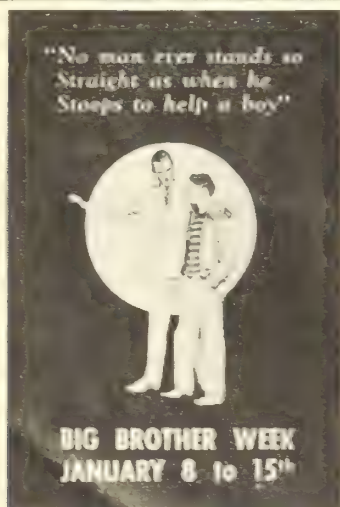
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divergent except for their involvement in the world of letters and that involvement utterly different too, have recently been published.

**Cora Crane**, by Lillian Gilkes.

In the three brief years in which Cora Crane was the common-law wife of the young author of *The Red Badge of Courage* (Stephen Crane died when he was twenty-eight), they counted among their friends such people as Henry James, the Joseph Conrads, the H. G. Wellses. In the book one finds stories, letters, even some faded photographs of these people who came often to their ghost-haunted, tumble-down castle, Brede Place, in Sussex in 1898. All this is interesting but more astonishing is the driving force of the small, determined, beautiful, redheaded woman fighting to get her way by most unconventional methods in a Victorian society. Twice married and once divorced, she was, when Crane met her, running a hotel—the Hotel de Dream—of dubious reputation, in Jacksonville, Florida. Miss Gilkes starts her story there; goes backward to describe the origins, and then continues the saga of this woman (a writer herself) whose boast was that she always “lived five years in one” to the time of her death. On the way many myths about her are exploded but the very truth as set down here has the quality of legend. Beside his wife, Crane—for all his genius—seems irresolute and small.

Indiana, \$6.75

**Sara Teasdale**, by Margaret Haley Carpenter.

This is the biography of a woman in every way, except in the intensity of her emotions, the opposite of Cora Crane. Frail and retiring physically, her strength and her hold over her friends lay in her perception, her absolute integrity, her gentleness and understanding. Her poignant lyrics held an honored place among the many articulate voices of the twenties and thirties, and her songs brought to her as friends Harriet Monroe, John Hall Wheelock, the Louis Untermeyers, Edna Millay, Marguerite Wilkinson, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and most particularly Vachel Lindsay. Although she asked that her

letters never be published and her wish has been largely respected, the uninhibited outpourings that Vachel Lindsay (who loved her all his life) wrote to her are very fully excerpted here and from them one understands clearly the other half of the relationship. One gathers also from these hitherto unpublished letters almost the whole tragic picture of Lindsay's own life so that this is a kind of double biography. Even without Miss Teasdale's letters, since so much of what she thought and felt found its way into her poetry, it is possible under the guidance of her skillful biographer to read much of her life in her own words and in verse. And what a delight that is! The book is the work of a woman who is both a scholar and a poet and reading it is an informative and pleasurable experience from start to finish, a long and lovely poetic journey.

Schulte, \$7.50

**Architecture in America: A Photographic History from the Colonial Period to the Present**, by Wayne Andrews. Introduction, Russell Lynes.

There is no better way to give the essence of this beautiful book than to quote Russell Lynes's illuminating introduction:

Of all the visual arts . . . architecture has in some ways suffered most from the camera. . . . A building is not, as so many photographers seem to think, a subject for an “art” print. It is an object to be walked around and through, to be lived in and worked in. . . . As his own distinguished photographs immediately demonstrate, Wayne Andrews is a man who has walked through and around the buildings he has been at such pains over so many years to record.

Atheneum, \$15

**American Art Museums and Galleries. An Introduction to Looking**, by Eloise Spaeth.

DO look now. The chances are there's a museum at your elbow. Here are instructive, lively notes (with many illustrations) on eighty-four American museums with information on their purposes, hours, facilities (libraries and restaurants) and many anecdotes about donors and acquisitions. Mrs. Spaeth is herself a collector who was for fifteen years chairman of the American

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

Federation of Arts' Traveling Service and is today a trustee of the Federation and of the Archives of American Art. This is an invaluable and happy contribution to art lovers and would-be art lovers in every part of the country. Harper, \$5.95

**Confessions of an Art Addict**, by Peggy Guggenheim. Introduction by Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

A much more personal and informal approach to the arts (modern this time) emerges from this biographical story of the poor little rich girl—granddaughter of Seligmans and Guggenheims. In the 1930s, "as an amateur's diversion," she opened an *avant-garde* gallery in London and has been a serious patron of the arts ever since. As Alfred Barr says in his introduction:

Courage and vision, generosity and humility, money and time, a strong sense of historical significance, as well as of aesthetic quality—these are factors of circumstance and character which have made Peggy Guggenheim an extraordinary patron of twentieth-century art.

She has no literary pretensions and her stories of her life, her friends, her collections are told in a clipped, choppy style with an abrupt charm of its own, a humorous directness, and a disarming simplicity. Here is a sample, a part of her conclusion:

I do not like art today. I think it has gone to hell, as a result of the financial attitude. People blame me for what is painted today because I had encouraged and helped this new movement to be born. I am not responsible. Eighteen years ago there was a pure pioneering spirit in America. A new art had to be born—Abstract Expressionism. I fostered it. I do not regret it. It produced Pollock, or rather, Pollock produced it. This alone justifies my efforts. As to the others I don't know what got into them.

Macmillan, \$4

#### From Harper's into Books

Witty: "Out of Town With a Show" by Jean Kerr (June 1960 issue) is now in her book **The Snake Has All the Lines**. Doubleday, \$3.50

Witty and wise: Eric Larrabee's "Pornography is Not Enough" (November 1960 issue) is now a part of his book **The Self-Conscious Society**:

**The State of American Culture at Mid-Century**. Doubleday, \$3.50

Witty and wriggly: Actually none of the cartoons and drawings which Tomi Ungerer has done for us in the last year or two appear in his new book **Horrible: An Account of the Sad Achievements of Progress** but the mad spirit is identical.

Atheneum, \$10

#### FORECAST

##### Africa

The new publishers' catalogues for 1961 are only just beginning to come in as our magazine goes to press but it is already clearly evident that there will soon be on the market an overwhelming flood of books to clear away our ignorance of Africa. Houghton Mifflin is publishing in January *The Shooting at Sharpsville: The Agony of South Africa*, by Bishop Richard Reeves of Johannesburg, who uses the story of the massacre as a starting place for a discussion of *apartheid* in general. In March from Van Nostrand will come *Africa Speaks*, by James Duffy and Robert Manners; Doubleday has scheduled for April *Africa A to Z: A Guide for Travelers—Armchair and Actual*, by Robert S. Kane, who "has traveled in seventy countries on five continents, and has toured Africa three times"; and the Free Press of Glencoe, Illinois, has announced that David Apter of the University of Chicago will be general editor of a five-volume scholarly work to be published in 1962, *The African Encyclopedia*. They expect to have a list of the contributors by fall.

The Book-of-the-Month Club will have its share in the new enlightenment, for both books in its double selection for January concern themselves with Africa. One is Alan Moorehead's illuminating history, *The White Nile* (Harper) and the other is Isak Dinesen's four new short stories reviewed above. In February the club forsakes Africa to choose Ernest K. Gann's new book about flying, *Fate Is the Hunter* from Simon & Schuster, but in March it turns back again—with Graham Greene's *A Burnt-Out Case*—to the Congo (Viking). The dual selection for that month also includes *China Court* by Rumer Godden (Viking).

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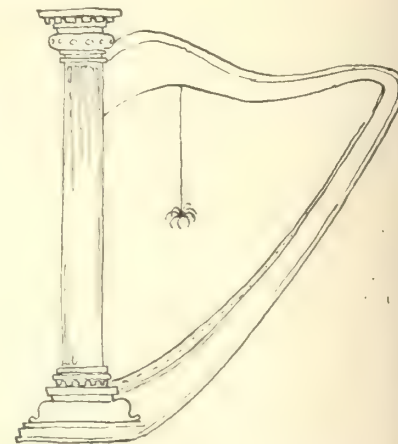
We all recognize nationalism in music—the elements that make Mussorgsky so unmistakably Russian, Verdi so unmistakably Italian, Smetana so unmistakably Czech. Putting one's finger exactly on what constitutes the nationalism is another and more difficult matter. Virgil Thomson once defined "American music" as music written by an American. He is ever a witty man; but is John Cage's music "American"? Or Leon Kirchner's? In any country, at any time, there are eclectics whose music is more cosmopolitan than national. But some composers, even when hewing to strict academic form, can no more refrain from writing nationalistic music than they can refrain from breathing.

The major nationalists seem to be steeped in the folk-song elements of their country. They may not necessarily use actual folk songs in their music, but their thematic invention is such that folk elements are always being suggested. Antonin Dvorak was such a composer, and nearly everything he wrote stems from Bohemia. He was a Czech, and proud of it; and even his *New World Symphony* is a great deal more Bohemian than American.

An opportunity of examining some almost unknown, but large-scale, Dvorak has recently been provided by the Artia record company. This organization has an arrangement with Artia of Czechoslovakia by which the Czechoslovak label is being made available in this country. Naturally Artia is chock-full of Dvorak items, including the unnum-

bered symphonies. Dvorak really composed nine symphonies rather than the sequence of five known to Americans. Three symphonies were published posthumously, and one apparently has remained unpublished.

The two early symphonies currently released by Artia are the *E flat* (Op. 10) of 1873, with the Prague Symphony under Vaclav Smetacek (Artia 136; \*(S)136; the asterisk refers here and below to stereophonic pressings); and the *D minor* (Op. 13) of 1874 (Artia 137; \*(S)137), with the same orchestra led by Vaclav Neumann. Both of these represent the "classical" Dvorak, in that the symphonies attempt to be abstract works in the manner of Brahms. But try as he will to be classical, Dvorak's Czech blood frequently boils over into snatches that



are out-and-out nationalism. Both of these symphonies are fine works, especially the *E flat*, with its big, soaring themes and rich orchestration. They are worth investigation.

Three of the five numbered symphonies—the familiar ones in *D minor* (No. 2), *G* (No. 4), and *E minor* (No. 5, "From the New World")—have been assembled in a three-disc album as presented by George Szell and the Cleveland Or-



## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

chestra (Epic SC 6038; \*BSC 109). The recorded sound is brilliant. Szell is the most authoritative of Dvorak interpreters, his orchestra is brilliant, and thus anybody looking for Dvorak's three best symphonies in one package can stop right here.

One other Dvorak album is worth mention, a three-disc recording of his opera *The Devil and Kate* (Artia ALPO 81). The chances are that this work has never been done in America. It is one of the composer's strongly nationalistic efforts: a jolly, lusty, colorful opera—a "fairy-tale opera," Dvorak called it—that belongs on the shelves of a record library alongside of Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. The performance, with singers from the Prague National Theatre conducted by Zdenek Chala-bala, sounds as authentic as one could desire. None of the singers is of major-league caliber, but they enter into the spirit of the music so idiomatically and with such enthusiasm that criticism becomes superfluous.

### The Gypsy Approach

Music of two other nationalists—Sibelius of Finland and Ives of America—has been recorded. The former's *Violin Concerto*, one of his most beautiful works, has come out in two editions—one with Jascha Heifetz and the Chicago Symphony under Walter Hendl (Victor LM 2435; \*LSC 2435), the other with David Oistrakh and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (Columbia ML 5492; \*MS 6157). The Columbia disc contains another Sibelius work, *The Swan of Tuonela*.

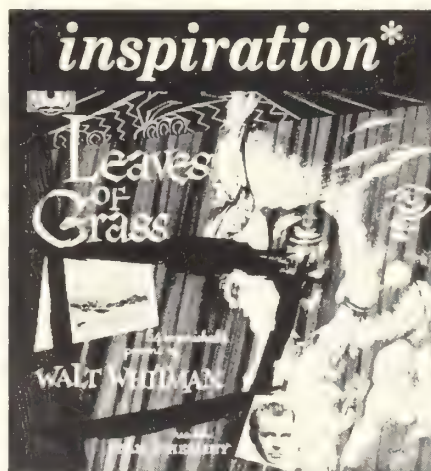
What a difference between these two violinists and their approach to the music! Heifetz, who has recorded the work several times before, is all strength, brilliance, and even austerity. Oistrakh's performance by comparison sounds almost devious. He approaches the work as a violin concerto, while Heifetz approaches it as a piece of music in which the violin happens to figure. With Oistrakh the listener is always conscious of the instrument; with Heifetz, of the music. Oistrakh uses a heavy vibrato, a lot of sliding, and an altogether gypsy approach. He is a powerhouse of an instrumentalist, but next to the Heifetz performance he tends to sound almost feminine



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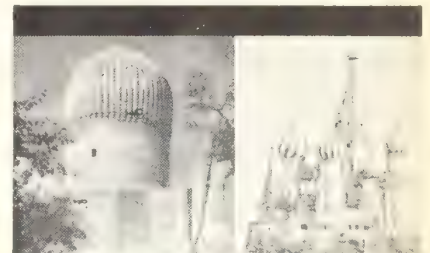
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and tricky. Heifetz is heard at his very best in this recording; and Heifetz at his best is still the greatest living violinist.

*Blazing Conviction*

Many consider Charles Ives the only real American nationalist (in the sense that Dvorak and the Russian Five were nationalists). His *Second Symphony*, an amazing work, can be studied in a Columbia recording by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia KL 5489; \*KS 6155). Ives, a part-time composer (he was in the insurance business), composed this around the turn of the century. The more one hears it, the more fascinating it sounds.

The music is a weird jumble of folk melodies, hymn tunes, Civil War tunes, national airs ("Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" occupies a prominent place), and what have you. But none of it is handled in a self-conscious manner. Ives is not saying, "Look how American am I." He uses this material simply, naturally, and without affectation because it is a part of him. His music sounds revolutionary and *is* revolutionary; he was one of the great innovators.

But the message in all of Ives' music is simple, no matter how complex the treatment. The *Second Symphony* is one of the easier Ives works to listen to, for outside of a delirious pile-up of polytonality at the end of the last movement, it is quiet, flowing, and quite consonant. He was to American music what Whitman was to American poetry.

It may be that he was eccentric, and that his music, because of the ferocious problems it poses the performer, will never make much headway. But more and more he is emerging as the most important American composer. He had something to say and he said it his own way, with blazing conviction, frequent wit, and a homespun quality.

*An Obvious Transplant*

A comparison of his *Second Symphony* with Ernest Bloch's *America*, recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Symphony of the Air (Vanguard 1056; \*2065), is rather interesting, and it illustrates the difference between pure nationalism and superimposed nationalism. Bloch wanted to write a piece of music in honor of America. And so he composed a three-movement work, in 1927, that is a sort of symphonic poem telling the story of this country from the Pilgrims through the year 1926. Bloch used a large number of American folk tunes for the score (on this record the voice of the late composer is heard discussing his composition and American folk music), just as Ives did in the *Second Symphony*.

There the resemblance ends. Bloch was a fine, perhaps a great, composer, but his entire musical outlook is European. He could quote folk material but it was an obvious transplant. His *America*, a sincere and moving piece of music, is anything but American. Whereas Ives could almost be a synonym for the American flag. There was no Swiss-German accent to his musical speech.

AND ALSO . . .

Falla: Seven Popular Spanish Songs. Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano (London 5517, monophonic; OS 25113, stereophonic).

A new voice, and a fine one. Berganza has color, temperament, and control—a fine combination. Other Spanish songs are heard on this disc.

Liszt: Piano Concerto in E flat; Hungarian Fantasy; Mephisto Waltz. Jorge Bolet, piano, and Symphony of the Air conducted by Robert Irving (Everest 6062, mono; 3062, stereo).

Powerhouse performances, in which Bolet's bravura mechanism also has a musical meaning. In short, the interpretations are not only technically expert but emotionally satisfying.

Dvorak: Symphony No. 2; Four Slavonic Dances. Bernard Haitink and Concertgebouw Orchestra (Epic LC 3668, mono; BC 1070, stereo).

Rich-sounding, beautifully organized conducting from a new name. Haitink is a young Dutch conductor who, if this disc is any indication, should develop into an important figure.



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MARTIN LUTHER KING

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By James Baldwin

CAN DE GAULLE AVOID  
CIVIL WAR?

By the time this article is published the perilous situation in Algeria may have toppled still another French government. What are de Gaulle's plans? What are his chances of success?

By George Steiner

MR. JUSTICE BLACK AND  
THE BILL OF RIGHTS

His dissenting opinions are prodding American lawyers (and some of his colleagues) into the liveliest legal debate in many a year.

By Charles L. Black, Jr.  
of the Yale Law School

ALSO . . .

Santha Rama Rau, Garrett Mattingly, Paul Goodman, Maurice Druon.

# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## BIZET GOES TO TOWN

Back in the dear, dead days when they used to argue about whether the classics should or should not be "swung," Deems Taylor uttered the last word on the subject. If Bach couldn't stand it, he said, there was less to him than had hitherto been supposed. Now the argument is over, so well forgotten that jazz records based on "classics" are no news whatever, and an enjoyable form of wit runs the risk of being ignored.

The idea is essentially a sound one. What better melodies to play against than those familiar in a different context? What better frame of mind than the thumb placed lightly to the nose? The fact is that Ellington's *Sugar Plum Fairy* ("Sugar Rum Cherry"), and most of Kessel's *Carmen*, are quite funny. Rogers manages to maintain better-than-even competition, not to say a slight lead, while *Swinging at the Opera* is equally light-footed, equally at home in both worlds.

One other thing remains to be said about the Everest record. It is an extravagant example of the purblind, self-destructive merchandising that still blights decent jazz performances. I am sure there are reasonable numbers of people who can recognize themes from the major operas, and might have liked to hear them in jazz versions. There also may be a comparable number who admire Al "Jazzbo" Collins, and follow his direction in matters of taste. But they are not the same people.

Fred Karlin was presumably in earnest about his arrangements, and the orchestra under his direction consisted of serious and able musicians. To have the performance "presented" by Jazzbo Collins, and annotated in hyperthyroid disk-jockey humor, was to alienate both audiences at once. Everest was cynically saying that in effect it didn't know how to sell this record except by faking it.

**The Nutcracker Suite.** Ellington, Strayhorn, Tchaikovsky. Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. Columbia CL 1541. The *Swingin' Nutcracker*. Arranged and conducted by Shorty Rogers. RCA Victor LPM-2110.

**Carmen.** Adapted by Barney Kessel. Contemporary M 3563. Al "Jazzbo" Collins presents *Swinging at the Opera*. Arrangements and orchestra conducted by Fred Karlin. Everest LPBR 5097.

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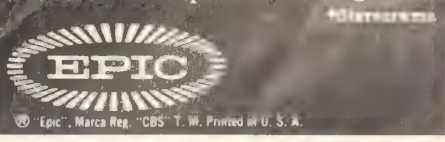
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MUSIC FOR A GOLDEN FLUTE—GRIFFES: Poem; FOOTE: A Night Piece; HANSON: Serenade; HONEGGER: Concerto da Camera—Maurice Sharp, Flute; The Cleveland Sinfonietta, Louis Lane, Cond. LC 3754 BC 1116\*

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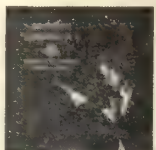
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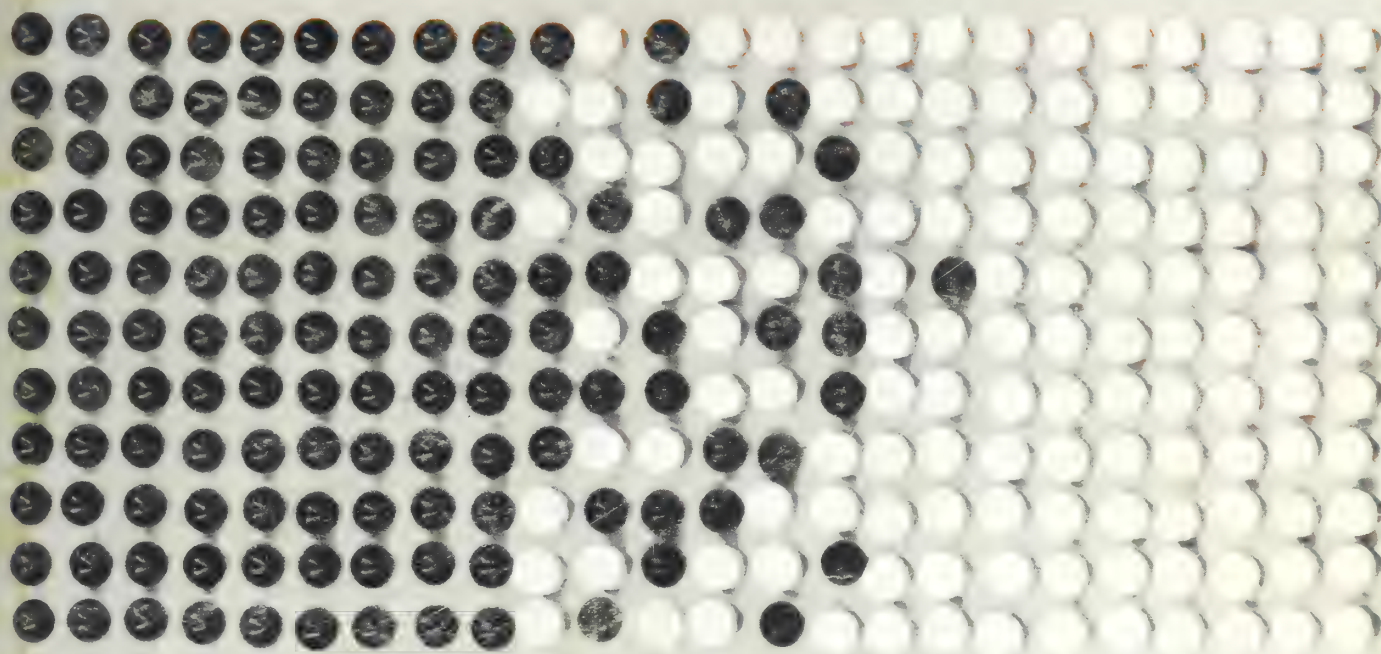


# Harper's

*magazine*

## THE DANGEROUS ROAD BEFORE MARTIN LUTHER KING

James Baldwin



Can  
de Gaulle  
Avoid  
Civil  
War?

George  
Steiner

Hoodlum  
Priest  
and  
Respectable  
Convicts

William  
Krasner

Mr. Justice  
Black,  
the  
Supreme  
Court,  
and  
the Bill  
of Rights

Charles L.  
Black, Jr.

Surgery  
for  
Strokes

Leonard  
Engel



Apollo's new Saturn Space Vehicle will take off hundreds of times inside IBM computers before reaching the launching pad. It took more than a thousand test firings to develop the V-2 rocket. Yet only 10 research firings are scheduled for Saturn—a rocket-powered vehicle vastly more intricate. The difference will be made up in simulated flights on two IBM 7090 computers recently delivered to the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Huntsville, Alabama. Saturn is designed to send payloads of tons into orbits around the earth, to the moon and back, and deep into outer space. These trips can be simulated on IBM computers in a matter of hours, using mathematical equations to calculate results of the "flight." Huntsville scientists say the simulated flights will save years of time and many millions of dollars. In business as well as science, problems made up of many complex parts can frequently be solved with IBM computers and data processing systems.

IBM



how to circle the moon without leaving the earth

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VOL. 222, NO. 13  
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## ARTICLES

- 33 The Dangerous Road Before Martin Luther King  
*James Baldwin*
- 44 Can de Gaulle Avoid a Civil War? *George Steiner*
- 52 Surgery for Strokes. *Leonard Engel*
- 57 Hoodlum Priest and Respectable Convicts,  
*William Krasner*
- 63 Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court, and the  
of Rights, *Charles L. Black, Jr.*
- 73 Bruno Walter, *Martin Mayer*
- 78 Stranded in Kabul, *Santha Rama Rau*

## FICTION

- 43 The Frozen Moose, *Garfield Scrog*
- 89 Knate, *Marcel Aymé*

## VERSE

- 49 The Journey, *Maxine W. Kumin*
- 51 The Character of Washington, *Paul Goodman*
- 62 Memento, *Gilbert Highet*

## DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
- 14 The Editor's Easy Chair—AGENDA FOR THE TWO K'S,  
*John Fischer*
- 28 After Hours, *Russell Lynes and Bertram Brownhold*
- 94 Public & Personal—THE RAZOR'S EDGE FOR NIXON  
AND THE GOP, *William S. White*
- 100 The New Books, *Garrett Mattingly*
- 105 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 108 Music in the Round, *Discus*
- 113 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

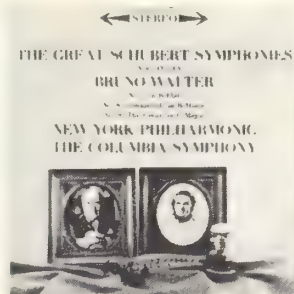
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Bernstein's first Brahms recording—the Symphony No. 1—is majestic and muscular, incisive and invigorating. Bernstein also bestows his characteristic grace and affection on Handel's joyous "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," a choral tribute (with verses by Dryden) to the patron saint of music.

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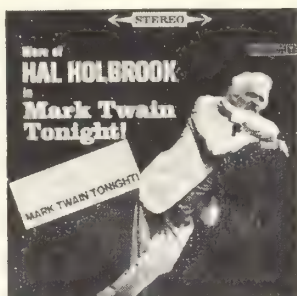
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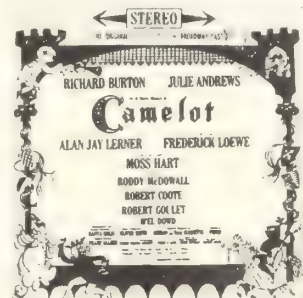
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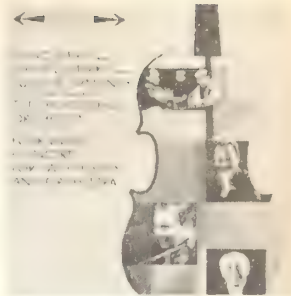
There are other splendid sounds of "Camelot" too. Percy Faith arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8370 / CL 1570\* /



Pianist Andre Previn and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

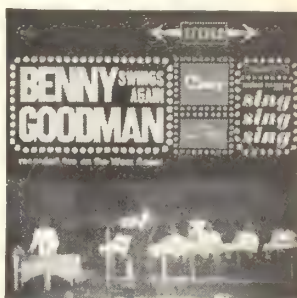
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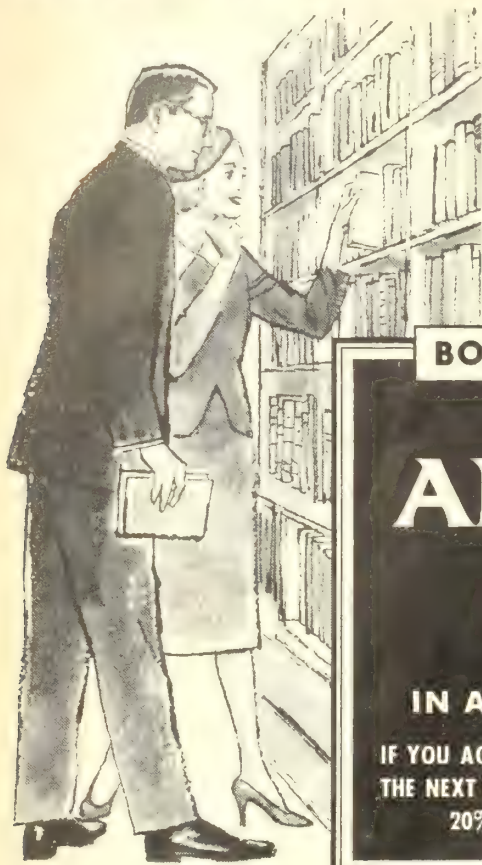


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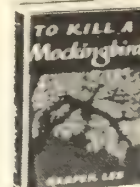
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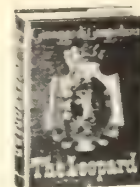
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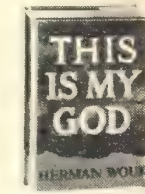
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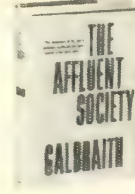
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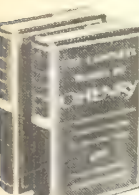
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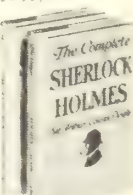
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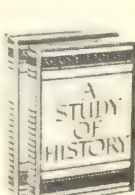
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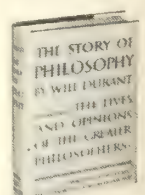
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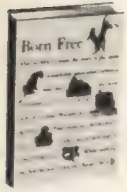
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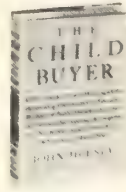
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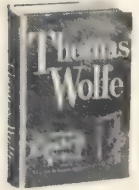


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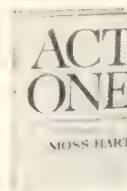
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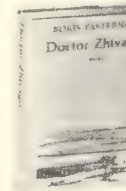
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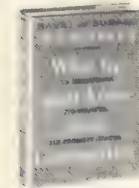
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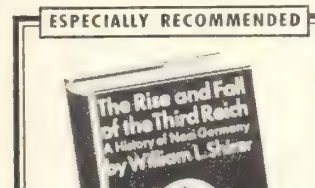
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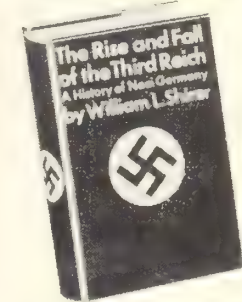
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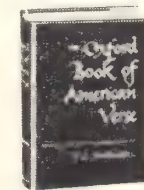
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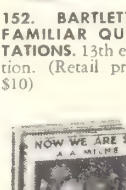
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# LETTERS

## Listen, Dr. Mills!

### TO THE EDITORS:

I know Castro: he was a student of mine in 1947.

As a Cuban by birth, Cuban-educated, a full professor at the University of Havana all the time against Batista and his dictatorship, a former Guggenheim fellow and now a Visiting Research Professor at the University of Florida, I am protesting the much biased and mendacious article, "Listen, Yankee!" The Cuban Case Against the United States" by C. Wright Mills [December], who nowhere tells that he is a member of the so-called "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," playing in the U. S. the game of the dictatorship of Fidel Castro in Cuba.

HERMINIO PORTILL-VILA  
Gainesville, Fla.

Congratulations on the emphasis and space given to "Listen, Yankee!" We norteamericanos are going to have to listen and understand this point of view if we are going to make our way effectively in the world today. The Cuban case, particularly as it relates to free elections and individual rights, has serious flaws and is further evidence that we should do our best to re-establish communications both ways.

CHARLES O. PORTER  
Member of Congress, Oregon  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

Has Dr. Mills considered what the condition of Cuba would have been if Americans had not invested many hundred million dollars in Cuban industries? . . . Those who, like myself, have made business visits to Latin America cannot fail to be impressed by the improvement in living standards of those who work for our companies. . . . Anyone who, like myself, has seen a man—five or six years ago a hungry barefooted Indian—now driving a modern truck; living in a house with modern conveniences; with good schools, hospitals, and a modern supermarket, anyone who has seen this cannot help being proud of the work we are doing abroad, whether or not we are hated. . . .

IRA B. JORALEMON  
San Francisco, Calif.

"Listen Yankee!" But to whom are we listening? Surely not to the common man of Cuba. The voice sounds

familiar—echoes of Cromwell, Sam Adams, Robespierre, and Lenin. . . . Professor Mills refers to it as the voice of the Cuban revolution. Perhaps. More likely we are hearing a professional, revolutionary elite (like the Jacobin Society of the French Revolution)—influential, persuasive, and fanatical.

CHARLES S. GRANT  
Asst. Prof. of History  
Middlebury College  
Middlebury, Vt.

. . . If the United States government cannot or will not practice critical self-examination in its dealings with other countries, especially where there is potent evidence of our unpopularity, we shall shrivel up and decay with only our obsessional preoccupation with dark Communist conspiracies to divert us. America once understood, and cared about, other peoples' determination to have a better life for themselves and their children. Professor Mills still does.

STAN WEISBERGER  
Oneonta, N. Y.

Listen, Dr. Mills! I am a Cuban. I have worked all my life and came to this country through my own efforts. . . . You should know that Castro's gang do not represent the poor class nor its youth, as he claims. Since June 1960 when Cubans realized Castro's Communist ideas, the majority of Cuban refugees coming into the U.S. have been young people, workers, and of middle-class families. If Castro represents them, why would they leave him? Of the Cuban refugees coming here, 40 per cent are workers, 23 per cent professional men, 16 per cent clerical workers, 10 per cent state employees, 7 per cent students, and 4 per cent businessmen. Can there be so many stupid Cubans who would rather starve in this country than live in Castro's paradise? Listen, Dr. Mills, Cuba's problems will be solved, not through Castro's Communist methods but through democratic ways even if this takes another thousand years!

RAFAEL LECUONA  
Tallahassee, Fla.

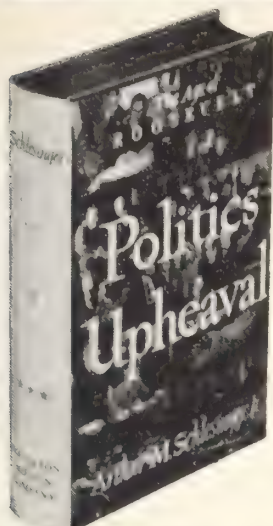
Indicting American "big dough" because the nineteenth-century robber barons were less than altruistic seems far out in left field. . . . When I was in Cuba thirty years ago, gambling, sponsored by home-grown Cuban rascals, was rampant. At the Havana race track I saw my Cuban friend instruct his jockey to load his horse with so much dope that the beast nearly went into orbit before



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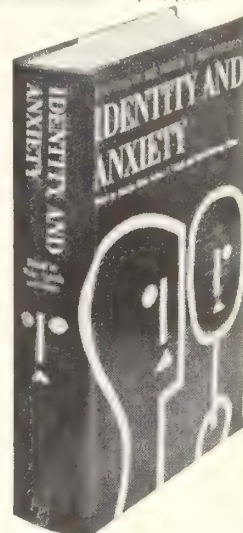
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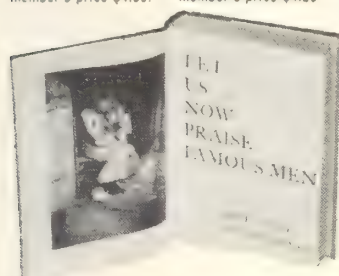
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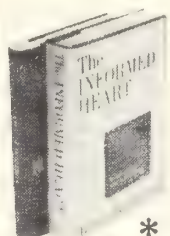
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the race even began. I was somewhat horrified by this casual approach to a cardinal sin of racing but I was told that jazzing up your horse was standard operating procedure in Cuba . . .

Prostitution did not begin, nor will it end, in Cuba. Since the time of Christ and before, we read of woman's oldest profession. Some of the most civilized nations of the world indulge in [it] and they do not blame the condition on Yankee imperialism. Will there be no sin in Cuba now that the money-grabbing Yanks have been driven out?

JOHN W. DALTON  
Cincinnati, O.

### *Touch of the Poet*

TO THE EDITORS:

I was glad to find the poem by Walt Whitman ["Wood Odors," December], for it seemed a step on our way to remembering the greatness of our past and perhaps a step toward moving on again in that vital direction so buried and ignored in our current poetry. . . . Minor Whitman, but pleasant, and it is good to hear the ease of the speech after the contorted and corset-bound stuff of the past decade.

FRED LAPE  
Esperance, N. Y.

Walt Whitman came to Camden, New Jersey, from Washington, D. C., in 1873, to be near his mother who lived with his brother, George. He remained in Camden till his death in 1892. The Glendale referred to in the note about "Wood Odors" has to be Glendale, New Jersey, a rural community within a short carriage-ride from Camden, where the poet spent much time with his friends, the Staffords.

RAYMOND M. BANCROFT  
Collingswood, N. J.

*Dr. Rena V. Grant, discoverer of the poem, comments:* "The manuscript of 'Wood Odors' was left by Whitman at the Stafford home in Glendale, New Jersey. When the younger Stafford daughter came to California, after her marriage, she brought along a little box of Whitman manuscripts. Later, probably in the mid-1930s, she gave them to a poet-friend in California, Herman Livezey (who had been, from 1926 to 1931, first curator of the Whitman Memorial House in Camden, N. J.). Following Livezey's untimely death, the manuscripts lay unheeded in a California attic until 1959."

### *Christian Views*

TO THE EDITORS:

Many thanks for offering this Christian a more "Christian View of the Fu-

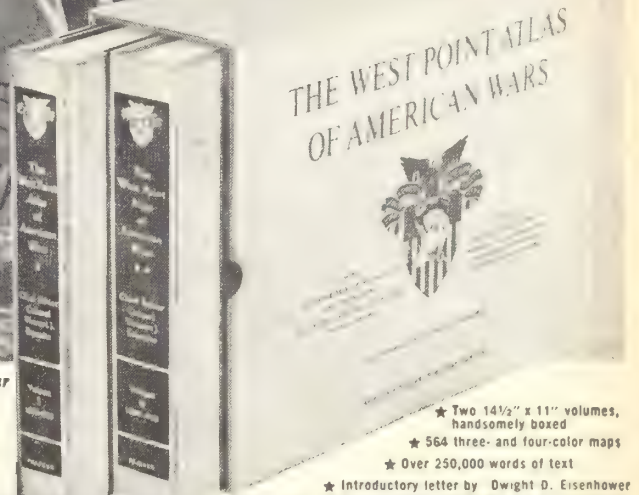


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## LETTERS

ture" [December]. I found Henry Brandon's interview with Reinhold Niebuhr extremely interesting, with a clarity which would appeal to any layman. . . .

MARJORIE WITENBERG  
Student Government President  
Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

It is somewhat ironic that the dean of American theologians in the Protestant tradition today can write on "A Christian View of the Future" without coming to grips with the teachings of Christ. . . .

DONALD N. PRISMON  
Van Nuys, Calif.

. . . Perhaps Dr. Niebuhr has tried so hard to be "relevant" to our world, and especially to the intellectual non-Christian community, that he has subtly betrayed his Lord, Jesus Christ, who used no power structure to gain a wider audience or acceptance of him, and who let himself be killed rather than repudiate his love for his enemies. Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, in *The Brothers Karamazov*, did a magnificent job in revealing this age-old and ever-reappearing attempt by the most well-meaning Christians to improve upon the methods of Jesus!

REV. ROGER BROOKS  
First Congregational Church  
Mondovi, Wis.

## Brustein's Balcony

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert Brustein's contention in "Repertory Fever" [December] that the balcony is "often three-quarters empty" gives the false impression that people turn down an opportunity to see good theatre at a reasonable price. What is "the balcony"? The last row or two cost \$3.00; the next few rows sell for \$3.60; go down a few more, and you're in the \$4.00 to \$5.00 region—and still a long haul from the stage. . . .

HAL POCKRISS  
New York, N. Y.

## Crime Syndicate

TO THE EDITORS:

Since Gerard Goettel's article, "Why the Crime Syndicate Can't Be Touched" [November], we have received several requests from newspapers as to the truth of the statements that the Federal Bureau of Narcotics regarded the Attorney General's Special Group as upstarts and did nothing to assist them until after the [Apalachin] indictments. I quote below from a letter dated December 23, 1959, from Mr. Milton R.

Wessel, Special Assistant to the Attorney General, to me, which conclusively refutes the careless and ill-considered remarks of the author:

"May I express again my sincere appreciation for the outstanding work you and the Bureau have done in helping bring the Apalachin conspiracy prosecution to its successful conclusion. In large measure you were responsible for the force which resulted in creation of the Attorney General's temporary Special Group. . . ."

H. J. ANSLINGER  
Commissioner, Bureau of Narcotics  
Treasury Department  
Washington, D. C.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

My article concerned my experiences with the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime, which went out of existence shortly after the indictment in May 1959 of the Apalachin leaders. I stressed the lack of co-operation given to us by the various investigatory agencies prior to the indictment but made clear their willingness to accept the credit for the indictment and to participate in the prosecution. The letter on which Mr. Anslinger relies . . . pertains primarily to the assistance rendered by the Narcotics Bureau in the prosecution following the indictment.

I challenge Mr. Anslinger to cite any part of the Apalachin indictment that resulted from his Bureau's investigation.

I should, in all fairness, say that despite their limited manpower, the Narcotics Bureau was relatively more co-operative than most investigative agencies—particularly the F.B.I.

GERALD L. GOETTEL  
New York, N. Y.

On November 28, 1960, the U.S. Court of Appeals ordered the conspiracy convictions dismissed because of lack of sufficient evidence.

THE EDITORS

## Uneasy Chair

TO THE EDITORS:

I disagree with your reason for sending Dr. Lawrence Derthick, U.S. Commissioner of Education, a Christmas card. ["The Editor's Easy Chair," John Fischer, December]. . . . You criticize Dr. Derthick and the Superintendent of Schools of Miami for not having read Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984*, books you refer to as classics. . . .

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## LETTERS

by creating a climate for good teaching and learning, then let them do it! Don't elect school board members who demand that certain changes be instituted because "they want it" or because "it was good enough for me." Don't ask [an educator] to be a public relations man and to go egg-sucking around the Chamber of Commerce, unions, Farm Bureau, and other groups to get support for a needed tax increase for schools. Relieve him and teachers of the clerical work and innocuous Kiwanis and Rotary luncheons which prevent reading and reflection on the important matters facing our schools and our nation. . . .

JOSEPH C. JURJEVICH, JR.  
Research Associate, The University  
of the State of New York  
Albany, N. Y.

As I read your Christmas card to Dr. Derthick I recalled my hours of suffering during ten years (1949-59) of teaching English in a public high school. The principal frequently snapped at me: "Wasso sacred 'bout teachin' English?" You see, I protested the custom of dismissing classes so that students might assemble to scream and cheer teams to victory in what I know to be the best part of the learning day, 9:30 to 11:00 A.M. . . . Whenever I failed a student, I was informed, "It's up to you and I to see that he don't fail." When I tried to persuade him to read Jacques Barzun's *Teacher in America* he waved the book away, saying, "I got no time."

Is this principal an exception? Not so. The administrator of one of our most luxurious suburban high schools greeted his teachers: "I know you're gonna like it here real much." . . .

I shudder when I consider what is being done to young people in our public high schools. But I was charged with being a trouble-maker and my life made so miserable I had to leave. Now it is said I was a wonderful teacher! Hmmm. NAME WITHHELD

The so-called Christmas card (what an abuse of the term!) to Dr. Derthick shows what is sometimes wrong with *Harper's*. A Commissioner of Education might better be judged by what he has achieved than by whether or not he has read a particular book, or even subscribed to a particular magazine. Every Commissioner of Education sits on a very hot seat: some sympathetic understanding and constructive proposals would be more welcome than carping scorn.

HERBERT S. CONRAD  
Co-ordinator of Research, Div.  
of Higher Ed., Department of  
Health, Education, and Welfare  
Washington, D. C.

## COMING IN

# Harper's magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### THE FUN OF WRITING THE "INSIDE" BOOKS

One of the world's best—and best-known—journalists tells how he does it.

By John Gunther

### ITALY'S NEW CAESAR

A report on the operations—and the personality—which are making Enrico Mattei one of the most powerful men in Europe.

By Robert Neville

### CALIFORNIA'S \$2 BILLION THIRST

Why the biggest water project ever undertaken by any state is a political, as well as an engineering, miracle.

By Sydney Kossen

### CAN WE TALK WITH SOMEBODY IN OUTER SPACE?

An eminent physicist tells how we might be able to get in touch with people on another planet—perhaps with a civilization far ahead of ours.

By Ralph E. Lapp

### THE TYRANNY OF MULTIPLE-CHOICE TESTS

They rule the fate of nearly all of us—from businessmen to students trying for college. Are they really that good?

By Dr. Banesh Hoffmann



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# THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

## Agenda for the Two Ks

**D**URING the campaign Senator Kennedy promised to make "one more hard try" to work out a disarmament deal with the Russians. At the time I wondered why he thought he might succeed, when seven years of tedious negotiation had come to nothing.

Long before he took office, heavy pressures began to build up—from our allies, Khrushchev, and some political forces at home—to hustle the new President into making good on this promise in a hurry. Hints were dropped about a conference as early as March. I was puzzled about how the Administration could tackle such a difficult job, almost before its Cabinet members had time to find their way around their offices.

So I began to ask questions, whenever I had a chance, of people who are expert in this matter, inside of government and out. Some of them have been Kennedy advisers, others may be soon. What follows is an attempt to summarize some of their thinking—in hopes that it might help anyone interested to follow a little more readily the events of the months just ahead.

MY inquiries turned up four facts which were new to me—and which have not yet been fully grasped, I suspect, by some of the people working in this field.

1. Disarmament—or, more precisely arms control—is not a single problem. It is a vast cobweb of intertangled problems, economic, military, diplomatic, scientific, and political. Any move the government makes has to be weighed on many scales: How will it affect the thinking of the Kremlin, and attitudes in London, New Delhi, and Congress? . . . how many men will it throw out of work? . . . what will it do to the budget, and the drain on our dwindling gold reserves? . . . can it be undone overnight by the work of some yet-unknown scientist in California Tech or Uzbekistan? . . . how will it change the organization and equipment of our Armed Forces? . . . above all, how will it affect the national interest, and our chances of survival?

Consequently, a program for arms control can-

not be worked out by a single man, or even by one department. It has to involve almost the entire apparatus of government, working under the close co-ordination of the President himself.

2. This is not a matter which calls for simple, black-and-white choices, as some emotional people—the Aldermaston Marchers in England, for example, and a few American Quakers—would have us believe.

For one thing, it is not a question of choosing "peace" on the one hand or "extermination" on the other. Both of these extremes are most unlikely, under any circumstances now imaginable.

"Peace" isn't likely, because the world is going through a period of upheaval which inevitably involves a good deal of bloodshed. The newspaper on my desk as I write reports fighting in Algeria, Ethiopia, the Congo, Cuba, and Laos. Before this appears in print, the list may well have doubled. Often this violence is fanned by the Communists, who are always quick to pour arms and agitators into any promising trouble spot they can reach. But much of it would happen even if Russia (and the United States) did not exist. For within this present generation, the calcified tribal, colonial, and feudal societies of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are almost certainly going to be smashed, with or without Communist help. Such overturns rarely occur without a certain amount of gunfire and throat-cutting, and in some places (notably South Africa) it looks as if the blood will run pretty deep. Moreover, as the pressure of population rises in these already-overcrowded continents—doubling every forty years—the clawing for rice and elbowroom will get steadily fiercer. About the best we can hope for, it would seem, is to keep the fighting localized and low-keyed. And in such a world, *total* disarmament clearly would be folly for nations like Russia and America which still have some tempting room to spare.

"Extermination" isn't likely either, even if the worst should happen. Because some pacifists and films like "On the Beach" have told us that a nuclear war would blot out all life on the planet, a good many people apparently have

## Is there a lady in the "House"?

**T**HIS is Mrs. Eugene Schaffer, housewife, mother of two—and a State Senator representing over 65,000 voters in the 14th Connecticut election district. She is one of 318 American women serving in state legislatures this year—and one of more than 30,000 women holding elective offices in federal, state and local government. There is a very good chance that at least one of these women represents you.

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taken this rhetoric literally. I have not been able to find a single informed scientist who does. The most pessimistic—Dr. Linus Pauling—estimates that up to 75 per cent of the people in this country might die in a nuclear attack. This would mean a catastrophe too hideous for the imagination to grasp; it might mean the end of civilization in America, Russia, and perhaps some other countries. But even in those nations directly under fire, some would survive; other parts of the globe would be little affected. (Fall-out undoubtedly would do some genetic damage for generations to come in areas remote from the explosions; but the number of people involved would be *relatively* small.) All this is bad enough. But as R. A. Levine has pointed out in an unpublished paper written for the RAND Corporation, it is “infinitely different from the complete elimination of mankind . . . it is the difference between a future and no future.”

Neither is the real choice between “disarmament” and “nuclear war.” Some advocates of unilateral disarmament argue that the present arms race “inevitably” will lead to war—because arms races always have done so. Actually they haven’t, always; and in any case, this arms race is different. One may grant that the current Balance of Terror is highly ominous; that it may prove unstable; that we ought to do our level best to replace it with something more rational. But the evidence I have seen does not suggest that a nuclear war is inevitable, or even probable within the foreseeable future. It is possible. This possibility is big enough to warrant urgent concern, but not panic.

3. Extreme and sudden solutions won’t work. Those earnest people who picket submarine bases with “Ban the Bomb” placards simply haven’t taken the trouble to find out how rubbery and recalcitrant the situation actually is. The complete abolition of nuclear weapons probably never will be possible, for reasons to be noted in a moment. Neither will “complete and general disarmament.” Any gains that can be made will have to come undramatically, step by step, and over a considerable period of time. They cannot be hastened by emotional campaigns and political pressures; for this is not a struggle between The Good Guys and The Bad Guys. It is a set of problems which can only be solved by the painstaking application of first-rate brainpower to a remarkably intricate wormcan full of squirming facts. In all likelihood the most we can expect this Administration to accomplish is a limited agreement which might cut substantially the chances of a nuclear war. But even that would be enough to earn it the gratitude of history.

1. Finally, I discovered that in recent years this country has not had any real arms-control program. (We had a first-rate one in 1946, in the Acheson-Lilienthal Baruch proposal for abol-

ishing all atomic weapons; but the Russians vetoed it—and since then events have made it obsolete.)

Instead we have had a series of hastily improvised bargaining positions, pasted up from time to time because an unwelcome conference was in the offing and our delegates had to have something to say. Not once in the last thirteen years has our government decided on a long-range goal of its own, and then asked for a meeting to see whether it could be achieved.

Consequently, we have looked confused, if not insincere, and have let the Russians harvest a huge propaganda advantage. For they have been telling an anxious world, loud and clear, that they want complete disarmament right now—while we have mumbled, “Well, maybe . . .” and, “Shucks, they can’t really mean it . . .”

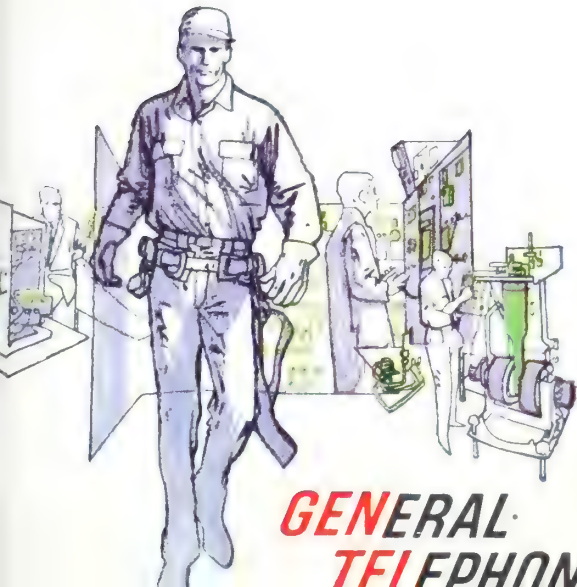
This embarrassed stance resulted, in part, from the fact that the Eisenhower Administration never fully accepted the three facts mentioned above. It treated arms control as an isolated and fairly minor problem. For one period it handed the assignment, as a lame-duck consolation prize, to the ill-starred Harold Stassen. At another time it rested with the so-called Coolidge Commission. Only in its last months did the outgoing Administration get around to setting up a small staff to work systematically on disarmament. Under an able State Department officer, Edmund A. Gullion, it has made preliminary studies which should give a good start to Kennedy’s disarmament chief—John J. McCloy, one of the great public servants of our generation. But up till now the government has never devoted to arms control anything like the talent or money it has lavished on, say, the Polaris missile system or its \$380 million man-into-space boondoggle.

ONE underlying cause of this muddle was a violent disagreement, between sincere and strong-minded men, which has smoldered in Washington for nearly a decade. It smolders still. Eisenhower never made a firm decision between the two warring factions. Until Kennedy is willing to make one—and it won’t be easy—we never will have a coherent policy on disarmament, and no serious negotiations will be possible.

That would be fine with the faction which, so far, has proved the strongest. It feels that any arms talks are worse than useless. Its position was summed up by Admiral Arthur Radford, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: “We cannot trust the Russians on a disarmament agreement or anything. They have broken their word too many times.” This view has had strong support from top people in the Atomic Energy Commission, the Strategic Air Command, and such scientists as Edward Teller. (John Foster Dulles stood with them for most of his term as

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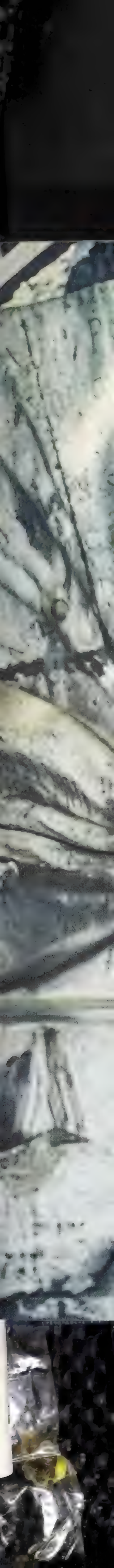
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Factors that set Metrecal apart include: *The new concept*—The measured calories of Metrecal provide, for the first

time in one product, a complete formulation designed expressly for weight reduction. Hence Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve effective weight loss through accurate control of caloric intake on a program that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying, convenient.

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## The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-reducing program.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.



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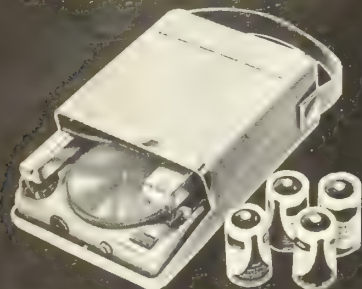


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Secretary of State, but apparently changed his mind shortly before his death.) They believe, and have worked hard to prove, that an air-tight system of inspection to police an arms-control agreement would be impossible.

The other side has included a good many Army people (among them General Maxwell Taylor, former Army Chief of Staff); probably most of State's policy-making echelon; such scientists as Leo Szilard, Jerome Wiesner, and James R. Killian, Jr.; and at times Eisenhower himself.

They agree, in general, with Radford that the Russians are implacably hostile and deceitful. But—as Robert R. Bowie, once head of the State Department's policy-planning staff, has pointed out—"you can trust them to do one thing: 'to pursue their own interests as they see them.'" If it is possible, therefore, to figure out an arms deal which would serve the selfish interests of both the Russians and the United States, then they might be expected to keep it. Of course a foolproof inspection system is impossible—since "no technique depending on human skills and judgment can be infallible"—but maybe control measures could be devised which the Soviets would prefer, in their own interest, to observe rather than evade.

How can this be? Isn't it obvious that anything Russia wants must automatically be a bad thing for us?

Not quite. On nearly everything the aims of the two countries do butt head-on. But on a few points both seem to share a common interest.

Neither side, for example, could profit from an atomic war. Neither can want such a war to break out by accident, or because one side misunderstands the other's intentions. Both would like to discourage any more nations from developing atomic weapons—for every time a new member joins the A-Club, both Russia and America lose a slice of their present almost-exclusive nuclear power. And as such weapons spread, the chances of a war started by acci-

dent, or by a wild man, obviously increase. Not even Khrushchev can look forward happily to the day Mao, Ben Gurion, and Nasser are waving atomic bombs of their own.

In theory, then, it ought to be possible for us to get together with the Russians on a scheme of arms control which would cover these few points. It would still be a long way from "general and complete" disarmament. It would not "guarantee peace." The fight between the Communists and the rest of the world would still go on—as it must, so long as the Communists stick to their avowed "policy of struggle" to rule the globe. (This aim they loudly reaffirmed in the formal statement issued by Russian and Chinese leaders at the close of their summit conference in Moscow last December.) But the struggle might then proceed under ground rules which should reduce sharply the risk of a nuclear catastrophe. That would be a major achievement.

FROM what I know of the thinking of four of Kennedy's top appointees in the foreign-policy and military fields, I believe it likely that the new Administration will make a major effort to reach such an understanding. And I believe that Kennedy himself will overrule the bureaucrats of the Radford-LeMay-Strauss school who have previously prevented serious negotiations.

This does not mean, however, that an agreement can be reached. We don't yet know whether the Russians really want one—although there have been a few promising signs. And even if they do, it will be tremendously difficult to hammer out a workable understanding.

The basic trouble, of course, is that we can't believe anything the Russians say, and they won't believe us. To lie and cheat for the Holy Cause is a basic commandment of the Marxist religion; another of its dogmas teaches that "bourgeois imperialists" (meaning us) can never be trusted.

A kindred difficulty is that some kinds of arms inspection actually are impractical. (On this point, at least, Radford, Teller & Co. seem to be correct.) For example, if a million Russian inspectors peeked every day into every American clothes closet,

\*In a special symposium on arms control published in the Fall, 1960, issue of *Dialectics*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. This is one of the most useful documents available on the subject, and the discussion here is much indebted to it.





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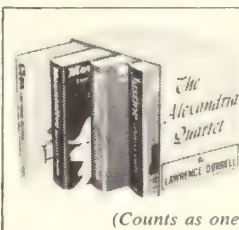
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and if a similar army of American inspectors probed every Siberian snowdrift, they still could not be sure that a few nuclear warheads weren't tucked away somewhere—on the bottom of a lake, or inside the Kremlin's top-secret filing cabinets.

Still, the riddle may not be insoluble.

While neither side can believe anything the other says, each one does draw certain conclusions from the other's actions. We study Soviet troop movements, budgets, weapons production, and diplomatic moves in an effort to guess their real intentions; and they watch us just as closely. It is of course much harder for us to get information. On the other hand, it is much harder for men in the Kremlin to interpret the masses of information they receive, because they read all of it through Marxist lenses—which often give a wildly distorted version of American reality.

In effect, the two countries have been communicating for a long while by means of smoke signals, scanty and obscure. Here perhaps lies the greatest danger, for one or the other might fatally misread the other side's intentions—as the Kremlin guessed wrong about our reaction to the invasion of South Korea.

I WAS surprised to learn that some recent Russian signals have been rather reassuring; and that some of ours might well be interpreted by Moscow with genuine alarm.

For one thing, Russia has not been building up its nuclear striking force nearly as fast as it is capable of doing. According to intelligence estimates which I am told are reliable, it has less than two hundred bombers capable of reaching the United States, although its aircraft industry easily could turn out many more. What is more important, Russia apparently has only about thirty-five intercontinental missiles ready to go, and at its present production rate may have some two hundred by the end of the year. Since this is by no means an overwhelming strength, it would seem reasonable to conclude that Khrushchev isn't planning any immediate nuclear attack.

The view from the Kremlin might look less reassuring. We have insisted that we will never strike first—

that we would use our nuclear weapons only in retaliation against a Soviet attack. But the Russians can see that our weapons are mostly of the "strike-first" variety. They consist of five hundred intercontinental bombers and (at this writing) just nine Atlas missiles, standing naked on above-ground launching pads; in addition we have some highly vulnerable short-range Thor missiles at "unhardened"—that is, unprotected—sites in England and other overseas points. Nearly all of these planes and missiles could presumably be wiped out in the first few minutes of a Soviet attack so that we wouldn't have much left to retaliate with. If you were a Russian, wouldn't you wonder, just a little, whether America might be planning a strike-first rather than a strike-second strategy?

If Moscow was nursing such a suspicion, it could easily have been inflamed by the U-2 flights. They were intended primarily to spot Soviet launching sites. Now that kind of intelligence would be essential if we were planning to strike first, since it would help us to wipe out all or most of Russia's long-range weapons. But it wouldn't be particularly useful if we were really depending on a second-strike strategy, because then our retaliatory blow would be aimed at Soviet cities—and we have those pinpointed already.

Again, Marxist doctrine argues that our economy depends entirely on "war preparations," and that we can't really want disarmament because it would throw America into a disastrous depression. We don't see it that way, of course—but it is true that something like 25 per cent of our industry is supported, directly or indirectly, by defense contracts, and that we have made no plans for switching to a peacetime economy. If we want to convince the Russians that we are truly serious about arms negotiations, then the government had better start turning out a stack of conversion blueprints. That is the kind of reassurance-by-action which might make some impression on the Marxist mind.

Paradoxically, two of our new weapons also may have a reassuring effect. Both have, in the technical jargon, true "second-strike capability." The missile-toting Polaris sub-

marines hidden under the sea and the solid-fuel Minuteman missiles in "hardened" or mobile launching sites are both pretty well invulnerable, and therefore would be available for retaliatory use. Unlike most of our present weapons, they do not have to be used first if they are to be used at all.

Even more reassuring is the fact that these are "slow reaction" weapons. Our bombers and Model-T missiles have to react fast. If they don't get off the ground within fifteen minutes—which is all the warning we would have of rocket attack—they are likely to be dead. This situation makes everybody nervous—our allies and the Russians, as well as our own defense forces. It is true that there isn't much actual danger that our radar will mistake a flock of ducks for a flight of enemy rockets, and the planes do have a "fail safe" procedure to recall them from the target in case of a false alarm. Nevertheless, the present necessity for hair-trigger readiness does involve some risk of war-by-accident.

The Polaris and the Minuteman, however, can take their time. They could still retaliate hours (or weeks) after enemy missiles had actually landed on American targets. Thus there is practically no chance of their going off prematurely.

While these new weapons are being readied, we might start talking to the Russians something like this:

"Both of us recognize that our contest is going to continue indefinitely. But since neither of us wants to conduct it with suicidal weapons, perhaps we can do something to reduce the chances of a nuclear war.

"Some steps can be taken without a formal agreement, and without raising the awkward question of inspection. For example, we are now ready to show you—by actions, not by words—that we are not plotting a strike-first attack. We are about to scrap our bombers and liquid-fuel missiles, and to replace them with something safer for both of us. We would welcome similar reassuring actions on your side.

"You claim to be alarmed because you are encircled by our overseas bases; all right, we will give them up—in a suitable trade—because we don't need them any more. We'll pull all our bombers and missiles,



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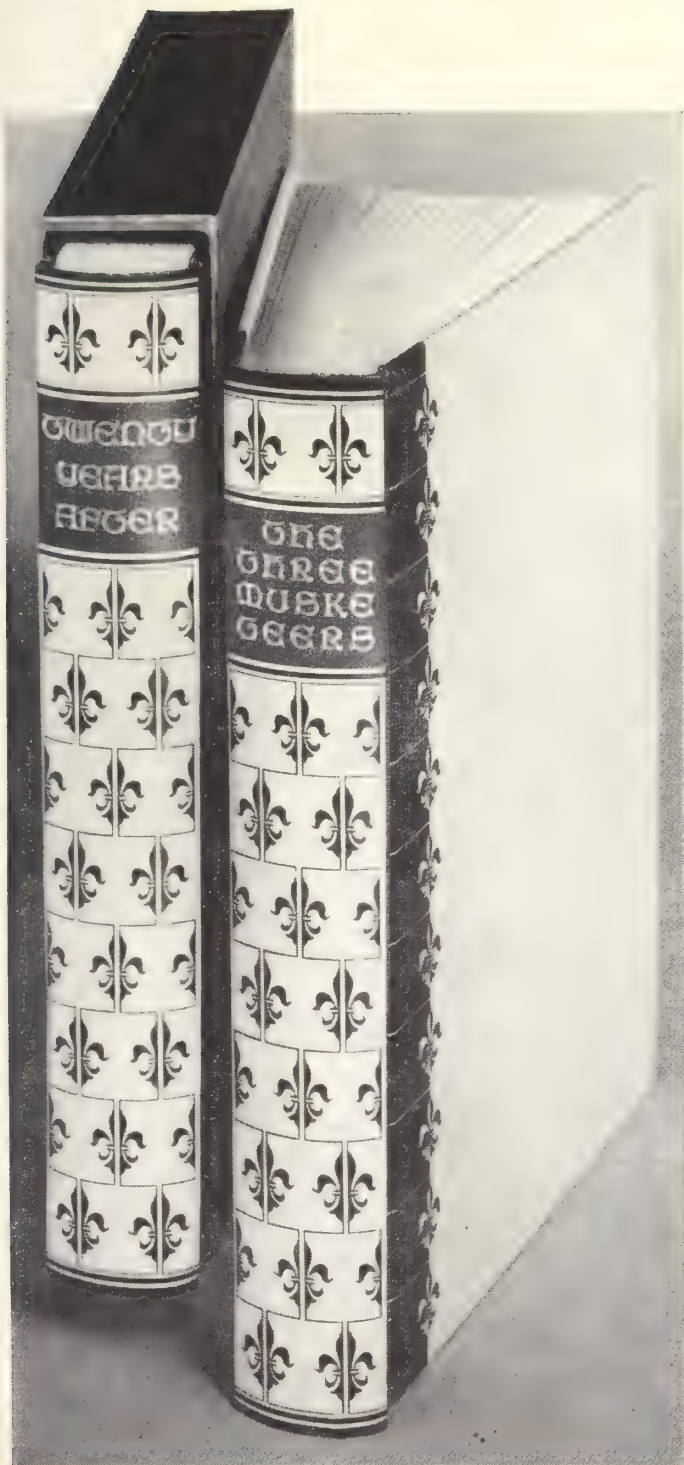
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plus most of our troops, out of Europe. The Western European countries are now strong enough to defend themselves, if they want to invest the money and manpower, against any conventional attack from the east. And just in case you should attack with atomic weapons, our European friends can hold in reserve some nuclear firepower of their own. This might consist of Polaris and other sea-borne missiles stationed in Eastern Atlantic waters. That would keep atomic weapons out of the hands of the Germans, whom you seem to fear so much; and it would make it unnecessary for individual countries (such as France) to develop their separate nuclear deterrents.

"In return we shall expect you to clear your missiles out of Eastern Europe; to thin out your troops there and in European Russia to the point where a land attack is no longer a serious threat; and to stop your pressure on Berlin. None of these things would require an inspection system, since our present intelligence agencies are good enough to let both of us know whether such steps are actually carried out.

"Any further step—for example, a permanent agreement to stop nuclear-weapons tests—would require a pretty thorough inspection system. We think this is desirable for both of us, because—if other nations can be brought into the deal—that is the surest way to keep nuclear weapons from spreading. But let's face it, such an arrangement will have dangers and drawbacks for both of us.

"For us, it will mean accepting the risk that you (or some other country) might get away with a few secret tests, since no inspection system can be infallible. But we are willing to settle for a reasonably dependable system—one which will make the chances of detection too great for a rational man to take.

"For you, it will mean a fundamental change in Russian society. You will have to give up much of the secrecy which has characterized your country for so long—centuries before Communism was ever thought of. This will be hard to swallow, but you can't avoid it. You can't have a closed society and arms control.

"In addition, you must keep nuclear weapons out of Chinese hands, just as we are keeping them from the

Germans—and you must find some way to show us that this is, in fact, being done.

"Either side will be free at any time to call the whole deal off and to expel the other country's inspectors.\* We don't think you will take such a step lightly, because of the effect on world opinion and the conclusions we would inevitably draw. If you do, we naturally will assume that you are planning an attack, and will take appropriate countermeasures.

"What we want is an arrangement which you will try to keep going, in your own continuing self-interest—and which you won't try to cheat, because the risk of being caught cheating just isn't worthwhile.

"Such an arrangement ought to eliminate the fears of both sides of a surprise attack and of war by accident or misunderstanding. If it seems to work well after a few years' experience, then we might talk about further steps toward disarmament. We might then, for example, see whether we can agree on a scheme to abolish all long-range delivery systems—bombers, rockets, and missile-carrying submarines.

"In all frankness, however, we must tell you that we don't think any further progress is likely so long as you remain aggressively hostile to the whole non-Communist world. If you insist on fomenting civil war and revolutions all over the globe, shooting down our unarmed planes over the open seas, and spewing out a constant stream of vituperative anti-American propaganda, you can hardly blame us for being skeptical about your peaceful intentions. And so long as you keep proclaiming, both by your behavior and in your official statements, that you intend to bury us, how can you expect us to take seriously your talk about 'complete and general disarmament'?"

THE foregoing is merely intended to suggest, in an extremely compressed and oversimplified form, one possible approach to arms negotia-

\* This suggestion was made by Robert R. Bowie in the *Daedalus* article mentioned earlier. His reasons for it are too lengthy to outline here, but they strike me as persuasive. The full text is well worth reading.

tions. Unquestionably, better approaches can be found, as soon as the government puts an adequate staff to work on the problem.

It might be noted, however, that this kind of scheme would have certain supplementary attractions:

1. It would sharply reduce both our forces in Europe and the drain on our gold reserves. Thus it would free resources for economic development, economic warfare, and the strengthening of our conventional military forces—all urgently needed.

2. It should help check the growth of anti-American and neutralist feeling in Western Europe. Such feeling is bound to swell as long as we keep nuclear bases there, because many Europeans will believe (with some reason) that they are more of a danger than a protection. They look too much like a highly vulnerable lightning rod, serving mainly to attract Soviet rockets.

3. It would largely rule out the possibility that Europe might become a nuclear battlefield—a threat that already has corroded much of the inner strength of the NATO alliance.

Finally, it should be noted that a proposal like this—or any other—cannot be worked out in a hurry. It will require weeks of careful examination, by all government departments concerned, to make sure that it contains no hidden flaws. More weeks (or months) will be needed to reach agreement with our allies. Only then will we be ready to open serious talks with the Russians. If these talks are to have any chance of producing results, they must be conducted in secret, by professional diplomats, and at leisure. Any attempt to rush through an agreement at a summit conference, lasting a few days in the full glare of publicity, is bound to fail. (An early get-acquainted meeting between the Two Ks might be a good thing; but that would be very different from a down-to-business negotiation.)

Personally, I have only a modest and guarded hope that any kind of arms understanding can be worked out. But I do think that we ought to make the best try we can, in all sincerity and under the best circumstances that our best brains can devise. The stakes are too big to let go by default.





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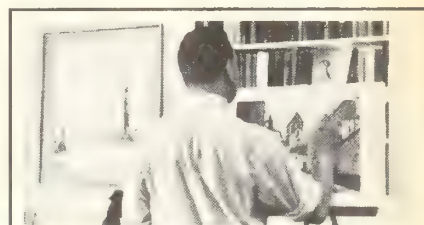
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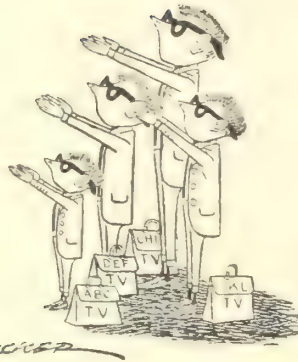
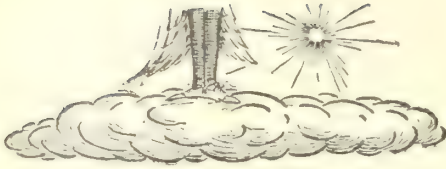
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# AFTER HOURS



## HOT PROPERTY

**T**HE networks have now decided," Lewis Freedman said to me with relish, "that O'Neill is a hot property."

I had sought out Mr. Freedman, who had just produced "The Iceman Cometh" for "The Play of the Week" television series, and he was still basking in the acclaim that had been accorded his production. It has elicited praise not only from the professional press but from the non-viewing viewers-with-alarm. Mr. Freedman's production had caused them to observe that television "might become an adult medium after all."

Mr. Freedman, a Harvard man ('46), is one of the intellectuals (I hope this epithet does him no harm in his profession) of the television industry. He is a pleasant, enthusiastic purveyor of arts who believes that in his business one should play both sides of the street (in this case Madison Avenue) by being involved in both serious and popular television. He was at one time the director of the old evening Garry Moore show, but he was also producer of "Camera 3," a Sunday morning program that dealt head-on and imaginatively with literature and other arts. His efforts have been rewarded with two Emmys and a Sherwood Television Award, and he has been intimately involved in "The Play of the Week" since it started its career with Judith Ander-

son in "Medea" in October 1959.

"Carlotta," Mr. Freedman said, referring to Mr. O'Neill's widow, "is deluged with offers. The networks are asking, 'What the hell else has this guy written?'"

The production of "Iceman," as those in the know (and those who would like to be thought to be) call the play, was, Mr. Freedman said, "something of a breakthrough" in television. In the first place it was a four-hour show, and on the first night it was put on the air in November it ran all four of its hours consecutively. After the first evening, WNTA-TV in New York divided the play in two. They showed the first two hours of it late in the evening that week (presumably after children had gone to bed), and the second two hours the next week. But time is a known quantity in television. Uncut, unbowdlerized, forthright drama comparable to "Iceman" has not only been unknown on TV, it has been considered impossible. It violated every rule in the code.

"We changed a few sons-of-bitches to bastards," Mr. Freedman said, "because some people thought that bastard was less likely to offend, I'm not sure why. Nobody seemed to be bothered by whore or tart."

Mr. Freedman watched the show at home on his own set the first night it was shown. "I'd seen it thirty times before," he said, "but this was the first time I'd really seen it, now that it was too late to do anything about it or worry about it. I called the

studio to see what the reaction was. Almost all the phone calls that came in were favorable, only a few complaints. I expected the house would fall in; I kind of wished it had. We'd been told that that kind of language was okay for books and plays but you couldn't put it on TV. In Philadelphia they had refused to show our production of 'Miss Julie' because at the end the heroine was contemplating suicide. If Dubuque had said that, you wouldn't be surprised. You wouldn't expect it of Philadelphia."

I asked Mr. Freedman whose idea it had been to put "Iceman" on the air. "That's hard to say," he said. "When we first started planning, somebody at one of those conferences we're always having said, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do 'Iceman,' but it was just one of those nice ideas. Nobody thought we ever could. It was just too long and violated too many taboos. It's full of words like nigger and coon and wop and guinea."

"Is it?" I said. "I didn't notice."

"You don't notice," he said, "because the language is entirely legitimate. It's the only show I've ever seen on television where you could close your eyes; it was the sound of reality that drew people to O'Neill. Listen to TV sometime without looking; you'll never hear a natural word. It took a year of doing good shows before we could negotiate with Mrs. O'Neill to let us do 'Iceman.' Carlotta is terribly self-conscious about being the executor of the O'Neill

legacy. She's totally honest; if you're honest with her she opens right up. But even after we had the show taped, we weren't sure they'd let us put it on the air.

"In a way we have been forced by economics into quality. Ely Landau, chairman of NTA's board, wanted to put on a series that would raise the rating of Channel 13, and couldn't afford the expensive, popular properties. So we put on shows that nobody else would touch; we could get them at a price we could afford. Our budget for a two-hour show is forty-five thousand; the budget for 'Iceman' was ninety; that's about a third of any other big show. We rehearse in dance halls or anything else we can rent cheap. We use an old Packard showroom. It's cold and dark but it's worth a little eyestrain. We are now doing about our fiftieth show. We did thirty-six last year. We've got 'Waiting for Godot,' 'Dark of the Moon,' and 'Three by Tennessee' coming up. You can't do Tennessee Williams until you've done Strindberg."

"The Play of the Week" did Strindberg last season. Mr. Freedman said that he had produced thirty-five plays in the series.

"Won't you run out of plays?" I asked.

"We're always running out of properties," he said. "We run out of properties every week. At first we were known as a fine show; now we're known as a popular show."

By this he did not mean that there had been any sacrifice in the quality of the material they kept running out of, but their audiences had been constantly growing. He estimated that possibly 2,800,000 people in the New York metropolitan area had seen "Iceman." It had its largest audience the first night when it ran all four hours. How many of the fifty-five or so stations that now show "The Play of the Week" would give their local audiences a chance to see "Iceman" Mr. Freedman didn't know. Obviously, some stations would be afraid of it; others wouldn't think they could afford the time. Mr. Freedman is now working both sides of the television street by staying on the serious side he likes better.

One of the most substantial contributions of "Iceman" to "The Play

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What more can we say?—except to add that British bobbies, maps and road

signs all speak English. And that the two British motoring clubs keep 3,500 uniformed motorcyclists permanently on patrol to help motorists in distress.

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of the Week" is a by-product of its quality, the praise it evoked, and the fact that it flouted not only taboos but TV conventions. "By treating a masterpiece like a work of art and not like a vehicle," Mr. Freedman said, "it's made actors and directors a great deal easier to get."

With something between wonder and amusement, and with obvious satisfaction, Lewis Freedman concluded: "It was like being in on the birth of a classic. Now we feel there's nothing we can't do."

—Russell Lynes



#### THE CAT, THE SQUIRREL, AND THE JAYS

ONE afternoon late last fall a noise behind the house drew me to a ground-floor window, and there I saw, crouching in the dry leaves beneath an oak tree, a huge tomcat with a young squirrel between his claws. Chattering frantically, the spunky little animal bit and scratched so aggressively and wriggled and twisted so vigorously that the cat was having a hard time holding him.

Most cats will not tackle a squirrel, —certainly not a full-grown one. A squirrel is a bundle of muscle, his fur is coarse, his skin is thick, his teeth and claws are like needles, and he is an all-around tough little customer. I once saw a young squirrel fall from a tree and land on its back on the cement driveway. The drop was twelve feet and the impact so severe that the thump was audible to me, seated on the porch forty feet away. I measured both distances. Of course the squirrel was killed instantly—I thought. Not a bit of it! He lay stunned for a moment and

then wobbled to the base of the tree, paused to pull himself together, and began slowly to climb. By the time he was six feet up he was galloping in true squirrel fashion.

A cat, bully and coward that he is, leaves the mature squirrels alone.

How I loathe cats! I have detested them ever since, at the impressionable age of eight, I saw one playing with a mouse it had caught, pouncing on it, biting it, and releasing it, until, finally, the poor creature had been tortured to death.

If everything in nature has a purpose, what can be the purpose of the cruelty of the cat? The cat alone prolongs the agony of its victim. The only purpose served, so far as I can see, is the horrid pleasure of the cat. That it *does* have a hellish delight in what it is doing is obvious to anyone who witnesses the performance.

I was unable to help that mouse of long ago because an iron fence prevented me from getting at the cat, and now, in the case of the squirrel, I was in a similar fix. I could raise the inner window, but I could not remove the heavy, old-fashioned storm window whose frame had swelled with dampness. While I was wondering what to do, two jays appeared from nowhere.

I had frequently seen jays mob a cat or an owl, but always from a distance, and usually there was quite a gathering of jays. Now there were only two of them and they were treating me to a close-up view that enabled me to observe details as they went to work on the cat.

The jays' attack followed the usual pattern of swooping and shrieking—such ear-splitting, nerve-shattering shrieks that even behind a closed window I was taken aback. To the cat, at ten-inch range, it must have been devastating. He cringed. He cowered back. He closed his eyes and flattened his ears. The squirrel, slipping from his grasp, was up the tree in a flash, apparently uninjured.

But the jays did not let up. Their motivation was not rescue of the squirrel, but hatred of the cat. The cat, furtive creature that he is, shuns publicity, and here were two jays shrieking to all the world, "A cat! A cat! A cat!"

Shaken and unnerved, the cat darted now this way, now that, among the rustling leaves, but the

jays were always on him, heading him off. The arc of each swoop was a fairly narrow V with a rounded bottom. The shriek reached maximum intensity at the precise moment that the arc brought the bird closest to the cat's head, usually ten or twelve inches. The birds rose from each dive effortlessly, like a feather on an updraft. I have always noticed something light and bouncy about the flight of a jay, particularly when he lights on a twig. The birds worked systematically, one following the other so swiftly and making so much noise that a listener unable to see them would have thought there were a dozen.

Cats hate noise even more than they hate publicity. I remember that my grandmother trained two cats not to sleep on the sofa merely by rattling paper in their ears whenever she caught them at it.

The cat I was watching became more panic-stricken by the minute until at last he made a blind, headlong rush for the wooden steps of the garden tool house and took what I thought was momentary refuge beneath them. The jays hopped about on the ground, one on either side of the steps, positively daring the cat to come out. They were silent now, but they never took their eyes off the stairs. The cat did not so much as stick his nose out.

The jays patrolled the steps until the light began to fade and then they flew away. I waited until it got too dark to see, and still the cat had not come out. He must have waited until it was pitch dark before making his getaway.

IT seems to me that the incident leaves certain questions unanswered. Some aspects of the behavior of the cat, and of the jays, too, were a little puzzling to me.

In the past, when I had seen jays mob a cat there had been quite a crowd of them—perhaps ten or a dozen—but this time there was no mob of jays, only two. The cat, moreover, was no timorous beginner but clearly a seasoned marauder who must have ambushed and destroyed dozens of birds in his time. What had he to fear from two jays? With due acknowledgment of the cat's aversion to noise, why the abject panic? Why the headlong flight?

## AFTER HOURS

And above all, why didn't he seize a jay when gravity held the bird stationary for a moment at the bottom of the dive, only inches from his great head?

The only explanation that occurs to me is that the cat, engrossed with the struggling squirrel, was unaware of the jays' approach. They came silently and they used surprise. That shattering explosion of noise in his ear was the first intimation he had of their presence, and it must have shocked him to a degree that rendered him mentally irresponsible for the time being.

The conduct of the jays also gave me food for thought. The jay, well known for his wariness, stays close to cover, even when in flight. Ordinarily he does not fly across a large open area but prefers to skirt it, flying close to the trees that surround it. I do not recall ever having seen a jay soaring high in the sky, and a jay rarely walks unconcernedly on the ground as a grackle does when looking for acorns, nor does he strut boldly across a lawn, as a robin does when hunting worms.

When I throw out table scraps, all the birds in the neighborhood come and squabble over the food and eat it on the spot. But the jay is not among them. He watches from a high tree. Suddenly he drops down, seizes a bit and carries it into the trees. He is on the ground only a fraction of a second.

I have never seen a jay fly directly to the tree in which he has his nest. He approaches it circuitously, and after he has zigzagged his way from tree to tree to the home tree, he will light on its lowest branch and go up to his nest from branch to branch as up a ladder, staying close to the trunk and always well-hidden by the foliage.

The area in which I have watched the jays (in and around Cedarhurst, Long Island) was semirural forty years ago. It is now densely suburban, and perhaps for this reason the jay has become more circumspect here than he is in wilder places. Yet why does this wariest of birds on occasion throw caution to the winds and needlessly expose himself to hazard? Obviously his hatred of the cat transcends his caution.

The squirrel, at any rate, got away.

—Bertram Brownold

[[A message from Valleyfield, Quebec to the U.S.A.]]

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# ROME

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?

How *big* is it? (Not how famous its name.) The answer, a few years ago, decided whether your city would see or not see leaders in government, education, and journalism—or road companies, orchestras, or ball teams. Of course, it still makes a difference. But today there is far more community of experience than ever before between London, Texas (pop., less than 2,500) and London, England (pop., more than 8¼ million).

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## In February

## SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Time indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

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A repeat performance of Beethoven's only opera. Irene Jordan as Leonore, John Alexander as Floristan. In English. Sunday, February 5 (3-5 PM)

### "Ireland: The Tear and the Smile"

The literary and artistic side of the Emerald Isle. Guests include Siobhan McKenna and Sean O'Faolain. Sunday, February 5 (6:30-7 PM)

### "Story of the X-15"

A documentary study of America's hypersonic rocket plane. Monday, February 6 (10:30-11 PM)

### "Time Remembered"

Anouilh's romantic comedy, with Dame Edith Evans in her U.S. television debut, Christopher Plummer, and Janet Munro. Tuesday, February 7 (7:30-9 PM)

### "A String of Beads"

Somerset Maugham's story with Chester Morris, Glenda Farrell, and Jane Fonda. Tuesday, February 7 (10-11 PM)

### "The Single Woman"

A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society. Thursday, February 9 (4-5 PM)

### "Aaron Copland Music"

A concert for young people with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Composer Aaron Copland is the special guest. Sunday, February 12 (4-5 PM)

### "Saga of the Triton"

The National Geographic Society's actuality film report of the three-month underwater circumnavigation of the globe by USS Triton, world's largest submarine. Tuesday, February 14 (7-7:30 PM)

### "Holding of the Panama Canal"

A study of our Latin-American relations. Tuesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

### "A Louisiana Story"

Documentary report on the school desegregation situation in New Orleans. Thursday, February 16 (10:30-11 PM)

### "Minuteman!"

Documentary story of the land-based missile on wheels, which can be fired from any point in the United States. Sunday, February 19 (6:30-7 PM)

### "First Winter at South Pole"

Historic account of the U.S. IGY team that built and manned a station during six months of total darkness. Tuesday, February 21 (7-7:30 PM)

### "Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"

Sunday, February 26 (4-5:30 PM)

## REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Meet the Professor  
Issues and Answers  
Roundup USA  
Meet the Press  
The Twentieth Century  
Winston Churchill —  
The Valiant Years  
Tuesdays: Expedition!  
Thursdays: Face the Nation/Reports  
Fridays: Eyewitness to History  
Saturdays: The Nation's Future  
Mon-Fri: Continental Classroom  
Road to Reality

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE

666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

*the dangerous road before*

## MARTIN LUTHER KING

JAMES BALDWIN

*A remarkably intimate—and controversial—view of the most important Negro leader in America and the harsh dilemma now confronting him . . . by one of the country's most talented Negro writers.*

**I** FIRST met Martin Luther King, Jr. nearly three years ago now, in Atlanta, Georgia. He was there on a visit from his home in Montgomery. He was "holed up," he was seeing no one, he was busy writing a book—so I was informed by the friend who, mercilessly, at my urgent request, was taking me to King's hotel. I felt terribly guilty about interrupting him but not guilty enough to let the opportunity pass. Still, having been raised among preachers, I would not have been surprised if King had cursed out the friend, refused to speak to me, and slammed the door in our faces. Nor would I have blamed him if he had, since I knew that by this time he must have been forced to suffer many an admiring fool.

But the Reverend King is not like any preacher I have ever met before. For one thing, to state it baldly, I liked him. It is rare that one *likes* a

world-famous man—by the time they become world-famous they rarely like themselves, which may account for this antipathy. Yet King is immediately and tremendously winning, there is really no other word for it; and there he stood, with an inquiring and genuine smile on his face, in the open door of his hotel room. Behind him, on a desk, was a wilderness of paper. He looked at his friend, he looked at me, I was introduced; he smiled and shook my hand and we entered the room.

I do not remember much about that first meeting because I was too overwhelmed by the fact that I was meeting him at all. There were millions of questions that I wanted to ask him, but I feared to begin. Besides, his friend had warned me not to "bug" him, I was not there in a professional capacity, and the questions I wanted to ask him had less to do with his public role than with his private life. When I say "private life" I am not referring to those maliciously juicy tidbits, those meaningless details, which clutter up the gossip columns and muddy everybody's mind and obliterate the humanity of the subject as well as that of the reader. I wanted to ask him how it felt to be standing where he stood, how he bore it, what complex of miracles had prepared him for it. But such questions can scarcely be asked, they can scarcely be answered.

And King does not like to talk about himself. I have described him as winning, but he does not



give the impression of being particularly outgoing or warm. His restraint is not, on the other hand, of that icily uneasy, nerve-racking kind to be encountered in so many famous Negroes who have allowed their aspirations and notoriety to destroy their identities and who always seem to be giving an uncertain imitation of some extremely improbable white man. No, King impressed me then and he impresses me now as a man solidly anchored in those spiritual realities concerning which he can be so eloquent. This divests him of the hideous piety which is so prevalent in his profession, and it also saves him from the ghastly self-importance which until recently, was all that allowed one to be certain one was addressing a Negro leader. King cannot be considered a chauvinist at all, not even incidentally, or part of the time, or under stress, or subconsciously. What he says to Negroes he will say to whites; and what he says to whites he will say to Negroes. He is the first Negro leader in my experience, or the first in many generations, of whom this can be said; most of his predecessors were in the extraordinary position of saying to white men, *Hurry*, while saying to black men, *Wait*. This fact is of the utmost importance. It says a great deal about the situation which produced King and in which he operates; and, of course, it tells us a great deal about the man.

"He came through it all," said a friend of his to me, with wonder and not a little envy, "really unscarred. He never went around fighting with himself, like we all did." The "we" to whom this friend refers are all considerably older than King, which may have something to do with this lightly sketched species of schizophrenia; in any case, the fact that King really loves the people he represents and has—*therefore*—no hidden, interior need to hate the white people who oppose him has had and will, I think, continue to have the most far-reaching and unpredictable repercussions on our racial situation. It need scarcely be said that our racial situation is far more complex and dangerous than we are prepared to think of it as being—since our major desire is not to think of it at all—and King's role in it is of an unprecedented difficulty.

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*James Baldwin, one of America's leading novelists and essayists, was born in Harlem and was expected to become a clergyman like his father. Much of his work has dealt with the life of the Negro in America. He is now finishing a new novel entitled "Another Country," to be published in the fall of 1961.*

He is not, for example, to be confused with Booker T. Washington, whom we gratefully allowed to solve the racial problem singlehandedly. It was Washington who assured us, in 1895, one year before it became the law of the land, that the education of Negroes would not give them any desire to become equals; they would be content to remain—or, rather, after living for generations in the greatest intimacy with whites, to become—separate. It is a measure of the irreality to which the presence of the Negro had already reduced the nation that this utterly fantastic idea, which thoroughly controverts the purpose of education, which has no historical or psychological validity, and which denies all the principles on which the country imagines itself to have been founded, was not only accepted with cheers but became the cornerstone of an entire way of life. And this did not come about, by the way, merely because of the venom or villainy of the South. It could never have come about at all without the tacit consent of the North; and this consent robs the North, historically and actually, of any claim to moral superiority. The failure of the government to make any realistic provision for the education of tens of thousands of illiterate former slaves had the effect of dumping this problem squarely into the lap of one man—who knew, whatever else he may not have known, that the education of Negroes had somehow to be accomplished. Whether or not Washington believed what he said is certainly an interesting question. But he *did* know that he could accomplish his objective by telling white men what they wanted to hear. And it has never been very difficult for a Negro in this country to figure out what white men want to hear: he takes his condition as an echo of their desires.

There will be no more Booker T. Washingtons. And whether we like it or not, and no matter how hard or how long we oppose it, there will be no more segregated schools, there will be no more segregated anything. King is entirely right when he says that segregation is dead. The real question which faces the Republic is just how long, how violent, and how expensive the funeral is going to be; and this question it is up to the Republic to resolve, it is not really in King's hands. The sooner the corpse is buried, the sooner we can get around to the far more taxing and rewarding problems of integration, or what King calls community, and what I think of as the achievement of nationhood, or, more simply and cruelly, the growing up of this dangerously adolescent country.

I saw King again, later that same evening, at

a party given by this same friend. He came late, did not stay long. I remember him standing in the shadows of the room, near a bookcase, drinking something nonalcoholic, and being patient with the interlocutor who had trapped him in this spot. He obviously wanted to get away and go to bed. King is somewhat below what is called average height, he is sturdily built, but is not quite as heavy or as stocky as he had seemed to me at first. I remember feeling, rather as though he were a younger, much-loved, and menaced brother, that he seemed very slight and vulnerable to be taking on such tremendous odds.

#### BITTER MILK

I WAS leaving for Montgomery the next day, and I called on King in the morning to ask him to have someone from the Montgomery Improvement Association meet me at the airport. It was he who had volunteered to do this for me, since he knew that I knew no one there, and he also probably realized that I was frightened. He was coming to Montgomery on Sunday to preach in his own church.

Montgomery is the cradle of the Confederacy, an unlucky distinction which no one in Montgomery is allowed to forget. The White House which symbolized and housed that short-lived government is still standing, and "people," one of the Montgomery ministers told me, "walk around in those halls and cry." I do not doubt it, the people of Montgomery having inherited nothing less than an ocean of spilt milk. The boycott had been over for a year by the time I got there, and had been ended by a federal decree outlawing segregation in the busses. Therefore, the atmosphere in Montgomery was extraordinary. I think that I have never been in a town so aimlessly hostile, so baffled and demoralized. Whoever has a stone to fling, and flings it, is then left without any weapons; and this was (and remains) the situation of the white people in Montgomery.

I took a bus ride, for example, solely in order to observe the situation on the busses. As I stepped into the bus, I suddenly remembered that I had neglected to ask anyone the price of a bus ride in Montgomery, and so I asked the driver. He gave me the strangest, most hostile of looks, and turned his face away. I dropped fifteen cents into the box and sat down, placing myself, delicately, just a little forward of the center of the bus. The driver had seemed to feel that my question was but another Negro

trick, that I had something up my sleeve, and that to answer my question in any way would be to expose himself to disaster. He could not guess what I was thinking, and he was not going to risk further personal demoralization by trying to. And this spirit was the spirit of the town. The bus pursued its course, picking up white and Negro passengers. Negroes sat where they pleased, none very far back; one large woman, carrying packages, seated herself directly behind the driver. And the whites sat there, ignoring them, in a huffy, offended silence.

This silence made me think of nothing so much as the silence which follows a really serious lovers' quarrel: the whites, beneath their cold hostility, were mystified and deeply hurt. They had been betrayed by the Negroes, not merely because the Negroes had declined to remain in their "place," but because the Negroes had refused to be controlled by the town's image of them. And, without this image, it seemed to me, the whites were abruptly and totally lost. The very foundations of their private and public worlds were being destroyed.

I had never heard King preach, and I went on Sunday to hear him at his church. This church is a red brick structure, with a steeple, and it directly faces, on the other side of the street, a white, domed building. My notes fail to indicate whether this is the actual capitol of the state or merely a courthouse; but the conjunction of the two buildings, the steepled one low and dark and tense, the domed one higher and dead white and forbidding, sums up, with an explicitness a set designer might hesitate to copy, the struggle now going on in Montgomery.

At that time in Montgomery, King was almost surely the most beloved man there. I do not think that one could have entered any of the packed churches at that time, if King was present, and not have felt this. Of course, I think that King would be loved by his congregations in any case, and there is always a large percentage of church women who adore the young male pastor, and not always, or not necessarily, out of those grim, psychic motives concerning which everyone today is so knowledgeable. No, there was a feeling in this church which quite transcended anything I have ever felt in a church before. Here it was, totally familiar and yet completely new, the packed church, glorious with the Sunday finery of the women, solemn with the touching, gleaming sobriety of the men, beautiful with children. Here were the ushers, standing in the aisles in white dresses or in dark suits, with arm bands on. People were standing along



each wall, beside the windows, and standing in the back. King and his lieutenants were in the pulpit, young Martin—as I was beginning to think of him—in the center chair.

When King rose to speak—to preach—I began to understand how the atmosphere of this church differed from that of all the other churches I have known. At first I thought that the great emotional power and authority of the Negro church was being put to a new use, but this is not exactly the case. The Negro church was playing the same role which it has always played in Negro life, but it had acquired a new power.

Until Montgomery, the Negro church, which has always been the place where protest and condemnation could be most vividly articulated, also operated as a kind of sanctuary. The minister who spoke could not hope to effect any objective change in the lives of his hearers, and the people did not expect him to. All they came to find, and all that he could give them, was the sustenance for another day's journey. Now, King could certainly give his congregation that, but he could also give them something more than that, and he had. It is true that it was *they* who had begun the struggle of which he was now the symbol and the leader; it is true that it had taken all of *their* insistence to overcome in him a grave reluctance to stand where he now stood. But it is also true, and it does not happen often, that once he had accepted the place they had prepared for him, their struggle became absolutely indistinguishable from his own, and took over and controlled his life. He suffered with them and, thus, he helped them to suffer. The joy which filled this church, therefore, was the joy achieved by people who have ceased to delude themselves about an intolerable situation, who have found their prayers for a leader miraculously answered, and who now know that they can change their situation, if they will.

And, surely, very few people had ever spoken to them as King spoke. King is a great speaker. The secret of his greatness does not lie in his



*Martin Luther King, by Mozelle Thompson*

voice or his presence or his manner, though it has something to do with all these; nor does it lie in his verbal range or felicity, which are not striking; nor does he have any capacity for those stunning, demagogic flights of the imagination which bring an audience cheering to its feet. The secret lies, I think, in his intimate knowledge of the people he is addressing, be they black or white, and in the forthrightness with which he speaks of those things which hurt and baffle them. He does not offer any easy comfort and this keeps his hear-

ers absolutely tense. He allows them their self-respect—indeed, he insists on it.

"We know," he told them, "that there are many things wrong in the white world. But there are many things wrong in the black world, too. We can't keep on blaming the white man. There are many things we must do for ourselves."

He suggested what some of these were:

"I know none of you make enough money—but save some of it. And there are some things we've got to face. I know the situation is responsible for a lot of it, but do you know that Negroes are 10 per cent of the population of St. Louis and are responsible for 58 per cent of its crimes? We've got to face that. And we have to do something about our moral standards. And we've got to stop lying to the white man. Every time you let the white man think *you* think segregation is right, you are co-operating with him in doing *evil*."

"The next time," he said, "the white man asks you what you think of segregation, you tell him, Mr. Charlie, I think it's wrong and I wish you'd do something about it by nine o'clock tomorrow morning!"

This brought a wave of laughter and King smiled, too. But he had meant every word he said, and he expected his hearers to act on them. They also expected this of themselves, which is not the usual effect of a sermon; and that they are living up to their expectations no white man in Montgomery will deny.

There was a dinner in the church basement

afterwards, where, for the first time, I met Mrs. King—light brown, delicate, really quite beautiful, with a wonderful laugh—and watched young Martin circulating among church members and visitors. I overheard him explaining to someone that bigotry was a disease and that the greatest victim of this disease was not the bigot's object, but the bigot himself. And these people could only be saved by love. In liberating oneself, one was also liberating them. I was shown, by someone else, the damage done to the church by bombs. King did not mention the bombing of his own home, and I did not bring it up. Late the next night, after a mass meeting in another church, I flew to Birmingham.

#### COURAGEOUS WITNESS

I DID not see King again for nearly three years. I saw him in Atlanta, just after his acquittal by a Montgomery court of charges of perjury, tax evasion, and misuse of public funds. He had moved to Atlanta and was co-pastor, with his father, of his father's church. He had made this move, he told me, because the pressures on him took him away from Montgomery for such excessively long periods that he did not feel that he was properly fulfilling his ministerial duties there. An attempt had been made on his life—in the North, by a mysterious and deranged Negro woman; and he was about to receive, in the state of Georgia, for driving without a resident driver's license, a suspended twelve-month sentence.

And, since I had last seen him, the Negro student movement had begun and was irresistibly bringing about great shifts and divisions in the Negro world, and in the nation. In short, by the time we met again, he was more beleaguered than he had ever been before, and not only by his enemies in the white South. Three years earlier, I had not encountered very many people—I am speaking now of Negroes—who were really critical of him. But many more people seemed critical of him now, were bitter, disappointed, skeptical. None of this had anything to do—I want to make this absolutely clear—with his personal character or his integrity. It had to do with his effectiveness as a leader. King has had an extraordinary effect in the Negro world, and therefore in the nation, and is now in the center of an extremely complex cross fire.

He was born in Atlanta in 1929. He has Irish and Indian blood in his veins—Irish from his father's, Indian from his mother's side. His maternal grandfather built Ebenezer Baptist

Church, which, as I have said, young Martin now co-pastors with his father. This grandfather seems to have been an extremely active and capable man, having been one of the NAACP leaders in Atlanta thirty or forty years ago, and having been instrumental in bringing about the construction of Atlanta's first Negro high school. The paternal grandfather is something else again, a poor, violent, and illiterate farmer who tried to find refuge from reality in drinking. He clearly had a great influence on the formation of the character of Martin, Sr., who determined, very early, to be as unlike his father as possible.

Martin, Sr. came to Atlanta in 1916, a raw, strapping country boy, determined, in the classic American tradition, to rise above his station. It could not have been easy for him in the Deep South of 1916, but he was, luckily, too young for the Army, and prices and wages rose during the war, and his improvident father had taught him the value of thrift. So he got his start. He studied in evening school, entered Atlanta's Morehouse College in 1925, and graduated in June of 1930, more than a year after Martin was born. (There are two other children, an older girl who now teaches at Spelman College, and a younger boy, pastor of a church in Noonan, Georgia.) By this time, Martin, Sr. had become a preacher, and was pastor of two small churches; and at about this time, his father-in-law asked him to become the assistant pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church, which he did.

His children have never known poverty, and Martin, Sr. is understandably very proud of this. "My prayer," he told me, "was always: Lord, grant that my children will not have to come the way I did." They didn't, they haven't, the prayers certainly did no harm. But one cannot help feeling that a person as single-minded and determined as the elder Reverend King clearly is would have accomplished anything he set his hand to, anyway.

"I equipped myself to give them the comforts of life," he says. "Not to waste, not to keep up with the Joneses, but just to be comfortable. We've never lived in a rented house—and never ridden *too* long in a car on which payment was due."

He is naturally very proud of Martin, Jr. but he claims to be not at all surprised. "He sacrificed to make himself ready"—ready, that is, for a trial, or a series of trials, which might have been the undoing of a lesser man. Yet, though he is not surprised at the extraordinary nature of his son's eminence, he *was* surprised when, at college, Martin decided that he was called to



preach. He had expected him to become a doctor or a lawyer because he always spoke of these professions as though he aspired to them.

As he had; and since, as I have said, King is far from garrulous on the subject of his interior life, it is somewhat difficult to know what led him to make this switch. He had already taken pre-medical and law courses. But he had been raised by a minister, an extremely strong-minded one at that, and in an extraordinarily peaceful and protected way. "Never," says his father, "has Martin known a fuss or a fight or a strike-back in the home." On the other hand, there are some things from which no Negro can really be protected, for which he can only be prepared; and Martin, Sr. was more successful than most fathers in accomplishing this strenuous and delicate task. "I have never believed," he says, "that anybody was better than I." That this is true would seem to be proved by the career of his son, who *"never went around fighting with himself, like we all did."*

Here, speculation is really on very marshy ground, for the father must certainly have fought in himself some of the battles from which young Martin was protected. We have only to consider the era, especially in the South, to realize that this must be true. And it must have demanded great steadiness of mind, as well as great love, to hide so successfully from his children the evidence of these battles. And, since salvation, humanly speaking, is a two-way street, I suggest that, if the father saved the children, it was, almost equally, the children who saved him. It would seem that he was able, with rare success, to project onto his children, or at least onto one of them, a sense of life as he himself would have liked to live it, and somehow made real in their personalities principles on which he himself must often have found it extremely dangerous and difficult to act. Martin, Sr. is regarded with great ambivalence by both the admirers and detractors of his son, and I shall, alas, shortly have more to say concerning his generation; but I do not think that the enormous achievement sketched above can possibly be taken away from him.

Again, young Martin's decision to become a minister has everything to do with his temperament, for he seems always to have been characterized by his striking mixture of steadiness and peace. He apparently did the normal amount of crying in his childhood, for I am told that his grandmother "couldn't stand to see it." But he seems to have done very little complaining; when he was spanked, "he just stood there and took it"; he seems to have been incapable of carrying

grudges; and when he was attacked, he did not strike back.

From King's own account, I can only guess that this decision was aided by the fact that, at Morehouse College, he was asked to lead the devotions. The relationship thus established between himself and his contemporaries, or between himself and himself, or between himself and God, seemed to work for him as no other had. Also, I think it is of the utmost importance to realize that King loves the South; many Negroes do. The ministry seems to afford him the best possible vehicle for the expression of that love. At that time in his life, he was discovering "the beauty of the South"; he sensed in the people "a new determination"; and he felt that there was a need for "a new, courageous witness."

But it could not have occurred to him, of course, that *he* would be, and in such an unprecedented fashion, that witness. When Coretta King—then Coretta Scott—met him in Boston, where he was attending Boston University and she was studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, she found him an earnest, somewhat too carefully dressed young man. He had gone from Morehouse to Crozer Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania; the latter institution was interracial, which may have had something to do with his self-consciousness. He was fighting at that time to free himself from all the stereotypes of the Negro, an endeavor which does not leave much room for spontaneity. Both he and Coretta were rather lonely in Boston, and for similar reasons. They were both very distinguished and promising young people, which means that they were also tense, self-conscious, and insecure. They were inevitably cut off from the bulk of the Negro community and their role among whites had to be somewhat ambiguous, for they were not being judged merely as themselves—or, anyway, they could scarcely afford to think so. They were responsible for the good name of all the Negro people.

#### FEROCIOUS FORMALITIES

CORETTA had perhaps had more experience than Martin in this role. The more I spoke to her, the more I realized how her story illuminates that of her husband. She had come from Lincoln High in Marion, Alabama, to Antioch College in Ohio, part of one of the earliest groups of Negro students accepted there. She was thus, in effect, part of an experiment, and though she took it very well and can laugh about it now, she certainly must have had her

share of exasperated and lonely moments. "The social mobility of a Negro girl, especially in such a setting, is even more severely circumscribed than that of a Negro male, and any lapse or error on her part is far more dangerous. From Antioch, Coretta eventually came to Boston on a scholarship and by this time a certain hoydenish, tomboy quality in her had begun, apparently, to be confirmed. The atmosphere at Antioch had been entirely informal, which pleased Coretta; I gather that at this time in her life she was usually to be seen in sweaters, slacks, and scarves. It was a ferociously formal young man and a ferociously informal young girl who finally got together in Boston.

Martin immediately saw through Coretta's disguise, and informed her on their first or second meeting that she had all the qualities he wanted in a wife. Coretta's understandable tendency was to laugh at this; but this tendency was checked by the rather frightening suspicion that he meant it; if he had not meant it, he would not have said it. But a great deal had been invested in Coretta's career as a singer, and she did not feel that she had the right to fail all the people who had done so much to help her. "And I'd certainly never intended to marry a *minister*. It was true that he didn't seem like any of the ministers I'd met, but—still—I thought of how circumscribed my life might become." By circumscribed, she meant dull; she could not possibly have been more mistaken.

What had really happened, in Coretta's case, as in so many others, was that life had simply refused to recognize her private timetable. She had always intended to marry, but tidily, possibly meeting her husband at the end of a triumphant concert tour. However, here he was now, exasperatingly early, and she had to rearrange herself around this fact. She and Martin were married on June 18, 1953. By now, naturally, it is she whom Martin sometimes accuses of thinking too much about clothes. "People who are doing something don't have time to be worried about all that," he has informed her. Well, he certainly ought to know.

Coretta King told me that from the time she reached Boston and all during Martin's courtship, and her own indecision, she yet could not rid herself of a feeling that all that was happening had been, somehow, preordained. And one does get an impression, until this point in the King story at least, that inexorable forces which none of us really know anything about were shaping and preparing him for that fateful day in Montgomery. Everything that he will need

has been delivered, so to speak, and is waiting to be used. Everything, including the principle of nonviolence. It was in 1950 that Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson of Howard University visited India. King heard one of the speeches Johnson made on his return, and it was from this moment that King became interested in Gandhi as a figure, and in nonviolence as a way of life. Later, in 1957, he would visit India himself.

But, so far, of course, we are speaking after the fact. Plans and patterns are always more easily discernible then. This is not so when we try to deal with the present, or attempt speculations about the future.

#### THE MONSTER CREATURE

**I**MEDIATELY after the failure, last June, of Montgomery's case against him, King returned to Atlanta. I entered, late, on a Sunday morning, the packed Ebenezer Baptist Church, and King was already speaking.

He did not look any older, and yet there was a new note of anguish in his voice. He was speaking of his trial. He described the torment, the spiritual state of people who are committed to a wrong, knowing that it is wrong. He made the trials of these white people far more vivid than anything he himself might have endured. They were not ruled by hatred, but by terror; and, therefore, if community was ever to be achieved, these people, the potential destroyers of the person, must not be hated. It was a terrible plea—to the people; and it was a prayer. In *Varieties of Religious Experience*, William James speaks of vastation—of *being*, as opposed to merely regarding, the monstrous creature which came to him in a vision. It seemed to me, though indeed I may be wrong, that something like this had happened to young Martin Luther—that he had looked on evil a long, hard, lonely time. For evil is in the world: it may be in the world to stay. No creed and no dogma are proof against it, and indeed no person is; it is always the naked person, alone, who, over and over and over again, must wrest his salvation from these black jaws. Perhaps young Martin was finding a new and more somber meaning in the command: "Overcome evil with good." The command does not suggest that to overcome evil is to eradicate it.

King spoke more candidly than I had ever heard him speak before, of his bitterly assaulted pride, of his shame, when he found himself accused, before all the world, of having used and betrayed the people of Montgomery by stealing the money they had entrusted to him. "I knew



it wasn't true—but who would believe me?"

He had canceled a speaking trip to Chicago, for he felt that he could not face anyone. And he prayed; he walked up and down in his study, alone. It was borne in on him, finally, that he had no right *not* to go, no right to hide. "I called the airport and made another reservation and went on to Chicago." He appeared there, then, as an accused man, and gave us no details of his visit, which did not, in any case, matter. For if he had not been able to face Chicago, if he had not won that battle with himself, he would have been defeated long before his entrance into that courtroom in Montgomery.

#### UNLUCKY NEGRO LEADERS

**W**HEN I saw him the next day in his office, he was very different, kind and attentive, but far away. A meeting of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference was to begin that day, and I think his mind must have been on that. The beleaguered ministers of the Deep South were coming to Atlanta that day in order to discuss the specific situations which confronted them in their particular towns or cities, and King was their leader. All of them had come under immensely greater local pressure because of the student sit-in movement. Inevitably, they were held responsible for it, even though they might very well not have known until reading it in the papers that the students had carried out another demonstration. I do not mean to suggest that there is any question of their support of the students—they may or may not be responsible *for* them but they certainly consider themselves responsible *to* them. But all this, I think, weighed on King rather heavily.

He talked about his visit to India and its effect on him. He was hideously struck by the poverty, which he talked about in great detail. He was also much impressed by Nehru, who had, he said, extraordinary qualities of "perception and dedication and courage—far more than the average American politician." We talked about the South. "Perhaps 4 or 5 per cent of the people are to be found on either end of the racial scale"—either actively for or actively against desegregation; "the rest are passive adherents. The sin of the South is the sin of conformity." And he feels, as I do, that much of the responsibility for the situation in which we have found ourselves since 1954 is due to the failure of President Eisenhower to make any coherent, any guiding statement concerning the nation's greatest moral and social problem.

But we did not discuss the impending conference which, in any case, he could scarcely have discussed with me. And we did not discuss any of the problems which face him now and make his future so problematical. For he could not have discussed these with me, either.

That white men find King dangerous is well known. They can say so. But many Negroes also find King dangerous, but cannot say so, at least not publicly. The reason that the Negroes of whom I speak are trapped in such a stunning silence is that to say what they really feel would be to deny the entire public purpose of their lives.

Now, the problem of Negro leadership in this country has always been extremely delicate, dangerous, and complex. The term itself becomes remarkably difficult to define, the moment one realizes that the real role of the Negro leader, in the eyes of the American Republic, was not to make the Negro a first-class citizen but to keep him content as a second-class one. This sounds extremely harsh, but the record bears me out. And this problem, which it was the responsibility of the entire country to face, was dumped into the laps of a few men. Some of them were real leaders and some of them were false. Many of the greatest have scarcely ever been heard of.

The role of the genuine leadership, in its own eyes, was to destroy the barriers which prevented Negroes from fully participating in American life, to prepare Negroes for first-class citizenship, while at the same time bringing to bear on the Republic every conceivable pressure to make this status a reality. For this reason, the real leadership was to be found everywhere, in law courts, colleges, churches, hobo camps; on picket lines, freight trains, and chain gangs; and in jails. Not everyone who was publicized as a leader really was one. And many leaders who would never have dreamed of applying the term to themselves were considered by the Republic—when it knew of their existence at all—to be criminals. This is, of course, but the old and universal story of poverty in battle with privilege, but we tend not to think of old and universal stories as occurring in our brand-new and still relentlessly parochial land.

The real goal of the Negro leader was nothing less than the total integration of Negroes in all levels of the national life. But this could rarely be stated so baldly; it often could not be stated at all; in order to begin Negro education, for example, Booker Washington had found it necessary to state the exact opposite. The reason for this duplicity is that the goal contains the as-

sumption that Negroes are to be treated, in all respects, exactly like all other citizens of the Republic. This is an idea which has always had extremely rough going in America. For one thing, it attacked, and attacks, a vast complex of special interests which would lose money and power if the situation of the Negro were to change. For another, the idea of freedom necessarily carries with it the idea of sexual freedom: the freedom to meet, sleep with, and marry whom one chooses. It would be fascinating, but I am afraid we must postpone it for the moment, to consider just why so many people appear to be convinced that Negroes would then immediately meet, sleep with, and marry white women; who, remarkably enough, are only protected from such undesirable alliances by the majesty and vigilance of the law.

The duplicity of the Negro leader was more than matched by the duplicity of the people with whom he had to deal. They, and most of the country, felt at the very bottom of their hearts that the Negro was inferior to them and, therefore, merited the treatment that he got. But it was not always politic to say this, either. It certainly could never be said over the bargaining table, where white and black men met.

The Negro leader was there to force from his adversary whatever he could get: new schools, new schoolrooms, new houses, new jobs. He was invested with very little power because the Negro vote had so very little power. (Other Negro leaders were trying to correct *that*.) It was not easy to wring concessions from the people at the bargaining table, who had, after all, no intention of giving their power away. People seldom do give their power away, forces beyond their control take their power from them; and I am afraid that much of the liberal cant about progress is but a sentimental reflection of this implacable fact. (Liberal cant about love and heroism also obscures, not to say blasphemes, the great love and heroism of many white people. Our racial story would be inconceivably more grim if these people, in the teeth of the most fantastic odds, did not continue to appear; but they were almost never, of course, to be found at the bargaining table.) Whatever concession the Negro leader carried away from the bargaining table was won with the tacit understanding that he, in return, would influence the people he represented in the direction that the people in power wished them to be influenced. Very often, in fact, he did not do this at all, but contrived to delude the white men (who are, in this realm, rather easily deluded) into believing that he had. But

very often, too, he deluded himself into believing that the aims of white men in power and the desires of Negroes out of power were the same.

It was altogether inevitable, in short, that, by means of the extraordinary tableau I have tried to describe, a class of Negroes should have been created whose loyalty to their class was infinitely greater than their loyalty to the people from whom they had been so cunningly estranged. We must add, for I think it is important, that the Negro leader knew that he, too, was called "nigger" when his back was turned. The great mass of the black people around him were illiterate, demoralized, in want, and incorrigible. It is not hard to see that the Negro leader's personal and public frustrations would almost inevitably be turned against these people, for their misery, which formed the cornerstone of his peculiar power, was also responsible for his humiliation. And in Harlem, now, for example, many prominent Negroes ride to and from work through scenes of the greatest misery. They do not see this misery, though, because they do not want to see it. They defend themselves against an intolerable reality, which menaces them, by despising the people who are trapped in it.

#### A CLASS VICE

THE criticism, therefore, of the publicized Negro leadership—which is not, as I have tried to indicate, always the real leadership—is a criticism leveled, above all, against this class. They are, perhaps, the most unlucky bourgeoisie in the world's entire history, trapped, as they are, in a no man's land between black humiliation and white power. They cannot move backwards, and they cannot move forward, either.

One of the greatest vices of the white bourgeoisie on which they have modeled themselves is its reluctance to think, its distrust of the independent mind. Since the Negro bourgeoisie has so many things *not* to think about, it is positively afflicted with this vice. I should like at some other time to embark on a full-length discussion of the honorable and heroic role played by the NAACP in the national life, and point out to what extent its work has helped create the present ferment. But, for the moment, I shall have to confine my remarks to its organ, *The Crisis*, because I think it is incontestable that this magazine reveals the state of mind of the Negro bourgeoisie. *The Crisis* has the most exciting subject matter in the world at its fingertips, and yet manages to be one of the world's dullest magazines. When the Reverend James



Lawson—who was expelled from Vanderbilt University for his sit-in activities—said this, or something like it, he caused a great storm of ill feeling. But he was quite right to feel as he does about *The Crisis*, and quite right to say so. And the charge is not answered by referring to the history of the NAACP.

Now, to charge *The Crisis* with dullness may seem to be a very trivial matter. It is not trivial, though, because this dullness is the result of its failure to examine what is really happening in the Negro world—its failure indeed, for that matter, to seize upon what is happening in the world at large. And I have singled it out because this inability is revelatory of the gap which now ominously widens between what we shall now have to call the official leadership and the young people who have begun what is nothing less than a moral revolution.

It is because of this gap that King finds himself in such a difficult position. The pressures on him are tremendous, and they come from above and below. He lost much moral credit, for example, especially in the eyes of the young, when he allowed Adam Clayton Powell to force the resignation of his (King's) extremely able organizer and lieutenant, Bayard Rustin. Rustin, also, has a long and honorable record as a fighter for Negro rights, and is one of the most penetrating and able men around. The techniques used by Powell—we will not speculate as to his motives—were far from sweet; but King was faced with the choice of defending his organizer, who was also his friend, or agreeing with Powell; and he chose the *latter* course. Nor do I know of anyone satisfied with the reasons given for the exclusion of James Lawson from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. It would seem, certainly, that so able, outspoken, and energetic a man might prove of great value to this organization: why, then, is he not a part of it?

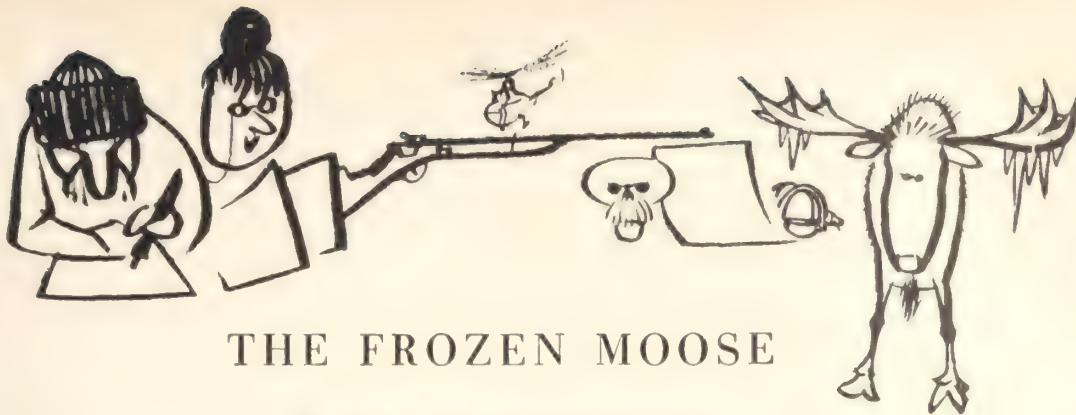
#### A NEW DIMENSION

AND there are many other questions, all of them ominous, and too many to go into here. But they all come, finally, it seems to me, to this tremendous reality: it is the sons and daughters of the beleaguered bourgeoisie—supported, in the most extraordinary fashion, by those old, work-worn men and women who were known, only yesterday, as “the country niggers”—who have begun a revolution in the consciousness of this country which will inexorably destroy nearly all that we now think of as concrete and indisputable. These young people have never

believed in the American image of the Negro and have never bargained with the Republic, and now they never will. There is no longer any basis on which to bargain: for the myth of white supremacy is exploding all over the world, from the Congo to New Orleans. Those who have been watched and judged and described for so long are now watching and judging and describing for themselves. And one of the things that this means, to put it far too simply and bluntly, is that the white man on whom the American Negro has modeled himself for so long is vanishing. Because this white man was, himself, very largely a mythical creation: white men have never been, here, what they imagined themselves to be. The liberation of Americans from the racial anguish which has crippled us for so long can only mean, truly, the creation of a new people in this still-new world.

But the battle to achieve this has not ended, it has scarcely begun. Martin Luther King, Jr., by the power of his personality and the force of his beliefs, has injected a new dimension into our ferocious struggle. He has succeeded, in a way no Negro before him has managed to do, to carry the battle into the individual heart and make its resolution the province of the individual will. He has made it a matter, on both sides of the racial fence, of self-examination; and has incurred, therefore, the grave responsibility of continuing to lead in the path he has encouraged so many people to follow. How he will do this I do not know, but I do not see how he can possibly avoid a break, at last, with the habits and attitudes, stratagems and fears of the past.

No one can read the future, but we do know, as James has put it, that “all futures are rough.” King's responsibility, and ours, is to that future which is already sending before it so many striking signs and portents. The possibility of liberation which is always real is also always painful, since it involves such an overhauling of all that gave us our identity. The Negro who will emerge out of this present struggle—whoever, indeed, this dark stranger may prove to be—will not be dependent, in any way at all, on any of the many props and crutches which help form our identity now. And neither will the white man. We will need every ounce of moral stamina we can find. For everything is changing, from our notion of politics to our notion of ourselves, and we are certain, as we begin history's strangest metamorphosis, to undergo the torment of being forced to surrender far more than we ever realized we had accepted.



## THE FROZEN MOOSE

A Story by Garfield Scrog

Dear Sir.

Mrs Mires told me you buy stories. I can write stories. She gave me your adress out of her secert writers book. When I asked her how mutch she dont no but she guest you were onnest and wouldn't cheat me. I only want enought to buy a 22 and a helacopiter. I should'nt tell you mayby but I am a old traper who must be come a bush pilot or die from the low price of fur of starvatchian.

Here is the first story.

Peer the traper shot a tall moose in a deep snow. This moose got pairlized wen the bullit borke it's spine and that is why it froaze standing up becase it was a cold day. A poatcher come along in his air plane. He sold meat. Well he said to his eavle compannian theirs a moose we will land on this lake and taxie over and shoot it.

Meanwiles Peer snaged his snowshoe on a sumerged lim and hung up side down from his webs.

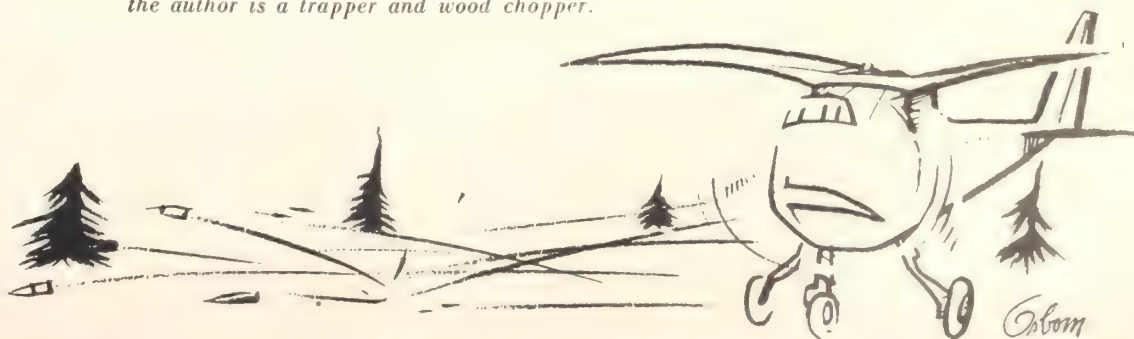
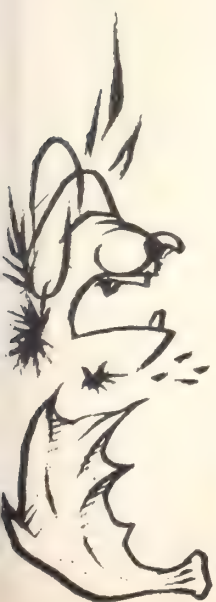
That was why them two eavle poatchers thought that moose was alone in the woods. Of coarse they didn't relize it was pairlized and mayby even froaze.

Well the litlest poatcher had a 30-30 and the big one a 60-60 and they commenst to shoot. Oh the woods was full of noise that day.

Peer like to dround in the snow but wen he heard the guns going off and bullits rickshaying he made a souper heuman effort and wriedt hisself behind the moose were the bullits was the thickest. He dide'nt like this *aye tall* but he was afraid it was the game warten to get him for a moose out of seizon wich it was. But it was give up or die full of bullits and moose hair and bones wich flew around thick as hornits. Then just as Peer was about to surrender a bullit from the 60-60 cut off a moose horn wich fell on him and made him mad. You gotch eyed son of a biches he holered and he flang the horn in their directon and it was most peculer he thought wen the eavle poatchers ran passed their air plane and then ran theirselves into black specs on the lake.

Humm Peer said I never seen game wartens run like that before. Anyways I beter skin my moose. After Peer skinned the moose he said Hmm I have had enouth of this deep dang old snow and I ich to fly. He grabed holt of the perpeler but the poatchers had left the engine cocked and Peers head got cut off so how couled he no why the poatchers ran. They new and they left their plane. It sank in the lake next May or mayby even Apirl in a good year. I hope they went to Cannada becase the Mounties will get them. please send the mony.

*This story came to "Harper's" from Alaska, where the author is a trapper and wood chopper.*





# CAN DE GAULLE

## AVOID A CIVIL WAR?

### *Letter to a French Friend*

*A young critic and student of French politics explores the tortured crisis in Algeria and the chances for a hopeful resolution.*

DEAR M.—As I write this letter, I do not know under precisely what circumstances you will be reading it. Perhaps you will have neither time nor occasion to read it at all. By February, France may be in the grip of civil war. Realizing that de Gaulle is determined to grant Algeria autonomy, the settlers, the extremist elements in the French army, and the right-wing fanatics in France may have decided on a last trial of strength. Perhaps they will seek to destroy by violence the regime they brought to power when they overthrew the Fourth Republic on May 13, 1958.

If civil war breaks out, I know on which side you will be. The battle lines have been drawn long since; perhaps they were already drawn in the aftermath of the French Revolution. France has long been two nations: the ancient coalition of the agricultural provinces, of high finance, of the military caste, and of certain elite elements in the bureaucracy and intellectual circles has always hated the other France to which you belong—the radical and liberal tradition in French history. The Nazi occupation of France merely dramatized a split deeply rooted in French life. To many Frenchmen, Vichy represented the kind of authoritarian, semi-agrarian, Catholic, and military France which they always strove for.

And though you hate these men with their talk of past glory, their savage racial prejudice, their anti-Semitism and contempt for modern ideas, they are no fools. They believe that the

Latin temper is not suited to democracy. They argue that under parliamentary rule France has known only instability, that it has been afflicted by corruption and division of purpose. They are convinced that nations such as Spain, Italy, and France fare best under the rule of strong men. France was in her glory under Louis XIV, under Napoleon and Clemenceau. Democracy has brought her an abject circus of party politics and the constant threat of Communist take-over.

These men thought they had found their instrument in de Gaulle. He belongs to their caste by tradition and upbringing. He shares their contempt for politicians. Like them, he believes with austere, passionate fervor in the grandeur of France. When he describes himself as "the symbol and guarantor of national unity," when he declares that "the control of France belongs *par excellence* to me," de Gaulle is speaking in the naked language of authoritarian rule. Pétain used some of the very same phrases.

Over these past two years, moreover, the de Gaullist regime has adopted many of the tactics of totalitarian rule. Parliament has been whittled down to a shadowy debating society in which ex-prime ministers and politicians go through the motions of occasional opposition. There is massive censorship of books, newspapers, periodicals, and films. The French radio has become a servile instrument of government propaganda. The intellectuals, artists, writers, and teachers who signed the famous "Declaration of the 121" in September 1960, urging open opposition to the Algerian war, have been hounded out of their jobs and driven off the stage or screen. "Disrespect to the head of the state" or the "dissemination of views injurious to the morale of the army" are now grave crimes.

Above all, there is the matter of torture. It is probable that torture was used by paratroopers and commando units from the very start of the Algerian war, and even in France the police has long been reputed for its illicit brutality. But over the past three years, it has become plain that torture is a widespread and routine feature of French military and police life. The electrode, the bathtub, and the nailed boot in the kidneys have become nauseatingly familiar symbols of French rule. Conservative estimates place the number of Algerian intellectuals who have died under "interrogation" at more than five hundred. Hundreds more have vanished after being picked up by military gangs. There is detailed, nearly unbearable documentation on the torture of women and on the methodical degradation of Algerian civilians during "terror raids." Paul Teitgen, secretary of police in Algeria from 1956 to 1958, resigned his post in order to bear witness to these bestial facts.

No one bothers to deny them. De Gaulle himself must know what is going on, though he may not be aware of each particular instance. Yet he has done little to stop the torturers. Thus France, who was herself in the murderous hands of the Gestapo twenty years ago, is now using Gestapo methods against Algerians. The whole of Camus's and Sartre's work is shot through with this repulsive paradox. A nation that tortures abroad, moreover, soon starts torturing at home. Before that happens, a growing number of Frenchmen—artists, intellectuals, scientists, students, young men and women from every walk of life—would rather take the risk of civil war.

This has been, I know, your own view. You have told me that you would rather see France destroyed than reduced to a petty Fascist state, maintaining precarious power by means of censorship and political terror. Anything, rather than see Paris become a glamorized Madrid.

#### FRANCE ON THE MARCH

NONE the less, you and most of those who share your liberal and democratic faith will have voted for de Gaulle in the January referendum to decide whether Algerians should eventually be allowed to determine their future relationship with France. You will have cast your ballot for the plan advanced by the very man who long embodied the hopes of the reactionaries and under whose secretive, mystical authority French life has been stripped of so many of its freedoms. Why?

In part, no doubt, because of de Gaulle's

undeniable achievements over the past two and a half years. Whatever disaster may befall the Fifth Republic, de Gaulle has to his credit at least three major accomplishments.

(1) He has brought into being the new French Community in Africa, an association of more than thirty million free Africans living in fourteen independent republics. They inhabit a vast, diverse world. The Republic of Chad, for example, has some 500,000 square miles; the Republic of the Niger is as big as Texas plus California; Madagascar is the fourth biggest island on earth. Yet these immense territories, with their multitude of linguistic and ethnic traditions, are held together in voluntary co-operation and in a common bond with France. Ten thousand French civil servants are at work in the Community; six thousand Africans are now in France receiving advanced medical, technological, and administrative training. Nowhere is there more ground for hope in the ultimate emergence of a multi-racial society, keeping whites and Africans working together, than in French Africa. And there can be little doubt that it was de Gaulle's personal prestige, the sense of trust he has always inspired in Africans, which made possible the easy transition of millions of men from a colonial to an independent status.

(2) If France has been able to assume the great burden of help and investment which the African Community demands, it is because her own economy is now remarkably strong. That is de Gaulle's second principal achievement. He has kept home consumption in check, directed surplus production toward exports, and balanced foreign accounts. The figures speak loud. The rate of industrial expansion, nearly 6 per cent annually, places France behind West Germany but ahead of the United States and Great Britain. The devaluation of the franc in December 1958 led to a rebuilding of gold and dollar reserves from less than \$100 million to a present level of more than \$2 billion. The Fifth Republic has paid back nearly \$1 billion in foreign debts. Prices have been kept stable since January 1960. This, together with a rise in wages and

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family allowances, has meant a real gain in the standard of living.

The French economy still faces difficult problems. In rate of internal investment, it lags behind all its Common Market partners except Belgium. The French export trade is often archaic in its techniques, and de Gaulle has not yet dispersed those locusts who traditionally batten on French economic life—the middlemen and small shopkeepers. But progress and prosperity are dramatically visible. A single figure sums up the story: 200,000 more children are now being born in France annually than were born in 1939. I know that many young intellectuals like yourself feel that too little is being done to modernize housing, to build new hospitals and research facilities. Nevertheless, you would, I think, agree with Raymond Aron when he says: "France is on the march toward the type of well-organized, prosperous, industrial society which seems to be the model of all Western countries."

(3) The third of de Gaulle's major accomplishments is more controversial and difficult to define. But despite French setbacks in the United Nations and before world opinion, and despite profound internal dissensions, France's prestige and status have risen under Gaullist rule. The authoritarian constitution promulgated by de Gaulle has enabled the Debré ministry to last longer than any of the previous twenty-five governments. It has drastically reduced the corrupt and capricious role of partisan intrigue in French affairs. This, in turn, has given the voice of France a new resonance in the councils of the mighty. The Fifth Republic enjoys greater respect abroad than any French state since Clemenceau and Poincaré. The mere absence of de Gaulle from the autumn session of the United Nations took on the guise of a major act of policy. In the world's foreign offices, France again carries something of her historic weight.

Many Frenchmen, yourself included, argue that this international prestige is being bought at too high a price. You would prefer France to accept small-nation status while maintaining, at the same time, the kind of internal liberty which exists in Switzerland or Scandinavia. But are you sure this could be done? Recent historical experience suggests that where a great power shrinks too quickly, its traditions of inner vitality will shrink also. Out of a diminished Austria sprang the nightmare of Hitlerism. There is no certainty that a reduced, embittered France, excluded from the risks and benefits of international responsibility, would be a free or happy place.

De Gaulle may be going about his task the wrong way. We, in America, are no happier than you are about his insistence on an independent nuclear deterrent. At a time when French education, housing, and scientific research are in desperate need of funds, it seems folly to invest \$2.3 billion in an obsolete atomic bomb. Nor are we reassured by de Gaulle's big-power politics toward NATO. His vision of a Europe of sovereign states, in which France would somehow play a preponderant role, seems utterly unrealistic. It is undermining Western defense, is seriously retarding evolution toward a united Europe, and is bringing about precisely what Frenchmen fear most—the resurgence of a strong, autonomous Germany. Nevertheless, it seems to me that de Gaulle's ideal of French grandeur and your own desire for civil liberty and spiritual vitality inside France are more closely related than might appear at first sight.

#### THE LAST HOPE

I REALIZE, however, that it was not de Gaulle's achievement in Africa, nor the resurrection of the French economy, nor the increase in French prestige which made you vote in support of the government in the January referendum. It was something far more decisive and paradoxical. The de Gaulle for whom you have voted this past month is not the same man whom the army and the Algerian *colons* brought to power in May 1958. He is not the man in whom his military and right-wing supporters saw the guarantor of a French Algeria. On the contrary. The de Gaulle of today is the last hope of all those who believe that Algeria must be given autonomy and that France will go to ruin unless the Algerian war can be brought to a just conclusion. That is why you have voted for him; that is why the Algerian settlers hate him even more than they hate the rebels. This dramatic change in de Gaulle's position inside the context of French politics is the dominant fact of the past two years. Brought to power by an unholy alliance of Fascism, colonialism and middle-class apathy, de Gaulle is today the only man in whom French liberals and the pro-Algerian leaders of the new Africa see any hope whatever. What has caused this extraordinary change?

No one knows what de Gaulle really had in mind regarding the future of Algeria when the collapse of the Fourth Republic called him back from private life. Having acquired firsthand experience of Africa during the war, de Gaulle was probably aware of the great winds of na-

tionalism. He has hinted to some of his rare intimates that he, de Gaulle, knew as early as 1941 that French North Africa must be granted independence. But during the first year of the Fifth Republic, there was no sign of such clairvoyance. De Gaulle made sibylline and contradictory statements. In part, this was a matter of tactics; de Gaulle was playing for time. In part, it reflected his maxim that "nothing enhances authority more than silence." But the real and simple explanation seems to be that de Gaulle had not made up his own mind.

On September 16, 1959, de Gaulle took the first major step toward a resolution of the crisis. He proclaimed the right of the Algerian people to self-determination: "I pledge myself," he said, "to ask the Algerians what they wish to be." De Gaulle's formula explicitly allowed for the possibility of secession, though he termed such a course as tragic and absurd and hinted that it might lead to a partition between a French and a European Algeria. But the long-awaited word "self-determination" had now been spoken. This led directly to the insurrection of settlers and right-wing military units in Algiers in January 1960. The men who had brought the Fifth Republic into being now sought to overthrow it. They called for the establishment of a military regime in Paris pledged to the extermination of the rebellion and the permanent retention of a "French Algeria." By appealing to the professional loyalty of the army and to the broad mass of French opinion, de Gaulle was able to suppress the rising. But we know today that his victory was incomplete. The army did not rally to de Gaulle; it merely remained aloof.

Nevertheless, de Gaulle pressed forward. On June 14, 1960, he proclaimed that "self-determination is the only possible outcome of this complex and painful tragedy. . . . It is guaranteed that the choice will be completely free." But at that point, it seems clear that de Gaulle still believed that the choice would keep Algeria closely associated with France. What he evidently had in mind was an extension to Algeria of the large measure of autonomy given to the other republics in the French Community. *Primus inter pares*, Algeria would be the keystone in the French commonwealth, giving to settlers and natives the chance of working out a common future under the guidance of metropolitan France. De Gaulle's vision of compromise was no idle fantasy. It had behind it strong psychological and economic factors.

De Gaulle argued that the leaders of the rebellion had no claim to speak for all, or even a

majority, of the ten million Algerian Moslems. They are extremists committed to the total independence of Algeria. Such independence makes neither human nor economic sense. With a native population increasing 2.5 per cent annually, Algeria will count some eighteen million inhabitants by 1985; at best, her agriculture will be able to feed only nine million. Only French investment, trade, and technology can make Algeria viable. And it is toward that specific end that de Gaulle launched the Constantine Plan in October 1958. Some of its first results have been striking: one thousand new villages have already been built, with concrete used instead of mud and wattle; 27,000 new jobs are being created at a cost of \$170 million; 50,000 acres of hitherto arid land are under irrigation. Since pumping began in December 1959, some 6.5 million metric tons of oil have been piped from the Sahara to the coast; natural gas will soon halve the cost of industrial energy. Social gains have also been impressive: 37,000 Moslems have been admitted into the French civil service and 650 Algerians serve as officers in the French army. Some 840,000 Moslem children are now in school, a rise of 62 per cent over 1958.

De Gaulle believed that the coming of prosperity and the steady increase in social equality would convince the Algerians that secession or partition would be tragic folly. As life in Algeria improved, the rebellion would lose its sting. Algerians and *colons* would get on with the job of creating for themselves an industrial future. De Gaulle kept stressing the dramatic fact that the rebels carefully avoided sabotaging any of the numerous agricultural or industrial projects being carried out under the Constantine Plan. They themselves seemed to recognize in it the best hope for Algeria.

#### THE FEARFUL TOLL

THIS was the image of the future de Gaulle had before him when he arranged for a meeting between his own representatives and a rebel delegation at Melun in June 1960. The rebels were to lay down their arms. After that, they were to join Frenchmen and other Algerians in working out a common future.

It was a noble design and made economic sense. But it was too late. By treating the FLN (Front de Libération Nationale) as mere rebels, by isolating their delegates from any of the normal contacts and amenities granted to diplomats, de Gaulle doomed the Melun talks to bitter failure. He had failed to realize that the rebels,



whether or not they in fact represent a majority of Algerians, have won for themselves the right to speak for the new Algeria. No moderate leadership has emerged from within the Algerian Moslem community. Those who collaborate with the *colons* and the army are inevitably regarded as weaklings or traitors by most of their countrymen. And far from seeing in French economic aid a genuine basis for future co-operation, the Moslems tend to regard it as a reluctant concession to the pressure of the rebellion. The breakdown of the Melun talks made plain that the Algeria conceived by de Gaulle might have been a possibility in 1945 or perhaps as late as 1953. But now the time for a commonwealth status with only partial autonomy is past.

On the first of November 1960, the Algerian war entered its seventh year. The toll has been fearful: 13,000 French soldiers and more than 2,000 French civilians have been killed; 150,000 Moslem irregulars are thought to have died in battle, and nearly 14,000 Moslem civilians have perished on the fringe of actual combat or during mutual reprisals. And the war has extended to France; internecine gang fighting between various Moslem factions has caused the death of nearly 1,200 Algerians in the Paris area alone. (Do you remember how we drove at night through half-deserted quarters on the outskirts of the city, watching the police cowering behind concrete shields, the safety catches off their sub-machine guns?)

The French army keeps 400,000 men deployed in Algeria. Most of the ordinary soldiers are conscripts, drawn from an annual levy of 200,000. You yourself had to interrupt your studies at a vital stage to serve twenty-eight months under arms. All young Frenchmen have hanging over them the bitter shadow of service in Algeria. No one really knows the full cost of this military establishment and of successive Algerian campaigns. But France's military budget absorbs twice as much of the gross national product as is absorbed in any other country of the Common Market, and it is a fair guess that the Algerian war costs at least \$2 million per day.

You and countless young Frenchmen of your generation have been saying: We must stop this war—even if we have to fight a civil war in order to do it. On November 4, 1960, de Gaulle himself said nearly the same thing. He spoke the fateful words: "An Algerian Republic." He declared that this republic "can be built either with France or against it. The latter—I state it once again—will not oppose the solution, whatever it may be." He went on to say that when

elections are eventually held in Algeria, they would be open to international inspection.

You say that de Gaulle has been driven toward a liberal solution by force of events: that he should have proclaimed two years ago what he is conceding now. Perhaps so. But no man has had to travel a harder psychological road. To de Gaulle, the concept of French grandeur and of the sacred integrity of the French soil is a kind of mystical absolute. Behind his decision to move toward an independent Algerian Republic must lie a long agony of spirit. But also great statesmanship; in this passionate dreamer, as Mauriac puts it, "realism has proved stronger than pride."

As I write, it is not yet clear exactly how de Gaulle envisages the transition to Algerian autonomy. But he is moving swiftly and a general outline is beginning to emerge. Local executive councils are to be established throughout Algeria; on these, Moslems will have a distinct majority. Working in collaboration with French civil servants, these councils are to prepare their several regions for a final, decisive plebiscite. In that plebiscite, Algerians will be offered a threefold alternative: union with metropolitan France (integration), the semi-autonomous status of a commonwealth, or complete secession. De Gaulle has counted on the January referendum to give him the massive backing needed to make good his pledge of Algerian self-determination. To free Algeria and end this long, cruel war, he needs the support of the great majority of Frenchmen.

#### BLOODY LAVA

**B**UT even that may not be enough. Already, the settlers in Algeria and de Gaulle's right-wing opponents in France discount the referendum. The Front for French Algeria has declared that even if a great majority approved the de Gaulle plan, "any decision for abandonment of Algeria would release citizens from the duty of obedience." Jacques Soustelle, de Gaulle's one-time lieutenant, has stated flatly that the vote will make no difference; France will never get out of Algeria. The powerful Independent party, with its agricultural and business support, has asserted that the French constitution prohibits the "abandonment to any foreign power of a single inch of French national territory." And so the jackals yelp.

Moreover, even if de Gaulle can contain his enemies at home and dominate the *colons*, what of the rebels, and what of the French army? That

is the decisive question; and the referendum will provide no certain answer.

Most probably, there are within the rebel high command differences of attitude. Ferhat Abbas, the titular head and spokesman of the FLN, was long regarded as a moderate. The breakdown of the Melun talks obviously shook his confidence in the possibilities of a negotiated settlement. He has now turned for help to Russia and China and has indicated that the rebels would have no choice but to internationalize the

conflict. Some of his more fanatical colleagues have long been urging such a course. Bela Krim is thought to feel that only the near threat of world war will persuade the French that they must get out.

One can understand the impatience and exasperation of the FLN. The war has ravaged Algeria; each day brings new loss and torment to the Algerian people. And since April 1956, when the shock tactics and massive ground sweeps of the French army began being effective, the FLN has known that it cannot win victory in the field. All it can do is continue to make life in Algeria intolerable. Thus the mirage of Chinese volunteers or world conflict must at times look very tempting to the rebel leaders.

Jules Roy, a French officer and writer, has published a moving "open letter" to Ferhat Abbas. In it he says that if the rebels internationalize the war, they will "make of their country a new Korea. Changed to gallows, your trees will bear only birds of prey, and the earth will harden into bloody lava." Communist military intervention and the inevitable counteraction of the West would bring to Algeria "an apocalypse of destruction." The rebels must be made to realize this, and they must recognize the grim fact that de Gaulle is their own last chance. He alone may be able to make good the pledge of liberation; he alone may be able to bring the French army out of Algeria.

Can he, in fact, do so? That is the supreme enigma in this whole tragic situation. On it depends the survival of the Fifth Republic and, perhaps, the peace of the world.

#### THE FANTASTIC VISION

THE French army is not a monolithic structure. Competent observers believe that of the 700,000 soldiers posted in France and in NATO, a sizable majority would support the Republic and would go along with de Gaulle's Algerian policy. Most enlisted men have no great desire for continued war. In Algeria itself, matters are different. Elite units, such as the two paratroop divisions and the Foreign Legion, look upon democracy at home and Moslem aspirations in North Africa with equal hatred and contempt. These are the men who speak of "tossing parliament into the garbage bin" and who describe military action against the FLN as "hunting for lice." Such views are widespread throughout the Algerian forces and officers boast that they can convert a young conscript to "realism" in a matter of a few months. Each year, a stream of lib-

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MAXINE W. KUMIN

## THE JOURNEY

*for Jane at thirteen*

PAPERS in order; your face  
accurate and on guard in the cardboard house  
and the difficult patois you will speak  
half mastered in your jaw;  
the funny make-up in your funny pocketbook—  
pale lipstick, half a dozen lotions  
to save your cloudless skin  
in that uncertain sea  
where no one charts the laws—  
of course you do not belong to me  
nor I to you  
and everything is only true in mirrors.

I help to lock your baggage:  
history book, lace collar and pink pearls  
from the five-and-ten;  
an expurgated text  
of how the gods behaved on Mount Olympus  
and pennies in your shoes.  
You lean as bland as sunshine on the rails.  
Whatever's next—  
the old oncoming uses  
of your new troughs and swells—  
is coin for trading among girls  
in gym suits and geometry classes.

How can you know I traveled here,  
stunned, like you, by my reflection  
in forest pools;  
hunted among the laurel  
and whispered to by swans  
in accents of my own invention?

It is a dangerous time.  
The water rocks away the timber  
and here is your visa stamped in red.  
You lean down your confident head.  
We exchange kisses; I call your name  
and wave you off as the bridge goes under.



eral or politically indifferent young recruits come to Algeria; they return to France either bewildered or infected with the semi-Fascism and violent race prejudice of their superiors.

As a number of young colonels have bluntly put it: "The French army needs a victory if it is to survive at all." Since Dien Bien Phu, the army is looking desperately for a stroke of redeeming glory. If it leaves Algeria in defeat, it will lose the final remnants of its traditional power in French life. "The army of Napoleon cannot become a Swiss militia."

No one is more sharply aware of this than de Gaulle. The French army and its inheritance of renown have been the core of his own life. If he raised the banner of Free France in June 1940, it was because he could not tolerate seeing the French army succumb to treason and defeat. That is why he is trying to give the French army a creative, prestigious role in the foundation of Algerian independence. De Gaulle's dream goes something like this: the FLN should openly acknowledge that the French army has defeated the rebellion in the field. The army, in turn, should assume the noble burden of bringing to the new Algeria order, freedom, and the legacy of public service. Like the armies that liberated Italy and the Netherlands in the wake of the French Revolution, the army in Algeria should regard itself as the teacher of the Algerian people and as the guarantor of their sovereignty. After a transition period, it could leave Algeria as a victorious friend, not as a humiliated foe forced out by rebellion or international pressure.

It is a somewhat fantastic vision and only a miracle can bring it about. But it is not wholly inconceivable. When the chips are down, many professional soldiers, even in Algeria, will prefer the distasteful prospect of Algerian independence to the thought of civil war or chaos at home. De Gaulle, moreover, is trying to make the homecoming as attractive as possible. If present plans are carried into effect, France will, by 1970, have a modern, superbly equipped military establishment in which ambitious men will find scope for their talents. It is here that the independent nuclear deterrent makes some kind of psychological sense. An army which has been given its own atomic arsenal will find the thought of leaving Algeria more bearable.

Can America do anything to help? There are two things, perhaps. We must make it absolutely clear to the Algerians that we will not tolerate Russian or Chinese military presence in North Africa. And we must get Ferhat Abbas to understand that we will not accelerate the French

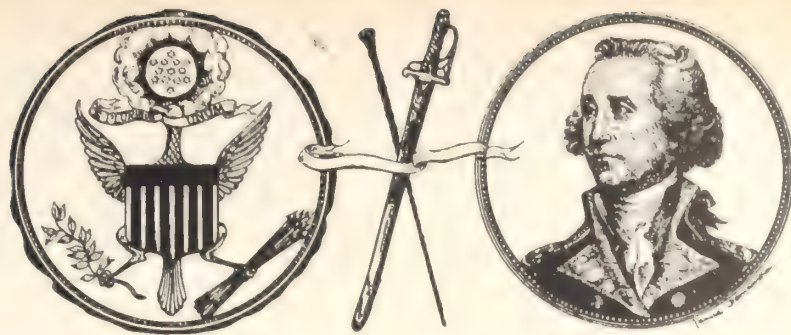
withdrawal from Algeria by rushing to the aid of the Algerian economy. The kind of blackmail whereby every newly independent underdeveloped nation thinks it can get massive American support by merely looking toward Moscow must stop. France has a major role to play in the economic and technological evolution of a free Algeria. Only if she is allowed to play that role will some of the *colons* realize that they have a valid, important future as equal citizens in an Algerian Republic. If America rushes in with economic support, as it has done in French Guinea, the immensely complex task of working out a realistic relationship between Moslem and settler will be made even more insoluble.

#### ONE MAN'S LIFE

ALL these precarious factors—submission of the *colons*, trust of the FLN, obedience of the army, support of France and the West—ultimately hang by the thread of a single life. That is probably the most frightening thing of all. As I send you this letter, de Gaulle is back from Algeria. If he had been assassinated there—and there are Fascist fanatics who have called for his death—France and North Africa would drift into chaos. But murder is not the only menace: de Gaulle is seventy years old, and you have told me there are rumors in Paris that his eyesight is failing rapidly. No one can command in France even a fraction of the loyalty he can still marshal. Neither Mendès-France, nor Pinay, nor Soustelle could do anything but lead a faction in what would most likely be civil war. The unity of France and the slim chance of peace in Algeria hinge on the fact of de Gaulle's continued presence and vitality. Only if the Algerian crisis is resolved will France have the breathing space needed in order to seek a valid successor to de Gaulle. At present, there is no such man. Not since Churchill ruled England in 1940 has the life of a great nation been so completely embodied in that of a single man.

But France must live. If she were to collapse into internal strife or Fascism, the position of the West as a whole might no longer be viable. This, of course, is true not only in the immediate strategic sense. It is to French intellectual and spiritual life that the liberal faith everywhere owes much of its foundation and continued energy. It is, to a certain vital extent, our own future that is at stake in Paris and Algiers. So in wishing you good luck during these momentous weeks, I am wishing it to ourselves also.

*Bonne chance, vieux.*



## THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

PAUL GOODMAN

HOT-HEADED patriots, many of them bigoted avaricious narrow tradesmen—here was a contradiction! petty bourgeois impetuously taking the large risks of war with stingy measures. Much they did who can praise? and yet they did one deed wise beyond praise as if inspired by an uncanny forethought, Congress chose Washington. He was not a New Englander but from a class and country breeding soldiers and, to my mind, a character in history unique to be among the stubborn free Commander-in-Chief for seven awful years.

He was prudent to a fault in the short run. But falling back across New York and Jersey he guarded there would be a longer run. He did not wait too long but fell on Trenton.

Diffident he was, like one who thinks of everything where much must be in doubt and so he listened too much to his staff when his own judgment was superior; yet—sharing blunders he made officers for the war that had to drag in any case till the King gave up at his slow-witted speed.

And isn't it beautiful and noteworthy how youngsters, the adventurous and brilliant, the Hamiltons and Lafayettes, adored him (I choose the word with care) not servilely? Surely he was like a father to them such that they also grew into the future.

Then we can guess his heartsick shock come to West Point and Arnold was not there. "My mind misgave me," said the General, "I hadn't the least idea of the real cause,"—although methodically he had observed all the small signs, but he was not suspicious. Then Washington's dismay it was, I think, bursting into tears that were not shed, that scalded André whom he would not yield even a military death but hanged him from a gallows. (Gentlemen of those times set store upon such things, though dead is dead.) Then he was merciless, not like himself.

When Lee fell back for no good cause at Monmouth he "swore until the leaves shook on the trees" and held the line and rallied, for his men were awestruck. Mostly, but, he was unmoved by a mischance and did the best he could—except, "I am distressed beyond expression!" he fretted like a child as he flew south—and laid his careful plans—the time he scented, though would not own it yet, the victory. By this time he was flexible like lightning that leaps the high potential.

Washington's integrity in all the other things, money, rank, or the nice points of honor—among the graspers in and out of Congress and in the army (and the King of England still thought to make George Washington a Duke!)—was so Olympian that he was spared intrigues: they dissipated when he looked.

Nor did he threaten once—this is remarkable!—he did not threaten, once he had accepted, to quit, as a weapon, though he was sometimes in despair and truly might, though not a praying man, have knelt in the snow.

So might a poet, avid to praise, avid to loudly praise but hard to please, praise Washington and call the Congress wise. And still he looms there in the dubious past real. He does not need interpretation. Transparent in his virtues and his limits, not greatly superior in any crisis, superior enough in every crisis, a Commander-in-Chief! it is a man whose peers or abler men in this and that respect, do not need to make allowances for him but confidently speak and will be heard. For war is senseless, its suffering is senseless, but it is demonic, it is mankind gone mad, and lucky is the people if its leaders warrant ordinary admiration as noble honest men who are not fools.

Such, he seemed like a god to wise old tired Europe, where we meet, with pleased surprise, our Washington on little village squares.



LEONARD ENGEL

# SURGERY FOR STROKES

*An incredibly difficult operation . . . still rarely possible . . . can repair brain damage that was almost always fatal in the past.*

**I**N THE library of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, New York's newest medical school, there are but two purely decorative touches. One is a portrait of Einstein on one wall, the other—on a long low bookcase—a bust of Harvey Cushing, the difficult genius who almost singlehandedly created brain surgery.

The bust, a first-rate job, is the work of Dr. Leo M. Davidoff, chairman of the school's department of neurological surgery and a student under Cushing. Dr. Davidoff, who has an abiding admiration for Cushing, has many of his teacher's traits. A trim man of just under medium height, he is as exacting as Cushing in the operating room; and he has a manner much like Cushing's—intense, yet austere and formal.

Like Cushing, too, Dr. Davidoff likes to move in difficult new directions. At the age of sixty-three, he is among a handful of neurosurgeons who have accepted one of the most formidable challenges in medicine. Dr. Davidoff; Dr. Michael Scott of Temple University Medical Center, Philadelphia; Mr. Wylie McKissock—British surgeons are "Mr."—of St. George's Hospital in London; Dr. Guy Lazorthes, professor-neurosurgeon of the hospitals of Toulouse, France—these and a few other surgeons are seeking to do something about brain hemorrhage.

The odds against success are forbidding. Few

ailments are more devastating. In one of the most frequent of the several forms brain hemorrhage may take, 50 per cent of patients die at the first attack; and of those who survive, many are immediately and permanently disabled. In another frequent type of cerebral hemorrhage, the overwhelming majority die within hours or days. Attempts at treatment, whether by surgery or otherwise, have therefore been regarded generally as all but useless. Prevention—however that is to be accomplished—is widely considered the only real hope in cerebral hemorrhage.

And yet some success has been won. In the most severe type of cerebral hemorrhage—that resulting from high blood pressure—nearly 30 per cent of the patients operated on by these surgeons have survived. Two-thirds of the survivors suffered no residual effects or effects so moderate that they were able to lead useful lives. In other forms of cerebral hemorrhage, results have been even better.

Recently, I watched Dr. Alan B. Rothballer, an associate of Dr. Davidoff, operate on a fifty-year-old woman who had had a massive cerebral hemorrhage as a consequence of high blood pressure. Dr. Rothballer removed a mass of clotted blood and fluid the size of a large lemon from the left side of her brain. Two months after the operation, which I shall describe shortly, she was discharged home. A slight weakness of her right arm, a slight limp, and a head of hair not yet fully grown back following the shaving of her head for surgery were the main marks of her experience.

There are still too many patients who cannot be helped for us to speak of a new day in the treatment of brain hemorrhage. But the modest number of successes achieved is already a long way from zero. Moreover, the very effort to deal more effectively with the disaster of brain hemorrhage is symbolic of the best in medicine as science and humane art—the refusal of the progressive physician to accept any human ailment as unalterable, the will to find a way to help any patient, however sick.

## HOW LETHAL ARE THEY?

**THE** *International List of Diseases and Causes of Death*—the Bible of vital-statistics compilers—lists some 1,100 distinct means of departing life (including suicide, homicide, and numerous categories of accident). But most deaths are due to one or another of only a few causes. Among these great killers are the various injuries to the brain grouped under the term

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"stroke." In 1959, stroke was responsible for almost 200,000 of the 1,660,000 deaths in the United States; more than 40,000 occurred in persons under the age of sixty-five. In addition, stroke is believed to be the nation's leading cause of crippling. Some 1,800,000 persons still alive have suffered some manifestation of stroke. Many of these are partly or wholly disabled.

Strokes are a result of disease of the blood vessels within the brain or leading to it, and may take either of two principal forms. Three times out of four, one or more vessels are blocked by thrombosis (as the doctor calls it), that is, the formation of a clot, either in the brain area or elsewhere in the body and carried to the brain by the bloodstream (embolism). One time in four, stroke results from a hemorrhage: a weakened or overtaxed blood vessel gives way, causing what the old-time physician was apt to call apoplexy. In either type of stroke—thrombotic or hemorrhagic—brain tissue is destroyed. How serious the consequences of a stroke are depends on which and how large a region of the brain is affected.

During the last several years, determined men have opened paths to improved treatment of the clot type of stroke. One approach is through anticlotting drugs. Physicians like Dr. Irving S. Wright of Cornell have demonstrated that many cases of cerebral vascular clotting can be diagnosed before irreversible injury to the brain has occurred. Prompt treatment of these patients with anticoagulant drugs can hold off stroke—often for years.

A good many patients with clot-type stroke can also be helped—again, if treated before permanent damage has occurred—by blood-vessel surgery, the remarkable new art of clearing blocked arteries or replacing them with artificial vessels or grafts. Such surgeons as Dr. Michael E. De Bakey of the Baylor University College of Medicine in Houston have found that strokes may stem from a clotting process in arteries leading to, but actually outside, the brain—in the carotid artery, a blood vessel running through the neck, for instance—and hence within reach of the blood-vessel surgeon.

Prospects in hemorrhage stroke have been decidedly less encouraging for two reasons. One

is the swiftness and deadliness of massive brain hemorrhages like the one that killed President Roosevelt. The other is the difficulty of getting at the seat of the hemorrhage. In relieving cerebral hemorrhage, the neurosurgeon has a double task. He must close off all sources of bleeding he can find. And he must remove the mass of blood and fluid that collects around the ruptured vessel, for it exerts destructive pressure upon the brain. Neither of these tasks is easily accomplished without adding to the damage already done by the hemorrhage.

Actually, there have been occasional operations for cerebral hemorrhage almost from the moment, at the turn of the century, when Cushing—then a resident under William Stewart Halsted, the great Johns Hopkins teacher of surgery—made his historic decision to become the first specialist in brain surgery. In those years, operations for brain hemorrhage came about chiefly by accident. There is a form of cerebral hemorrhage which is not easily distinguished from a brain tumor without modern X-ray techniques. Accordingly, surgeons operating on patients for brain tumor sometimes found that the patient had really suffered a hemorrhage. Fortunately, this is not an especially difficult type of hemorrhage for the neurosurgeon to deal with. So the results of the impromptu hemorrhage surgery were usually good. But this type of cerebral hemorrhage is not very common.

Deliberate, systematic attempts to treat cerebral hemorrhage by surgery go back only a few years. Dr. Davidoff's first operation for cerebral hemorrhage in a patient whom the neurosurgeon knew in advance of the operation to have had a massive hemorrhage was performed a little more than a dozen years ago. He and other neurosurgeons had long been interested in brain hemorrhage. A generation ago, however, while there were fair procedures for diagnosing and locating brain tumors, there were none that could reliably tell whether and just where in the brain a hemorrhage had taken place. Without such information the neurosurgeon dared not operate.

#### WHAT X RAY MAY SHOW

THE most important technique by far for locating brain hemorrhages is an ingenious procedure termed cerebral angiography—the doctor injects a material opaque to X rays into blood vessels entering the head so as to make vessels within the skull visible under X ray. With this technique and others, medical investigators have been able to show that cerebral hemor-



rhages may originate in a number of ways and have quite different characteristics. Thus, head injury is a common cause of bleeding within the skull, and usually the bleeding is confined to the space between the membranes surrounding the brain and so is outside the brain proper. But head injuries may also cause hemorrhage deep within the brain.

Cerebral hemorrhage may likewise result from a curious congenital defect in the veins that start blood on its journey back from the brain to the heart. Some persons are born with a cluster of extra, thin-wall veins somewhere in the brain. These are much like the thin-wall veins in birthmarks and, like them, are prone to easy rupture.

Much more often, one or another of the arteries supplying the brain has a weak spot. Under the impact of the powerful stream of blood directed to the head by the heart, the weak section balloons out to form what is known as an aneurysm. Some persons with aneurysms get through life without trouble. In others, however, it finally lets go, precipitating a highly destructive massive hemorrhage, most frequently at the base of the brain.

Cerebral vessels may also rupture as a result of high blood pressure. This is, in fact, the most devastating and rapidly fatal type of brain hemorrhage. When a cerebral vessel under high pressure gives way, an explosive jet of blood strikes surrounding portions of the brain with nearly the impact of a bullet. Hypertensive hemorrhage, moreover, very often occurs in the deepest parts of the brain, in a region profoundly involved in functions which may not be interrupted, even briefly, without an end to life.

#### PREPARING THE PATIENT

**T**HERE are differences, of course, in what the neurosurgeon may expect to accomplish in the several types of brain hemorrhage, and in how he proceeds in each. But, in most cases, the essentials of the surgery are similar. A good idea of what the procedure is like may be obtained from a single, suitably chosen operation.

The operation I witnessed took place at Jacobi Hospital in the East Bronx. One of two new city hospitals constituting the Bronx Municipal Hospital Center, Jacobi is staffed by the faculty of the Einstein medical college, whose own spanking new glass-and-brick buildings stand on an adjoining plot. The operation was performed by Dr. Rothballer, who received his training at the renowned Montreal Neurological Institute.

Dr. Rothballer is an assistant professor under Dr. Davidoff and was the neurosurgeon "on service" in the hospital that month. Sound custom, followed in good medical schools, decrees that most operations (except on private patients) shall be performed by qualified staff members on service and not reserved to the chief.

I had had to wait two months before receiving a call, early one morning, to come to the hospital. No patients suitable for surgery, despite the frequency of hypertensive cerebral hemorrhage, had come into Jacobi Hospital for several weeks—though, as it happened, three similar operations took place there in the next few days.

Mrs. M., the patient, was a housewife with a history of high blood pressure. Her hemorrhage had occurred shortly after 6:00 A.M. the day before while she was drinking a cup of coffee and reading the morning paper before preparing her husband's breakfast. Patients who go into a coma at once—as Mrs. M. had done—are generally considered poor candidates for surgery. But Mrs. M. stirred a bit from time to time on her left side. It was plain that her right side was paralyzed. But it was also clear that she was not in deep coma. She was accordingly moved from the hospital to which she had been sent to Jacobi Hospital for study and possible surgery.

The "workup" was finished at 4:30 A.M., and Dr. Rothballer was called. He discussed the case with the hospital's attending neurologist and the residents, who had carried out the examination, and together they agreed that Mrs. M. had a chance. The hematoma—the clotted-blood-and-fluid mass formed by the hemorrhage—was below the cortex, but not so deep in the brain as to be out of reach.

At 8:00 A.M.—twenty-six hours after Mrs. M.'s hemorrhage—the patient was stretched out, still unconscious, on a wheeled operating table in a room in Jacobi Hospital's eleventh-floor operating suite, across the hall from the room where the operation would take place. Her head had been shaved before I arrived; without her hair, it was hard to tell her face was that of a woman.

Four men in hospital "scrub suits"—street clothes are not allowed in operating suites—hovered over her, preparing her for the operation. They were Dr. Rothballer; Drs. S. Sheldon Katz and Juan A. Gomez, neurosurgical residents (neurosurgeons-in-training); and Dr. Lawry Sciely, the anesthesiologist. Many patients who have suffered a cerebral hemorrhage need no anesthetic. Mrs. M., however, was receiving a little fluothane, a new anesthetic developed in England.

A few minutes before nine, the patient was ready. Dr. Rothballer and the two residents donned the shoulder-length cloth hoods and double-thickness masks worn in neurosurgery operating rooms to reduce to an absolute minimum the risk of contaminating the patient's surgical incision. I put on a hood and mask also; I was to watch from close behind Dr. Rothballer. The anesthesiologist alone did not need a hood; he would be working on a low stool below the operating-table drapes.

Mrs. M. was wheeled across the hall. The operating room was a square room tiled in pale green, with a glassed-in observation balcony at one end and three large windows along one wall. Instruments, trays, cautery machine (for cauterizing bleeding vessels), and suction machine (to help keep incisions free of blood) had already been prepared by the two nurses who were to work with the surgical team. One of the nurses wore sterile gown and gloves; she would work at the instrument table. The other would be the "circulating" nurse. She was not "sterile"; when she must handle sterile articles, the circulating nurse uses sterile tongs. She is there to fetch things from various parts of the operating room and the outside as needed.

#### TWO HOURS, FIFTEEN MINUTES

**M**ODERN surgery is highly organized. Good surgeons do not hurry, but they do not waste time either. Dr. Katz, the senior resident, stopped in an anteroom to scrub. Meanwhile, Dr. Gomez, a junior resident, helped the nurse with the suction machine—the connection to the vacuum line in the ceiling was giving trouble—and Dr. Rothballer began drawing the lines for the incision on Mrs. M.'s scalp.

By the time Dr. Rothballer had finished, Dr. Katz was back and had donned sterile gown and gloves. Drs. Rothballer and Gomez went out to scrub. Dr. Katz and the "sterile" nurse began draping Mrs. M. In neurosurgery, sterile drapes must be clipped or sewn to the scalp (otherwise they would fall off) around the area of the incision; then larger drapes are added until the patient is wholly covered, except for the area of the incision. Draping is a tedious but necessary precaution, to protect the wound from contamination. Drs. Rothballer and Gomez were back from scrubbing before the draping was finished.

Dr. Katz made the incision. It was a barely visible red line roughly in the shape of a

rounded U. He then took a flat-bladed instrument called a periosteal elevator from the instrument nurse and gently turned back the incised flap of skin.

A round patch of skull glistened under the operating-room lights. Dr. Rothballer called for one of surgery's oldest tools, the trephine; Stone Age people practiced trephining with flints, both for magical purposes and to remove splinters of bone from the skulls of warriors clunked in battle. In its modern form, the trephine looks like a carpenter's brace and bit; instead of a drill bit, however, it has a circular disc with saw-tooth edges and a guide ring to prevent it from cutting too deep. The trephine cuts out a circular disc of bone which is in one piece and may be put back in place. Trephining is one of the methods used when any but small openings are to be made in the skull.

Trephining is hard work. Human bone (according to a study by the National Bureau of Standards some years ago) can be as tough as seasoned hickory. Dr. Rothballer was sweating visibly beneath his hood and mask as he turned the trephine.

The suction machine, moreover, was giving trouble again. The circulating nurse switched to an emergency machine with a noisy electric pump. Dr. Rothballer paused and looked up.

"Do we have to have that racket?" he asked.

"Ceiling suction hasn't been working in some time," one of the residents replied. "They've never sent anyone to fix it."

"Can't do an operation without suction," Dr. Rothballer growled. "I'll see about it afterwards."

After nearly ten minutes of turning the trephine, the surgeon had the bone flap out, leaving an opening in the skull about two and a half inches across. Dr. Rothballer cut through the dura, the membrane covering the brain. The latter looked just as it does in textbook pictures, except that it bulged under the pressure of the clotted blood and fluid within.

"Blood pressure has fallen since opening of the skull," Dr. Sciely, the anesthesiologist, called.

"Nothing we can do up here except try to be quick about getting the hematoma out," the surgeon answered.

While Dr. Gomez squirted saline solution onto the exposed portion of the brain, Dr. Rothballer cut quickly to reach the hematoma. Drs. Katz and Gomez separated the edges of the incision with retractors.

"Here it is."

The surgeon cautiously teased out fragments of



the hematoma. "It's bigger than I expected," he commented. He placed the fragments in a pair of test tubes for checking by the hospital pathologist. The resident irrigated the hemorrhage area with more warm saline.

"Blood pressure and respiration now good," Dr. Sciely reported.

"Gel, please." Dr. Rothballer was calling for Gelfoam, a sponge-like material which has shortened brain operations by hours. Gelfoam, which was developed shortly after World War II, is made from gelatin. Surgeons soak it in thrombin—a blood product that promotes clotting—then pack it into wounds to halt otherwise hard-to-control bleeding. The gelatin sponge can be left in wounds; it's absorbed and disappears in about a month.

The surgeon carefully placed squares and strips of Gelfoam soaked in thrombin in the hemorrhage area.

"No rebleeding problems if I'm careful at this stage," he remarked. "More Gel, please." He worked silently for some time.

"Do you have stitches for the dura, Miss?"

"Three-0 or 4-0 size?"

"Four-0."

In a few minutes, the membrane over the brain was closed. As Dr. Rothballer worked, the brain could be seen pulsating slightly—a good sign. It meant that arterial blood was now getting through freely.

Dr. Katz retrieved the disc of bone cut out with the trephine from the sterile antibiotic solution in which it had rested since its removal. He and Dr. Gomez drilled three small holes in it to aid in wiring it back in place. The two residents then reinserted it in Mrs. M.'s skull and closed the skin incision. Dr. Rothballer prepared to leave.

The time was 11:15 A.M. The operation had taken a few minutes over two hours. But many days would pass before it was certain that Mrs. M. would live, and many weeks before her recovery could be described as "essentially complete—minor residual effects only."

#### WEIGHING THE CHANCES

**I**N recent years, neurosurgery has become quite proficient at dealing with some types of brain hemorrhage. Thus, in a series of patients operated upon by him personally and reported in a medical journal two years ago, Einstein's neurological surgery chief, Dr. Davidoff, had no deaths among patients under forty years of age, without high blood pressure, whose hemorrhages

were due chiefly to congenital venous malformations. There were sixteen such patients in the series. Three-quarters made full recoveries; the others were partially invalidated by residual effects (due to the original hemorrhage, not the corrective surgery). Most of these patients would have died or been severely disabled without surgery. Other neurosurgeons have comparable records in treating such patients.

The real problem is the patient over forty, especially the one whose hemorrhage results from high blood pressure. Such patients are more numerous and difficult to treat. In 1956, Dr. Lazorthes, the French neurosurgeon, published a monograph summarizing all operations for brain hemorrhage reported in world medical literature up to that date. Somewhat more than one hundred were on patients who probably had high blood pressure. Very nearly half died. In Dr. Lazorthes' own cases, five of seventeen with high blood pressure failed to survive operation. In nineteen such cases operated on by Dr. Davidoff, there were eight deaths. Moreover, about one third of the patients who survive generally have serious residual effects.

"These results are certainly not brilliant," Dr. Davidoff declares. "Under ordinary circumstances, they would drive the responsible surgeon to despair. But the circumstances are not ordinary. We are faced with a widespread ailment which itself carries a much higher mortality."

No surgeon hopes or expects surgery to solve the problem of hypertensive brain hemorrhage. For that, they look to means of preventing the underlying disease, high blood pressure. (The drugs now in use for treating high blood pressure may help. Several of the drugs do ease some of the manifestations of hypertension. But it will be some years before what effect, if any, they may have on brain hemorrhage becomes clear.)

"What can be hoped," says Dr. Davidoff, "is that we can learn to choose between those patients whom surgery cannot help and who should not be subjected to operation, and those in whom it has a reasonable chance of success, to the end that the maximum number of people may be salvaged. In any event, the patients are there, and the surgeon must persist in efforts to improve his effectiveness in treating them."

Dr. Cushing, who undertook the surgery of brain tumors at a time when the operative mortality was 90 per cent and over the years brought it down to 6 per cent, would assuredly have agreed.

By WILLIAM KRASNER

Drawings by Mozelle Thompson



## *Hoodlum Priest and Respectable Convicts*

*Most convicts head back to the familiar haunts and the old business when they're "sprung." A no-nonsense Jesuit in St. Louis is giving them a kind of break that could revolutionize the parole system.*

FATHER Charles Dismas Clark, a slight, soft-voiced Jesuit priest and a former teacher of mathematics in a Catholic high school, was being interviewed by Jack Eigen in a St. Louis night club. Eigen, an aggressive interviewer of the Mike Wallace school, was somewhat taken aback by the priest's answer to one of his questions.

"Did you say that you thought that judges were as bad as murderers?"

"You didn't get that quite right," the priest replied. "I said that judges are worse than murderers."

"How many judges ever took a course in criminology?" he said to me later. "How many do you think ever saw the inside of those prisons where they send human beings away for two, eight, even ten years? Yet they can go home each night, eat good, sleep fine. They tell themselves, 'We're protecting the people. We just put another dangerous criminal away.' If they couldn't rationalize that way, many of them would commit suicide."

Father Clark, the moving spirit within and behind Dismas House in St. Louis, a unique center for reintroducing convicts to the "outside," was

speaking from personal experience and in character. A good many judges are his close friends, but in the last quarter of a century, more of his friends have been murderers.

It was a judge, however, D. W. Fitzgibbon of the Court of Criminal Correction in St. Louis, who helped to start him twenty-five years ago on a career devoted to bettering the lot of convicts. Father Clark has, he says, "walked those thousands of miles of concrete, looked at those millions of bars," and put in almost as much time as many of the convicts he befriended, always mindful that he could leave whenever he wanted to. He takes pleasure in his nickname, now almost a title, "The Hoodlum Priest," and he is not at all concerned that it horrifies some Catholics. His career has led him again and again into the death house and lockup and slum and involved him in vehement—sometimes almost violent—scenes in judges' chambers and governors' and wardens' offices. He has listened to the confessions of the condemned, carried requests for paroles, for better food, for more and better panties for women convicts, and he has argued before grand juries, investigating committees, parole boards, and courts.

He has developed a major talent for scrounging money, favors, and supplies. ("Leave it to me to con the squares," he tells his convict friends.) He has attacked many prison evils which others might prefer to have a priest ignore—wardens too casual about solitary confinement and beatings, inexperienced girl prisoners left by lax administration to be the prey of Lesbians—and



injustices, inhumanities, and imbecilities in our legal and penal systems. A former St. Louis Circuit Court attorney tried to have him arrested for "tampering with a witness," and a few years ago there was even a movement to have him unfrocked.

Father Clark fulfilled a long-cherished ambition with the establishment of Dismas House on November 1, 1959. (Dismas was the good thief who died next to Jesus and who, Father Clark points out, is the only person we *know* went to heaven.) Morris A. Shenker, the area's leading criminal lawyer, was primarily responsible for raising the money with which to establish Dismas House, and the priest and the lawyer worked hand in hand to set up this "halfway house" for ex-convicts to which discharged and paroled men might come from all over the country. It is a place where they can stay until they can catch their breath, get adjusted to the square world, and find jobs and the assurance to face the outside and its pressures.

#### DRAG IT OUT

**T**O understand Dismas House, what it means to Father Clark and Morris Shenker, and why they think it is so important, it is necessary to understand their views of crime, trial, and punishment. The public is only aware of the sensational crimes and the sensational criminals; they see the arrogant syndicate gangster flanked by clever, expensive lawyers (often, in the Midwest, by Shenker himself), patently guilty and yet going free because a "slick lawyer" has found a "loophole." Lawyers know what laymen do not: that there is very little money, comparatively, in criminal law, and most of the ablest attorneys shun it. The little-known defendant is, actually, the norm: ignorant of many of his rights, without funds, often frightened, faced by the massed competence of the state and defended by an unhappy court-appointed attorney whom he sometimes does not see until the day of the trial. In federal court the situation may be even worse: juries (perhaps worrying about having their tax returns examined) are often cowed by the weight of the government at their backs. Even this gloomy picture assumes that police, prosecutors, and courts are fair and law-abiding—a state of affairs which Father Clark by no means takes for granted.

The accused has been convicted, stamped "convict," and isolated behind bars. What happens now? The dominant correctional philosophy, of course, is that the penitentiary is a kind of puri-

fying flame into which the sinner must be thrust and held until he is punished, purged, or consumed. If he should get out without having learned his lesson, he is sent back for more of the same, only tougher, this time. There is no scientific penologist or sociologist who still holds this view. Not only is the maximum-security prison a school for crime ("We tell them, 'Now, we're going to sneeze on you for two or ten years, but don't catch cold!'") but it tends to make the convict completely unfit for normal life outside. It is too often forgotten that the door swings both ways—that the man we thought safely quarantined, unless he is one of the relatively few who die or are executed in prison, must some day come out. "A man is ruined in prison—mentally, physically, morally," Father Clark has said. "First—their minds and wills. They never make their own decisions. Ring a bell—start eating; ring it again—stop; go this way, go that way—all on order. Next, their bodies are broken. Sitting around, day after day, for years. When they get out, when we get them jobs where they have to work hard eight hours a day, they usually can't stand it at first. Work habits in prison are bad. There's no incentive, initiative, competition, pride, or anything like that. They're never trying to make anything better or faster. Just keep them busy, fill up time, drag it out as long as possible.

"Our sentences, in the United States, are the longest of any country in the world. Civilized country, anyway. Even in Russia, Powers only got ten years—and that was for spying! Now when a man has been in for one, two, at most three years, he's reached the point of satiation. He's had it. So far as prison can punish and reform him, it's been done. He's ready to go out into the world as much as he'll ever be. I'm not talking about psychopaths, or addicts, or alcoholics—just the average convict. So—he's kept seven, eight, ten years. By the time he comes out he's ruined. And he's usually full of hatred."

The difference between serving two or three years or serving full-time is often parole; and many men who meet all the other requirements are unable to satisfy the parole boards that,

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*William Krasner has written four novels dealing with crime in the city and won a National Institute of Arts and Letters Award for them. He lives in St. Louis and writes and produces for radio, TV, and documentary movies. He was a meteorologist during the war, has a degree in psychology, and has always been interested, nonprofessionally, in criminology.*

through family, friends, money, or influence, they have both a home and a job to go to. Those who can't claim these blessings remain to serve out their "flat-time" sentences, watching men with longer sentences, who committed greater crimes, leave before them. These include, of course, the notorious racketeers, who seldom lack for funds and friends.

"Look how silly it is," Morris Shenker says. "You and I hold up a filling station together. We get the same sentences. You've got a family and friends who'll give you a job, so you're out in a year and a half or two. I stay for three and a half or four. What am I going to feel like when I get out?" Supposedly a prison sentence is a measure of the time it takes to punish and rehabilitate a criminal. Almost 70 per cent of "flat-timers" return to prison for other crimes; over 95 per cent of parolees do not.

To hundreds of men Dismas House has become home and job. It is the first institution in the world to meet those two requirements of parole boards and the first to which men who would otherwise be ineligible are being paroled. Some parole and probation officers, whose jobs consist almost entirely of investigating homes and jobs, look on Dismas House as a confusing, even alarming development. What do they investigate?

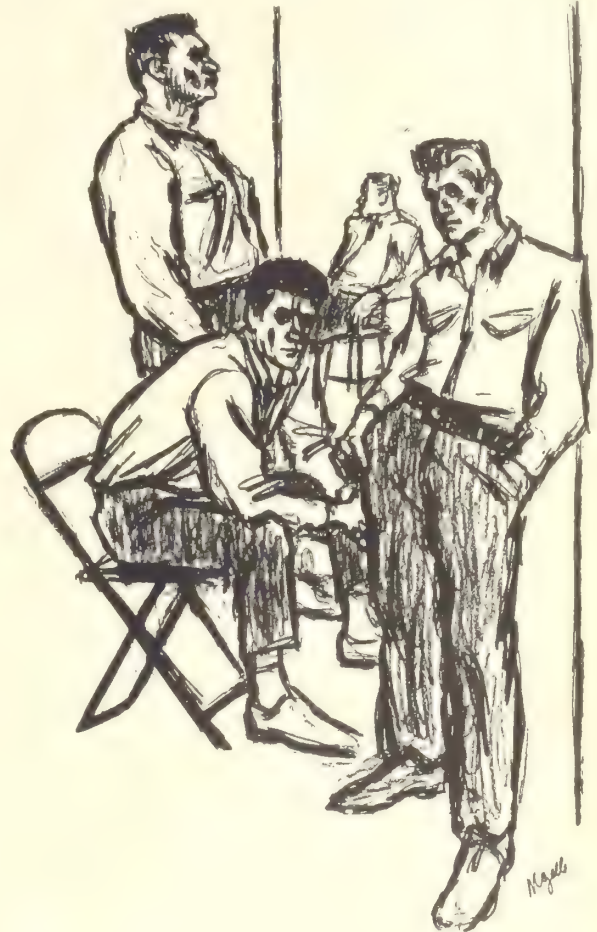
The employment office of Dismas House, run by Don Oliver, a trained job-replacement man ("The only square man here except Father, and he's half con"), is unhampered by the routine and red tape which inhibit some public agencies. By last October, after less than a year of operation, jobs had been found for all of the 390 men who had lived at Dismas House, and for some 437 who lived outside.

#### TURNED LOOSE

**T**HE flat-timer is turned loose with a cheap suit of obviously prison-made clothes and about enough money to last a couple of days (in Missouri, \$25); after that he is on his own, except, of course, for the unofficial hounding by police who want to drive him to another town. The successful thief, with a good credit rating in the underworld, will have little trouble getting re-established. The deviant, fit for neither freedom nor prison, will find his way back behind bars, where again he will probably get neither the medical nor the psychiatric help he needs. What happens to the rest?

"We can't take everybody," Father Clark says. "We're not equipped. We take the dumb clucks who couldn't even make a living at crime—and

if they could have made a living at anything else, most of them wouldn't have turned to it in the first place. Not many first-termers—they're not the best risks—too many of them still think they can make that one big strike." The case histories of Father Clark's inmates make depressing reading. Some have been in penal institutions since childhood—beginning as early as eight years old; many have served twenty years or more. "After fifteen years of walking that con-



crete, looking at those bars, working in that string factory, he's had enough; he knows he can't make it."

What happens when his money runs out? "He goes where he'll be accepted. He looks up the families of old prison buddies, bothers and tortures them. That's the best place to get money and women. He starts hanging around the old dives.

"We boycott him all the way down the line—economically, socially, morally. We take away most of his citizenship rights. It's very tough to get a job, own a home, lead any kind of normal life. The unions don't want him, the bonding companies, Civil Service, and Armed Forces won't have him. The cops keep hounding him.



And we turn him loose and tell him to go and sin no more."

The Dismas House building once was a public elementary school and was put up for auction when the neighborhood changed. With its thick walls, high iron fence, and paved exercise yard, it must look like another institution to the ex-cons who see it for the first time. The inside is quite a different matter. There are freshly painted walls, and curtains. The dormitory rooms have beds—in barrack-like rows, with footlockers at their feet—but beds, nevertheless. There are plenty of good clothes, mostly unclaimed articles from cleaners, scrounged by Father Clark. The cook is a master chef who once worked in a major hotel, and is now on parole from a sentence for handling stolen goods. There are a barber and a tailor with similar histories. Downstairs are billiard and ping-pong tables, new tiled showers, radio, and TV. At the end of the main hall, carefully lighted, is a tall, not very good, oil painting of Dismas on the Cross, the number-one con in the place. It was done by a former resident, a bad-check artist.

Upstairs there is a chapel—donated by a couple who were held up twice in a week, thrice in a month, and whose son-in-law was shot. It is non-denominational—a Star of David is in one stained-glass window, a Cross in the other. Father Clark does not hold Mass there; indeed, he works to counter the impression that Dismas House is a Catholic institution. Morris Shenker is a Jew. "Jews give us most of our help." Above the altar, Dismas again hangs on his Cross; but this is an Italian wood-carving with a very striking face. "Dismas is our religion," says Father Clark.

"If I didn't believe the Gospels, I would believe it for this story. There's Jesus on the Cross. One thief, next to him, shouting, yelling, a psychopathic boy, like we have sometimes. The other thief, a real con—a *real* con—tough, realistic, doesn't ask for anything. First he told the other boy, 'Why do you revile this man? This man suffers unjustly, we suffer justly.' He tells the other boy plainly, 'Leave this man alone, he's not like us, he's a righteous man.' Then he turns to Christ, and says, 'Remember me when you come into your kingdom. . . . I'm not going with you, I'm going to Hell.' He knew he was no good, he just asked for a kind thought. That's the con. Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' He's the only person we're sure of."

There are many Dismas stories. There was the convict who fulfilled a promise. When he got a

job, he left his gun in the statue's hand. There was a boy Father Clark overheard weeping in the chapel. "Look, I'm in bad trouble. I'm in even worse trouble than the rest. Father can't get me a job. Look—don't dummy up on me. Talk to those people. You live with 'em—you got an in with 'em. Anyway, remember you ain't no lily yourself."

#### CRITICISM AND SUPPORT

**D**ISMAS HOUSE, of course, has critics. Most of them belong to the primitive, get-tough school of correction, and they consider Father Clark a do-gooder, or worse. Clark does not suffer fools or critics gladly—especially of this kind. He is not inclined to listen with patience to people who have never seen or smelled a prison and yet think him naïve. "Of course you can't believe a con," he says. "They come out of a jungle. They have years of nothing to do but think up angles. You've got to be able to dominate them—to brainwash them—to deal with them." But why, he wants to know, if you are properly horrified at how low human beings can sink, is it wrong to be enraged at what puts them there, and to try to raise them up?

One of a reformer's dreariest tasks is to nag the "practical" people to get them to be practical. As Jimmy Cannon, the sports writer, says, "Hate is as worse as love." The "practical" men in the rural-dominated Missouri legislature, for instance, face with resignation the prospect of spending \$12 million to build a new maximum-security prison of the same basic kind which most penologists agree is a failure, to help replace the old riot-torn pen which was also a failure. At the same time, they have cut the funds of the office of probation and parole—although in canceled state welfare payments to prisoners' dependents alone the office has paid its way almost dollar for dollar. Connecticut, which releases about 85 per cent of its prisoners on parole, has a rate of 804 thefts per 100,000 population. Missouri, which releases only 30 per cent on parole, has a theft rate of 1,487.5 per 100,000.

Criticisms of cost are the least tenable of the charges leveled at Dismas House. It is privately financed, and does not cost the community a cent in any kind of taxes. The two hundred parolees it is processing alone would have cost the state \$1,750 a year each had they remained in prison. (Missouri is backward; most states spend more.) To this saving should be added reduced welfare payments to dependents; the

wealth produced and taxes paid by working ex-cons; the savings in money and terror from crimes not committed—police salaries and costs, lawyers' fees, court costs, judges' salaries, insurance, and people hurt. The humanitarian considerations are more difficult to compute.

There are also criticisms of Dismas House from more responsible sources. There is the polite demurrer that, statistically, you cannot judge the effectiveness of an experiment in rehabilitation for at least ten years—and even then only tentatively; furthermore, the sample so far is too small to be significant. Father Clark brushes this criticism aside. "You wonder, sometimes, if anybody will ever have enough sense to see what's happening. They've had over half a century to study the parole statistics. Parole is the only thing that works. And if they can get 95 per cent success by sending these men back to their underprivileged homes and neighborhoods, what would they do with a decent home and employment service?" Basically, therefore, he considers Dismas House an extension of the parole system—with a few refinements.

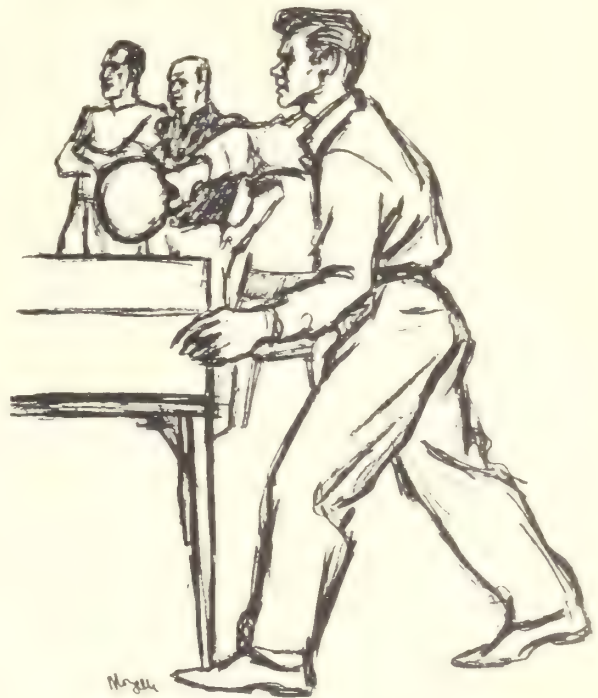
Social workers generally tend to be leery of the glamorous mavericks who, by the time the publicity and sentimentality have died down, may have helped distract attention from large-scale professional programs. They do not consider the Christmas basket, the kindly amateur, and the heartfelt handclasp to be substitutes for such programs. Is Dismas House merely helping Missouri, one of the most backward states in the country in correction, to escape its responsibilities? The history of "halfway houses" is not good. Why wouldn't it be better, they ask, to work for much more adequate rehabilitation programs, such as those in California and Michigan? "Professionalism" is the watchword. . . .

It is difficult—with Father Clark's twenty-five years of experience, his knowledge of psychiatry and scientific criminology and penology—to call him an amateur. Don Oliver is a professional in his field and so are the parole people and wardens who work with Dismas House. But conflict is certain to arise over two of Father Clark's major beliefs. One, that real rehabilitation is done outside, not inside, penal institutions. He is very much in favor of wall-less prisons and penal farms; they fill a very real need, he believes, and they reflect a real change in penal philosophy. They can stop the deterioration of convicts and start the process of rehabilitation and retraining; but no matter what you call them or how you operate them, they are still institutions, and the convicts know it. "Parole is still the only

thing that really works," Father Clark says, and the record of Dismas House is becoming a weight on this side of the argument.

His second belief is that an institution like Dismas House must be private. "If you let the state in, they'll ruin everything." The sociologists believe that a professional correctional program, on a scale large enough to be meaningful, must be a public responsibility. Dismas House is nice, but to come back to the fundamental question: How significant is it, and how long can it last? How much can you build on the "cult of personality"? What happens when Father Clark dies? What can one building in one city mean?

"Every idea has to be started and pushed by somebody! What about Florence Nightingale? Wasn't she an individual? What about Father Flanagan? If it wasn't for somebody willing to fight and sweat for it, no reform would ever get started!" The question then becomes: How viable is the idea itself? Does it meet, even partially, a continuing need? Is it spreading, attracting new converts, changing old ideas?



But the favorable response to Dismas House has astonished Father Clark and Morris Shenker. Many professionals in correction have come to its support. All of the local parole officers in St. Louis, Warden E. V. Nash of the Missouri State Penitentiary, and almost all of the other wardens in the area are for it. So is Thomas F. Eagleton, who was elected State's Attorney General last November and who had often found



himself, when he was Circuit Attorney, on the opposite side of the fence from Shenker.

Spontaneous support has come also from many people not ordinarily concerned with penal problems—as though some had been waiting silently for years for someone to raise that particular lance. A committee of “Dismas lawyers” has been formed—has practically formed itself—to answer questions from prisoners, everywhere, about their legal problems; this goes far beyond the scope of Dismas House itself, and there are plans now to set up similar committees in other cities. Visitors come to study the operation of Dismas House, to see if the idea can be transplanted. The national Sertoma clubs have approached Shenker about setting up “halfway houses” throughout the nation; so far he has refused, on the ground that it should be done just right, when the proper people have been trained, and not until then; also, he and Father Clark fully expect scandals and setbacks, and want to take no unnecessary chances. Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions have all lent support. A committee of well-to-do ladies, nicknamed “Dames for Dismas,” has been formed to raise funds and relieve Father Clark of routine duties. (He has found it prudent to put a guard over the mink coats, when they meet at Dismas House.) He welcomes such help, is not concerned about the “cult of personality,” and foresees the time when he can move on to establish other Dismas Houses.

Perhaps the greatest promise of Dismas House is indirect—to break down established ideas of what makes a criminal. It can operate only on the premise that the convict is a human being who will respond to being helped. If Father Clark is wrong, and the convict is a separate species who must be isolated, threatened, and

punished to be controlled, Dismas House cannot succeed. To Father Clark and Morris Shenker, civil liberties and the Golden Rule are not political and moral abstractions but matters of life and death to men facing trial, prison, and release. If the apparent success of Dismas House continues, the old attitudes toward the distinction between the respectable and the criminal, between square and con, must be undermined.

There is a final word from what is, usually, a very unreliable source. Convicts, of course, are the greatest con artists on earth. As Father Clark says, “They’ve got nothing to do but think up questions to which the answers have to be yes.” Still, listening to them on the subject of Dismas House has some value:

“It seems like every time I came out, instead of having someone to help me, there was always some guy to stick a crowbar in my hands.”

“If it wasn’t for Dismas House, I would have went to the penitentiary for four years, and been twenty-one when I got out.”

“I am sixty-two years old. I am an eight-time loser, and have served five prison terms, all for bad checks. At my age, my prospects to get work at my trade of carpenter were very dim. By this time, naturally, my family was tired of it, and we are separated. I didn’t know where to go, or to whom to turn, except maybe to the gas pipe. I heard about Father Clark, and wrote him. He wrote back that I should contact him two weeks before I was discharged.

“I’ve been here ten days now. I start work Monday—and at my old trade that I thought I’d never do again, except in prison. I can’t believe it. Father Clark didn’t know anything about me. I was a complete stranger to him . . . and he took me in. . . .”

## MEMENTO by Gilbert Highet

HE always walks beside me up the stair,  
pulls at my elbow, slows my careful step.  
Crossing the street, he thrusts me to one side,  
trips me, or jolts me with an unseen blow.  
Whenever I carry a load, he watches me,  
and then the load grows heavier. He is  
my old companion, my old enemy.  
Even sitting at home, at peace for a while,  
I feel him touch my heart with a sharp finger  
as a reminder.

One of these few days  
he will not walk with me. I’ll go with him.

# Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court, and the Bill of Rights

*His dissenting opinions are prodding American lawyers (and some of his colleagues) into sharp debate—and giving more than philosophic significance to the question of “absolutes.”*

EARLY last year, Mr. Justice Hugo Black came to New York University and delivered an address which quickly aroused intense interest among lawyers and friends of civil liberty. It was, perhaps, the most forceful recent statement of one side of a controversy over the Bill of Rights which—repeatedly and over many years—has divided the judiciary, split the Supreme Court, and posed troubling issues for those concerned with the preservation of individual freedom in America.

In very rough and general terms, the question at issue is: How wide are the protections afforded by the Bill of Rights? When one of its protected freedoms seems to conflict with the social order or security, should the values of the Bill of Rights be followed out to the limit? Or should adherence to these values be qualified by a rule of convenience? And in dealing with these questions, should the courts—with the Supreme Court at the top—defer to the solution reached by some other authority, *e.g.*, the Congress, the state legislatures, or local law-enforcement agencies? Or should the judiciary take a firm and independent line in protecting individuals, without regard to the views taken by transient legislative majorities or local police chiefs?

During his long career on the bench, Mr. Justice Black has emerged as a leader of the side that calls for wide interpretation and strict enforcement of the guarantees in the Bill of Rights. Thus, it is not surprising that his New York

University address on the Bill of Rights caused a stir within the professional legal community. But the significance of this speech extends far beyond the concern of lawyers and judges; it touches the national interest.

“It is my belief,” the Justice said, “that there are ‘absolutes’ in our Bill of Rights, and that they were put there on purpose by men who knew what words meant, and meant their prohibitions to be ‘absolutes’.”

This belief—and the decisions which stem from it—have often set Justice Black apart from some of his colleagues. He is very conscious of his apartness and in his speech summed up the views of the other side as follows:

Some people regard the prohibitions of the Constitution, even its most unequivocal commands, as mere admonitions which Congress need not always observe. This viewpoint finds many different verbal expressions. For example, it is sometimes said that Congress may abridge a constitutional right if there is a clear and present danger that the free exercise of the right will bring about a substantive evil that Congress has authority to prevent. Or it is said that a right may be abridged where its exercise would cause so much injury to the public that this injury would outweigh the injury to the individual who is deprived of the right. Again, it is sometimes said that the Bill of Rights guarantees must “compete” for survival against general powers expressly granted to Congress, and that the individual’s right must, if outweighed by the public interest, be subordinated to the Government’s competing interest in denying the right. All of these formulations, and more with which you are doubtless familiar, rest, at least in part, on the premise that there are no “absolute” prohibitions in the Constitution, and that all



constitutional problems are questions of reasonableness, proximity, and degree. This view comes close to the English doctrine of legislative omnipotence, qualified only by the possibility of a judicial veto if the Supreme Court finds that a Congressional choice between "competing" policies has no reasonable basis.

If this split in Supreme Court opinion is as sharp as it seems to be in Justice Black's analysis, it deserves much wider public attention than it has had. Does it mean that we are living through a period of erosion of our constitutional guarantees? Does Justice Black's position represent a lost cause? Or is it a stand which the American people would favor if they realized the gravity of the issue?

#### THE COERCED SALUTE

SOME recent decisions of the Supreme Court seem to have denied an "absolute" status to the Bill of Rights guarantees. The *Feiner* case, decided in 1951, is a good example. *Feiner*, a young student, got up on a wooden box in Syracuse and, in a "loud, high-pitched voice," made a rather unpleasant speech, in which he called President Truman a "bum." The police concluded, or claimed to have concluded, that there was danger of trouble if *Feiner* continued, and they ordered him to stop, instead of taking action to control the crowd. *Feiner* refused; he was arrested and sentenced to thirty days. On appeal from his conviction, he invoked the protection of the free-speech Amendment, Article I of the Bill of Rights. Was *Feiner's* right to speak his mind an "absolute," or could it properly be made to yield to the demands of public order that moved the police?

A divided Supreme Court upheld *Feiner's* conviction. Concurring, Justice Felix Frankfurter said:

Adjustment of the inevitable conflict between free speech and other interests is a problem as persistent as it is perplexing. It is important to bear in mind that this Court can only hope to set limits and point the way. It falls to the lot of legislative bodies and administrative officials to find practical solutions within the frame of our decisions. . . .

. . . While the Court has emphasized the importance of "free speech," it has recognized that "free speech" is not in itself a touchstone. The Constitution is not unmindful of other important interests, such as public order, if interference with free expression of ideas is

not found to be the overbalancing consideration. . . .

Mr. Justice Black dissented in the *Feiner* case. His New York University speech must be considered as a continuation of that dissent as well as of others in which he has challenged judgments of the Court which qualify, in the name of comfort or safety or peace, the rights that seem to be granted by the Constitution and its Amendments. The issue he broaches is evidently one of urgency, as the *Feiner* case illustrates. If a man can be put in jail because part of a crowd doesn't like his speech, and because the police have elected to shut him up rather than to enforce order in the crowd, then we are to a dangerous extent talking mere cant when we talk about freedom of speech in the United States.

Nor is the *Feiner* case an isolated phenomenon. Even the sketchiest review of the many relevant cases is impossible here, but mention may be made of the Supreme Court's earlier decisions involving schoolchildren who had raised admittedly sincere religious objections to saluting the flag. Here some members of the Court found there was no conflict between the constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion and the refusal of school authorities to yield to the objections of the children. These justices based their view on the ground that sentiments of patriotism might be inculcated by coercing the children to salute. Another much-cited example is the *Beauharnais* case, where a "group libel" statute passed by the Illinois legislature was challenged by a distributor of anti-Negro leaflets, on the grounds that it violated the guarantees of free speech. But the Court found that the legislature's apprehensions of disorder were sufficient to sustain the statute.

(It seems hardly necessary to emphasize how irrelevant it is that the people seeking Bill of Rights protection in cases of this sort often hold views with which a great many of us would disagree more or less violently; only those who espouse unpopular doctrines, or doctrines thought obnoxious or dangerous, are likely to be bothered by legislatures and police, and so to find themselves in need of constitutional protection.)

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*Charles L. Black, Jr. was born in Texas and is now Henry R. Luce Professor of Jurisprudence at Yale University. His recent book, "The People and the Court," is an analysis of the functions of the Supreme Court. He is not related to Alabama-born Justice Hugo L. Black, the subject of this article, who was named to the Court in 1937.*

What light does Justice Black's thesis that the guarantees of the Bill of Rights are "absolute" throw on such cases? A number of questions suggest themselves concerning his address, but let us focus here on two.

First, Mr. Justice Black himself recognizes, as of course he must, that even "absolute" rights have the limits that inhere in their own definitions; the most absolutist view of free speech must begin by defining what "free speech" consists in. No one would argue, for example, that the "free speech" protected by the First Amendment includes mere personal slander, or fraudulent oral misrepresentation of goods offered for sale, or perjury on the witness stand, or intentionally giving the wrong directions to a fire truck. In a close case, the process of defining "free speech" involves the weighing of competing public and private interests, for a reasonable construction of any legal language, including the language of the Bill of Rights, is a construction that leads to a result that is, at least, not absurd. May one not infer that enforcement of the Bill of Rights guarantees is *necessarily* a process not of giving effect to "absolutes" but of balancing asserted claims to freedom against those claims of public interest that motivate the curtailment of freedom?

Secondly, even if the definition problem is somehow gotten around, is Mr. Justice Black not asking for the impossible when he claims "absolute" status for the Bill of Rights guarantees? Can any claim be so sacrosanct that it will *never* yield to competing claims of public order or private equity?

These questions touch real difficulties. But there is a good deal more to be said before we decide that Mr. Justice Black went wholly wrong, or even that there is not significant wisdom in his contentions.

#### THE PECULIAR ISSUE

LET us consider first the point that even "absolute" rights must be defined, and that some kind of "balancing" is an inevitable part of arriving at even so much as a definition of the freedom protected by the Bill of Rights. This may be rather strikingly illustrated by reference back to the *Feiner* case. Suppose that when this case came to the Supreme Court it had already been settled law, beyond hope of reversal, that the freedom of speech granted in the First Amendment was an "absolute," yielding to no competing claims. But suppose at the same time that it had never been decided whether the

penalization of such a speech as *Feiner's*, delivered under such conditions, came, as a matter of constitutional construction, within the meaning of the First Amendment phrase, "abridging the freedom of speech." Two things would clearly be true. First, the principle that free speech is an "absolute" could easily be left quite intact, and *Feiner* jailed none the less, if the judicial holding were to be that *Feiner's* actions did not come within the *meaning* of "free speech" or that the actions of the police and of the state did not come within the *meaning* of the word "abridge." (It could be contended, just to take the last point, that free speech is not "abridged" when speech is suppressed for some reason having to do with public order.) Secondly, no sensible solution to this problem of definition could be reached without placing in some kind of confrontation the interest in free expression and the interest in public order.

This example may seem to clinch the case of those who contend that the "balancing" of competing interests, rather than "absolute" right, is what is involved in Bill of Rights cases, for it shows that "balancing" would in some sense be involved even if one tried to take the "absolutist" view. But doesn't it prove (or at least suggest) too much, from the point of view of those who object to Mr. Justice Black's thesis? For if the *Feiner* case could be decided against *Feiner* even on the "absolute" theory, doesn't one begin to wonder whether it really makes any difference whether we talk about "absolutes" or "balancing"?

And the curious fact is that, in the *purely logical* sense, it doesn't. The issue between Mr. Justice Black and his adversaries is a peculiar one. He may, as a matter of logic alone, be making a rather vacuous assertion (if you read him with great literalness) when he insists that the Bill of Rights guarantees are "absolutes," since every bit of "balancing" that could possibly enter into the qualification of these rights can enter just as well into their definition as into a process of denying them "absolute" force after they are defined. But those who insist that these guarantees are *not* "absolutes" are themselves in just the same position, and for just the same reason. All of their "balancing" might just as well be relegated to the stage at which rights are defined; the right as defined could then be enforced as an "absolute." It might therefore seem that nothing of substance is really at issue in this controversy over whether the guarantees in the Bill of Rights are or are not to be called "absolutes." As Horace Walpole said of the dismissal



of a Methodist lady-in-waiting for her refusal to play cards at court on Sunday, it is absurd to refuse it, and absurd to insist upon it.

Or is it? Both sides are fighting hard about this question. Maybe it is overhasty to conclude that nothing is at stake. Let's take it down to common life. There are two fathers. One says, "My children have an absolute right to my presence and help." The other says, "Few personal problems call for so much delicate balancing as the process of deciding, from day to day, just how much my children are to have of my presence and help, as against other claims on my time and energy." The first man, if pressed, would have to admit that he could not be with his children all the time, or help them in every imaginable way, and even that it might not be a good thing if he could. He would admit, moreover—as a logical consequence of this practical admission—that he must first define his rather vague terms, before he can make out the contours of his obligation to his children, and that this definitional process can involve some pretty delicate balancing. The second man, these admissions made, would of course have to say, "All right, you may call your obligation 'absolute' if you like, since in defining it you go through the same sort of balancing process as I do when I weigh my obligations to my children against competing claims." Nothing is left at issue.

But which one would you bet on for being at home the most evenings, when the hour rolls around for the bedtime ritual?

#### WHAT IS REALLY AT STAKE?

WHERE battle is joined about a form of expression, and where logical analysis seems to show that the same result can be reached whether the controverted form of expression is used or not, it is a safe conjecture that what is really on the scale is *attitude*. Attitude is what is at stake between Mr. Justice Black and his adversaries. On the whole it seems clear—though it must be said that it is not necessarily true in every case, and is demonstrably untrue in some cases—that the man who prefers to look on the Bill of Rights guarantees, once they are defined, as "absolutes" will see them as more broadly defined and enforce them with more resolution than will the man who prefers to stress their character as invitations to start "balancing."

It is not hard to see why this difference in attitude has been symbolized in this seemingly

verbal debate. "Balancing"—for the purpose of arriving at the definition of a right thenceforward to be enforced "absolutely"—has a tendency to stop somewhere; mere "balancing" as such has no tendency to stop anywhere. This is put forward as a psychological and not as a logical formulation, and the reader must judge for himself of its plausibility. But it becomes more plausible when you reflect that, as the "definition" of a right is made to depend more and more on reference to countervailing considerations, it takes on a strained and unnatural flavor, outraging the common usages of language. If a man hires a hall, decently advertises his speech on birth control, and begins to deliver it in moderate tones and without obscenity or epithet, it is psychologically difficult, though not logically impossible, to say that what he is doing is not the exercise of "free speech" just because some people in town are upset about it, and may even heckle. It is much easier, if you want to stop him, to say that his "interest" in free speech must be "balanced" against the "interest" of the community in peace and order. As a matter of attitude, the language of "balancing" is apt language, easily conformable language, for the job of cutting down to what somebody thinks is comfortable size the claims to a sometimes awkward human freedom which the Bill of Rights set out to protect.

#### WHERE CONGRESS COMES IN

THERE is at stake here too a matter of attitude regarding the proper respective functions of the judicial and legislative branches of our government.

The business of construing the language used in the Constitution is an anciently established judicial function, of a piece with the general judicial function of construing other legal language. Such balancing as enters naturally into this process is therefore with entire propriety to be committed to the courts. The general balancing of policy factors is on the other hand a traditional legislative responsibility. To insist that such "balancing" be done at the stage of definition—and this, as we have seen, is the upshot of the "absolutist" position—is thus tantamount to insisting that the Court accept responsibility as interpreter and protector of the constitutional rights of its suitors, and that it take a firm stand in enforcing those rights. To insist upon generalizing the "balancing" process, and extending it beyond the stage of definition, will tend to force the Court to abdicate its protective role,

under the guise of deference to the legislative branch.

Judicial balancing, for purposes of defining a constitutional right, may differ in kind from the sort of general "balancing" traditionally referred to the legislative branch. The judicial tradition, for example, would direct itself, much more naturally than would the legislative, to historical materials—not merely to discover the precise locus of the productive language of the Bill of Rights, but to ascertain its thrust, its deep and enduring implications. The judicial tradition, moreover, has few mechanisms, and these uneasily used, for surrendering authoritatively stated principles to mere arguments of present convenience. The emphasis on "balancing" is in practice antithetical to the original understanding so clearly stated by Madison, as quoted by Mr. Justice Black:

If they [the Bill of Rights Amendments] are incorporated into the Constitution, independent tribunals of justice will consider themselves in a peculiar manner the guardians of those rights; they will be an impenetrable bulwark against any assumption of power in the Legislative or Executive; they will be naturally led to resist every encroachment upon rights expressly stipulated for in the Constitution by the declaration of rights.

#### THE RIGHT NOT TO BE TORTURED

IN addition to the several questions raised in the process of defining rights, we have seen that a second major question may be pressed against Mr. Justice Black: whether any right, *however defined*, can really be "absolute." To discuss the question, we must assume that there are some rights firmly included within the Bill of Rights provisions. This may seem to clash with the logic of the argument just made: that if the process of defining the right may include any amount of "balancing," then any given set of facts can be "balanced" out of the definition. But, as suggested above, there is a point at which this becomes psychologically infeasible. If the man who hired the hall in the last example is to be fetched off the platform and imprisoned, this action, as a matter at least of rhetoric, must be justified on the ground that there is sufficient reason for abridging his freedom of speech, rather than on the ground that his freedom of speech is not being abridged at all. The question thus arises whether the right to enjoy something which in practice we all would refer to as free-

dom of speech or freedom of religion or jury trial, is an "absolute," or whether it is subject to being "balanced" out of the picture.

Here again we must begin by conceding that, taken literally, Mr. Justice Black is wrong. No right, however defined, ever turns out to be really "absolute," if you think about it long enough. Take torture. General immunity from being tortured is something all of us would regard as an essential of civilized life. We might carelessly refer to it as an "absolute." But what if an atom bomb were ticking somewhere in the city, and the roads were closed and the trains were not running, and the man who knew where the bomb was hidden sat grinning and silent in a chair at the country police station twenty miles away? Could the "absolute right" not to be tortured really prevail?

But again let's not be too hasty. Dr. Johnson, who was addicted both to accuracy and to veracity, said in substance that if one stood before a great orchard and remarked, "There is no fruit in that orchard," and there came "a poring man" who found two apples and three pears, the first speaker would be right in dismissing the objection with laughter. The great Cham was invoking (though not *sub eo nomine*) the mathematical concept of "orders of magnitude"—the concept of quantities so small in relation to other quantities that changes within the smaller order of magnitude in effect make no difference in the larger order of magnitude.

Torture is again a good example. The right not to be tortured cannot, literally, be an "absolute." But is it not equally true, and much more importantly true, that the right not to be tortured is entirely unsuitable for "balancing" against competing considerations of convenience, comfort, and safety, as we "balance" such considerations in the ordinary affairs of life, with a view to setting the course of prudence? "Absolute right" is literally incorrect when it comes to torture; there are two apples and three pears in that orchard. "Balancing" is literally correct when it comes to torture; the two apples and three pears really are there. But which of these expressions—the "correct" or the "incorrect"—most faithfully approximates and renders the attitudes and probable actions of most decent people when it comes to torture? And what suspicion would we form if a man kept insisting, in season and out, that the right not to be tortured was not an "absolute," but only the subject matter for "balancing"?

The issue raised by Mr. Justice Black's address is between two ways of looking on the judicial



function in Bill of Rights cases. In formal logic, the "balancing" and the "absolute" positions can be rendered as identical. The issue must therefore be which of them most naturally, in common understanding, suggests the form which we would wish the judicial process in such cases to take. Stressing of the "balancing" terminology tends both to create an endless series of successful objections, on grounds of policy, to the prevalence of the Bill of Rights freedoms, and to inhibit the Court from interfering with legislative judgments in this field. The "absolutist" view, taken sensibly, would tend to carve out large areas of personal freedom to be enjoyed without regard to transient legislative views on the pressing necessity of shutting people up, or making them worship alike, or jailing them after a short-cut trial. One can understand the appeal of the latter alternative to Mr. Justice Black and to others who are convinced that the Bill of Rights was meant to have vastly important effects not always agreeable to the majority of the moment; and who are also convinced that these effects should take place (as is lucidly clear on the face of the text) by means of comprehensive prohibitions—real, binding prohibitions—on the legislative branch.

#### WHERE DO WE WISH TO BE LED?

IT MAY be argued that Mr. Justice Black's thesis is misleading, since some sort of "balancing" must be a part of the judicial process in Bill of Rights cases, as in all other cases. But in this context the choice of expression, as we have seen, involves more than scientific accuracy; before we decide which view is the more "misleading" we must decide where we want to be led, and where the Bill of Rights seeks to lead us. If we believe that crucially important decisions were fixedly made by the adoption of the Bill of Rights, then it is highly misleading to speak of the Court's task in this field as merely one of "balancing interests"; for the outcome of the balancing process must be taken already to have been settled, in vast and important areas. The "balancing" approach suggests that the "interest" in free speech, for example, must "compete" in court on pretty equal terms with other "interests"—without clear benefit of superior status as a fundamental "touchstone" for judges. What, then, happened when the First Amendment was adopted? The "balancing" approach contains no satisfactory answer to this question.

And that approach is also highly misleading

if our goal is a vigorous judicial guarding of the Bill of Rights, if its guarantees are to be—as Jefferson and Madison thought they would be—real legal rights, enforceable in court. The view of a Bill of Rights case as no more than a general invitation to "balance interests" strongly suggests that all the issues should be remitted to the legislative forum, where mere "interests," as opposed to legal rights, are customarily "balanced."

Mr. Justice Black is an experienced judge with a long head. It would not be surprising to find him quite aware that a sort of "balancing" enters into the process of defining each of the rights he regards as "absolute," and that even after the definition is reached it would outrage common sense to say that under no conceivable circumstances may the right be violated. In insisting that the Bill of Rights embodies "absolutes," Justice Black may very well be insisting on two things:

(1) That the ordinary "balancing" which takes place in Bill of Rights cases must take place in the process of *defining* the rights, so that a lawyer or a judge who proposes, for example, to put a man in jail for speaking in public on politics will have to say, "What we are doing is not an abridgment of freedom of speech; it is something else"—and offer reasons for this conclusion that can be swallowed by people who speak standard English.

(2) That the justifications which are put forward for infringing these rights, as defined, should be disregarded unless they rise not merely to a higher degree but to an altogether different order of magnitude from the sort of miscellaneous prudential considerations which are ordinarily referred to when we speak of "balancing" equities and conveniences.

There are no absolutes, not even in the construction of the word "absolute" when it is used by a sensible man. To claim for the Bill of Rights freedoms an absolute status in imagined chemical purity would in the end be meaningless. To claim this status for them, in the practical sense in which chemicals labeled "chemically pure" are "pure," is not meaningless. If something like Justice Black's intent is captured here, then he has called for a feasible program of thought and action. And it is a program which would revive, before it is too late, the old American faith that our Bill of Rights embodies not (as has actually been suggested!) mere admonition, but tough living law—law that will listen to reason a long time, but that will, in the end, inexorably assert a reason of its own.



## CYNIC

You can tell him by his favorite food—sour grapes. According to the cynic, there's an opportunist in every public office, an Elmer Gantry in every pulpit, a racketeer in every union local. No worthy cause can possibly succeed, he believes, because the world is full of schemers. A master of the negative, a veteran wet blanket, he dampens dedication, chills initiative. And while the cynic sits and grumbles, doctors answer midnight calls . . . artists create works with more concern for art than applause . . . school teachers help their students, not their bank accounts, grow. Where would America be today if the cynic's view had always prevailed? Human advancement proves that people can, and usually do, work together for the common good. In this nuclear age, is there any other choice?

*P.S. The amazing growth of NATIONWIDE is clear testimony to the power of new ideas — and to the strength of cooperative effort. Founded by a few midwest families in 1926, NATIONWIDE has grown and prospered — largely through the active involvement of its policyholders in their company's affairs.*







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This inn is right out of a French fable. Its towering gateway opens to a courtyard crowded with old, ornate fountains and amusing statues. You'll dine, as William the Conqueror did, in an 11th Century banquet hall, its roof heavy with carving, its roaring fires crusting an appled pig. Sip the night away on friendly Calvados, or slip off to a fabulous room once slept in by the elder Dumas. And such a room, breakfast and dinner will cost only \$8—complete.

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The oldest inn in France, this is a beautiful example of 14th Century architecture. Its walls are crisscrossed with smoky timber. Its windows open to Joan of Arc's tragic square. And its kitchen is superb. There are no rooms at the inn but you can spend a memorable evening over the delicate Pâté de Caneton de Rouen, the local fillet of Saint Pierre smothered in Norman Hollandaise, followed by the Coquellet from the friendly fireplace and finally, a great cheese. Price: just \$2, price-fixed.

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## PARLEZ-VOUS AND WESTPORT, TOO!

The question today is: Why did the man from Berlitz commute nightly to Westport, Conn., when he lived in Newark, N. J.? At first glance it would seem that he was taking the long way home, but once you know the facts, there's a very simple explanation. It involves his traveling companion, the gentleman in the black derby, Counsellor "X."

It seems that the Counsellor (legal ethics prevent using his real name) is an expert in a highly specialized law field. An important client insisted that he handle a difficult case in France. His own experience and the advice of his colleagues convinced him that speaking to a judge and jury through an interpreter would weaken his case. (The embarrassed barrister couldn't tell a tort from a demurrer in French.) But where and how was he going to find the

time to learn a new language? Berlitz suggested a solution and it went like this: Every night, for the 12 months until the trial, a Berlitz instructor would ride home with him—and the lawyer would learn to speak French while they commuted on the 5:25.

The rest is history. 12 months later our legal friend flew to France, perfectly able to communicate with judge, jury, witnesses and even the concierge in his Bordeaux hotel. He conducted the entire case in French, both inside and outside the courtroom, and won his client enough francs to pave the Champs Elysées.

The foregoing (believe it or not) is an actual language problem that Berlitz solved. We hope it emphasizes the fact that whatever your language needs are, Berlitz can help you. Private Berlitz instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. You can use lunchtime, pre-business hours, after business hours and even traveling-to-or-from-business time. You

can plan business trips or take time out for vacations and Berlitz will accommodate you. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. There are 211 Berlitz Schools in leading cities across the country and around the world. The local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs. (Whether you ride the 6:09 to Khartoum . . . the 4:51 to Stoke Poges . . . or the 5:25 to Westport—he'll do his best for you. And, he knows how to read the local timetable—even if it's written in English!)

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# BRUNO WALTER

## The Working Musician of Beverly Hills

*Now eighty-four, the grand old man of the podium, a resident of California and a citizen of the world, goes right on making the music of his youth leap across oceans and continents.*

HE IS a very old man a very long way from home. No one not of his generation can even imagine the dimensions of the gap which separates the Berlin of his adolescence, seventy years ago, from the curving, palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills, where Bruno Walter lives and works today. Yet there are moments in every performance he conducts when the Middle Europe of two and three generations ago becomes a perfectly plausible element in the aggressive modernity of the California here-and-now.

At eighty-four, Walter is still completely a working musician. He goes to New York in the spring to conduct the Philharmonic, as he has for some part of almost every season since 1927; last year he moved on to Vienna, where he was musical director of the opera and orchestra more than half a century ago, to participate in the celebrations surrounding the centenary of the birth of his great mentor Gustav Mahler. And in California, two or three days a week several months a year, he rides from his house to the stuccoed auditorium of an American Legion hall in Hollywood, to play for recording engineers and eventually for a world-wide audience the German music he learned as a German child, pacing Unter den Linden to and from his lessons, counting beats separately for his left foot and his right foot as he walked.

Though Walter lives with the effects of a bad heart attack, his appearance is that of a man just entering old age. His jaw is firm, and the cheeks are full beneath his majestically high cheekbones. His hair is gray, but he still has a good mane of it, and his expressive eyebrows are

black. He stands erect, as a conductor must (especially a conductor of barely average height), and his shoulders are still squared-off, except in occasional moments of despondency. He is stout in a middle-aged way. His walk is slow and careful, and coming down a theatre runway he accepts someone's hand on his elbow to help him on. He climbs a podium unaided, however, and rather briskly—and the eye he turns on his orchestra still shows that steely brightness behind the gentle friendship which has always been his personal and natural technique for approaching and controlling orchestras. He does not sit while conducting; even at a rehearsal for a recording, he stands firmly in crepe-soled, cloth-topped California shoes, leaning back against a convenient stool when all is going well and he can enjoy the music.

Walter is as cheerful as a man can be about his great age, sensible of its advantages as well as its handicaps. Like many conductors, he owns his own set of orchestral parts for the pieces he plays most often, and the markings on these scores, instructions far beyond the mere "notes-as-written," offer the wisdom of dozens upon dozens of performances. These scores are Walter's treasures; they prove points which younger men are still in the process of discovering. "I myself have marked the bowings for the violins—what comes up bow and down bow," he says with the air of a diamond cutter speaking of a finished jewel.

The jerking beats with which Walter draws full power from an orchestra are all the more imperative for the effort which has gone into them. He still has an astonishingly good singing voice, smack on pitch without quaver or croak, which enables him to convey phrasing to his men in the most direct and useful way. "No, my friend," he says gently to a man who has played a phrase incorrectly, and the man is flattered to be Bruno Walter's friend. "No, my good



to him. He says when the error is repeated, and the man will strain his guts to do whatever is wanted by so venerable yet patient a leader. Remarkable. Walter can afford to be patient—there seems to be some medicine for him in standing on a podium, sheathed in his conductor's black tunic which buttons at the wrists and two dozen times up the front. Even at seven in the evening, after three vigorous hours in the studio, his work with the men shows no color of fatigue.

Inevitably, there are moments when Walter feels something has escaped his control—when, for example, he is unhappy about a “take” at a session and does not know precisely what went wrong. “Perhaps it is my fault,” he said miserably after listening to a rather dragged-out preliminary take of the last movement of the Brahms *Third Symphony*. “It may be that I am tired. It may be that I am not well and scared. But it is all too slow.” He contemplated his own remark for a while, gave back to his companion (a gray-haired German lady once an opera singer) the plastic cup of orange juice she had offered him on his arrival in the listening room, and then returned to the hall, slowly, on the lady's arm, to do it again—in a much more lively manner.

“Between the first take and the second take,” says a Columbia Records man who has often worked with Walter, “he sheds ten years.” In fact, of course, he sheds much more time than that. The world première of the Brahms *Third* occurred only nine years before Walter began conducting professionally. Today's young conductors regard something like Anton Webern's *Six Pieces* as contemporary music, though it was written fifty-four years ago. Chronologically, Brahms is at least as contemporary to Bruno Walter as Stravinsky is to Leonard Bernstein. The Brahms *Third* is the music of his youth.

“The whole of music was younger then,” Walter says. “The music-lover was younger. It was a time when such things as the Brahms *D-Minor Concerto* could be written—a terrific piece, something the whole world could take to its heart. You ask me how I feel now and how I felt then when I conducted the Brahms *Third*,

but you don't understand. You don't feel that you grow old. Conducting it now, I have the same feelings I had when I first conducted and studied it. I feel always still young.”

#### HARDER AND LOUDER

ONE of Walter's favorite comments to new acquaintances brings forward the idea that orchestras are essentially stable: Time passes, the personnel changes, but the Vienna Philharmonic, for example, always sounds the same. He has described in print his reaction to the first concert he ever heard played by this part-time symphony orchestra, whose members make their living playing in the pit at the Vienna State Opera. The concert was in the Musikvereinsaal, in 1897, and as Walter listened he became conscious of a mystic sense that he had been in this room, hearing this orchestra, before; though it was his first visit to Vienna, he felt that he had come home. Later he was permanent director of this orchestra, and played piano-and-violin sonatas with its concertmaster, and came to know intimately the musical and private personalities of most of its members. Walter left Vienna in 1912 and went to Munich for the ten years he considers the high point of his career, and then to America in the Hitler days. He met the Vienna Philharmonic again in Edinburgh in 1947, “and,” he concludes triumphantly, “it was the same orchestra I had heard play for Mahler in the Musikvereinsaal fifty years before!”

But Walter would be pained if anyone took this anecdote too literally. There is an institutional ambiance, an attitude, which can survive surprising degrees of shock, but all the details will be different—indeed, Walter is among the first to say that “an orchestra sounds very different under each conductor.”

Since Walter's youth, there has been a great change in the over-all quality of orchestral technique, and even in the sounds of the various instruments. “The demands on orchestral players have grown almost continuously,” he says. “I remember when the horn players were desperate over what Wagner wanted in *Götterdämmerung*. Now they can all play it. Mahler and Strauss seemed to be born with an astonishing knowledge. The first thing Mahler wrote shows such knowledge of orchestral possibilities—and very difficult Strauss, like the *Alpine Symphony*, is still within the range of what an orchestra can do. But even they demanded more than *their* orchestras could give. In *Das Lied von der Erde*, Mahler wrote a low B-flat for the *cor anglais*,

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The author of “Full Street Man and Music” and “Madison Avenue, U. S. A.” Martin Mayer is music and record critic for “Esquire,” and has written a novel about the opera, “A Voice That Fills the House.” His next book—based on his three-year study of elementary and secondary education—will be “The Schools,” to be published this spring.



though he knew the note was not on the instrument. He said, 'Some day the instrument will be able to play it'—and he was right. Think of what the second violin player can do today, or the second oboe, or the fourth horn! All this is new."

The added calls upon instrumentalists have involved power as well as skill. Wind players especially have been forced by the growth of string sections to make much louder sounds than were necessary before the turn of the century—a tendency reinforced by the fact that, as Walter puts it, "many musicians and conductors like this feeling of *power*."

Walter does not regard with unqualified pleasure the extra force now available from the winds. "Think what the flute has gained up top of the range," he says, "but it has lost in its beauty. Jean Paul wrote of 'the moonshine of the flute.' Who would now say, 'the moonshine of the flute?'" Approving a recording of the Schumann *Piano Concerto*, Walter sighed a little over a clarinet phrase. "That is just a *gentle* clarinet," he said. "But today they all play trumpet."

#### THE ROMANTIC CENTER

**W**ALTER feels that music is (or ought to be) a universal art, and that he himself is (or ought to be) a citizen of the world. "I do not find Beethoven outspokenly German," he says. "I find him outspokenly *musical*. In the world of the spirit, there is no nationality. The

spirit may take on a national *color*, but no more."

As a practical matter, however, universality is difficult to achieve. Legally, for example, Walter is a citizen of the United States; intellectually and musically, he must operate from a base in the German nineteenth century. "I have experienced much," Walter says. "But I could not *think* my life without Goethe."

Walter feels that "it is important to think of countries in their eternal as well as their temporary nature, to look upon history from the timeless point of view. When you think of France, you think of Jeanne d'Arc. And there is an eternal America, represented by Lincoln and Washington and Emerson. When you think of Germany, you think of the high flight of German feelings, the high spirituality of German thought.

"It may be true," he continues, warming to the subject, "that only a German can understand German Romantic poetry. Does the name Eichendorff mean anything to you? *This* kind of Romanticism is only German—it exists only in Germany. And, do you know, there are still people in Germany who think Romantic thoughts."

By the same token, Walter finds his musical center in the middle nineteenth century, at the height of the Romantic period. He recommends the study of Clara Schumann's letters, "to look at this world when Schumann and Mendelssohn and Liszt were young, and Clara was under the whip of her father—and of Chopin, before he came under the control of that vampire woman [George Sand]." This period was also, of course, the time of the heroic piano, which was Walter's instrument as a boy, before he heard von Bülow conduct the Berlin Philharmonic and Joseph Sucher conduct *Tristan* at the Berlin Opera, and changed his direction. He never abandoned the piano, and will relax at it even today. During the height of his career as a conductor, he occasionally played in public, and even recorded the *D-Minor Concerto* of Mozart. "The slow movement is good," he said, thinking of the recording, "but otherwise—no. I was too nervous."

When he had an orchestra and an opera house of his own, Walter was by no means exclusively dedicated to German music. One of his earliest triumphs was a production of Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* in Vienna in 1901—a performance so successful that the Staatsoper took it to Prague on tour, "something unheard-of in those days."



He opened the Salzburg Festival, which was largely his idea, with Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, an opera Wagner had particularly detested but Walter particularly loves. The intellectual respectability of Verdi in the modern musical world is largely the result of work done by Walter and the late Fritz Busch in the Germany of the 1920s, and Walter likes to say that "we are all pupils of the Italians."

But neither French nor Russian music displayed Walter's special qualities to advantage, and as the years have passed he has given himself more and more to the German, and especially the Viennese, tradition. (This tradition does not, for him, include such *Viennoiserie* as the operettas of Lehar, which he regards as "junk.") In this area he finds he has ever more to say, and it is here that his audiences now expect to find him. The change in these audiences over the years has given him great pleasure. He feels that he can now take Mahler or Bruckner with him wherever he goes, even to France and Italy. "I could not have conducted a Bruckner symphony in London thirty years ago," he says. "On my last trip, it was accepted as natural. In this matter as in others, the world has grown smaller."

Unlike many other *immigrés*, Walter has made little effort to carry a German atmosphere with him into his new home. The comfortable living-room of his Beverly Hills house, where he has lived with his daughter since the death of his wife fifteen years ago, has none of the period trappings—no antimacassars, no Oriental rugs atop the wall-to-wall carpeting, no dark overstuffed comfort—which lend a forlorn *Gemütlichkeit* to the homes of so many immigrants from middle-class Germany. The piano fills one section of the room, with Rodin's bust of Mahler on a pillar beside it; and the rest is dominated by the color television set and the two-piece stereo phonograph. The furniture is nondescript American. Both the bright, white-walled dining-room and the even brighter library (opening onto the swimming pool) are Latin rather than North German in feeling, suiting the climate rather than the inhabitant.

"I have not *forced* myself to feel at home here," Walter says, his gesture including all the semitropical nonsense outside the window. "I *am* at home here. It was never entirely foreign to me—the light reminds me of Greece, the Greece of Homer, whom I loved when a boy. Carmel is like some of the Greek islands—the light, the form of the trees, the transparency of the air. You cannot put it in words, you feel it."

All physical contrasts between Beverly Hills and his German home seem unimportant to Walter, save one: "There is not here what we so love in Germany—*der Wald*, the forest." California has its forests, of course, but the trees are tall and their spacing such that splatters of sunlight reach the forest floor. One does not find near Beverly Hills that dark, low, enveloping forest which has so influenced the German spirit, from Dürer to the Brothers Grimm.

#### THE NATURAL WAY OF MAKING MUSIC

WHEN the conductor Maurice Abravanel arrived in the United States twenty-odd years ago, he complained to Bruno Walter that Europe had given him little experience outside an opera pit, so that he was unprepared to handle the largely symphonic demands of the American musical scene. "Walter looked at me as though I had gone mad," Abravanel recalls. "He said, 'All music is opera'."

Walter remembered the episode. "All music is singing," he said. "The ideal is to make the orchestra play like singers. Singing is the fundamental of making music—and if this had been recognized by everyone there would have been fewer aberrations. To sing is the most natural way of making music, and it is as old as mankind."

"This was one of the things that made the Vienna Philharmonic such a great orchestra. Every evening they sat in the pit and heard singers—very often, very good singers—and it influenced their playing. Conductors here are handicapped in that they do not do opera. Certainly there should be opera in a city like Los Angeles. I am so old, I have had so much opera in my life, I cannot say I miss opera. But there are so many great talents here, and what can they do? They must go and sing the worst trash, what people tell them to sing."

"My very first experience as a boy—I accompanied singers, lieder recitals. There you learn that you have to take breath—and breath-taking is the enemy of precision. This idea of precision in orchestral playing is very recent. It was a necessary reaction to a certain lackadaisical way of attacking tasks, and Toscanini in forwarding it did a wonderful service. But now precision has become an ideal, which is wrong."

"Music must breathe. You must get used to that, and make allowances. It gives life to the singing."

Behind the idea of precision lies the notion that exact execution of the written notes will

guarantee fidelity to the composer's music. For the young conductor of today, born perhaps a hundred years after the birth of Brahms, the scores of this master are hallowed instructions not to be disturbed by vulgar hands. But the composers born a hundred years before Walter were the first ever to attempt detailed instructions to executants, and everyone recognized that Beethoven and his fellows were not masters of these matters. (Even now, nobody pays much attention to Beethoven's metronome markings.)

When it comes to contemporary composers, no conductor or performer takes their directions so literally. Walter's neighbor Artur Rubinstein, for example, will scarcely hesitate about making small changes in a de Falla piano piece—he commissioned it from the composer, worked it over with the composer when it was new, and if time demands certain alterations not apparent in their conferences, he sees no reason to punish de Falla's music simply because its creator is no longer available for consultation. Except in extreme cases, of course, Walter will play the notes the composer wrote; but he refuses to regard composers' instructions for phrasing, accent, dynamic emphasis, or instrumental balance as anything more than guidelines to help a conductor determine the intent of the music.

"When Brahms writes, as he often does, *fortissimo* for the trumpets," Walter says, "I must make a change. If the trumpets played *fortissimo*, they would beat the orchestra to pieces. Mozart does the same—but what he means is, 'Give glory!' I remember, I studied the overtures of Weber, because I thought they were very beautiful. I went to hear them, and I heard nothing but trumpets and tympani, because the conductor followed Weber's instructions. I thought I must have been wrong, until I conducted them myself. The Brahms *Third* is especially difficult to perform, because his instrumentation is sometimes in the way of what he wants."

#### THE ANGELIC MESSAGE

THIS is why Walter insists on working with the orchestral parts he has marked himself, to clarify for the men his own or the composers' intentions. He feels no hesitation about changing these parts as a rehearsal proceeds. He will stop the men and say, "No, no—is not quite good, my friends. Do you have a dot on this?—Is there an accent marked?—Do you have a crescendo there?—Take it out, take it out." He sings the phrase in question, then consults his score (usually a miniature, pocket-size edition)

to determine a convenient place for the orchestra to pick up again. "Letter N, my friends. N for Napoleon. Letter N—" and the rehearsal resumes.

Listening to the playback of a take, Walter rarely follows the score. There are a few details he heard in the performance which he wishes to check on playback ("No! the oboe is a trifle too soon!"), but generally he will leave nit-picking to the recording director. What interests Walter is the over-all content of the performance, the extent to which the sound as he hears it corresponds with the ideal sound in his mind. He beats time, sometimes with the cup of orange juice, smiles, crosses his legs, closes his eyes. . . .

Walter's attitude toward recordings is more positive than that of most musicians, though he is not always delighted with the changes stereo has wrought in studio conditions. It was always true in the past that nobody in a concert hall or a recording studio could hear an orchestra so well as the conductor on the podium. Stereo recordings, however, tend to lose "definition" unless special mikes are spotted quite near certain instruments, notably percussion. Thus Walter, contented with the sound his orchestra is making, may be interrupted by the recording director's voice over a loud-speaker, saying, "There's too much cymbal, Dr. Walter."

To which he can reply only, "It may be so, it may be so; I cannot hear what *you* hear." Walter accepts such correction as he accepts anything inevitable, without undue reflection on the matter. "But it is pathetic, when you think of it," he said later, discussing questions of technique.

Behind the rather sweet facade, Walter has always been a rather tough-minded fellow, and his affection for record-making rests largely on practical considerations. One of them is musical. He feels that he *learns* from listening to his own performances at a time and place far removed from the excitement of the musical event itself.

"I listen," he says, "and then I change it, the next time. This chance to listen again is a great contribution from recording, and we owe it to the engineer." He smiles as he says it, remembering his lifelong hatred of precision and its servant the machine. "We owe it," he adds, "to a devil, the devil of technique—which in this case has a kind of angelic message to tell us." For Bruno Walter, like every artist with the feeling of youth in him, looks forward to the greater achievement of the next attempt—"that is," he says calmly, "if God gives me time."



# STRANDED IN KABUL



SANTHA RAMA RAU

*A quadrilingual conference in a hotel bathroom  
... a platter of small grilled birds ... and  
a mysterious locked room ... broke the monotony  
for a party of strangers stalled by the  
weather high in the passes of the Himalayas.*

ALTHOUGH I have always had a despairing and envious admiration of linguists, I have never had either the diligence or the ear to be Good At Languages myself. Only once in my life have I shone as an interpreter, and although I was enchanted with the sense of power it gave me and made all kinds of good resolutions, I don't suppose a comparable occasion will ever arise.

My husband and I, with our five-year-old son, had been spending three months in the Soviet Union. We had deliberately planned our trip to end in Uzbekistan which is close to the Indian frontier. From there it would be easy for me to travel home to India with my child to visit my parents, because a four-hour flight from Tashkent to Kabul, in Afghanistan, connects with an Indian airline flight from Kabul to Delhi.

My husband, who was returning to Western Europe, came to see us off at the Tashkent airport. In the chill light of daybreak, we watched the other passengers huddled beside their shabby

suitcases. Just before we climbed aboard, my husband thrust a package of sandwiches into my hands, and two bottles of Narzan, an excellent Russian mineral water. Later on I was very glad to have them because there were no stewards or hostesses on the plane, and no refreshments.

The plane was about half-full, so both my son and I could have window seats and watch Tashkent and its surrounding farms gradually shrink into a patch of muddy green in the vast expanse of desert, until the circling plane headed south and there was nothing before us but the distant mountains and the whitening morning sky. We made one stop before Kabul, at a small town on the Russian border. There the foreigners—a south Indian gentleman who introduced himself as Professor Iyengar, my son, and myself—were permitted to walk about in the thin winter sunshine of Central Asia, while the Russians were put through a meticulous examination of passports and documents. When we reassembled on the plane, we found that only two of them were traveling on with us.

It is a short, but extraordinarily dramatic flight. The Hindu Kush is the wildest and most forbidding part of the Himalayas, so high that the plane flies between, not over, the mountains, and from the cabin you look *up* to see the snow-capped, treacherous peaks. Below you is a harsh and bony map of precipitous valleys and rocky ravines—a landscape utterly without comfort, and on too immense a scale to be anything but

daunting. A sudden atmosphere of camaraderie and coziness flourished in the plane—we were even pleased to see the unsmiling member of the crew who came down the aisle handing out oxygen masks (with a special child's size for my son) to all the passengers. The cabin was not, of course, pressurized, and it was bitterly cold.

THE Russians were defeating the cold with gulps from a bottle of vodka that they passed between them. Professor Iyengar sat huddled in a brown tweed coat and smiled miserably at me whenever he caught my eye. The Russians, however, soon reached a point of expansive friendliness. They started to talk and joke with my son and to give him candies. "*Spasibo, bolshoye spasibo*," we repeated several times. Soon they generously offered me a swig of their vodka. I had learned through experience in Russia to expect a certain hearty fuss over children, and also to listen for the familiar phrase that accompanied the offer of a drink—that a "blanket on the inside" was the best protection against the cold. When I heard it and nodded, a makeshift party quickly evolved.

Professor Iyengar was, as it happened, both a vegetarian and a teetotaler. He couldn't eat the sandwiches that I handed around because they contained sliced sturgeon and sausage, and shyly refused the vodka too. Instead he accepted a bottle of Narzan which he drank in the Indian way, pouring the soda into his open mouth without allowing the bottle to touch his lips. The Russians were captivated with this performance, and all of us immediately imitated it with the vodka. Even though Professor Iyengar frequently retreated behind his oxygen mask with a reserved expression of private woe, our journey to Kabul had a festive air, intensified by the compound of exhilaration and heady unpredictability that the Russians felt about their first venture abroad. Professor Iyengar's only previous experiences of "abroad" had, he told me, consisted of three very cold years at an English university, and recently, of ten even colder days in Moscow. To him the trip was a happy return to a reasonable climate and home.

The Russians kept asking us innumerable questions, and this, really, was the beginning of my brief career as interpreter and linguist. Through much practice during my stay in Russia I had learned to recognize the most predictable questions that start a conversation with a foreigner, and with a shocking accent but a certain fluency had even mastered the replies. Where did I come from? India, I answered.

And the gentleman? I turned to Professor Iyengar, slipping easily into the correct manner of an interpreter, and said, "They want to know where you come from."

"Madras," he said, in some surprise (an Iyengar can hardly come from anywhere else).

"Madras, India," I repeated with pride, for the Russians.

Smiling widely at both of us, they announced, "*Hindi-Ruski bhai-bhai!*" and raised the vodka bottle. This is a phrase that every Indian hears with monotonous regularity in Russia. In Hindustani it means Indians and Russians are brothers. Evidently all Russians learned it when Prime Minister Nehru made his visit to the Soviet Union, and they have never forgotten it or missed an opportunity to display it. Professor Iyengar acknowledged the gesture soberly, and since I didn't know enough Russian to be able to explain that apart from English he spoke only Tamil, I replied, "*Hindi-Ruski bhai-bhai!*" for both of us.

The stream of questions continued along well-worn lines. How long had we been in Russia? What had we been doing there? (To that, my part of the answer was easy, "*Touristi*," but it was quite beyond me to explain that Professor Iyengar had been invited as a member of a scientific conference. Recklessly, I said that he had been on a *Delegatsia Rabotnikov*—a delegation of workers, which would, I dare say, have annoyed the professor, but served to impress the Russians.) Did we like Moscow? ("*Da, da*.") What did we think of life in Russia? ("*Khorosho!*" good!) and on and on. From time to time I added, "And you?" after my answers, and in this way learned that the Russians were from Sverdlovsk, that they were engineers (I think), and that they were going to work in Kan-lahar on some Russian project.

The questions and answers were interspersed in the normal Russian way, with nice simple toasts. We drank to everybody's health, to India, to the Soviet Union, to Nehru, to Khrushchev,

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Santha Rama Rau's next book will be an informal autobiography called "*Gifts of Passage*" to be published this spring by Harper—containing her Kabul adventure and many more. The Madras-born author of "*Home to India*," "*Remember the House*," and other books is married to Faubion Bowers, has one son, and the family lives now in New York. Her play adapted from E. M. Forster's "*A Passage to India*," which has been a sellout in London since May 1960, will be produced here by the Theatre Guild next fall.



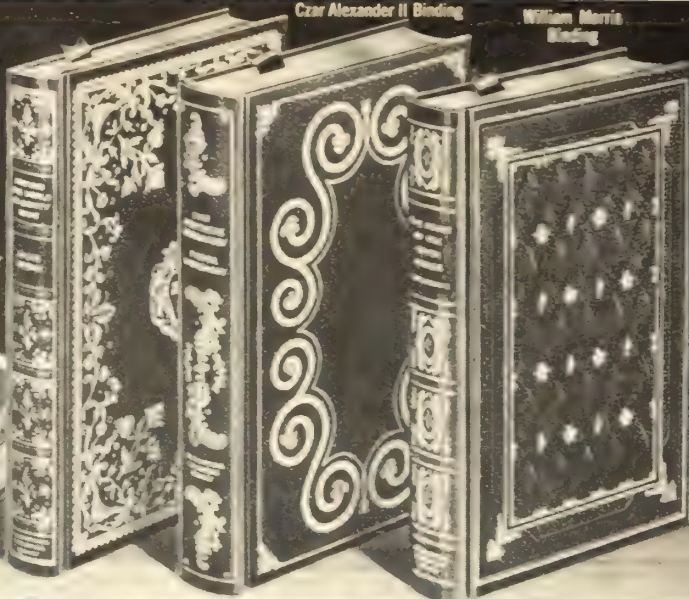
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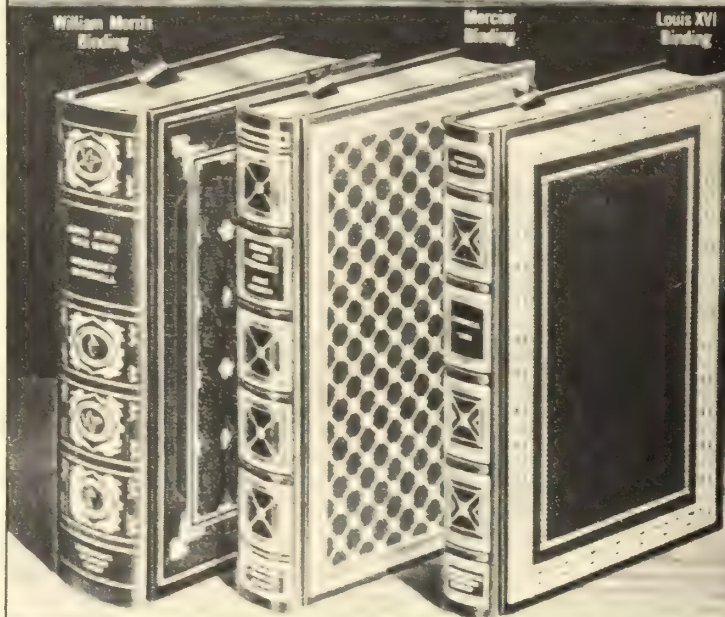
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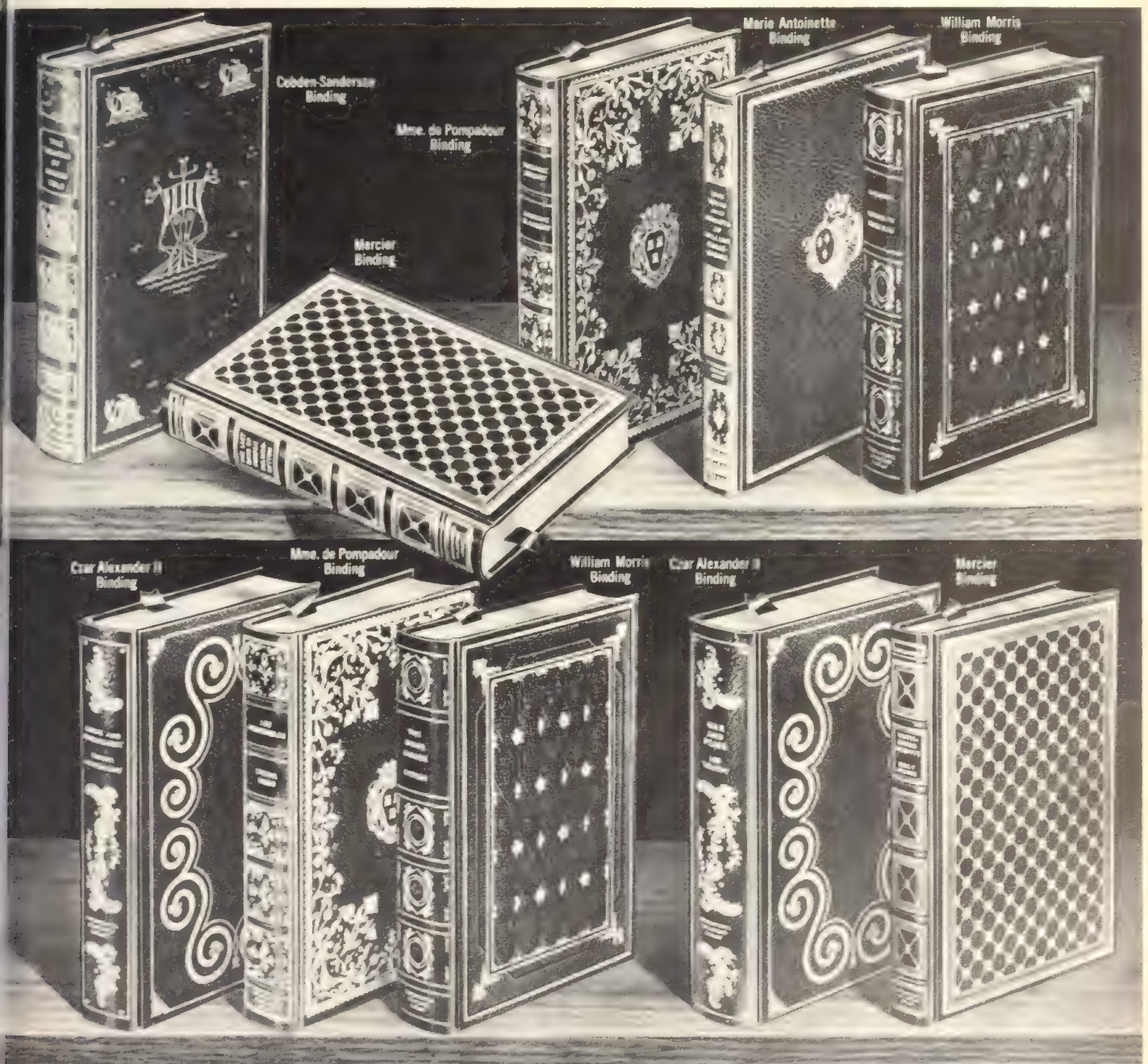
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to the younger generation as represented by my son, and, of course, to *druzhiba i mir* (friendship and peace). It was so successful a party that none of us paid any attention to the gray drifts of cloud gathering on the peaks outside.

It was only after we landed in Kabul that we discovered that none of us would be continuing our journey that day. Kabul is set in a shallow saucer of land, surrounded by hills, and beyond them by the rugged, soaring mountains of the Himalayas which are cut by very few passes. Planes, like the ancient armies of the Moguls, have to use these passes to enter and leave Afghanistan, and when the weather closes them, all traffic to Kabul stops. The Indian airline official remarked pleasantly that passengers were sometimes stuck in Kabul for three weeks, and offered us all a ride into town in the company's station wagon, to the "best hotel."

THE Majestic turned out to be a dingy two-story block on the main street of Kabul. We climbed out of the station wagon, jumped over the open drain in the road, crossed a messy sidewalk, and entered the dark lobby of the hotel. There we stood, a disconsolate and diverse group with our luggage piled around us. Professor Iyengar looked quite gray with cold. The Russians, in their tight blue suits and squeaky brown boots, seemed impervious to the damp chill of the hotel. They looked around the lobby in silence, and then turned hopeful pink faces toward me. Clearly I had acquired the position of official interpreter and tourist guide, so I led our short procession into the manager's office.

To my great relief, he spoke English. He sat at a small, cluttered desk, sipping tea and smiling as I explained our predicament.

"By good chance," he said, "three best rooms are vacant."

He reached for keys and yelled something loud and indistinguishable. A tall, bearded Afghan in a brown woolen robe, tennis shoes, and a skull-cap appeared at the door. The manager gave him the keys and some instructions in, I suppose, Farsi, the language of Afghanistan. He bowed politely to us in dismissal.

We all trailed upstairs after the Afghan, to the end of a stone-floored corridor. He opened a door and showed me one of the most cheerless rooms in my experience. Two narrow iron beds, covered with U.S. Army blankets, and the bare minimum of rickety wooden furniture gave the rooms a curiously institutional air. In the middle of the floor, dwarfing everything else, was a rusty iron stove. A fat pipe ran from the top of

the stove across the room to a broken place in the window, and formed the chimney.

Beyond the beds there was another door. The Afghan tried its handle, then banged and rattled it with every sign of fury. At last there was an answering yell from a farther room, and the door was unlocked by a portly red-haired woman, tightly corseted under her black crepe dress. She started to say something angrily to the Afghan, but stopped when she noticed the rest of us. "*Pardon, madame,*" she said to me, and then turned to leave, remarking over her shoulder, "*C'est ici la salle de bain.*" She pointed to a door the other side of the bathroom and added, "*Nous sommes là, en face, mon mari et moi. Je vous prie de laisser la porte ouverte quand vous avez fini.*"

I murmured, "*Merci, madame,*" and then asked the Afghan (in English) if I could have some towels and soap. The woman paused at the door to her own room, interested. It was instantly clear to both of us that he didn't speak English. For the first time the woman smiled at me, and told me, as a fellow sufferer, that he didn't speak French either.

By this time Professor Iyengar and the Russians had joined us in the bathroom. The professor helpfully repeated my request in very slow basic English. The red-haired woman simply shrugged and kept insisting that it was all *inutile*. The Russians, standing patiently behind the professor, obviously hadn't an idea what was going on; they shifted their feet anxiously, all the friendly inquisitiveness of the plane evaporated. The Afghan was mercifully silent.

In moments of stress, I have noticed, I am apt to revert in thought or in speech to the language of my childhood. In Hindustani, and in a loud and edgy voice, I announced to the Afghan that all I wanted was a towel and bit of soap. My small but dedicated audience watched the effect with a flattering and incredulous attention. The man smiled, showing yellow irregular teeth through his mass of beard and mustache. "*Ek dum, huzoor!* (At once!)" he said, and strode off in a purposeful way.

The rest of us were left staring at each other in the bathroom. At last the woman said wonderingly, in French, "You speak Farsi!"

"No, no—"

Professor Iyengar broke in thoughtfully "It is not really surprising. There must be many common words between Farsi and Urdu, and hence in Hindustani also. However, the grammar and possibly the pronunciation will present difficulties."

The Russians, sensing, I suppose, a change in

mood, looked happier and attentive, and responded most cordially when the red-haired woman decided to introduce herself. "Her name is Mme. Haffar," I said, first in English and then in Russian. The Russians introduced themselves, we all shook hands repeating one another's names politely, ignoring the incongruity of such formalities in a bathroom.

Mme. Haffar expressed herself enchanted to meet Russians. "Our countries are friends," she said to them, in French. She and her husband were Syrians. "Please tell them," she asked me.

"Mme. Haffar Syrianka," I said. "Droog," and then, suddenly remembering the plural of "friend," I amended it to "Druzya."

"Long live friendship," said one of the Russians—at least that's how I translated his remark.

"Always before," Mme. Haffar explained to me, "French has been sufficient for us as a language with which to travel in foreign countries. But here—" She opened her hands despairingly.

We were still talking in a clumsy, trilingual way, when the Afghan reappeared with a face towel and a piece of pink carbolic soap which evidently belonged to somebody else. By this time we were so pleased with our small success and the feeling of solidarity that it gave us, that it occurred to none of us to stay behind when the Russians and Professor Iyengar were shown to their rooms across the passage.

Meanwhile, Mme. Haffar began asking about all the little mysteries and inconveniences that had been bothering her since she and her husband (with their two young sons) had moved into the hotel the week before. Were the stoves in the rooms never lighted? Did one pay extra for firewood? Were children half-price? Were meals in the hotel restaurant included in the charge for the room? She asked, she explained, because the hotel meals were inedible. But most of all she insisted on knowing why the door to the lounge was always locked.

I was thankful that the Russians, noisily accompanied by my child, had gone downstairs to bring the luggage up. In the long-drawn-out process of answering her questions, I discovered that the Afghan's knowledge of Hindustani could, charitably, be described as fragmentary. His name was Salim, I learned. We soon fell into an odd form of communication that consisted almost entirely of nouns and imperatives. "Aag?" I would say, enunciating meticulously, "Lakri?" He looked at the stove in a bewildered way—he must have thought me eccentric because any fool could see that there was neither fire nor wood in the stove. He shook his head.

"Lakri lao! Aag jalao!" I commanded in ringing tones.

"Ek dum, huzoor," he replied briskly, and immediately answered Mme. Haffar's second question by holding out his hand in a gesture every one understood. "Paisa," he said. Luckily she had some Afghan currency to give him and kindly included us all in the purchase of wood. Before we let him go on his errand, we cleared up a few of the other problems. The price for the room included breakfast, and then one had to pay for one other meal in the restaurant, whether one ate it or not. The mystery of the lounge was less easily explained and took us on an excursion to the far end of the corridor where Mme. Haffar tried the door marked "Resident's Lounge," and triumphantly announced, "*Fermée à clef!*"

Salim shook his head regretfully. Impossible to open it, he told us. There was to be a party.

By the time we had sorted out our luggage and settled ourselves in our rooms, it was time for luncheon. Mme. Haffar declined our invitation, saying that she would wait for her husband and her sons, and the rest of us found our way to the hotel dining-room feeling that after all this wasn't too bad a way to spend a day's delay. We were sheltered, we would be warm, and we were about to eat Afghan food for the first time.

OUR mood began to change when we saw the dining-room with its view of a muddy courtyard and its quite repellent kitchen where clouds of steam, a banging of pans, and a smell I didn't recognize announced that luncheon was ready.

We sat at a large table covered with small disheartening maps made of gravy or grease, and examined the menu typewritten in English. There was nothing on it, except for tomato soup, that Professor Iyengar could eat—even the Afghan dish was "mutton pilao"—and he didn't want to risk "brown soup." It sounded as though it contained meat. I ordered "mutton cutlets with 2 veg." for myself and my son—it was the "2 veg." that attracted me because through most of Russia we had seen no green vegetables except the cabbage in cabbage soup. To the Russians I explained that there was *sup* and *kotlyety* (I didn't really feel that my Russian was being fully exploited), and they nodded cheerfully to both.

When the food arrived we saw that everything, even the soup, was covered with a layer of liquid, nasty-smelling grease. The Russians paid no attention to it, my son and I picked at floating pieces of meat, but Professor Iyengar looked



both dejected and embarrassed and wouldn't touch his tomato soup until he inquired about the origin of the grease. With a certain gracious self-assurance, the waiter told us that everything was cooked with the best ingredients at the Majestic, so of course the fat came from the tail of the fat-tailed sheep. None of us had the heart to explain about the Professor's vegetarianism, so we simply said that he had a weak stomach and could only eat plain boiled rice and raw tomatoes. To the professor this seemed to be only another tiresome, but expected, discomfort of "abroad." He told me not to worry about him, that he would fill up on fruit for which Kabul was famous. "This valley used to be known as the orchard of Asia," he said. I avoided his eye when dessert turned out to be canned pineapple.

I spent most of the cold, overcast afternoon trying, unsuccessfully, to make my child take a nap while I huddled over the fire that Salim had built in the stove. I don't know what the others did, but whatever it was, by half past four, the Russians were evidently too depressed to stay any longer by themselves without some kind of stimulation. They knocked on my door and after a good deal of talk and gesticulation, I gathered that they were asking me to help them get something to drink.

I stood in the passage, and in the manner that is usual in many Asian hotels, summoned the room-boy by yelling, "Salim! Salim!" Professor Iyengar's door opened. So did Mme. Haffar's. We waited nervously until Salim appeared from his cubbyhole at the end of the corridor. He took the order for "something to drink" for all of us, and soon returned with a large tray loaded with tea things. This wasn't precisely what the Russians had hoped for, but further questioning of Salim ended in the discovery that Kabul is dry. You can neither buy a bottle of alcohol, nor order a drink in a public place. The Russians accepted cups of tea with fairly good grace, but it was clear from their expression that their stay in Kabul was becoming some inexplicable kind of nightmare.

While we were still sitting around the stove in my room, a stranger walked in. He seemed to be harried and relieved simultaneously, and a lot of rapid Russian talk followed in which I was well out of my depth. My friends from the plane were evidently insisting that something or other be explained to me. The stranger spoke Farsi as well as Russian, but no English. Salim was called back and a frenzied half-hour began in which the stranger spoke to Salim in Farsi, Salim passed

on his remarks to me in broken Hindustani, and I repeated them first in English to Professor Iyengar who seemed very worried, and then in French to Mme. Haffar who was simply inquisitive. The gist of this chaotic exchange proved to be fairly pedestrian. The stranger was an official from the Russian Embassy who had, as part of his job, to check on Russian newcomers to Kabul. He at last had tracked his compatriots down at the Majestic. Now he would escort them to the Embassy where they would presumably spend a jolly evening in less bizarre company.

But the real point of all this was that he had learned at the airport, that no planes were expected to leave tomorrow or the day after. Even then, if the weather cleared, the backlog of traffic would probably hold us up for yet another day.

Feeling inexpressibly glum, the professor, my son, and I went for a walk after tea, sloshing along the littered pavements toward the murky river that winds through the city. Later, when we returned to the Majestic, cold, cross, muddy, and tired, we found that there was no hot water in the bathrooms. This involved me in a maddening exchange with Salim in which he insisted that hot water was unobtainable, while Mme. Haffar, relentlessly interested, punctuated the conversation with "*Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?*" and "*Que voulez-vous, madame?*" and Professor Iyengar kept remarking, "To bathe is essential."

However, they pleased me with heartfelt congratulations on my ingenuity when at last I found a rather unorthodox solution to our problem. The way to get hot water, it turned out, was to order tea for twelve people *without* the tea leaves, milk, and sugar.

IN THE days that followed we saw a great deal of the Haffar family. M. Haffar was a round, bald, self-effacing man with beautiful manners. The two sons (twelve and eight) were charming, alert boys who took the lessons that their mother set for them every morning into their own room. Mme. Haffar would accompany us on rides in a pony cart around town, gazing at the undistinguished architecture and the more interesting stream of pedestrians. Most of the men wore robes and boots, the women were heavily veiled in tent-like black or white cotton burkas with only a strip of netting across the eyes to allow them to see. Some of the burkas were made of silk in subdued colors and occasionally, as a woman stepped across a puddle, we would catch a glimpse of neatly turned ankles in sheer stockings and incongruously stylish shoes.

On these tours the conversation in our cart consisted of little more than painstaking inquiries from the Russians of how such-and-such was said in English (or French or Farsi or Hindustani), and my own efforts to increase my Russian vocabulary by reversing the process. Sometimes Mme. Haffar would interrupt with a brief spurt of comment in French. That ugly building over there, she would indicate with a wave of her hand, was the new Russian bread factory, or this road, fully paved, leading past the embassies to the airport, the only really good road in Afghanistan, was also built by the Russians. With a resigned acceptance of a nature that couldn't be changed, she added, "It explains itself, doesn't it? It can't be surprising that the American effort to improve relations with Afghanistan should fall into the shadow of the Russians. American aid to the Afghan economy is always in invisible things—loans to the government, development projects—who can be grateful for that sort of thing when half of Kabul bicycles to work past the bread factory?" For once I was glad that my Russian was so limited.

In the afternoons, if it wasn't actually raining, the Haffar boys and my son used to play in the courtyard behind the hotel, otherwise they had to take their bat and rubber ball into the corridor. The lounge was always locked, always for a "party." Even when we discovered that any bedroom key opened the lounge door, Salim would never let us sit there because of the imminent beginning to a "party" (of which we never saw any sign).

SUNDAY was a relatively fine day—at least the rain held off, and the clouds seemed to be thinning over the encircling hills. The Russians were to spend the day with their Embassy friend, and the Haffars, Professor Iyengar, my son, and I hired a taxi to take us on a longish drive to the tomb of the Emperor Babur some miles out in the hills above the city.

When we returned to Kabul, M. Haffar included us all in an invitation to tea with a man that he called "the minister," by which I think he meant the government official in charge of his electrical plant. The gateway to the minister's house was in a slimy side street, and a muddy ditch, used as a sewer, ran along the outside wall. But as soon as we climbed out of the taxi and went through the gate, we were in an enchanting garden filled with winter flowers and the elegant tracery of bare fruit trees.

The minister, a good-humored man wearing an open robe over a Western business suit, waited

for us in a tiny drawing-room. He couldn't have expected this avalanche of strangers and children, but he received us without surprise. In English he asked Mme. Haffar and me to sit down, promised to send his wife to entertain us, and tactfully, in the proper Muslim way, led the men away to a separate part of the house. I had time only to wonder how they were going to talk to each other, and to glance quickly round the room at the beautiful faded carpets, the stiff dark furniture set against white walls between windows so small and so heavily screened that the room was always filled with a filtered twilight.

The minister's wife, a tiny, tidy woman, stepped into the room from a curtained doorway as though she had been waiting for a stage cue. She was exquisitely dressed in Western clothes that, to my untutored eye, looked like Paris models, nylon stockings, and very high-heeled slippers. She seemed painfully shy, sitting gracefully but uneasily on the edge of her chair and smiling in courteous silence at her guests. At last Mme. Haffar, with many gestures and a compelling expression, rashly announced that I spoke Farsi. I tried to say that this was entirely untrue, but my denials were lost in the soft, rapid flood of Farsi that the minister's wife directed toward me. I smiled and nodded, repeating here and there a word that I understood.

The tea brought in by a maid was a meal that remains in my memory as the most welcome and unexpected moment of our stay in Kabul. Tray after tray was produced, loaded with tiny aromatic cakes, improbably perfect bunches of grapes, mountains of apples, sliced sugared melons. There was a platter of small birds covered with a dark brown glaze. There were skewers of lamb and onions, hot little kebabs the size of coat buttons, candied cherries and ginger, some kind of milky sweet, and a number of dishes that I neither recognized nor, finally, had the appetite to taste. My son attacked the meal with an energy and concentration that I had never seen before, certainly not in the hotel dining-room. We all watched, enthralled and unbelieving, while he ate five of the small grilled birds, leaving his plate piled with bones. The Haffar boys, meanwhile, were methodically emptying the bowls of fruit. There was no way of explaining this performance, and Mme. Haffar and I sat in helpless silence while the minister's wife appeared amused and at ease for the first time.

At some prearranged signal or inaudible summons, she rose, said good-by gently to all of us, and retreated through the curtained door. A second later, the men returned. When we reached



the taxi we found that the back seat was covered with baskets of fruit, packages of the little birds, kebabs, and cakes. We were, of course, touched and delighted with these presents, but my attention was partly distracted from the generosity of the minister's wife by the sudden appearance of sunshine—watery and uncertain, but heralding a possibility of clearing skies and resumed plane schedules.

THE next morning we all woke up to more assured sunlight and the distant blue of the mountain sky, and after breakfast there was an excited knocking on my door. As usual, Mme. Haffar's and Professor Iyengar's doors opened at the same time as mine. The two Russians stood in the corridor excitedly telling me that they had received a message from the Embassy. The plane from Kandahar was expected that morning, it would be returning—with them as passengers—after lunch. I repeated the news in English and in French, and finally, to Salim who was trotting inquiringly down the passage, in Hindustani.

I think the idea occurred simultaneously to Mme. Haffar and to me. Professor Iyengar, when we explained it to him, concurred, if not with enthusiasm, at least with his first really convincing smile. Mme. Haffar announced a holiday from lessons to her sons, and the boys (with a lot of unnecessary hushing and tiptoeing, having waited until Salim returned to his room) quietly opened the door of the lounge. They helped us carry in the fruit and the other delicacies that the minister's wife had provided, and set it out in an imposing array on the long table. I contributed two jars of caviar and a bottle of vodka that I had intended as presents from Russia to my family in India. Mme. Haffar added two packages of rather stale American cigarettes that she had bought, black-market, in the bazaar. Professor Iyengar bashfully set out an old toffee tin filled with *supari* (areca nut) and cardamon seed which he had carried with him to Russia to salve recurrent bouts of homesickness.

At last we were ready to tap on the door of the Russians. They looked up from locking suitcases to see our delegation standing in the door. In my most formal tone I said, "*Ya vas priglashayu*," waving my hand to show that the invitation came from all of us. Mystified, they followed us to the lounge where we threw open the door and stood back so that they could see the full splendor of the feast.

The excitement and the exclamations brought Salim scurrying into the lounge. He started to make his usual worried objections, but this time

he faced a smiling and determined group. "But it *is* a party!" I assured him with triumph. "Look! Food. Drink. Guests. It *is* a party, so we stay in the lounge."

For a moment there was silence while Salim looked first apprehensive then resigned. "What's more," I continued bravely, "we will need glasses and plates, knives and forks and tea for the children and the professor."

At last Salim smiled too. "*Ek dum, huzoor*," he said, and we all felt it a moment of victory.

It was a magnificent party, and after two glasses of vodka I felt that my languages improved enormously. Now our list of toasts was longer too, because we drank to the airlines, Syria, and Afghanistan in addition to Russia, India, peace, friendship, the various national leaders, the younger generation, the whole world. The Russians were delighted with the fruit and the novel taste of areca nut and cardamon. Mme. Haffar remarked, "*Je me suis régalee*!" with her first bite of caviar. We spread it on bread (presumably from the Russian bread factory) provided by Salim. Cups and cups of hot tea and the fire we had lighted seemed to thaw Professor Iyengar. He emerged from his private veil of dejection and permitted himself to smell, but not to taste, the caviar, ate almost a whole bunch of grapes, and was persuaded, in the general gaiety, to recite a Sanskrit poem. He gave me a meticulous translation of it in English, and I passed on a looser one to Mme. Haffar in French. For the Russians all I could manage was "*Indiiskaya poema*." Our party broke up only when we heard the drone of the Kandahar plane.

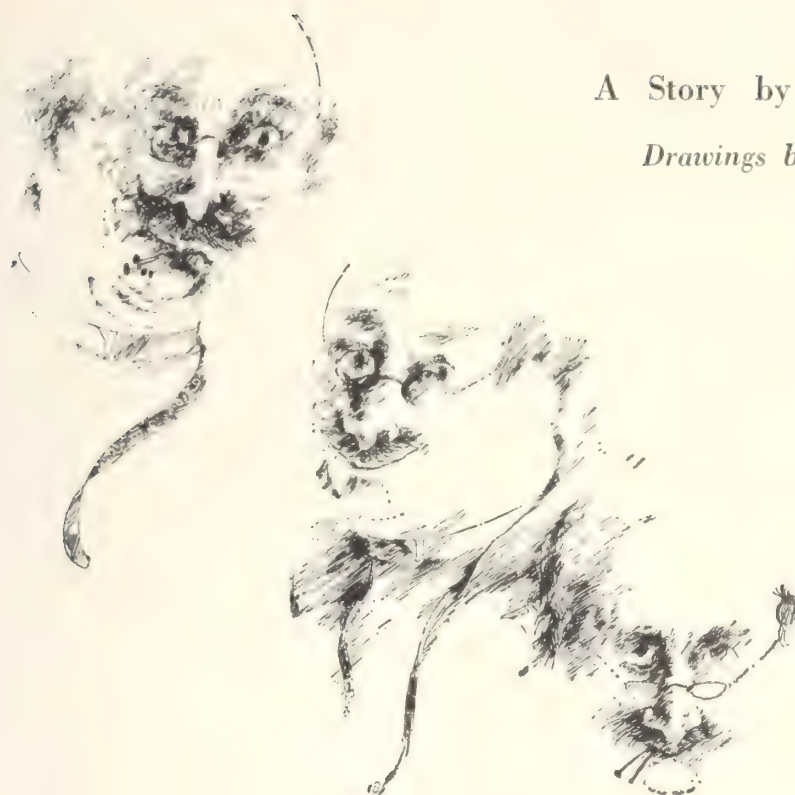
This was my last appearance as an interpreter on such a lavish scale. The Russians hurried off to the airport, or so we thought. Actually, they must have found time to go to the bazaar because that afternoon Salim delivered two presents—one, a small American model of a plane, was for my son; the other was a football for the Haffar boys. Both cards said simply, "*Dosvidaniya*"—"Good-by," or more literally, "Until we meet again."

I don't know whether the Haffars ever saw the Russians again, but the rest of us had no opportunity. The Indian plane came into Kabul the next day and left the same afternoon with Professor Iyengar, my son, and myself on board. For a couple of weeks, the toy plane was my only reminder of Afghanistan, but it was soon too battered and dented to be kept even as a souvenir. By now my son had quite forgotten the meaning of *dosvidaniya*, and I have never had occasion to use the expression since.

# KNATE

A Story by MARCEL AYME

*Drawings by Norma-Jean Koplin*



THE jacket as well. Don't trouble, Monsieur. If you please. Thank you. I am sure this suit will give you every satisfaction. You couldn't have chosen a better cloth, if I may say so, light and soft and the stripe lending just the right touch of distinction. There are tailors who'd feel as though they weren't in business if they didn't have their shops stuffed full of cloth, but with me it's the opposite. Little but good is what I say. A high-class selection. It's not often a customer goes away without ordering, and he'll make it two, as likely as not. Because this business of mine . . . Don't move, Monsieur. Just stand quite naturally . . .

Well, this business of mine is more on the lines of Knate. You know about Knate, of course, the greatest hatter in Paris and probably in the world. First floor on the Rue de la Paix and assistants wearing white gloves and knee breeches. Suppose, for example, you're wanting a special hat, one that will really make you feel like something when you cross the street. You go to Knate. And suppose you've never been to him

before. You go in and you say, "I want a hat," and along comes a man wearing a monocle. That's Knate. He looks at you. He doesn't say anything, not a word. He just looks at you. But he sees exactly what he needs to see, and the next day for the first time in your life you'll be wearing a hat that really suits your personality. That's Knate.

And do you know something? He hasn't got a hat in the place, not one. You can prove it for yourself. You say you'd like to try one on, or at least see a picture, and I can just hear the tone of voice in which he'll answer, "Monsieur, you are under a misapprehension." Because Knate, he'll make you a hat like no one else in the business, I'm not denying it, but he can be very biting when he chooses. And the best of it is . . . You like a little support round the stomach, don't you Monsieur? I won't forget. . . . The best of it is that Knate has never worn a hat in his life. Never! Fair weather or foul, you'll never see him wearing a hat. Talk about a character! . . . Perhaps you wouldn't mind separating your legs



a little, Monsieur. I beg your pardon. You hang to the left? Yes, I see you do. They say it's only the Jews that hang to the right.

People are always saying things like that. And what do you think of the Jews? I daresay you're like me and don't think about them at all. If you want my opinion, a Jew is always a Jew. He's no worse than anyone else and no better.



He's what he is, that's all, and it's no use thinking you can change him. There are people who'll tell you that Jews have a different shape of nose, or they're tight with their money, or they don't wash their feet. I simply say, "And what of it?" That floors them. They don't know what to say to that. "And what of it?" I say, and not another word. When you're arguing with anyone it doesn't do to let them get the upper hand. The moment they start to get excited you simply say, "And what of it?" and you give them a look, and that settles it. Like Knate. Because when it comes to Jews there's no one knows them better than I do. Only the more experience you have, the more tolerant you become. Well, just by way of illustration, for the past eight years I've been getting my buttons from a Jewish firm in Sentier by the name of Haim. You may have heard of Haim's buttons. He has a big business and he watches every penny. But I've never had the slightest trouble with him, although that's not to say I haven't felt like putting my boot to his backside more than once. But he delivers and I pay and that's the end of it. You fix the price and you shake hands and you go on to something else. Business is business. But that doesn't mean that I don't have my opinions.

In a tailoring business you see a lot and you find yourself thinking about life. You get all sorts in a shop like this. For instance, only last week I made some suits for the son of a senator. I can't tell you his name, but he's a leading figure in politics; with a private mansion and cars and flunkies and everything. To see the son you'd never dream he was so high up in the world. As simple and friendly as possible. He comes in here and shakes hands and says, "How goes it?" That's what he always says, "How goes it?" Last time he was here we got so interested chatting that he clean forgot the time, and just as he was rushing off he said, "I always enjoy my visits to you." His very words. And a real gentleman, mark you, there's no mistaking it. I've always been proud by nature, very independent. When I was a child my mother could never get me to wipe my boots on the mat before I came into the house. That shows you. But I give you my word, if that young fellow asked me to run round the corner and get him a packet of cigarettes, I wouldn't dare say no. Anyone else and I'd refuse on the spot. You can explain it how you like, I'm simply telling you the fact. Why one and not another?—that's the question, isn't it? Needless to say, it's nothing to do with him being rich and the son of a senator. There may be some people who are impressed by that sort of thing, but not me.

All the same, there has to be a reason. I can only tell you what I think, and what I think is this: there are some people who are exceptional—born to command, so to speak. Like Knate. Not a hat in the place, not so much as a cap, but Knate's Knate and that's where you go to buy a hat. It's extraordinary, when you come to think of it. When I was in the army, in the last war, I had a captain by the name of Bonbillet who didn't know how to make the men obey him. Three strips of gold braid on his sleeve but you could pinch his *foie gras* and smoke his cigarettes under his very nose, and he'd never say a word. And then on the other hand there was a corporal called Hartinguet, a scruffy little man, not strong or anything, but you'd hardly dare raise your finger without asking his permission. It's queer, the way the war brought out people

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"Knate" will appear in Marcel Aymé's next book, *"The Proverb and Other Stories,"* to be published by Atheneum in April. Among his other books well known in this country are *"The Green Mare"* and *"The Transient Hour."* This story was translated from the French by Norman Denny.

in a different light. There was one young fellow I knew, he didn't look like anything at all, and yet he got to be a lieutenant. The first time he was in the line I sold him a pair of scissors.

No, there isn't much you can tell me about the war. The people who weren't in it don't know what it was like. Anyone who wants to see that business start all over again is either mad or else he's a criminal. The way I look at it, one man's much like another, no matter whether his name's Dupont or Bismarck. Why should I want to go and shoot at a man I don't know from Adam just because he was born on the other side of the frontier? I mean it's childish. He's never done me any harm and I've never done him any harm. So what's it all about? Of course, I know what you're going to say. You'll tell me the Germans are an arrogant lot. I agree, and I'll go one better—they're arrogant and sheepish at the same time. Look at the way they let their leaders push them around. You'd never get a Frenchman to stand it. And why? Because he's proud. And against the government, you musn't forget that. Although mark you it doesn't stop him doing what he's told. He grumbles, of course, but he marches when he gets the order. Grumbling's second nature to him. If another war was to break out tomorrow you'd see all the French rushing to defend the frontier—and they'd start grumbling the minute they got there. Sometimes for nothing at all. Just because they're against the government. But I'm not worrying. The Germans can start a war whenever they like, I'm not afraid of them. I daresay they'll get as far as the suburbs, like last time, and then our lads'll chase them out again. You'll see. That's why I've always thought our two countries ought never to go to war. There are no fighting men anywhere to equal the French and Germans. If France and Germany were to get together nobody could stand up to them and they'd be masters of the world. Only there's a snag, because when they'd beaten everyone else they'd start fighting each other again to see who was boss. And if you ask me why, it's just that there'll always be wars.

**Y**OU'LL say I haven't many illusions about human nature, and my answer to that is—I haven't any at all. What can you expect? I've lived. I've thought. I've observed the different orders and classes of society. And what does it all come down to? All it comes to is this, that people are pretty much alike wherever they are and you can't change human nature, whether

it's the cobbler in a back street or the Duc de Montbazan. In these days nobody worries much about fine feathers, not if they've got eyes in their head. That's why aristocracy doesn't mean anything any more. That sort of thing was all right in historical times, but now it's progress that matters. Who cares nowadays if you're of noble birth? For instance, suppose you see a nice-looking woman in the street or the metro and you give her a look and perhaps a bit of a pinch, as it might be. Well, if she likes the look of you and she's in the mood she isn't going to go asking for your birth certificate. You see what I mean? Beauty is its own aristocracy, as they say. No one knows it better than I do, being a tailor.

I'll give you an example. Let's say, for instance, that you bring me a down-and-out off the street, with a three-day beard and his shirt sticking out of the holes in his trousers. You bring him to me here in my shop, and you say, "Let's see you make something of him." Well, what do I do? In the first place I remain absolutely calm. Not a trace of emotion on my face. Not a sound. I look him over and to start with, I get him cleaned up—a hot bath to get rid of the lice, barber, manicurist, and so forth. Then I dress him. I know my man. I know his personality right down to his toenails because I've studied him, you understand. I make him a suit that's what I call a suit. In other words, I *dress* him. And for no more than a week I take him along to the café morning and evening for an *apéritif*, just to teach him manners and give him tone. And then what have you got? You've got a person you can take anywhere. Claridge's, Deauville, anywhere you like, and he'll be able to hold his own. It's true he'll owe a lot to me. I'm not denying it. But the fact remains that a chap that was nothing but a bum the week before last can now pass as a banker or a lawyer or a university professor.

It's a very profound thought, if you come to think of it. These international crooks you read about, that pass themselves off as millionaires or dukes or anything, they don't worry, they reckon they can look out of the top drawer just as well as the next man. And why not? A duke's built just the same as you or me, he doesn't have his navel between his shoulder blades. So why should it always be the same lot that are dukes? But mind you, you mustn't go thinking I'm a Communist. Nothing of the kind. For one thing, I reckon no one ought to go laying down the law about things they don't understand. All the talk there's been about Communism, sharing out all the property and bread queues and so forth—



there's not a word of truth in any of it! Oh, I've been mistaken about it myself, like everyone else, and I won't pretend I haven't. We were bound to be. The public's kept in the dark, and anyway they don't use their heads. The fact of the matter is, Communism's often the exact opposite of what you think. You take Soviet Russia. That's what I say to the people who want to argue about it—have a look at Soviet Russia, I say. They just don't realize. Soviet Russia's an enormous country, big enough to hold twenty countries like France. You can travel a thousand miles in it and never meet a living soul. That's what you've got to remember. I wish you could hear my nephew Leonard talking about Communism. He's my youngest sister's son, a young fellow of twenty-five and passed all his exams and a qualified engineer, that shows you. And he's a Communist. You'd hardly believe it, would you?—a qualified engineer and a Communist! But he's not the talking kind. He lets you do the talking, and he listens, and then all of a sudden—bang. Just a word or two, no more, and he's flattened you out! Knate again, you see. Not a hat in the place, not so much as a cap, but my name's Knate and that's who I am and you can take it or leave it.



Well now, to give you an example, not long ago I was at a fashionable dance with my nephew Leonard. I don't dance much myself, what with being on my feet all day. I sat watching and let Leonard enjoy himself, and after he'd had a dance or two he came over to where I was, by the buffet. Because that's what Leonard's like. When he feels like dancing he dances, and when he's had enough he stops. He's got character, you see. Well, there were two old gentlemen near us talking about Communism. I say old, but I daresay

they weren't really any older than I am. They were well-dressed, mark you, and good manners and nice behavior. It doesn't take me long to judge people. You've only got to see the way a man holds a glass and you know if he's educated. It's like, for instance, putting your elbows on the table. There are people who think that's bad manners, but they're quite wrong. Why there was a photograph in the paper only last night of a banquet of leading industrialists, and they weren't worrying about putting their elbows on the table. Well-bred men too, superior-looking, it's queer when you come to think of it. Well anyway, there were these two talking about Communism, and the nonsense they were talking you wouldn't believe. Although it's only natural. The thing everyone forgets is that Soviet Russia is an enormous country. But you can imagine how it must have made Leonard's blood boil, the stuff they were talking—a qualified engineer, don't forget. But he never showed it. He just stood there, not turning a hair, so you'd have thought he wasn't even listening. And I waited. I knew it was coming. And suddenly he let them have it. But calmly, mind you, politely.

"Pardon me," he said, and you could have heard a pin drop. "Pardon me." And in two minutes by the clock he had them flat on their backs. Two minutes, I'm not exaggerating. It's no use asking me to repeat what he said because I couldn't do it. The way Leonard talks, well it's technical language, if you know what I mean, a lot of words you don't understand and they might mean anything. But it makes you think.

Say what you like, there's two sides to everything. I just leave it at that. As for being a Communist, well I can't say I am, not at any price. You'll never get me to agree that what's mine isn't mine and that I ought to be working to support all the dead beats in Paris, not to mention the government. I won't stand for that. I'm in favor of liberty all along the line, but of course there are limits. You may say that our society isn't all it might be, and I agree and I'm the first to say it myself, but still we manage to get along, and we aren't so badly off at that. It may be that Russia is an earthly paradise, but I haven't been there to see and neither have you. They say that work's a pleasure there and there's more time for making love. Well, all I say is, I'd like to see it. People get ideas into their heads. France has always been full of talkers. Mind you, I agree we have to work too hard. Take me, for example. I work ten hours a day and sometimes twelve and no Saturday afternoon off. And what of it? Am I complaining? We

all know what they're like, the ones that are always grouching. So you say I work too hard and you give me Saturday afternoon off. All right, but what happens? If I make love on Saturday afternoon what am I to do on Sunday except waste my money in cafés and cinemas? Where's the profit in that? What it comes to is, you think you're improving things but you aren't really improving anything.

**T**HAT'S why quite often I find myself wondering whether there mayn't be some truth in religion after all. Of course I know you'll say that no one has ever seen God, and in a sense you're right. But what I say is, you've got to be broad-minded about it. You're entitled to your opinions and I'm entitled to mine. Every creed deserves to be respected, and no one has a right to sneer at religion. Although of course if we knew all the things that go on in the monasteries . . . eh? It's not for nothing that they keep themselves tucked away. But I'm not the one to throw stones. There are things that come hard if you're a normal man, and I don't mind admitting I'd never be able to stand it. Come to look at it sensibly, priests are men just like we are. The cassock doesn't make the monk, as the saying goes, and there's a lot of truth in it. And I'll tell you something that a lot of people don't realize. Priests are often much more broad-minded than you'd think. For instance, I know a curé, and you couldn't wish for a more sensible man. He knows my ideas on religion and I know his. But that doesn't stop me respecting him. The day before my daughter went to her first communion, or it may have been the day before that, he came to see me and I took him into the back room for a glass of *fine*. And this Abbé Lambin, he sniffed it, and he sipped, and he gave me a wink and he said, "This is bloody good stuff!" His very words.

If only all the priests were like that. But of course you get all kinds. There's no getting away from it. It takes all sorts to make a world. If I had any say in the matter I'd pass a law making it compulsory for priests to marry. I mean, it's more decent. My nephew Leonard doesn't believe in religion either. I've got to admit I'm a bit afraid to talk to him the way I'd really like. The other day, for instance, I happened to remark to him that there are still plenty of things that science can't explain, and he just looked at me without answering, as though he was laughing inside. Well, when he gives me one of his superior looks it hurts a little, because

after all he's my youngest sister's son. But then again, he's a qualified engineer, and who am I to compare myself to him, with all his diplomas and all the books he's read? What do any of us amount to, come to that? You take me. Here I am, talking and talking, but it's only for the sake of talk, because you can't always be just watching yourself doing your job.

I know I talk a lot of nonsense. There are times when I even think I ought to try and learn a bit more. Yesterday evening, for instance, my daughter was doing her homework and I picked up her geometry book to see if I could get the hang of it. But it was no use. After two pages I started to yawn and I picked up the newspaper instead.

All the same, it would be nice to be like my nephew Leonard, who knows all the answers. I listen to him when he's talking and I try to remember the words, but it's difficult, particularly with the way he takes the wind out of your sails. Last week, when he came to see us with his mother, he said that it was my kind who were responsible for the restlessness of the younger generation. It upset me, as you might imagine. But what would you have answered? Because if Leonard said it, it was probably right. And those are the times when I wish I was Knate. Because Knate, I daresay he's no more educated than you or me, but he's Knate, you see, and that's enough. "Monsieur, you are under a misapprehension"—and you put the monocle in your



eye and you turn on your heel, and they've had it. But for most of us, we sort of fumble our way through life on our hands and knees with our noses sniffing the ground. And who stands there looking us over? Knate! Standing there with his manner and his monocle. Or else it's my nephew Leonard, who doesn't look like much but has got something in his head. Because, as he says, he's made the effort to acquire culture. You see? . . .

Well, good morning, Monsieur. It'll be ready for the first fitting on Wednesday.



# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



## The Razor's Edge for Nixon and the GOP

*The Republican victor-in-defeat—finding himself under strong attack from both ends and from self-appointed quarterbacks behind the line—has to figure out a strategy to hold the team together for '62 and '64.*

WASHINGTON—The Grand Old Party would, naturally, *never* recline on any psychoanalyst's couch, and it surely will not gladly submit to any physical checkup by "socialized medicine" either.

All the same, the GOP is in need of a conservative clinical examination of a complicated kind: The old boy's ailment is less organic than ideological. He suffers not so much from wasting tissue or a paralysis of members as from confusion of purpose and (whisper the phrase!) a certain mental disorder. He is victim not merely of a split personality but of a split-split personality. He is going in three ways all at once.

Indeed, the obviously great strength of one of the three extant Grand Old Parties—the one which nominated Nixon last year and very nearly elected him—is in one sense the measure of the weakness of *the* Grand Old Party. For Nixon did almost too well in not doing quite well enough. So, a party which lost the Presidency by only a tiny whis-

per now survives with far less effective power than such a large vote would, under ordinary circumstances, entitle it to claim and even force it to exercise.

Nixon, in carrying very nearly half the total popular vote, has not by a long way been able to invest the party-as-a-whole with the influence which this strong showing ought to have given it. For the Nixon party-of-the-center is under challenge from the Rockefeller-party-of-the-left and the Goldwater party-of-the-right in an internecine struggle which makes the old North-South Democratic guerrilla warfare look as sedate as the Nixon-Kennedy TV debates.

Richard Nixon is faulted by the Rockefeller Republicans for not winning an election, when they could not carry for him even their home grounds of New York. And he is faulted by the Goldwater Republicans for not winning an election which the Goldwater Republicans—with their ideas of "getting tough" with the present while compulsively trying to return to the far past—would surely have lost by pluralities so thumping as to recall the gallant and decent Alf Landon's unhappy experience with the Roosevelt buzz saw of 1936.

Governor Rockefeller hardly waited for the funeral lines to be read over the remains of GOP hopes for 1960 before staking out his posi-

tion for 1964. Plainly he is going after the Presidential nomination again—a goal toward which he periodically advanced and from which he periodically retreated last year. The new Albany line was laid down early: The Governor considered Mr. Nixon "one of the vital forces in the Republican party" for 1964. But the Governor frankly just didn't believe that a party which had just lost the Presidency with Nixon really had any "actual head." Goldwater has taken a similar view.

This interpretation of political custom, though utterly legal and permissible under the Constitution, can be called an interesting one, at any rate. If the erstwhile Presidential nominee of any party is not its only visible "head" (admitting that term to be a loose one) then what was Adlai E. Stevenson from the day after election in 1952 to the night of Kennedy's nomination at Los Angeles in 1960? What was Thomas E. Dewey, one of Rockefeller's supposed advisers, doing all during the period from 1948 to 1952, the year he caused the Republican convention to nominate Dwight Eisenhower?

And what of Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona? In the afterglow of last November's unpleasantness, some important changes appear to have been made in Senator G. As late as that same month, I reported here that Goldwater had no delusions about Goldwater-for-President, but was only trying to enlarge and harden the conservative to ultraconservative core of Republicanism. The simplest way now would be just to say that I was wrong, and if you prefer you may simply leave it at that. But I won't say I *was* wrong, mainly because I wasn't, as of then.

Goldwater's disclaimer of personal Presidential ambition was genuine *then*. It applies no longer—he is now with little doubt a real aspirant, in his heart at least—mainly because the original attitude was based on his conviction that Nixon would win in '60 and that rivalry for '64 would be only an academic privilege anyhow.

So the position today is this: Nixon, relatively the most successful Republican candidate since the first Roosevelt New Deal save for Eisenhower, the candidate *sui generis*, is nevertheless in the position of having cannon volleying and thundering at him from left and right. Goldwater's



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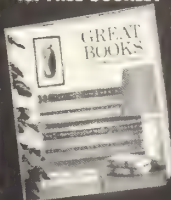
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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

fire can, I believe, be dismissed as of minor account. A Republican convention which would nominate him in 1964 would have to reverse a long and all but irreversible trend in the tide of Republican affairs. Not since Harding and Coolidge in the days of our national innocence has the GOP selected a Presidential nominee who was not *more*, rather than less, liberal than its ideological common denominator. (Herbert Hoover in 1928 was looked upon as pretty radical indeed, as for that time and in those circumstances he really was.)

Rockefeller, however, cannot be written off with any such confidence. Up to the year's end, his people were still responding now and then, in pained if temperate protest, to post-election charges that Nelson didn't give the ticket all he had in New York. I myself have once or twice seemed to suggest something to that effect. I here withdraw any imputation of a *deliberate* Rockefeller failure to deliver for Nixon. What I really meant was that on the harsh, unfeeling scoreboard—where they count only touchdowns and not first downs and give no A for effort—Rockefeller's state posted that well-known "0" when the game was over.

For this reason—and because of the fact that Nixon's public exculpation of Rockefeller from the sin of not trying is subject to private qualifications by Nixon men who remark that Rockefeller's *physical* efforts were "all right"—I personally still believe the odds are strongly against "Nelson for '64."

## THE NEW YORK MIND

THERE is, too, another reason, quite apart from the undoubted hostility toward him of many, many orthodox Republicans, to look with reserve on any prospect for a Rockefeller convention blitz four years hence. In the view of a good many observers (including this one), he has a sense of the realities of the world struggle and of the outer world in general not matched for soundness by many other national politicians, if, indeed, by any. This, of course, is the capital issue of our age. But he also has, it seems to me, two very grave weaknesses for an aspiring national leader. First, there is a lack

## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

of *practical* political awareness and finesse—as represented, for one example, by his extraordinary, premature effort to read Nixon out of a party leadership so richly and so undeniably won. And there is, in Rockefeller, something of what I have often been told was in his fellow Governor of New York, Al Smith—a curious urban-New York parochialism which tends to see all national problems in the simplistic way, say, of an editorial writer for the *New York Post*.

We have just seen that the powerful Democratic party, with a margin in membership over the Republicans of six to four, was able to defeat a Republican candidate bearing all the heavy burdens which Nixon had to bear only in a desperately close photo-finish. That party would not have won at all had Johnson not held most of the South for Kennedy. (I am aware that the proposition is somewhat complicated by the so-called "Catholic issue"; but I assume we can all more or less agree that this cut both ways.) Now, this means that to win the Presidency a party still must reach practical national accommodations of bitter domestic issues (*e.g.*, civil rights)—accommodations based more upon ultimate consent than on what might be called the "New York view." This view, roughly, restores the ancient and discredited doctrine of Secession, but this time the North *requires* rather than resists the secession of the South.

When it comes to the subtle and irreplaceable art of working out accommodations leading to consent, Mr. Rockefeller, in my knowledge of him, has to date a savviness as unhappily small as his knowledge of the external world is happily high. And, to go farther, I believe his lack of domestic political sensitivity, of this tactile know-how, involves far more than civil rights. It involves, I think, nearly the whole sum of our homely domestic issues. The "New York mind" will not carry many national elections in our lifetime. For good or ill, we have long since passed beyond that simple phase of national politics in which we had to choose only between what was demonstrably right and what was unarguably wrong.

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

voting nation, with what is reasonable and what is possible. (Personally, I like this. I take it as proof that we have reached political maturity. All those desiring, however, to indict me for lack of principle will please form a queue to the right—if you will pardon the expression "right" from a man who has perhaps strummed overlong on the string called "moderation" only because he prefers to deal in the facts of political life. Leave the lofty fancies to those who enjoy them and like to discuss spiritual and other noble values beyond the competence of a political writer.)

All these circumstances, I believe, make probable the renomination of Nixon in 1964—or at minimum his mastery of that convention. For it is no longer possible, except by those whose thinking begins and ends in fascinated repetition of slogans like "The Old Nixon" and "The New Nixon," to deny that Nixon has preempted the vital center of the Republican party. He must speak for it hereafter if anybody is going to do so. In truth, he ran both an effective and a decent campaign. He fought off the profound pressures of the Republican right for a return to that kind of hate-campaigning that has cursed the GOP every time it has been tried nationally.

## THE DOUBLE SPLIT

BUT to say that Nixon looks like the man for '64 is in no way to resolve the Republican split-split personality. Though he ran very well indeed, and though his party actually picked up a little strength in both Houses of Congress, their position is much worse on the inside than it looks on the outside. To revert to the medical metaphor, the prognosis is poor. For the Republican wing of the new Congress is not measurably stronger than the old. It must meet, too, this century's most expertly led Democratic Congressional majorities (led from the Executive branch by old Senate men Kennedy and Johnson).

Moreover, Nixon's titular leadership is not only under Rockefeller-Goldwater attrition; it suffers also from lack of official place in elective office for Nixon or for any really effective Nixon man. There is no

longer a Taft in Senate or House to keep aflame, however flickeringly at times, the small, true fire of Republican hopes. In the House, Republican Floor Leader Halleck is doing neither Nixon nor any viable brand of Republicanism any good by his efforts to make coalition arrangements with Old Guard Southerners. For the Southern Old Guard has itself been badly compromised by the Kennedy-Johnson victory in the South—a victory participated in by the vast majority of all leading Southern politicians.

In the Senate, GOP Leader Dirksen—though a far abler man in his later years than is supposed by cliché-ridden critics who seem not to have really looked at him since the death of Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*—is still no Taft.

## WHAT NIXON CAN DO

NIXON himself, as always, fully knows the score. He has no illusions about the size and difficulty of the job before him. This job he sees as first to restore coherence to his party—and then gather some new additional power. He intends to keep in the closest possible touch with Congress (as few titular party leaders, by the way, have done in the melancholy seasons of their defeats). He will make urgent efforts to help in the preparation of a responsible and moderate Republican Congressional record in the space between now and the 1962 Congressional elections. He will hope that this record will result in significant Republican gains in 1962. If so, he will surely go all-out for the 1964 Presidential nomination. If not, he probably will do it anyway.

In the meantime, he will keep a tight grip on the Republican National Committee, which in the folklore of politics is more or less his instrument by right of bequest. It is improbable that he will, in any event, swerve from the course of moderation, from his position midway in the party, to which he clung so doggedly in the late campaign. And only a practical certainty that no Republican could win in 1964 any how would prevent him, as I understand it, from demanding the Presidential nomination again.

For in rereading the election returns of last November (a pastime

that will go on here for a good many months yet) Nixon has no difficulty in understanding what the figures mean. Wherever Congressional and Senatorial Republicans did well, with few exceptions, they were either liberal or strictly moderate Republicans. Take Clifford Case of New Jersey as representative of the first category; Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts and John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky of the second.

And there is yet another factor, a purely human one. I have long had reason to believe, and believe now, that Nixon found a certain personal sense of liberation last fall in committing himself to moderation in politics. His closest associates were no longer—and I think this was pleasing to him—the violent Old Guardists who had been all around him earlier in his career.

He was more comfortable with the new breed of Nixonians—with men like young Robert Finch, Arthur Flemming, John Cooper, and so on. The savage denunciations from the old Nixon-haters were never easy for him to take. And when during the past campaign nobody had any objective right, on the basis of Nixon's conduct, to carry on that way any more, Richard Nixon felt a great emotional burden slip away.

But Nixon's problem (which for practical purposes is identical with the Republican party's problem) is still a long way from being solved. He still must face the great paradox: he lost just narrowly enough to complicate everything, for the party and for himself. Given even a very close victory, like Kennedy's, there could have been no valid reason for intra-party pot-shooting. Nixon would have been boss; and that would have been that. Given a heavy defeat, the harsh imperatives of total failure would have at least simplified the Republican inner dialogue. The GOP could then have said at least that, whatever Nixon's philosophy had been, some other would now be tried. But with the score the way it actually stands, Nixon's philosophy is just strong enough not to be easily uprooted from the GOP mind and just weak enough to put him under years of inevitable strain to maintain its primacy. Only by this delicate balance can Nixon sustain any realistic Republican hopes for 1964.

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# the new BOOKS

GARRETT MATTINGLY

## History Books of 1960

*Garrett Mattingly, a professor of history at Columbia University since 1948, is the author of "Catherine of Aragon" and, in 1959, "The Armada."*

IF THE American public read as much about the history of the other sixteen-seventeenths of the Earth's surface as it does about that of the United States, if it even read as much about the history it shares with the other peoples of Western Europe as it does about the American Civil War, readers would have not only a richer and more varied but a much more appetizing diet. Because the public is interested and alert, academic specialists in American history try to write as well as they can, and vulgarizers try to be sure of their facts. But alas, once the subject matter moves eastward across the Atlantic, too many professors write as if they despaired of being read by any but their colleagues, and too many popularizers think they can scamp their homework and escape censure. Normally the patron of American bookstores, looking for new books about transatlantic history which he can read with pleasure, has a long hunt for a thin bag. It would be even thinner if publishers did not supplement their offerings with some, at least, of the new books from the old countries.

1960 was, like most years, rather disappointing, but with some notable exceptions. Let us speak of the chief one at once: **Lord Burghley and Queen Elizabeth** by Conyers Read (Knopf, \$10), the second and final volume of Read's definitive biography of William Cecil. Read was trained in the age of the scientific historian and adhered all his life to its austere ideals. Not that he wrote badly. He had too clear and vigorous a mind to do that. But he deliberately sought a style as transparent as good glass, a style uncolored and unclouded not just by his own temperament and feelings but—except when he was quoting from the documents, as he often was—untouched even by the passions and prejudices of the people about whom he was writing.

He wrote all his long life about sixteenth-century Englishmen, mostly about Elizabethans,

but the glamour and excitement of that time seem deliberately muted in his pages. He could strike off a vivid and resonant phrase at need, but mostly he refrained. He knew the gossip and chronicles of the age, no one better, but he eschewed the unverifiable anecdote however apt, and the irrelevant episode however entertaining. He preferred to let the documents tell the story, either paraphrased and condensed, or set forth in their own language and supported by a framework of unemphatic exposition. In this way the personality of the historian does not come between the reader and the history. This is the way of the scientist. And this is the way Conyers Read wrote his first big book, a three-volume biography of Francis Walsingham, rearranging, condensing, weighing all the documents which passed under Walsingham's indefatigable pen or may have been scanned by his eye, and taking in the process almost as many years as were spanned by Walsingham's public career. It is an indispensable book, and one which a specialist can read with a glow of almost continual satisfaction. But no one would call it an enticing book, and no one but a specialist would read it for pleasure.

When he finished with Walsingham, Read turned to a biography of William Cecil. Cecil was a bigger figure than Walsingham, had served in high office under Edward VI and Mary before Walsingham entered public life, and was for forty years Queen Elizabeth's chief and most trusted adviser, always at the center of great events. Read did not compromise with his method. He gave more than thirty years to his second major work, but the vast mass of materials forced on him a more rigorous selection. The result was appreciable in the greater speed and grace of his first volume, published four years ago, but it comes to full fruition in this second which follows the career of Lord Burghley from 1570 to his death in 1598. Read is telling the story of how the Queen and her chief minister came increasingly to trust and appreciate one another, and to be bound by a constantly deeper affection. In the telling, Read's own personality remains as unobtrusive as ever. But by the time he wrote his last book, he had thoroughly learned

*Winner of the 1961  
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CONTEST JUDGES

**Saul Bellow • John K. Hutchens • Jean Stafford**

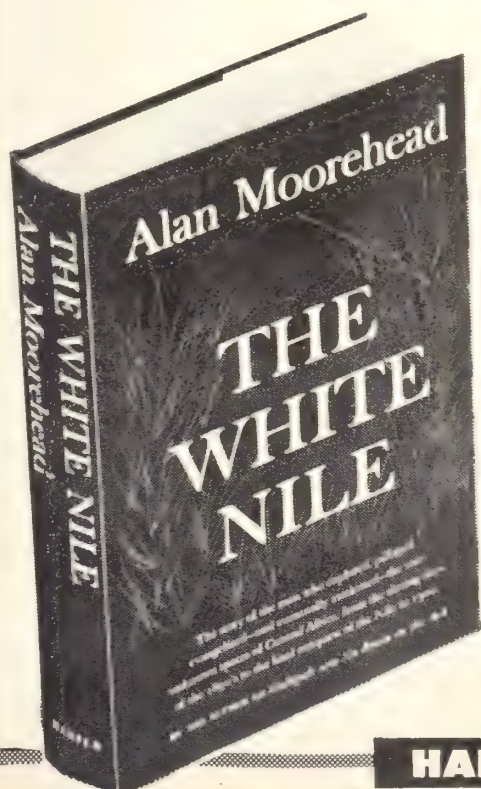
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the secret of his difficult art. The historian may stand aside, but if he is to be more than a compiler he must select, and into his selection must go everything he has learned and thought and felt, the whole personality, otherwise withheld. So, in this last book, no word is wasted, and though the chief characters are still left, for the most part, to tell quietly and undramatically their own story, the tale is lit throughout with wisdom and humor and compassion.

Just as this book was being published, Conyers Read died, some months short of his seventy-ninth birthday. He did not live to see the first reviews, but he did live to hold the finished volume in his hand. One hopes he knew it was his masterpiece.

#### THE AGE OF ELIZABETH I

AS COULD be expected, the other books about Elizabethan history this year are English. The English do not write so many books about the reign of Elizabeth I as we do about our Civil War but, centenaries or not, it's a poor year when they don't produce several. None of this year's crop can touch Read's *Burghley*, but two are certainly worth attention. One, **That Great Lucifer** (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50), is a biography of Walter Raleigh by Margaret Irwin, who has written so many entertaining novels about historical characters. This time, she insists, her work is untainted by fiction, and if her incidents are arranged with a novelist's eye for drama and her picture of Raleigh is touched by a novelist's imagination, why it is none the worse for that. Perhaps it is not much the worse for occasional carelessness about minor details, but there are enough small slips to prove that it is not only American popularizers who do not do all their homework. In spite of the slips this is a vivid and persuasive portrait. It is hard to be dull about Walter Raleigh, and Margaret Irwin is rarely dull about anything.

A more uneven and less skillful book, but in some ways a more interesting one because more original and unusual, is Rayner Unwin's **The Defeat of John Hawkins** (Macmillan, \$5). The core of the story is how the squadron which Hawkins took to the West Indies on his third slaving voyage came to be smashed up by Spanish ships and batteries in the harbor of San Juan de Ulua, but Unwin precedes it by a lively narrative of Hawkins' slave-trading operations and follows it by the fullest account yet of what happened to the crews, the men who were captured, the ones who got away by sea, the ones who, stranded in Texas, surrendered to the Spaniards and ended, most of them, in the prisons of the Inquisition, and the ones who walked out, or said they did, overland from the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It is these chapters, full of varied and fantastic adventures, which really make the book.

#### BRITISH BATTLES

A MORE routine account of a naval battle is Michael Lewis' **The Spanish Armada** (Macmillan, \$4.50). It seems natural to mention it along with John Naylor's **Waterloo** (Macmillan, \$4.50) since both are in the "British Battle Series" and both share the same virtues and defects. Both are by qualified experts. Both are short and fast-paced. Both sum up the military background, including (British) tactics and arms, but give their chief attention to the actual fighting. Both are briskly and competently written in language that is meant to be, and usually is, clear and simple. And both are conventionally and sturdily patriotic. The enemy is usually just the enemy, not people with troubles of their own, and you could read the account of Waterloo and scarcely discover that two-thirds of the troops under Wellington were not English, or find out what Blücher and the Prussians were doing most of the time. If Naylor's is the more entertaining volume, it is because Waterloo was so much more exciting a battle and the materials for it so much richer.

To see what a battle narrative can really be like, however, you must read **Decision at Trafalgar** by Dudley Pope (Lippincott, \$5.95). From the first pages when the little schooner *Pickle* beats up to Collingwood's *Euryalus* to be ordered home with the news of the great victory, your attention is caught and held. There is no apology for the salty terms of the old school of sail, and no explanation, for none is needed. You can always see just what the ships are doing. And not only the ships. You see Napoleon staring across the Channel from Boulogne, and watch Pitt battling for his political life in the House of Commons. There is a whole gallery of naval portraits.

Nelson is the hero, of course, but perhaps Collingwood comes through the best, and there is sympathy for the harried, inadequate Villeneuve and for the tragic Spaniard, Churrua. You pace their quarter-decks with the admirals, the English, the French, the Spanish, and learn their plans and their problems, not in fictionalized internal soliloquies, but in the words they set down themselves in memoranda and orders and dispatches, all analyzed and explained. So, when you come to the battle, not only is it astonishingly vivid, but it is clearer in plan and progress than it has ever been before. Trafalgar was the great classic battle of the wooden ships of the line. At last it has its classic narrative. There has never before been one nearly so good. I doubt whether there will ever be a better.

More military history is provided by two biographies, one of Charles XII of Sweden by Frans Bengtsson, the Swedish poet and novelist, **The Sword Does Not Jest** (St. Martin's Press, \$10), and **Frederick the Great** by Ludwig Reiners (Putnam, \$4.50). The two lives nearly span

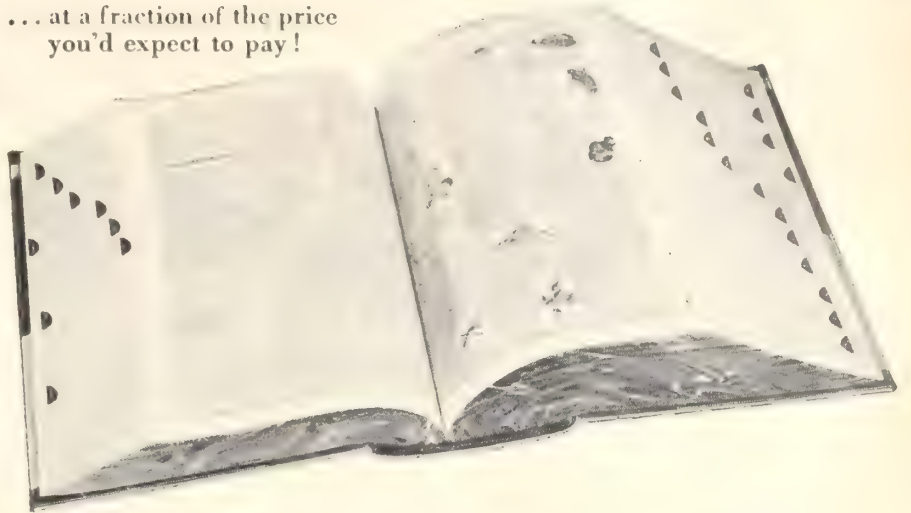
the eighteenth century. Both kings ruled small northern countries which happened to have good armies. Both fought desperate wars against coalitions of powerful enemies, including for both, the Russian colossus. Both were acclaimed in their day as the greatest captains in Europe. Here the resemblance ceases. Charles XII had a natural genius for war and knew nothing about anything else. He won an amazing victory at the age of eighteen and for nine years thereafter went plunging about Eastern Europe fighting and beating every enemy he could get to stand up to him, and all to no purpose since he understood as little of politics and diplomacy as he did of poetry or music or philosophy or anything except fighting. He was a heroic, tragic figure, like something out of a saga, and so Bengtsson treats him, but not even all Bengtsson's considerable literary powers can make anybody as simple-minded as Charles XII very interesting.

Simplicity is about the one thing Frederick of Prussia could not be charged with. Some people think he was scarcely a better general than he was a poet or a musician, and that if he was responsible for Prussia's greatness he was also responsible for the premature senile rigidity which led to the disaster of Jena only twenty years after his death. He was full of lofty aspirations and low cunning, of noble gestures and mean tricks. He has had, in spite of the astounding claim on the dust jacket of this volume, a great many biographers, and though few royal lives have been more fully and explicitly recorded, no two of his biographers have agreed. Some have even been able to like and admire him, a difficult feat, but none, not even Carlyle, has been able to make him seem less than interesting. In Reiners' informal portrait, he remains a baffling, exasperating, but fascinating figure.

It was characteristic of the two kings that Charles XII, though he was carefully taught French, would never speak or write it, and Frederick of Prussia, though he was taught it badly, would never willingly speak or write anything else. He would probably rather have been as good a poet as Voltaire (he really thought Voltaire was a great poet!) than have won his greatest battles. It was part

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of the pattern of his character that he succumbed entirely to the spell which eighteenth-century France cast over Europe. What that spell was like, and what sort of society engendered it, one can learn as well from John Lough's **An Introduction to Eighteenth Century France** (Longmans, \$5.75) as from any single book in English I know. Professor Lough has the same easy mastery of his subject, the same urbane and readable style, improved if anything, which made his earlier book on the French seventeenth century so pleasant a surprise. The armchair reader will probably scarcely notice that while he is being led from one fascinating glimpse of French society to another, he is being given the distilled juice of a college course in the French Enlightenment and the origins of the French Revolution. The armchair reader will be happier, however, if he has by him **A Diderot Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trades and Industry** (2 vols., Dover, \$18.50) edited by Charles C. Gillispie. The pictures of eighteenth-century Frenchmen at work in fields and shops and factories are magnificently reproduced from the great Encyclopedia. The text, mostly Diderot's, is skillfully condensed and translated. And the introduction and notes have a grace and wit worthy of the age they serve.

#### BUBBLE AND BOOM

THREE other books about the eighteenth century deserve at least brief mention:

John Carswell's **The South Sea Bubble** (Stanford Univ. Press, \$5.50) is the first full-length account of that extraordinary episode, the earliest and most spectacular British boom and crash, a brilliantly written and enthralling story which Mr. Carswell has stuffed with unexpected anecdotes and sharply etched sketches of important and little-known people.

Robert A. Kann's **A Study in Austrian Intellectual History from Late Baroque to Romanticism** (Praeger, \$6) offers a new light on why Vienna, the political rival and counterweight of Paris in the eighteenth century, was intellectually so parochial and insignificant. Kann uses as illustrations two typical figures, an influential preacher, Abraham a Sancta

Clara (1646-1709) and Joseph von Sonnenfels (1732-1817), a reformer and missionary of the Enlightenment, and fits a century and a half of history around them. The penetration and originality of Kann's thought, and the breadth of his human sympathies more than make up for an occasional academic soggy in his prose.

Finally, there is Violet Wyndham's biography of **Madame de Genlis** (Roy, \$4), a lady who was catapulted into fame as the mistress of Philippe l'Egalité. She went into exile after the duke's arrest, but was snubbed by the *émigrés* who held her somehow responsible for their misfortunes. Thereafter she varied her amorous adventures and augmented her income by writing an enormous number of moral and improving books, and by acting as a kind of society spy for Napoleon. She survived scandals and tribulations and lived to achieve a vast and now puzzling literary fame, and to see her former pupil, Louis-Philippe, mount the throne of France. Her story, rapidly and vivaciously told, ought to be fascinating, but somehow it doesn't quite come off. The central character remains as hollow as a bisque doll.

It is odd that the biography of another female literary hack, **Harriet Martineau: A Radical Victorian** by R. K. Webb (Columbia Univ. Press, \$5), should be so much more continuously interesting, and its much duller and less adventurous heroine should seem so much more alive. Perhaps this is because her biographer does not try to titillate his readers or pump up factitious excitement but concentrates on trying to convey his own hard-won understanding. As a result, his stubborn, neurotic, opinionated little busybody emerges as a solid, three-dimensional figure, firmly placed in her time, thoroughly believable and even oddly admirable and endearing.

The five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Henry the Navigator has been saluted here by a popular biography, **A Wind From the North** by Ernle Bradford (Harcourt, Brace, \$5), which differs from Elaine Sanceau's biography of not so many years ago chiefly in being somewhat less critical of the sources but vastly more knowledgeable about all nautical matters.

Like Miss Sanceau's, this is a readable retelling of a familiar tale. It is hard to say anything new about Henry. There have been no new facts for a long time. The Portuguese prince comes briefly into a great big, disorderly picture book, **The Discovery of the World** by Albert Bettex (Simon & Schuster, \$22.50). Some of the maps and pictures are magnificent, although some are very queerly chosen indeed, and the volume would make a handsome present for a boy, say, in junior high school. One much younger would have trouble lifting it; one much older would grow impatient with the text.

The only real contribution to the history of discovery this year is an unpretentious paperback, **Prelude to Empire** by Bailey W. Diffie (Univ. of Nebraska Press, \$1.95), a compact history of medieval Portugal with emphasis on Portuguese maritime achievements and experiences before Henry the Navigator. This is a fresh point of view, supported by fresh facts and presented with an ease and clarity which conceal a range and depth of scholarship most people would be tempted to display.

#### GIOTTO AT ASSISI

I'D like to mention one other medieval item which seems to me equally fresh, clear, and scholarly. Its subject matter lies beyond the farthest limit of my competence, but it was left out of Leo Steinberg's review of art history and I think any tourist who is going to Assisi or has been there might want to know about it. Ever since Vasari, and perhaps before, the legend of St. Francis series in the upper church has been ascribed to Giotto. It still is, by the overwhelming majority of art historians as well as by the guide books, although difficulties have been recognized and doubting voices raised. In **Giotto and Assisi** (New York Univ. Press, \$5) Millard Meiss argues from style and dating that Giotto had no hand in the series at all, but that it was painted by some unknown follower of Giotto's Arena Chapel period. Giotto is known, however, to have worked at Assisi. Meiss would limit his surviving paintings there to the Jacob and Esau scenes near the entrance, and date them very early. I find the argument extraordinarily



convincing. And this time the plates really do support the text.

I AM sometimes asked whether, as a historian, I can bear to read historical novels. Of course I can, and do. And I deprecate the easy snobbery with which some people speak of such novels as if they stood just one notch above Horror Comics. Would they speak so of *Vanity Fair* or *War and Peace*? What if the usual run does aim no higher than to while away an evening with a simple-minded combination of sex and violence in fancy dress? People insist on reading just to be entertained, and open homicide and bold bawdry laid safely in the long-ago have been standard fare at the booksellers ever since the first edition of Malory came off the press.

The best specimen of this perennial genre I've run across this year is **Ram** by Winchcombe Taylor (St. Martin's, \$5.95), the adventures of an eighteenth-century soldier of fortune on three continents. Nobody's brain will be taxed by it, but it moves at a gallop and the hero has enough martial and amatory triumphs to satisfy anybody's daydreams.

It seems absurd to pretend, however, that this is the only purpose historical novels can serve. They can be used for the imaginative reconstruction of a chain of political events so as to win a deeper understanding of history, as Alfred Duggan does again in **The Cunning of the Dove** (Pantheon, \$3.50), about how Edward the Confessor prepared the Norman conquest. Or used as Bryher does in **Ruan** (Pantheon, \$3.50). As is her wont, out of some misty past, this time the Celtic fringe in the sixth century, when the Saxon advance had paused and people were restlessly seeking islands beyond the rim of the sea, she evokes an eternal aspect of the human spirit. It is growing dark, as it is, with every character sharp and barbarians are close at hand, but out of the gathering darkness, whether of falling Rome or the London blitz, she knows how to speak to us, intimately and confidently, of hope and courage, and of the courage without hope which is the most important of all.

There is only one real trouble with historical novels. There aren't enough good ones. It's a widespread complaint.

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

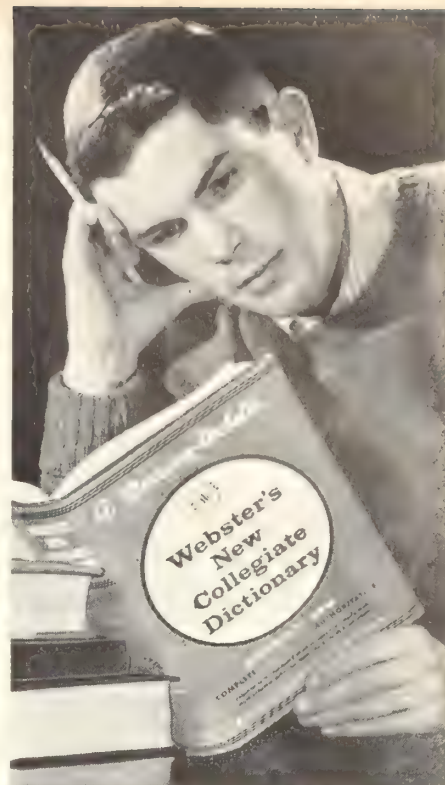
### FICTION

**Peaceable Lane**, by Keith Wheeler.

This novel is deceptively simple to describe—the story of the emotion and violence that erupt when a Negro family wants to move into a well-to-do Westchester suburb. But the description gives no sense of the variety of the cast of characters, the diversity and excitement of the plot, the credible humor and sensitivity in the relationships among the people who make up the community. It is anything but black and white. There are kindly white folk as well as stuffed shirts and villains, and bright and villainous Negroes too. The situation seems very real, the book is eminently readable and exciting, and one could only wish the end were less melodramatic. But this is a carping criticism of a book which deals sharply and intelligently and even amusingly with one of today's great problems. Book-of-the-Month. Simon and Schuster, \$4.50

**In a Summer Season**, by Elizabeth Taylor.

This novel is not in the least easy to describe briefly. Perhaps the closest one can come is to say that it is a study of love; love between an attractive middle-aged woman and her younger second husband; the young, adolescent loves of her two children, one a boy out of college, the other a schoolgirl. But since they all live under the same roof in the English countryside along the Thames and have done so for years, except for the new husband whose eyes see it all differently, it is also a study of conflict between ways of life. I am making it sound very complicated and not at all the smoothly flowing but very subtle narrative it is, with every character sharp and clear, including the cook and the maiden aunt. Nor do I give any sense of the peace and amusing routine of the unusually beautiful English summer slowly and inevitably building to its own violent but, this time, convincing climax. A most satisfying novel of modern domestic manners. Viking, \$3.95



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**The Real Silvestri**, by Mario Soldati.

The nature of love is in a sense the subject of this short novel too. I haven't read the other books by this talented Italian movie producer turned author—*The Capri Letters* and *The Confession*—but I have a notion from what I've heard of them that their pace was swifter than this one. In this dissection of a man's character—essentially a posthumous duel between Silvestri's best friend and the seductive woman whom Silvestri loved but who despises him—there is the most complex psychological suspense plus an effective twist at the end. It is a neat problem in human relationships economically and dramatically handled but I wearied of the elaborate game before it was over. Knopf, \$2.95

**Raditzer**, by Peter Matthiessen.

Raditzer is the name of one of a boatload of naval recruits being shipped out to war in the Pacific in 1944. There is scarcely a good word to be said for him. A little man, a whiner, a cheat—he has a queer effect on the other men, some repudiating him utterly and one man embracing his cause as if in a hypnotic trance. All react instantly one way or another to this man who seems to incorporate their own worst sins. The story is a remarkable tour de force, a morality play whose sustained tension compels the reader into its world right up to the end. And then I found the violence of the final scene, as that of *Peaceable Lane*, embarrassing. Suddenly after pages of participation I became an onlooker. But it is a moving idea almost successfully realized, and for some it may be wholly so. Mr. Matthiessen has written stories for *Harper's* and is the author of two novels and of *Wildlife in America*. It will not surprise his admirers to hear that in this book the descriptions of birds and land- and sea-scapes are a particular delight.

Viking, \$5

## NON-FICTION

**Thomas Wolfe and His Family**, by Mabel Wolfe Wheaton and LeGette Blythe.

After reading Tom Wolfe's books and Max Perkins' letters, seeing the play, "Look Homeward Angel"

(which Mrs. Wheaton thinks doesn't do the family justice), and reading Elizabeth Nowell's biography of Wolfe, I find few factual surprises in this book, though it includes some new anecdotes; yet it adds a new dimension of vitality to a family story that is already an American legend. Mabel Wolfe was very close to her brother and apparently like him in her enormous enthusiasms and appetites. Descriptions of food in the house at Asheville and elsewhere appear here again and again in the same appreciative detail as in Tom Wolfe's own books, and repetitive scenes of ebullient family gatherings are recited with his gusto and affection. Once more here is the pathetic story of his final illness. (Probably it is fortunate that there can be few more of the intimate friends left to tell it—perhaps only the literary agent, Annie Laurie, who with Mabel spent so many of the last painful hours with him.)

The really extraordinary thing about the book is that though Mrs. Wheaton died in 1958 one week after she and Mr. Blythe signed the contract for the book, he has put together—from long conversations over a lifetime, from her notes and letters and recordings—an intimate family story as if written by her, with an unmistakable Wolfe tone of voice that never in its own terms strikes a false note. Doubleday, \$4.95

**Skyline: A Reporter's Reminiscence of the 1920s**, by Gene Fowler.

Here is another posthumous "literary" memoir of about the same era, less family-personal, more about the greats and near-greats of the newspaper world of the 1920s, by one of them. Stories and anecdotes abound, at the heart of them Damon Runyon, Herbert Swope, Grantland Rice, Arthur Brisbane, the giants of Park Row, and many of the people they wrote about. Mr. Fowler was an acknowledged sentimentalist and a quotation will give the flavor, though not the accumulated pleasure, of his book. Much of it will bring out or forever quench the young sentimentalist in everybody. He says in his introduction:

News is history shot on the wing. The huntsmen from the Fourth Estate seek to bag only the peacock

or the eagle of the swift day. . . . Little things about big men. Or, if you will, big things about little men. These grace notes stay on in the memory. For poets remember such matters as a woman's glance, a tune played upon the mouth organ by someone in the bleak prison yard of the Tombs, the dust on the law books of a disbarred lawyer, the toy train of a dead child. I was a poet without portfolio. I would always remember these things.

Viking, \$5

**Tourist in Africa**, by Evelyn Waugh.

In his journal recording a 1959 visit to Africa which came out a month or so ago but which I've just come to, Mr. Waugh as usual manages to say more about that troubled continent in a few sentences than many do in whole books. He took a boat from Genoa through the Suez Canal, down the East Coast of Africa, making many stopovers. He says, for instance:

## At Port Said on nationalism:

No tarbooshes to be seen. The touts have discarded their white gowns for shoddy Western suits, exemplifying the almost universal rule that "Nationalists" obliterate national idiosyncrasies.

## In Mombasa, captiously:

The monsoon was blowing. It was deliciously cool, but it is not easy to read *The Times* India-paper edition in deep shade and a brisk wind. Have the editors, I wonder, considered what a high proportion of their copies are perused under fans?

## In Zanzibar, on religion and dress:

No church has made much progress in this last of the Arab sultanates. Eighty years ago it was hoped that a province was being added to Christendom. British rule has merely created an Indian settlement.

It was ironic, too, to find notices in the ship and on the quay requesting European ladies to respect local susceptibilities by dressing modestly. Shades of Mrs. Jellyby and of all the sewing parties who used to make "Mother Hubbard" gowns to clothe the naked heathen!

## A brief summary of the racial question:

I am told that in the U.S.A. one may say "Negro" but not "Negress." They like to be called "coloured." But "coloured" in most of Africa

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means mulatto. In my lifetime I have seen "Anglo-Indian," which I still use to describe my mother's family, come to mean Eurasian. . . .

In Tanganyika I found nothing but good will towards the Africans, darkened with grave doubts of the future. In Rhodesia there is an infection from the south of racial insanity. I heard of a Catholic woman who was offended because an itinerant priest said Mass for her on her stoep with a black server. But the story was told me as something disgusting.

I heard people of "pioneer stock" say, "You can't understand. We remember the time when these people threatened to kill us," while at the same time cordially entertaining Germans.

There is also a short, tart section on American colonialists in Africa. Reading the book slowly one is happily but genuinely informed and amused by every page.

Little, Brown, \$3.75

## FORECAST

## Flowers

From the city-center of a winter blizzard it is hard to believe that spring and flowers will ever come again, but a quick look at some of the early 1961 catalogues shows that the publishers, at any rate, are counting on it. January has already seen the publication of one book on special hothouse varieties: *Orchids, Their Culture and Botany*, by Alex D. Hawkes (Harper); and in May will come another, *Home Orchid Growing*, 2nd revised edition, by Rebecca T. Northen (Van Nostrand). Van Nostrand will publish three other gardening books in February: *Your Garden Soil*, by R. Milton Carleton; *Roses: Growing for Exhibiting*, by Harold A. Allen; and *Carefree Gardening*, "for people with a small back yard, as well as those who have twenty acres or more," by Jean Hersey.

Houghton Mifflin starts the year with Norman Taylor's revised *Encyclopedia of Gardening*, Doubleday with *Wildflowers of North America in Full Color*, by Robert S. Lemmon and Charles C. Johnson, and *The Fern Guide: Northeastern and Midland United States, and Adjacent Canada*, by Edgar T. Wherry (all in February).

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This is a month of duplications, with three very important pieces of music being issued in duplicate versions by major record companies. And if Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus" be included, the number goes up to four. Snobbery might dictate that "Fledermaus" not be considered in the same company as Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and the Verdi "Requiem." But there is no reason why it should not be. No better light music has ever been written, and there are few scores as evocative. "Fledermaus" is supreme in its genre. There is not a bad or a vulgar note in it, and its level of musical sophistication and workmanship is on a much higher plane than, say, "L'Elisir d'Amore" or "Don Pasquale."

Taking them in order, then, Victor and Angel have issued recordings of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The Angel cast presents Eberhard Waechter (the Don), Joan Sutherland (Donna Anna), Luigi Alva (Don Ottavio), Giuseppe Taddei (Leporello), Gottlob Frick (Commendatore), Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Donna Elvira), Graziella Sciutti (Zerlina), and Piero Cappuccilli (Masetto). Carlo Maria Giulini leads the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (Angel 3605, 4 discs; \*S 3605). The Victor equivalents are Cesare Siepi,

Birgit Nilsson, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Arnold van Mill, Leontyne Price, Eugenia Ratti, and Heinz Blankenburg. Erich Leinsdorf leads the Vienna Philharmonic and the Vienna State Opera Chorus (Victor LM 6410, 4 discs; \*LSC 6410).

A choice is not easy to make. Both versions are well-engineered, and both have superior singers. In the matter of Waechter *vs.* Siepi, the former sounds more rakish, younger, athletic; Siepi has more vocal weight and elegance, and more power for the climaxes. Nilsson is large-voiced, authoritative, and a little "white" in sound, whereas Sutherland is more feminine and sings with more color. Her technique is easily as good as Nilsson's.

Victor has an edge in some of the other Mozart roles, however. Taddei is a good baritone, but he has nowhere near Corena's voice or presence. Of the two Elviras, Price is preferable to Schwarzkopf. The German singer makes her entrance as though she is singing one of the Walküre, and her voice is beginning to have a ragged sound. Price is more suave. Similarly, Valletti has more art than Alva.

As for the conductors, Giulini paces the opera with more drama. Leinsdorf often holds back somewhat too much. He also has touched up the orchestration a bit. Unless my ears are off, he has added a tam-tam to the scene where Don Giovanni is dragged to Hell. The effect may make for good stereophonic sound, but it is not in the score. On the whole, then, both of the sets have advantages and disadvantages. I in-



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cline toward the Victor, tam-tam and all, but those who end up with the Angel should be perfectly content with the choice.

### Baritone for a Change

The two recordings of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* come from Angel and Columbia. Bruno Walter, the most hallowed of Mahlerians, conducts the latter, with Ernst Häfliger, tenor, Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano, and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia \*M2S 617, 2 discs). The Angel set has a novelty, and that is the use of a baritone instead of a contralto or mezzo. Mahler indicated that either low male or female voice could be used, but the male is never heard. Most conductors feel, and rightly so, that there is not enough variety. Anyway, Angel has taken the plunge. The singers are Murray Dickie, tenor, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki (Angel 3607, 2 discs; \*S 3607).

Both albums fill out "Das Lied" with another Mahler work. The Columbia set adds the "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," with Miller as soloist; the Angel presents an orchestral work, the "Adagietto" from the "Fifth Symphony."

Once the ear becomes adjusted, Fischer-Dieskau sounds altogether compelling in the Angel set. He is one of the world's great artists, with a degree of intensity rare among singers of any generation. Miller may be no lightweight as a singer; she is on the Metropolitan Opera roster and is an admirable artist. But Fischer-Dieskau does things with the words and their inflections that Miller cannot match. And, while it may be heresy of the highest order to suggest so, Kletzki holds up his own against the work of Walter. Those who would like to own a conventional "Das Lied," with tenor and contralto, are referred to Bruno Walter's previous recording, with Kathleen Ferrier and Julius Patzak (London A 4212, 2 discs). Walter was in better form there, and Ferrier is unforgettable. So, in the long run, will be Fischer-Dieskau.

### The Climaxes Ride

As for the Verdi *Requiem* the two recordings come from Victor (LD

6091, 2 discs; \*LSD 6091) and Capitol (GBR 7227, 2 discs; \*SGBR 7227). In the Victor, Fritz Reiner, with the Vienna Philharmonic and the Chorus of the Friends of Music, leads a vocal quartet consisting of Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jussi Björling, and Giorgio Tozzi. Impressive names, these. The singers in the Capitol set will be less familiar—Shakeh Vartenissian, Fiorenza Cossotto, Eugenio Fernandi, and Boris Christoff. Tullio Serafin directs the Orchestra and Chorus of the Rome Opera.

One could have predicted the orchestral results without even hearing the respective albums; and the predictions would have been accurate. Reiner has much more thrust, drama, and savagery even, than the veteran Serafin displays. What one might not have predicted was the superiority of the Victor sound. The beginning of the tremendous "Dies Irae," as an example, sounds nowhere near as exciting in the Capitol set as it does in the Victor. Presumably the Capitol engineers were afraid of the volume, and they took it down. Victor let the climaxes ride, almost as written, and the effect is exhilarating.

The music is indescribably lovely, tender, and powerful. Some years ago there used to be a great to-do about the "operatic" quality of Verdi's "Requiem." It was felt in some quarters that such fervor was an insult to the Deity. That argument, fortunately, has disappeared. It may be true that most churches would think twice before using the Verdi "Requiem." The same applies to Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." Music of such power and personality makes many people uncomfortable. But whether liturgical or not, the Verdi "Requiem" is one of the greatest pieces of choral music ever written.

In the past it has enjoyed at least two stupendous recorded performances. The first, with a quartet consisting of Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli, and Pinza, is still considered by many to be the all-time best. It is scheduled for release in Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. Toscanini's version also has its adherents (Victor LM 6018, 2 Discs). In both of the new sets there is some beautiful singing. It may be hard to

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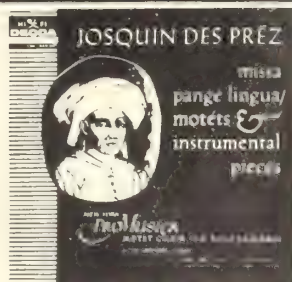
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

believe, but Fernandi in the Capitol set not only holds his own with Bjoerling in the "Ingemisco" section but even comes out a little ahead. And that takes a great deal of doing. My choice, however, remains the new Victor set, for its greater drama and more exciting recorded sound. It is the best modern version. My all-time choice is Gigli & Co.

### Extra Good, Clean Fun

And now to *Die Fledermaus*, from the sublime to the enchanting. The Angel album has Karl Terkal, Gerda Schevver, Anton Dermota, Wilma Lipp, Christa Ludwig, and others (Angel 3581, 2 discs; \*S 3581). London's recording is sung by Hilde Gueden, Erika Köth, Regina Resnik, Giuseppe Zampieri, and Waldemar Kmentt (London A 4347, 3 discs; \*OSA 1319). Both sets share three singers. Erick Kunz is the Frosch in both. Walter Berry sings Frank in the Angel set, Falke in the London; Eberhard Waechter is Angel's Falke, London's Frank. Otto Ackermann conducts the Philharmonia for Angel; Herbert von Karajan the Vienna Philharmonic for London.

Ordinarily a choice would be hard to make, for both companies have used experienced singers and conductors, and in both cases the recorded sound is exceptionally realistic. But London has come up with a gimmick that may attract some customers. You may have noted that the London set has an extra disc. On that added space is a "recital" given for Prince Orlovsky's guests. Some of Victor's and London's heaviest vocal guns have been brought in as part of "Fledermaus." Thus we have Birgit Nilsson singing that fine Viennese song, "I Could Have Danced All Night," from "My Fair Lady." Tebaldi, Corena, Del Monaco, Price, Bjoerling, Sutherland, Bastianini, Welitsch, and Simionato are the other entertainers. Perhaps the high spot comes with Simionato and Bastianini singing, in a form of Italian-English, a duet from "Annie Get Your Gun," interspersed with some machine-gun comments in Italian. It's really very funny. What it has to do with "Fledermaus" is anybody's guess. But those who like some good, clean fun will have some pleasant moments with this album.



# J A Z Z notes

Eric Larrabee

## LESSONS

Jazz recordings are themselves a kind of history, and most of the companies engaged in making them have tried, at one time or another, to assemble a history of jazz from their archives. The effort is worth a word, if only because non-specialist consumers of the music are a natural audience for intelligent condensations of its sprawling past. The most extensive of them (eleven LPs) has been put together by Folkways (see "Jazz Notes" for April 1959), and still forms the most lavish single library.

Second in size, and to my mind in desirability, is Riverside's *History of Classic Jazz* made up of five LPs, with a bound-in portfolio of photographs and an essay by Charles Edward Smith. When this album first appeared, the critic Leonard Feather had some fun with it in *Down Beat*, pointing out that several selections were wrongly attributed and suggesting that much reverence for "traditional" jazz was based on "confused and careless listening." Orrin Keepnews of Riverside made a handsome apology, however, claiming that the errors would be corrected and, justifiably, that the *History's* essential value was unimpaired.

Feather's own *Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records* comes next in size (four LPs), where it ties with Capitol's *The History of Jazz*, but it holds the unquestioned next place in quality. Some reviewers have indicated a suspicion that Feather was "rummaging" through Decca's relatively slender files (a complaint in fact justified by his subsequent assembly of odds and ends for Steve Allen's *The Jazz Story*), but files at least were there. Capitol, confronted by a virtual absence of resources, had to content itself with numerous "in-the-style-of-the-time" reconstructions, which contain sonically attractive effects that may be more accessible to the jukebox trade but have otherwise little excuse. The only worse indictment should be brought against those manufacturers (like RCA Victor) who are still slow to make their own authentic riches available.

The Riverside History of Classic Jazz. Riverside SDP 11. The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records. Presented by Leonard Feather. Decca DXF-140. The Jazz Story, as told by Steve Allen. Coral CJE-100. The History of Jazz (1. N'Orleans Origins. 2. The Turbulent 'Twenties. 3. Everybody Swings. 4. Enter the Cool). Capitol T-793-6.

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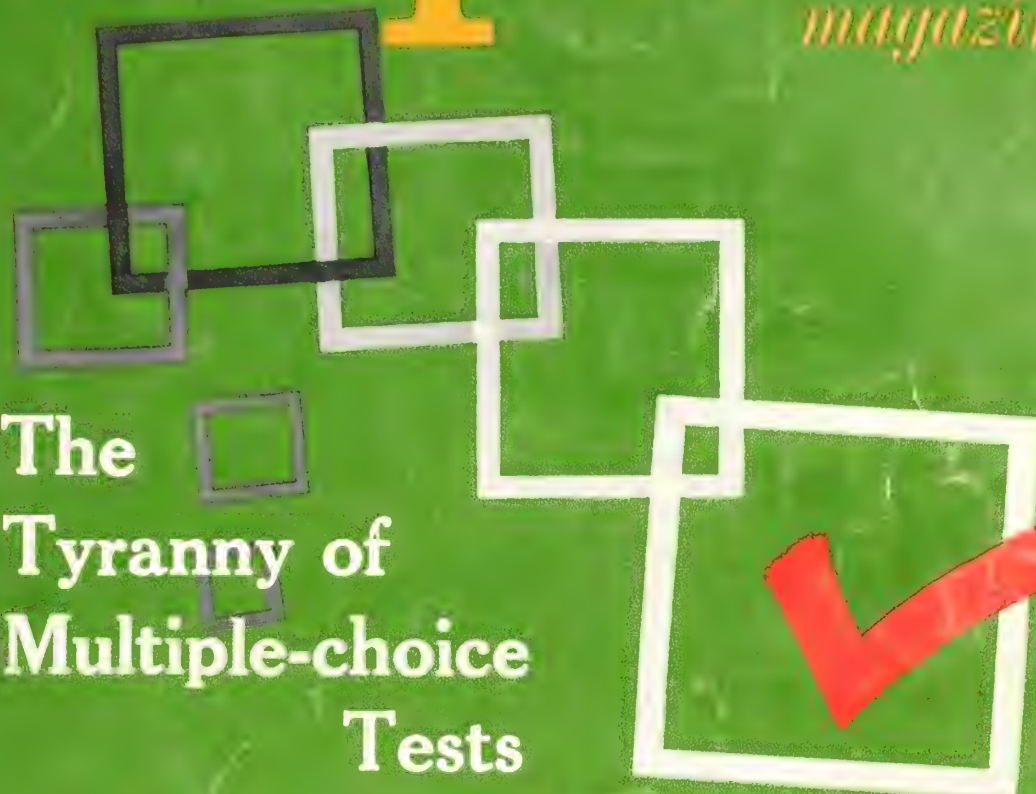


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VOL. 222 NO. 1  
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## ARTICLES

- 37 The Tyranny of Multiple-choice Tests,  
*Banesh Hoffmann*
- 45 No Legs, No Jokes, No Chance, *Helene Hanff*
- 48 Mr. Upton-Sinclair-Lewis, *Upton Sinclair*
- 49 Writing the "Inside" Books, Part I, *John Gunther*
- 56 The Timken Edition of Lenin, *David Spitz*
- 58 How to Talk to People, If Any, on Other Planets  
*Ralph E. Lapp*
- 64 The Golden Twig, *Howard Luck Gossage*
- 79 Italy's New Caesar, *Robert Neville*
- 86 My Dear Irish Doctors, *Harriet Hughes Crowley*
- 94 California's \$2 Billion Thirst, *Sydney Kossen*

## FICTION

- 73 The Castle at Arundel, *Arthur Heiserman*

## VERSE

- 39 March, *James Wright*
- 91 My Countryman Marco Polo, *John Ciardi*

## DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
- 14 The Easy Chair—"ANTI-AMERICANISM" IN CANADA,  
*Hugh MacLennan*
- 29 After Hours, *Corinne and Jack M. Watson*
- 105 Public & Personal—THREE SCOUTS HEADING WEST,  
*William S. White*
- 112 The New Books, *Alan Pryce-Jones*
- 120 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 125 Music in the Round, *Discus*
- 130 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

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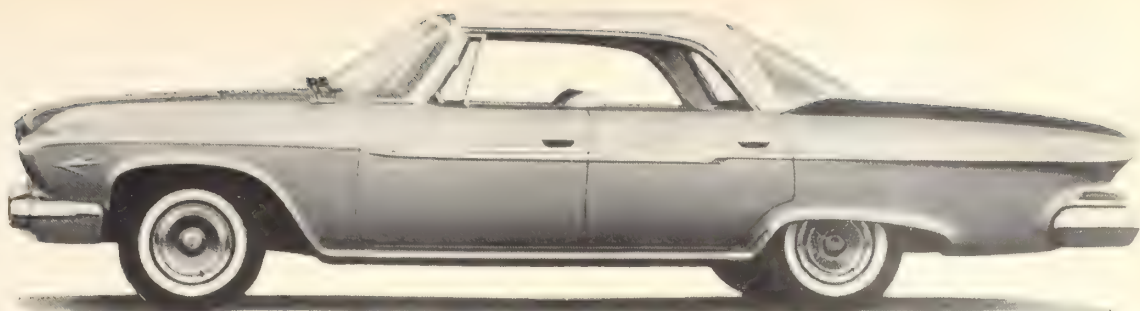
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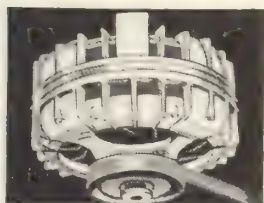


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# LETTERS

## Shattered Man of Japan

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations on ["The Baffled Young Men of Japan," Peter F. Drucker, January]—the best article thus far published on contemporary Japan! It certainly helps to eliminate the popular version of rickshas, geisha girls, and Zengakuren. I am myself a baffled, no, shattered man of Japan. My B.A. in applied mathematics from the University of Wisconsin didn't help me a bit to find a job in Japan; in reply to 20 inquiries I made of Japanese companies, all said they would prefer new graduates from Japanese colleges, because it would be cheaper for them. . . . I have no connections. The best I can do after I go home this spring is to seek employment with a Japanese branch of an American firm; but then, what did I study in America for! . . .

YOSHIYUKI IWAMOTO  
Madison, Wis.

Mr. Drucker describes Herman Hesse's early novels as "books dripping with self-pity." . . . This statement is totally inaccurate. Hesse specifically attacks and satirizes self-pity in *Steppenwolf*, *Journey to the East*, and *Demian*. . . . Hesse's attitude toward "escape from work, responsibility, and civilization" is quite clearly negative. A central point in his work is the need for creative contributions to society. His heroes in *Siddhartha* and *Gertrude* find that they must assume responsibility or succumb to nihilism. . . .

LARRY D. SPENSE  
Louisville, Ky.

## The Investigator

TO THE EDITORS:

My only comment on the Dodd-Tynan debate ["The Easy Chair," January] is that the people of Connecticut are bitterly ashamed of Senator Thomas Dodd, and if he ever runs for public office again in this state he most assuredly will be defeated.

JONATHAN WALLMAN  
Stamford, Conn.

Senator Dodd proved Tynan's paper to be false and misleading. Why then did you see fit to allow Tynan more

print to further smear the Senator's committee? Any reader with a fair amount of brain matter can tell whose side you are on. I say hooray for Senator Dodd. Long may he continue his work of rooting out those who would destroy our American freedom. I say boo to *Harper's* for its stand behind Kenneth Tynan. . . .

JOHN BOLAND  
Alton, Ill.

The funds appropriated for this witch hunters' utopia should instead be used for aid to schools and federal scholarships. . . .

ROBERT RECHTER  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

## Kentucky Blues

TO THE EDITORS:

"Kentucky's Quiet Revolution" by John Ed Pearce [January] gave me a shock. . . . I hope the moral and economic decay exhibited in the stripped coal fields and the denuded forests . . . is greatly exaggerated. And yet, as a doctor of forty-eight years of practice in "Golden California," I am all too familiar with the gross advantages taken of federal and state relief on any local level. Here it grows like a snowball rolling downhill. . . .

WM. B. SMITH, M.D.  
Delano, Calif.

## Whitman's Prose

TO THE EDITORS:

Dr. Rena V. Grant's note to Walt Whitman's "Wood Odors" [December] refers to a "little page of prose jottings found elsewhere . . . obviously a preliminary study for the poem. . . ." These prose jottings are in the Feinberg Collection, Detroit. Whitman admirers may wish to compare "Wood Odors" with his prose piece which appears below. (Words which Whitman canceled I have placed in italics in brackets.) It is headed "*Sunday Morning in the Woods*."

"As I saunter along, I mark the [round brown knobs of the cedar-apples, the] profuse pink-and-white of the wild honeysuckle, the creamy blossoming of the dog-wood. Delicate smells too,—every thing most fragrant, early in the season —[the earth-freshness after a rain—] odors of pine and oak and the [old] flowering grape-vines—the difference be-



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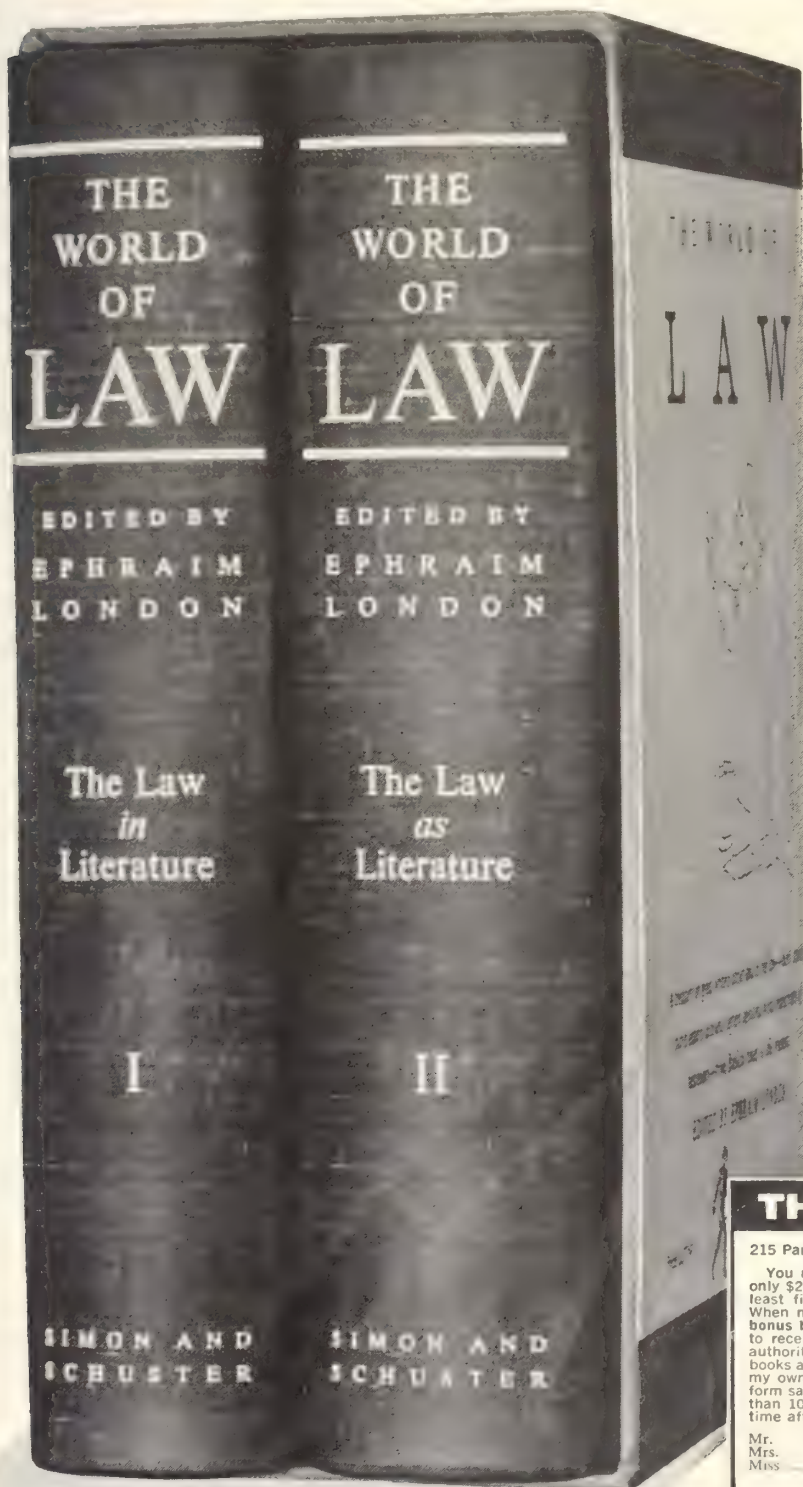
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# CARPE DIEM

Do the days seem to be getting longer? They are, of course, as spring approaches. But that isn't exactly what we mean.

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As a matter of fact, the idea of a longer day does give one pause, doesn't it? Makes one wonder whether he has been improving each shining fraction of a millisecond as he should.

For instance, have you decided to invest but put off taking the necessary first steps? Those milliseconds are slipping by! Why not stop in at your nearest Merrill Lynch office today (there are 138 of them — here, there, and around the world) and talk with an account executive? Or maybe you'd rather bone up first. In that case, we have a *vade mecum* that we think you'll find clear and interesting reading, and we'll be glad to send a copy without charge. Ask for "How to Buy Stocks" and we'll take it from there. Address—

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tween shady places and strong sunshine—the holy Sabbath morning—the myriad living columns of the temple—the soothing silence—the incense of some moss, and the earth fragrance after a rain, [somehow] strangely touching the soul."

WILLIAM WHITE  
Prof. of Journalism  
Editor, *Walt Whitman Review*  
Wayne State University  
Detroit, Mich.

## Air Perils and Pressures

TO THE EDITORS:

General Quesada ["The Pressures Against Air Safety," January] has our unqualified sympathy and appreciation. He should not take the situation as personal or unique. He is a victim of the ubiquitous, pestiferous "executive secretary" who hampers all public servants and hamstrings the timid. . . .

CHARLES M. LARCOMB  
Hebron, Conn.

If our organization were the sole Quesada critic our position could well be questionable. But General Quesada's administration is distinguished by one factor that, to our knowledge, had never existed prior to his arrival. Almost every segment of civil aviation has been in similar conflict with him. . . . Civil aviation has grown and prospered in an atmosphere of mutual respect and understanding between government and the civil aviation community. General Quesada's administration has been the first to create an intolerable breach in what used to be a co-operative effort. . . . The Quesada type of uninhibited rule-making and iron-fisted enforcement has contributed little to safety. We are startled at General Quesada's statement that we have been able to "obstruct air safety rules." Any thinking American will understand the continuous and obsessive preoccupation with safety of all responsible pilots. Whenever they fly, it is their personal safety that is at stake. . . .

AOPA has been actively concerned with aviation safety for all of its 21 years. Even the present FAA thinks enough of AOPA's safety efforts to have adopted a new pilot's instrument-flying technique that parallels almost exactly a technique developed under a grant from the AOPA Foundation and has been in voluntary use as a safety measure for several years. The FAA also has extensively used safety films and brochures obtained from the AOPA Foundation. AOPA has advocated safety measures such as: minimum standards for cockpit visibility for [all] civil aircraft; automatic flight recorders on all

## LETTERS

aircraft designed to operate at more than 300 mph; speed limits for all aircraft in the vicinity of airports (later modified to include all flights below 2,000 feet); and [reduction of] cockpit paper work to permit pilots to pay more attention to primary flight duties. . . . We also recommended an improved enforcement program of the then existing regulations. However, enforcement must be fair and uphold the constitutional safeguards to which every American is entitled. Aside from an over-zealous enforcement program, General Quesada has accomplished little or nothing in these specific problem areas, despite the availability of almost unlimited funds and personnel.

J. B. HARTRANFT, JR., Pres.  
Aircraft Owners and Pilots Assn.  
Bethesda, Md.

I have read Mr. Hartranft's lengthy statement very carefully. I find nothing in it that refutes, or even attempts to refute, my basic contention that [he] and two or three other top officials of the AOPA have engaged in a calculated program of invective and distortion to vilify the Federal Aviation Agency. They have done this to incite a false sense of grievance among private pilots, and then make an unabashed appeal for more members and membership fees. . . . I have no quarrel whatsoever with *responsible* pilots or *responsible* critics. I agree with him that "all responsible pilots" have an "obsessive preoccupation with safety," and I welcome this. My concern is with the few *irresponsible* pilots, and the few *irresponsible* critics. . . .

E. R. QUESADA  
Washington, D. C.

We are surprised that *Harper's* would publish such self-serving and inaccurate statements and attacks upon respected organizations as those of the [former] FAA Administrator. . . .

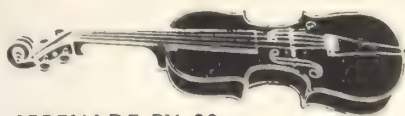
The Air Line Pilots Association has consistently urged that two pilots be at an aircraft's control at all times and has actively pursued adoption of rules which would make this possible. . . .

The ALPA has never objected to a government inspection of air-line operations. The pilots objected only to displacement of an essential crew member by an inspector, neither trained nor permitted to act as part of the crew, thereby forcing flights to be conducted under abnormal circumstances and in a different manner than that for which the crew is trained.

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## LETTERS

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ED MORIS  
Director, Public Relations  
Air Line Pilots Assn.  
Chicago, Ill.

### People-Machines

TO THE EDITORS:

The "People-Machine" [by Thomas B. Morgan, January] can do much more than "speed up communication." . . . It can effectively write the speeches and time the strategic statements, making little men look big. That \$65,000 was spent to win an election, not to enlighten a public; such services should not be for sale. . . . Freedom should mean more than a contest between machines. When a man mimics a machine, we are voting for the machine. Let's vote for men.

CHUCK CRAWFORD  
MIT Graduate School  
Cambridge, Mass.

### Marsden Hartley

TO THE EDITORS:

The American Federation of Arts has asked me to say that there has been a change in the exhibition schedule of the Marsden Hartley paintings and drawings that I discussed in "After Hours" [January]. The exhibition will not turn up in Boston, as I said, but it will be in Cincinnati in January 1962 and at the Whitney Museum in New York in late February and March 1962.

Otherwise the schedule stands: Portland, Maine (August 12–September 2, 1961), Minneapolis (September 25–October 31, 1961), St. Louis (November 15–December 15, 1961).

I made a grievous omission in my piece. I should have said that Elizabeth McCausland, who is now at work on a biography of Hartley, was a prime mover and selector for the exhibition.

RUSSELL LYNES  
New York, N. Y.

### Farm Surplus and Hunger

TO THE EDITORS:

Your concern for the world's hungry and your interest in CARE [Easy Chair, John Fischer, December] prompts me to suggest a solution to the problem of farm surplus disposal. . . .

While a large part of the world starves, we are blessed—or cursed—with an overabundance of food! [I propose that] American business—employer and employee—sponsor a CARE program.

The mechanics are simple. Every dollar contributed by an employee for a CARE package would be matched by his employer. The actual net cost to employee and employer would be low. Since both names would be on [each] package, the employee would [pay] forty cents per package figuring his tax at the minimum rate; the employer would [pay] twenty-four cents per package figuring his tax at the 52 per cent rate.

There are over 68 million employed in the U. S. The 500 largest industrial companies alone employ over 9 million. Certainly an appeal that is well timed and properly handled should produce literally millions of packages. If the approach were made through the National Association of Manufacturers and the AFL-CIO, or comparable groups, the coverage would be effective.

With a \$10 billion surplus . . . on the one hand, and millions existing on a starvation diet on the other, the need is for ACTION. . . .

S. E. BEITER  
Wayne, Pa.

### Lame Brain

TO THE EDITORS:

I think that Felicia Lamport was reading my mind in her poem "A Sigh for Cybernetics" [January]. I wrote this last fall:

Though some may think me just a worm,  
I shrug off such a lovely term.  
For worms have brains and do emote,  
While Univac just counts my vote.

MARGENE BETTS  
Elmira, N. Y.



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HUGH MacLENNAN

# the Easy Chair

## "Anti-Americanism" in Canada

*The guest in the Easy Chair this month, one of Canada's foremost writers, is the author of "The Watch That Ends the Night" and other books. He teaches at McGill University and writes for both Canadian and U. S. magazines. An editorial comment by John Fischer follows Mr. MacLennan's article.*

MY distinguished compatriot, Robertson Davies, recently published a book of essays entitled *The Voice from the Attic*, his view being that Canada is the attic of North America. The title is apt in more ways than the geographical. Noises emanating from attics, if they are heard at all, are apt to be heard indistinctly. When you are sitting in the comfortable rooms below and hear attic noises, it is hard to tell whether they are being made by squirrels, mice, wind, or someone in distress.

That is why all Canadian statesmen have been shadowy figures in American eyes. Their voices come to Americans like muffled noises from some vaguely known region above. The statesmen themselves are conscious of this and it makes them shy. Instead of shouting, they mumble.

Just before the St. Lawrence Seaway Bill was passed through the Congress, I happened to attend a banquet in Washington given by the American sponsors of the bill. Canada had wished to build the Seaway for the previous thirty years, but as the St. Lawrence in some sections is international, she had to await the pleasure of Congress. On this particular occasion, one of our cabinet ministers had come down to speak. He was an able man at home a forthright one, and before his speech one of our diplomats promised me he was going to lay Canada's case fairly on the line. But a lifetime of experience must have inhibited him, for though he spoke with some eloquence, he told Americans nothing important about what Canadians really felt at that time.

"It's not what he *said* that counts," the diplo-

mat told me afterwards. "It's what he *didn't* say."

Talking to Americans present, I was not surprised to learn that their extrasensory perceptions had not been up to the task of discovering what he didn't say.

I am now another of these attic voices, and I am using it to talk about the psychological situation that is developing between Canada, which for years has studied every mood and shade of opinion in the United States, and the great good-natured Republic which for years has taken her friendly neighbor entirely for granted. How serious the situation between Canada and the United States may become, none of us Canadians know. But we are all murmuring that the next decade is likely to be a sticky one. Differences of opinion in the conduct of foreign and military affairs, economic entanglements of an extremely complex kind—most of the latter caused by our own stupidity—are making a lot of us jittery. Americans accustomed to our genteel mumblings are beginning to take a closer look at us. Some are even suggesting that Canadian nationalism is turning "anti-American."

This accusation has recently been hurled at myself. In a sense I asked for it, because I published in a Toronto journal an article purporting to be an open letter to the newly elected President of the United States. This article set forth a variety of matters on which the general Canadian view of the foreign situation differs from the American. These differences are especially acute in the regions of nuclear policy and the handling of the Far Eastern situation. Naturally we know that the views of a weak power carry little weight with a nation which has to shoulder the awful responsibilities of the United States. But as we belong to the American alliance, occasionally some of us are tempted to put in our own two cents' worth of opinion.

Shortly after my article appeared in print, Mr. George Sokolsky jumped on me. In a column entitled "Nationalistic Canadians Unfriendly to the United States," he declared that my article was "as unfriendly an utterance against this country [*i.e.* the United States] as any I have yet seen anywhere."

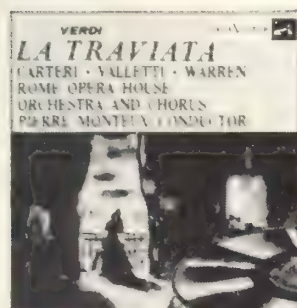
I was dismayed by his reaction, even though I am sufficiently familiar with the American scene to know that Mr. Sokolsky is intensely sensitive to opinions differing from his own. He stated that he quoted me in context and in a sense he did. He quoted nothing I did not actually say. But the impression he gave of the attitude behind the few lines he quoted was totally different from the one I believed any reasonable person would take.

To disagree, surely, is not to express hostility. To express alarm over a policy one honestly considers dangerous is not my idea of being unfriendly. But I was left in little doubt of Mr. Sokolsky's sincerity in what he wrote. He really

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did believe that I was a Canadian nationalist with an inferiority complex toward the United States, and that I was sounding off in order to make Americans annoyed.

Shortly after this incident, I was further startled by the knowledge that Mr. Sokolsky is not alone in this feeling. Some of our journalists posted in the United States have been firing rockets to their editors warning that if we are not more careful up here there is going to be trouble. I have received mail from Americans comparing us to Cubans and Afro-Asians.

"Why do you have to be critical of us," one stranger wrote, "when we never say critical things of you?"

I could only reply that to criticize a policy is not to criticize a nation's character, and that criticism is the inevitable penalty of power and success.

There are times when silence is golden, but I don't think this is one of them. The blunt truth is that Canada at the moment is very frightened of the United States. Her fear is not prompted by alarm over her territory, over a possible invasion, over a bullying act. No country on earth has better reason to trust American justice than we have. No, the fear is something subtler than that. It is simply that an enormous, expansive, good-natured, and self-confident nation, approximately fifteen times the size of our own, will extinguish our identity forever, and will do so with the very best of good intentions. What prompts our anxiety today is not "anti-Americanism" as that phrase is understood in the United States. It is the instinct of self-preservation.

The debate about this unique threat to the Canadian identity came into the open about ten years ago when Lester B. Pearson, who was then our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, uttered the warning that in the future Canadian-American relations were not going to continue "easy and automatic."

"When everyone else is hating us," an American friend reproached me on that occasion, "surely you Canadians can leave us alone!"

But where, I asked him, was the unfriendliness in Mr. Pearson's remark? It is a simple fact of human nature that if two personalities are closely involved, their relations can seldom be easy and automatic. Are relations in the United States easy and automatic between the manufacturing East and the farm belt? Are they easy and automatic in Canada between the provinces and the federal government?

What Mr. Pearson's remark was intended to point out was not that Canada and the United States were growing apart. It was that their affairs were becoming so meshed they were certain to cause tensions, these being far more acute in Canada than in the United States. Perhaps he also hoped that Americans, busy and preoccupied though they are in all regions of the world, would become a little more conscious of what

their enormous expansion into Canadian life is doing to us.

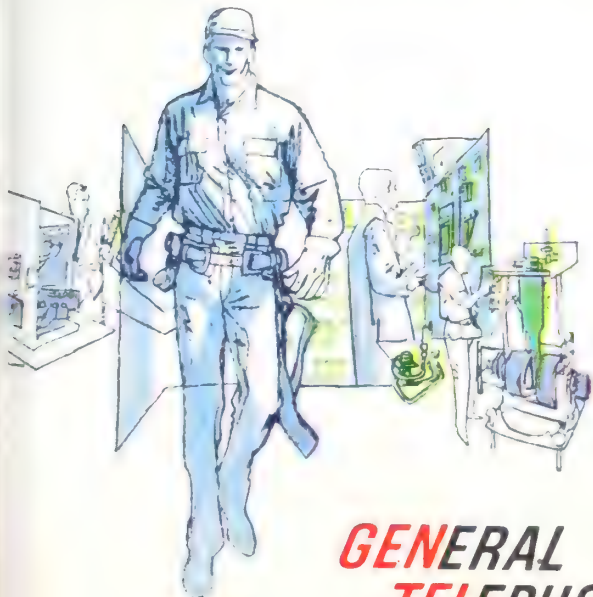
Canada is your best customer, and if she should ever cease buying from you, your economic position would be seriously damaged. You are our chief defense in a dangerous world, and if American might should ever cease defending us, we would be helpless before Russian or—in the not too distant future—Chinese attack. Your northern frontier against Russia and China is established in Canadian territory, and in the far northern defense belt, your military command is more sovereign than our government. No sensible Canadian resents this, and I have yet to meet a fellow countryman who complained of arrogance or discourtesy on the part of any American military personnel on our soil.

But the military aspect of our involvement is minor compared to the absorption of our natural resources and commercial organization by American business, and the saturation of our public opinion by the American communications industry.

For years, Canadians have been reading far more American magazines than their own. Indeed, their own had to enter a field in their own country already largely occupied by magazines from the United States. Every important newspaper in the country subscribes to American wire services, and most of them carry one or more American columnists. Even the government-supported Canadian Broadcasting Corporation carries a more than 50 per cent diet of American television shows selling American products which are also available here. Finally, some mass-circulation American magazines actually incorporated themselves in Canada. They published so-called "Canadian Editions" containing a total, or nearly total, American editorial content. Then, by using the device of split-run advertising, they captured (by offering lower rates) nearly half the native advertising revenue on which our own publications had depended for life. Some of our native magazines promptly died, and all are threatened with ultimate extinction unless this kind of competition is stopped. A Royal Commission on Publications was established in the fall of 1960 to investigate ways and means of saving our few remaining native voices in this field.

IN general business the American control of Canadian life is now so vast that many of us are wondering if we are on the way to becoming another banana republic. Our natural resources are now largely American-owned. Even our secondary manufacturing industries have been described by Mr. James Coyne, Governor of the Bank of Canada, as "a branch plant economy." Since 1955 Canada has been borrowing over one billion dollars a year for long-term investment. She is paying nearly \$500 million annually in interest and in dividends abroad. (*Cont. on p. 21*)

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William F. Tigh, President, Canadian Schenley Ltd.

Most of this investment is American, and within the postwar period it has changed Canada from a producer of wheat and raw materials into an industrial country of some magnitude. If my father came back to life—he died in 1939—he would be unable to recognize his country now. And he would shudder at a sentence so many of us now repeat: "We have sold ourselves out!"

In American eyes, naturally enough, all this has been for Canada's good. While many of the smaller American branch plants have certainly milked the country, the big corporations argue that they have earned their huge dividends by expanding the Canadian economy, which could never have been expanded so rapidly by native investment. But in our eyes, the situation is far more complicated.

For the control of all these enterprises remains south of the border. The primary duty of the American management, beyond their duty to shareholders, is not to Canada but to the United States. As they are businessmen and not statesmen, as profit is their chief aim, they regard Canada simply as another North American business region, not essentially different from the South or the Middle West.

Economically there is truth in this view. But legally and politically, this purely business attitude is dangerously oversimplified, and represents a most serious hazard to the friendship between our two governments. Once again, this bogey of "anti-Americanism" is almost certain to enter the picture.

In the United States, at least in theory, the corporations and unions to some extent come under the control of the government, which has power to intervene in their affairs if it believes intervention is necessary for the public welfare. In Canada, at least in theory, our Parliament has power to act in the same way. But *psychologically*, any parliamentary action against American corporations or businesses operating in this country could be suspected of hostility toward Americans themselves, even toward the American "image." This is one of the reasons why serious legislation has not been taken already. We certainly don't want to

be accused of acting like Castro.

"But how," an American is surely entitled to ask, "did you Canadians ever put yourselves into such a position?"

The over-all answer is that weak nations find it pretty difficult to be choosers, but there is more to it than that. In the early days of the Hitler war, Canada was engaged while the United States was neutral. Our needs were so desperate we did little bargaining. After Pearl Harbor, the needs of all of us were desperate, and our resources and yours were to a considerable extent pooled, with the United States vastly the senior partner. When the war ended, there was widespread fear of another depression, and American investment was welcomed with open arms. This was the moment, some of us believe, when the brakes should have been put on. But unwonted luxury is a great tempter. Our raw materials in turn tempted Americans in search of profit, and the process was accelerated.

FOR none of this can Americans be blamed. And now that the Canadian nation is at last alerted to what she has allowed happen to herself, we can only hope that Americans will realize, when they overhear sentences in the Great Debate now beginning, that when we deplore many aspects of this situation—which inevitably are of American origin—we are not criticizing Americans but ourselves.

Writing on this subject in *Maclean's*, a magazine influential in Canada but little read south of the border, I compared the Americanization of Canada to a seduction in which the lady keeps murmuring that she can't help herself.

This article was addressed to an audience entirely Canadian, and its criticisms were almost all against ourselves. I later learned, however, that at least one American editor considered its tone unfriendly to his country. This time I was not dismayed by his reaction. I believed I understood his point of view when he read my appeal that this American seduction be resisted. And I was led to another analogy somewhat similar to my first.

Present-day Canada reminds me of a girl strictly raised in modest cir-

cumstances who went to her first cocktail party and met a charming man. She enjoyed her first drink and asked for a second. She became flirtatious, and when the man kept refilling her glass she made no resistance. Everything in her conduct made him believe that what he was beginning to want, she wanted also. Soon they were strolling hand in hand in the moonlight down the garden path to the summerhouse. But the moment he believed her safely inside with the door closed, she suddenly screamed, "No!"

As a male, I feel a certain sympathy for any man placed in such a position by a careless female. But as a member of the girl's family, I'm still glad she said, "No," though she ought to be spanked for saying it so late.

"No" is what many Canadians are saying now, in a variety of voices, and soon the government itself may be compelled to say at least a partial "No" in official tones. And this is for a reason which the Canadian government—especially the previous administration—should have closely considered years ago.

The Canadian identity can mean nothing much to Americans, but to us it means what yours means to you. A desperate effort will be made here to preserve it. As the country from which we will try to preserve it is the United States, it would be well if more Americans understood certain Canadian facts which have combined to create what might be called the Canadian Experience.

Canada has had a hard history in a tough northern land, nor was there ever another nation formed as she was. She is often called here the second nation produced, however inadvertently, by the American Revolution. Originally the Canadian nation was a fusion—or rather a living together—of two racial groups which for a century and a half had been bitter enemies. These were the French-Canadians, mostly located in Quebec, and the English-Canadians, who had come from the Thirteen Colonies after the Revolutionary War because they had stood for the King. These were soon joined by Highland Scots, in smaller numbers, whose clans had been defeated by the English in their native glens. Originally, Canada was the child not of



one defeat but of three, and though her population was greatly swelled by later immigration, the experience of these defeated but proud ancestors lurks in the national mind to this day.

Somehow these three groups, driven by necessity, hammered out a form of government unique in history up to that time. They achieved independence from the Motherland without a revolution and without severing their European ties. They achieved what was called Dominion Status within the old British Empire, which meant that they governed their own domestic affairs, but accepted Imperial policy generally. The experiment worked. With British approval, it was soon copied by Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and its final flower is the present Commonwealth.

IN the present world crisis, this aspect of the Canadian Experience—which has always had to prove itself against enormous and generally friendly American pressure—leads many of us to believe that Washington's attitude toward the problem of Communism is an unnecessarily rigid one. Experience has taught us that great problems can never be solved; they can merely be lived with. In time, the problems either change or wither.

But the Canadian Experience is now faced with friendly annihilation by American absorption. It now faces the greatest challenge it ever knew.

For we are, and readily admit it, a part of what Arnold Toynbee calls the American Empire. So, for that matter, are all members of the NATO alliance. Nor was there ever an empire more gentle or less aggressive. It is not the military dominance of the United States which worries us. Only to a minor degree is it the authority of her voice in Western affairs, though sometimes the voice of Mr. John Foster Dulles used to scare us. No, what makes us tremble is the overwhelming, friendly, insistent personality of the United States, and the almost automatic way in which American business is turning us into a colony new to history—one which on the surface is master in her own house, but in most real aspects is not.

Semantics tend to break down in situations like ours, but this much at least can be said with clarity.

Despite this economic domination, Canada has never been so close as she is now to realizing a genuine national identity in culture, in politics, and in collective self-expression. Her people have become extremely competent. What they desire—accepting their position as a satellite within this strange new American Empire—is simply to have a chance of earning for themselves truly first-rate careers. Only last week a student said to me:

"I would like to think I have a chance of becoming first-rate, but how can I? How can anyone in a colony?"

What he said, in modern terms, is pretty much what able young Americans were saying around the year 1776.

We have seen that our political problem was solved a century ago by the device of "Dominion Status." Can our economic and cultural one be solved by a method somewhat similar? Can we avoid becoming not merely an economic colony of the United States, but also a conditioned-reflex colony of American opinions-industries and advertising?

Most of these problems, an American would say, are ours and not his. But not all of them are ours alone. For the American corporations and advertisers are not in Canada merely to serve us. They are making a fortune out of us, and they know it.

In Canada, by and large, the corporations have behaved with tact and responsibility. But it is impossible to imagine an American corporation placing Canadian interests ahead of American ones. Should unemployment become worse, there is bound to be friction of an extreme kind. Nor again can the Canadian serving the American corporation feel much real confidence that his first loyalty is to his own country. Nor again can many Canadians serving these corporations hope to gain top positions in the international control of the companies.

Americans need only look at the example of Latin America to recognize how fraught with potential trouble a situation like this is. Can any way be discovered which would improve it?

MY own suggestion—and heaven knows I can foresee the difficulties—would be of translating into this modern business power, this modern *colonial* business power, something akin to the old concept of Dominion Status. Failing that, grievances are sure to multiply. For the unions are in here too, and what sense does it make to a Canadian when Jimmie Hoffa calls him out because of some strike originating in California?

Although I recognize that it will take years to work out the details, I can see no alternative to a plan which would make these Canadian subsidiaries independent within the American economic empire much as the Canadian Parliament became independent within the British political empire after 1867. In short, their basic direction on Canadian soil should be in the hands of native Canadians with a natural pride in their country, a natural duty to it, and the feeling and understanding of Canadian needs which only a native can have. This would not mean a loss of American investment. It would mean, however, a yielding of authority in Canada by the American head offices.

I cannot see many American corporation chiefs regarding this idea with enthusiasm; indeed, I can almost hear them snorting. But if no steps are taken in this general direction, I cannot see an American *government* regarding with enthusiasm the results of the present policy. If people are unable properly to realize themselves, if they cannot become their own judges, if they feel they are second-raters just because they were born in a certain country, the history of recent times is a sure indication of how they will behave. They will become sour of soul. A hostile, embittered Canada—even if much of her trouble was originally of her own making—is something no American government would care to have on its northern flank.

There is no real bitterness in Canada now against the United States, and that is why I have written this article. None of us here wants to dislike the United States, or individual American methods. But this self-preservation debate is going to become louder and louder in the coming months and years. It is going to become so loud that

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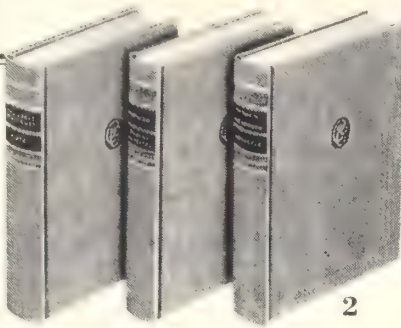
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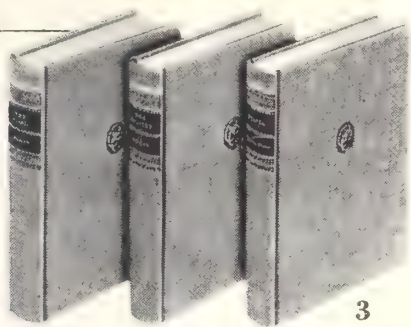
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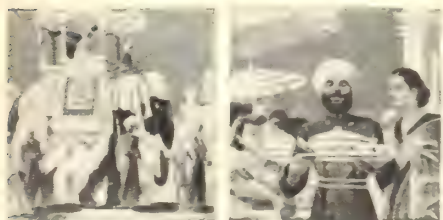
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Americans will have to listen to the voices from the attic at last. Some of these voices will utter things they will believe hostile to them. Some of them will sound silly. But what prompts them will not be "anti-Americanism," but merely the determination to stay alive. No people on earth more ardently desire to be friends with the United States than we do.

## Editor's Note

Four comments:

(1) Any fair-minded American will grant that Mr. MacLennan has a point: No country can feel comfortable when a large share of its resources and industry is controlled by foreigners. (It should be noted, however, that many Canadian investors have shunned risk investments in their own country. They have preferred to salt their money away in safe securities while leaving the chancy development projects to foreign capital.)

If Canada takes steps to limit and control foreign investment, no reasonable American is likely to object. A few extremists and interested parties would squeal, of course—but that need cause no great concern.

2) Canada has ample power to protect its magazines against the competition of foreign publications (including *Harper's*); and if it decides to use it, *Harper's*, for one, certainly would not protest.

(3) On occasion the late John Foster Dulles did seem a bit high-handed, and not to Canadians alone. But the new Administration already is trying hard to change the tenor of our dealings with our friends abroad. Canadians can help by expressing their views, not in "genteel mumbblings," but with directness, vigor, and candor. Blunt talk, based on facts, will not offend anybody—except, perhaps, a few Sokolsky types.

4) By implication, Mr. MacLennan raises an important question: Has the time now come when the United States should place some measure of control on its private investments abroad?

We can now see—in Canada, Cuba, and a few other places—how too dense a concentration of American capital causes apprehension and distrust. Sometimes (as in Cuba) it may cause

heavy losses, both to the investor and to our national interest.

Our dollars, moreover, are now in short supply. We cannot possibly provide as much capital as the underdeveloped countries are now demanding; and their expectations rise every day. Common sense suggests that we ought to find some way to direct our money—public and private—where it will do the most good.

That might mean discouraging investment in Canada (where it is too concentrated already) and in Western Europe (which doesn't need it) and stimulating it in, say, India and Brazil. It might also mean limiting American ownership in any firm abroad to a 49 per cent interest—a policy already adopted by a few far-sighted American companies. (When local people own the biggest share in a plant, it is not likely to be confiscated; nor can they complain about foreign domination.)

Finally, the bleeding away of our gold reserves may soon force a tighter control of overseas investment. A few months ago Ford spent more than \$300 million to buy complete ownership of a British subsidiary in which it already held a controlling interest. Presumably—for reasons which have never been publicly explained—this somehow was good for Ford. Clearly, however, it was not good for the United States. We could ill afford that drain on our reserves; it did nothing to help our economic war with Russia, or to aid underdeveloped areas; and it touched off another outburst of anti-Americanism in England. It would be easy to cite many other examples of unproductive, or harmful, investments abroad—including those by Hollywood film-makers, who have done so much to give the world a distorted impression of American life.

The Eisenhower Administration, in its last days, took a first step. It forbade American investors to hold gold, or gold securities, abroad. Perhaps it is now time for the Kennedy Administration to go a good deal further—to recognize that we are engaged in a long struggle which will largely be decided with economic weapons, and that every dollar sent overseas ought to be aimed at the right target.

—J. F.

One of the urgent—and complex—tasks facing the new Administration is the resolution of major problems in transportation. It will have to fit together, somehow, the fast-changing and often conflicting needs of the public, the railroads, highway users, airlines, and other modes of transport. The Chairman of the Board of the American Trucking Associations here sets forth some of the facts and arguments which must be taken into account.

# TUMULT IN TRANSPORTATION

By WELBY M. FRANTZ

Chairman of the Board of American Trucking Associations, Inc.

Tumult is properly described as commotion or agitation with great uproar and confusion of voices. This is an appropriate description of what has been current within transportation in recent years. More and more the confusion of voices is reaching those outside the immediate family of transportation. As a result the American people may be asked to make decisions of great consequence, unfortunately without an adequate background to assure sound judgment.

How many otherwise well-informed people have any sound understanding of the actual functioning of transportation in this country today? All of the available evidence indicates "not many" and yet transport is the foundation of our economy.

Misconceptions? A great many.  
Misinformation? An abundance.  
Real understanding? Very little.

These are challenging statements, particularly so when addressed to this readership. Yet I think they are susceptible of proof.

Perhaps a few questions which you might answer quickly by consulting your impressions will serve as a confirmation or denial of the basic assertion just made. Let me offer them in the form of statements on which you should rate yourself as agreeing or disagreeing.

- (1) Transportation is "in trouble."
- (2) Trucks are now the major reliance in distribution.
- (3) Trucks enjoy a great advantage in that they are subsidized.
- (4) As a national policy, we should permit any one form of transportation to own and operate any other form or forms of transport.

(5) Piggyback is new and growing rapidly because it is a technological innovation.

Many other such conceptions might be offered for examination but these will suffice.

Whatever your opinions may be, there are several reasons why you hold them and it might be interesting, a bit later, to inquire into these reasons.

## 1. TRANSPORTATION IS "IN TROUBLE"?

There are problems in transportation, as in most business activities. In transport, for example, a major problem is commuter service. Others include relocation of industries with accompanying dislocation of traffic flow, some problems of finance, duplicating facilities, and technological changes.

Most of the complaint about being "in trouble" emanates from railroads. It might be interesting to examine this complaint and to ask: Are they presently "in trouble"? It seems to me there is a split answer with an interesting background.

The answer is: "Some railroads are in trouble." Railroads as a whole have historically been "in trouble." Today they are actually in better shape than they were in before emergence of the trucking industry, principal public whipping boy for their "trouble."

The plain fact about railroads in this country is that too many of them were built, not as engineering projects responsive to transportation needs of a developing country but as stock-jobbing promotions designed to line the pockets of speculators. This profligacy resulted in an economically indefensible duplication of facilities



that has plagued some railroads since their inception.

Mileage in bankruptcy or receivership is a good test of railroad "trouble" and it has been a recurring situation since 1894—long before truck competition. In that year 40,819 miles or 22.8 per cent of all railroad mileage was in the hands of receivers. In 1905 it dropped to 796 miles; by 1916 it was back to 37,353 miles (14.7 per cent); by 1928 back down to 5,236 miles; thence up to a post-depression total in 1939 of 77,013 miles or 32.8 per cent.

Today the figure is less than 500 miles, with no major road involved, although the past history of bankruptcy and receivership is replete with familiar big names. This long history of "trouble" should clearly indicate the chronic nature of such problems as the railroads have. The significant fact is that motor transport can hardly be blamed as the cause in the light of pre-motor-truck competition history.

In this connection the following facts should be noted. In 1929, the year of maximum ton-miles prior to World War II, the railroads accounted for 450 billion ton-miles. They reached a maximum of 741 billion in the war period. In the ten years, 1950 to 1959, their ton-miles averaged 605 billion; in the five years 1955 to 1959 the average was 606 billion. Both averages show long-term expansion, a fact which should not be overlooked.

If it should seem to anyone that there is some sort of paradox involved in the contention that railroads are doing better in freight hauling today when confronted by motor-carrier competition than they did prior to it, it is well to remember that competition is indeed a spur. Faced for the first time by a rival mode which could do as good a job as they could, or better, the railroads set about to improve their service, sales methods, and customer relations. One of the greatest contributions of the independent trucking industry over and above its own service has been the general improvement in rail service to meet its competition.

## 2. TRUCKS ARE NOW THE MAJOR RELIANCE IN DISTRIBUTION?

This statement is true. In recent years, the movement of products in agriculture and industry from point of production to ultimate consumer depends far more heavily on trucks than on railroads. And tomorrow and in the foreseeable tomorrows lying ahead, this shift to major dependence upon trucks will intensify with the increase in population and further dispersion of industry geographically.

Trucks presently are hauling 38 per cent and

railroads 28 per cent of intercity tons of freight (not ton-miles), with 24 per cent being hauled by other modes such as pipelines and water carriers and 10 per cent being hauled jointly by various modes.

In terms of total ton-miles (a ton-mile is the hauling of one ton one mile) railroads are still dominant, thanks importantly to their heavy volume of such items as coal, grain, ore, heavy machinery, and the like. But for the successful operation of modern industrial production and for reaching the consumer directly and through intermediate outlets, the major dependence today is upon motor-truck service.

## 3. TRUCKS ARE SUBSIDIZED?

The answer to this charge is found in the report published on December 15, 1960, under the title *Subsidy and Subsidy-like Programs of the U. S. Government*. Described as "Materials prepared for the Joint Economic Committee, Congress of the United States," this official study had this to say, in full, under the heading "Motor Carriers":

Whether the extensive expenditures on highway and street improvements constitute a direct subsidy to the motor-carrier industry has been widely debated. Representatives of the motor-carrier industry have contended that through registration fees, gasoline taxes, and other charges which have gone into the construction of public roads, the industry has met all the costs properly attributed to it. This is denied by railroad spokesmen.

Studies sponsored by the Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation indicate that for the periods studied, 1932 and 1934, the motor-carrier industry as a whole was not the recipient of any form of public subsidy. However, certain parts of the industry, such as farm trucks and trucks of 11 tons and less, did not meet the costs assigned to them.

That is the entire comment in the 80-page report on subsidies. It should also be noted that, since the years studied, taxes levied against trucks have moved very substantially upward in the face of relatively little road-building compared with the period of the 'twenties. No construction of any consequence was undertaken during and immediately after World War II. And the postwar building of the national system of interstate and defense highways now in progress finds truck operators paying nearly 40 per cent of the total cost.

## 4. NATIONAL POLICY SHOULD PERMIT COMMON OWNERSHIP?

Only the railroads among all forms of transportation seek the privilege of owning and oper-

ating competing types of transport. Many organizations of shippers—agricultural, industrial, and commercial—as well as carrier organizations, either are opposed to this proposal or favor it only with enforceable safeguards to assure competition and sound development of all modes.

For several years, and with increasing tempo, railroads have been urging that they be given the right to acquire, by establishment or purchase, operations in other fields of transportation, most particularly in truck transport. Presently they are allowed to operate trucks as supplementary or auxiliary to rail service, and some all-motor operations, under grandfather rights and special circumstances. Given complete freedom to own truck lines, the railroads could immediately expand these presently limited operations, without hearing process.

The Congress, at the time of passage of the Motor Carrier Act, 1935, had little difficulty in deciding to reserve motor transport to independent businessmen. It understood thoroughly the danger of impeding its development by permitting railroads to enter freely into this new form of transport.

The Chairman of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce said, as quoted in the Congressional Record:

"I will say in this respect that it is the intent, and it is important to the welfare and progress of the motor-carrier industry, that the acquisition of control of the carriers be regulated by the Commission so that the control does not get into the hands of other competing forms of transportation, who might use the control as a means to strangle, curtail, or hinder progress in highway transportation for the benefit of the other competing transportation."

It is obvious from a review of the proceedings that the Congress then felt that the railroads were not to be trusted to free-lance within the motor-carrier field. It is probable that students of transportation in both houses had in mind the railroad performance in the boat-line case of previous years. In that case, known as "Lake Line Applications Under Panama Canal Act," the Interstate Commerce Commission had before it petitions from various railroads owning or having an interest in water lines operating on the Great Lakes. In denying the petition for continuation of this relationship, the Interstate Commerce Commission said:

"These boat lines under the control of petitioning railroads have been first a sword and then a shield. When these roads succeeded in gaining control of the boat lines which had been in competition with paralleling rails in which they were interested and later effected their combination through the Lake Line Association by

which they were able to and did drive all independent boats from the through lake-and-rail transportation, they thereby destroyed the possibility of competition with their railroads other than such competition as they were of a mind to permit.

"Having disposed of real competition via the lakes, these boats are now held as a shield against possible competition of new independents. Since it appears from the records that the railroads are able to operate their boat lines at a loss where there is now no competition from independent lines, it is manifest that they could and would operate at a further loss in a rate war against independents. The large financial resources of the owning railroads make it impossible for an independent to engage in a rate war with a boat line so financed."

Many believe there is no valid reason to suppose that if the railroads are permitted to pick and choose those places in the country where they would engage in motor-carrier service in competition with the independent motor carriers, the eventual outcome would be any different from what it was in the Lake Line Association case.

## 5. PIGGYBACK IS NEW— A TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATION?

Piggyback is not new. It predates 1930.

Properly utilized, notably as an instrumentality for co-ordination between certificated carriers, piggyback has certain transportation advantages. Improperly handled, as many believe much of the current traffic is, it can well be destructive of the fundamental principles of freight-rate construction.

To understand why, it is necessary to examine the basic system of freight charges, designed to develop and protect markets and commodities, insure equality of treatment between shippers and regions, and promote growth of a sound transportation system. Under this fundamental technique, all freight is classified, important yardsticks being value and density. Each classification, in turn, has a rate applied to it, the formula of rates being first class or multiples thereof, percentage fractions of first class, and commodity rates.

It should be understandable that while the cost per mile of operation of a rail car or a highway unit might each be identical for hauling a product of low value and for hauling a shipment of gold, for example, the rate charged for hauling the gold would and should be higher, as it is. Therefore, on balance, the total revenue of any carrier—rail, water, or motor—consists of contributions from high-rated traffic and low-rated



traffic. All income is derived from rates determined by classification.

Much of piggyback traffic today is based on ignoring this classification. A railroad will accept a loaded trailer for a flat fee, regardless of what it contains, if it is offering certain piggyback services. The trailer might be filled with low-rated commodities or it might be carrying electronic equipment—the charge is the same.

Evidence in a recent action in connection with piggyback cited by an ICC examiner indicated that the level of some of these piggyback rates was as low as 11.6 per cent to 16.4 per cent of first-class rates. In spite of these preposterous levels, the goods, if handled separately, might actually be classified as 150 per cent of first class or more in the current classification. Moreover, piggyback service is much faster than the more expensive service subject to classification.

The market implications of such a practice can be judged at once if one will consider the plight of a small business firm, not having sufficient volume to ship piggyback, compelled to pay the same railroad ten or twelve times the freight charges enjoyed by a competitor big enough to use piggyback under these bargain-basement floutings of the classification principle. How long can he compete in the market place under these terms? And does this technique truly protect commodities, shippers, regions, and markets?

From the standpoint of the railroads, how long can they maintain this departure from sound transportation practice? What if shippers generally demand that their volume shipments move in trailer by piggyback instead of in box-cars under commodity or class rates? In that event a serious erosion of rail revenue, plus enormous demands for expedited service as now given piggyback, is inevitable. Many believe that while piggyback with its low rates might be a good device to attack competition, it is far from a sound technique by which to operate a railroad.

#### WHY THESE MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT TRANSPORTATION?

No one need feel chagrined at the quality of his ideas on any of the subjects here discussed. In the first place, railroads have been with us for 130 years, are completely familiar, and at one time were the key transport facility.

For years they have skillfully and energetically presented their viewpoints to the public, directly and through others. Among these viewpoints are these: that railroads are the backbone of transportation; that competitors are subsidized; that their growth is stifled by the dead weight of

bureaucracy while competitors, inferentially at least, are unrestrained; and, increasingly since 1950, that railroading is a "sick" industry and unless something is done, and soon, they cannot continue to operate.

#### THE OUTLOOK IN TRANSPORTATION

Problems of all kinds will continue to face transportation lines, just as they will confront all business. But in an expanding economy, the outlook for all forms is good.

Truck transportation potential to serve is most substantial, as indicated in earlier comment. Air transport cannot help but benefit from a rapid expansion of both passenger and freight business, with the latter especially promising. With new technology now being employed, water-borne traffic can look forward to a bright future.

What about the railroads? Some of the foregoing might seem to point to a gloomy future for the American railroad system. Whether the future is bright or dim depends largely upon the reaction of management to changing conditions in our economy. Historical attitudes must be re-examined and a far more sustained and penetrating inquiry made into operating practices and interrelationships.

Only recently have the railroads renewed their interest in mergers designed to eliminate costly and duplicating facilities and service. For more than thirty years, experts in and out of government have urged them to take steps which almost any other form of business enterprise would long ago have taken to adapt itself to changing conditions.

A prime example is co-ordination of service with other types of transport, just as they now co-operate with each other. No Congressional approval is needed for such action; they can do it now. Instead they appear to have decided, largely, to forgo this opportunity in favor of an all-out attempt to take over other types of transport, the development of which they have fought vigorously to thwart. It is difficult to believe that this country will allow rail corporations with a total investment in excess of \$27 billion in rail facilities, to move into competing forms with all the disruptive and monopolistic implications of such entry.

There is tumult in transportation, with great uproar and a confusion of voices. This comment is offered in the hope that it will assist in making the situation clearer and such issues as exist, more sharply defined. We need sound, economical, and efficient transportation, more urgently today in the light of the Soviet's economic upsurge, than ever before. We may not achieve it until and unless the underlying facts are understood.

# AFTER HOURS



## MUSICAL COALS TO NEWCASTLE

By Corinne and Jack M. Watson

*The Watsons made a tour of German opera houses during a sabbatical leave from Indiana University, where Professor Watson is on the faculty of the School of Music.*

THIS is a story of initiative, courage, and determination, of intelligence, talent, and realism. The heroes in it are a group of enthusiastic and dedicated young American singers little known to their fellow citizens. Refusing to be sidetracked from their chosen profession because of insufficient opportunity in the United States, they have migrated to the very heart of operatic activity in Europe and are competing successfully with "pros" brought up and trained in that old and complex tradition. Today not less than a hundred American singers perform regularly in most of the opera theatres of West Germany.

These young artists have discovered in that country, little more than a third the size of Texas, an opera

singer's Utopia. Devastated by World War II, its economy in a state of total collapse just fifteen years ago, West Germany today manages to support fifty-seven year-round opera houses—more than exist in all the rest of the world. These theatres present opera ten or eleven months out of the year, employ solo singers on a long-term contract basis, and operate elaborate production organizations. For example, the opera theatre in Detmold, a town of only 32,000 inhabitants, maintains an administrative and technical staff of fifty-one, an orchestra of forty-nine, a chorus of eighteen, a ballet of thirteen, and twenty-two solo singers (four of them American)—all under contract. And Detmold is not unique. Every year the citizens of German municipalities cheerfully vote millions of marks to keep their opera theatres competently staffed and running efficiently.

Someone has said that the Germans expect more of their theatre than other people; that they go to

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*The Sure-enough Truth About the Civil War*, by John Fischer; and *Travel Notes from Harper's Readers*.

## AFTER HOURS

the theatre in the mood of people going to church. At any rate, the opera theatres are a source of great pride, and in many communities their repair or reconstruction during the postwar years has taken precedence over that of other important civic structures. The ornate, plushy theatres that survived the war have been repaired, refurbished, and regilded, and in most cases their stages, dressing-rooms, offices, and technical equipment have been thoroughly modernized.

Moreover, on the sites of many of the bombed-out theatres, imaginative new houses have been erected. Surrounded more often than not by beautifully landscaped grounds, these enormous, ultramodern buildings (almost always housing both an opera and a smaller legitimate theatre as well as restaurants, bars, and spacious loggias and lounges) provide everything required to satisfy the German's desire for a *gemütlich* evening at the theatre—the before-opera supper, the leisurely promenades, and the between-acts *Schnaps und Wurst*.

Operating several nights a week for the better part of the year, and catering largely to local citizens who attend the opera with the same regularity as Americans attend the movies, the companies must and do offer unusually varied programs. The extent to which works by contemporary composers are included in the *Spielplan* depends on whether the *Intendant* (the holy of holies in the German theatre) is modern or traditional in taste. But no matter in which direction the season's program is weighted, the offerings are likely to run the gamut from Mozart's "Magic Flute" to Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites"; from Gluck's "Orpheus and Euridice" to Bartok's "Bluebeard's Castle." For instance, during the 1959-60 season the Nationaltheater in Mannheim scheduled completely new stagings of fifteen operas, including the contemporary "Inspector General" by Werner Egk and "Oedipus" by Carl Orff, plus its regular repertoire of some twenty-five works. What the presentation of forty different operas during a single season means to the twenty-two principal singers in the Nationaltheater is obvious. To the four American singers who are as-

signed a lion's share of the top roles in that theatre, it means untold hours of unremitting study, practice, and rehearsal—but also a rare opportunity.

IT is this kind of opportunity to practice their art in the professional theatre (Mannheim's program is about average) that spurs these American singers to extraordinary efforts. A gifted mezzo from Cleveland (a public-school music teacher by earlier training), when asked what roles she had performed during her five years at the Staatstheater in Stuttgart, began: Brangäne in "Tristan," Kundry in "Parsifal," Ortrud in "Lohengrin," Fricka in both "Rheingold" and "Walküre," Herodias in "Salome," Azucena in "Trovatore," Küsterin in "Jenufa," then gave up.

"Too many to enumerate. I have a repertoire of about forty-five roles, thirty-five of them major."

A tall, handsome baritone from York, Pennsylvania, has sung twelve roles in French, thirty in Italian, and twenty-six in German during his eleven years in European theatres. A dramatic soprano from New York City in little over two years in the Mannheim theatre has learned and performed nine strikingly varied roles. A soprano from Texas in just three years has built a successfully performed repertoire of ten leading roles, and this season expects to add four more. Virtually all of the American singers can point to similar (and some to even greater) accomplishments.

This extraordinary capacity for hard work coupled, of course, with talent, has paid off handsomely. For the 1959-60 season alone, the directors of fifty of the fifty-seven opera theatres signed a total of ninety-seven American singers to term contracts. Most of the remaining theatres scheduled a number of Americans for guest appearances. All leading soloists are under term contracts.

To a professional singer, the significance of a term contract can hardly be overrated. It means a regular salary for eleven or twelve months of the year, often with a month's paid vacation. It means the kind of security enjoyed by professionals in other fields in the United



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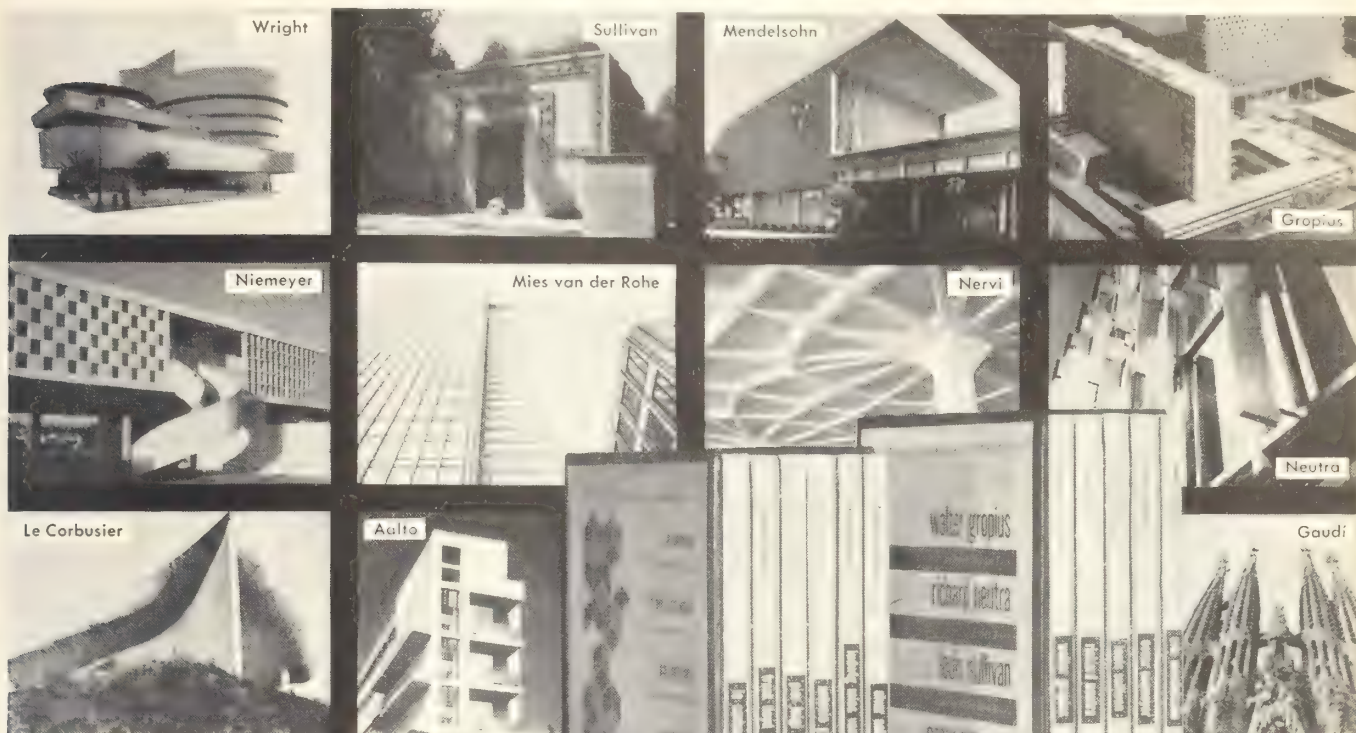
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States—but rarely offered to musicians.

"Here in Germany," declares one young baritone earnestly, "I can pay the rent on my apartment, feed and clothe my family, and drive a small car. I won't get rich, but I'm doing the work I want to do. I'm pulling my own weight. And there's something else important to me—I don't have to duck my head when someone asks me what I do for a living. At home I'm considered a Bohemian. I'm just an entertainer, a theatre person, a bad financial risk. Here in Europe I have the same position as a doctor or a lawyer in the community."

Chat with any of these American artists off-stage and you are struck with their good looks and (for opera singers) their youth. The youngest is twenty-six; more than half are between the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-three; the oldest at forty-four is one of the most popular baritones in Germany. See them on-stage and you realize that they are endowed with much more than good vocal chords. They are amazingly good actors. The tall, well-built New Yorker who sings the title role in "Parsifal" in Mainz not only handles that demanding role with fine vocal form, he looks and acts like a young, romantic, and vital Parsifal. The lovely coloratura from San Francisco one hears in the Karlsruhe production of "Traviata" uses her beauty and charm with professional skill to create a striking characterization of Verdi's glamorous Violetta.

THIS high degree of stage presence and know-how is typical rather than exceptional and goes a long way toward explaining why these American singers are being handed so many of the operatic plums. Small wonder that German impresarios keep a sharp lookout for vocal talent as it arrives from our shores. Small wonder, too, that the traditionally powerful German critics dig so frequently into their vocabulary of superlatives when reviewing the performances of these newcomers on their stages. Any one of the American singers can show you dozens of comments as flattering as these:

"... fluid acting in which no nuance was left out"—*Wiesbadener Kurier*, Wiesbaden.

The stage picture was overwhelming as was the 'espressivo' with which the dynamic young American thoroughly tasted the pain and anguish of the prisoner. Vocally, without flaw!"—*Süddeutscher Zeitung*, Munich.

There are, of course, many fine singers of other nationalities under contract to German opera houses. The intense activity of the theatres during the years since the war, the excellence of the re-established *Hochschulen für Musik* in such cities as Stuttgart, Munich, and Hamburg, and increased opportunity for talented young Germans to acquire the needed training—all have stimulated a wealth of native talent. Then, too, career-minded singers from other European countries (not a few from the ranks of the refugees and defectors from Communist nations) have been just as quick as the Americans to recognize a good opera market when they saw it. Actually, the proportion of Americans to other nationalities in the German theatre is not generally large, ranging from none (in a few houses) to just over 20 per cent (in Frankfurt-am-Main).

The director of one of Germany's largest opera theatres attributes the "star quality" of the Americans to two factors over and above vocal competence—intelligence and education. "The Americans," he says, "have gone to school long enough to learn how to study. When I assign a role to an American singer, I know he will go home and learn it and not expect us to pound it into his head as some of the other singers do. And when he has learned it, I know it will be accurate down to the finest detail." Certainly, when compared to singers from other countries, the Americans have had the advantage of more formal education. Almost all have attended one or more American colleges and universities; nearly half have earned bachelor's degrees; and a good 10 per cent have master's degrees.

WHILE a kind of stubborn determination to succeed on their own is characteristic of these singers, they are quick to acknowledge the boosts—both moral and monetary—that helped them along the way. Their stories may differ in detail, but there is a remarkably similar pattern discernible in all of them. Rather

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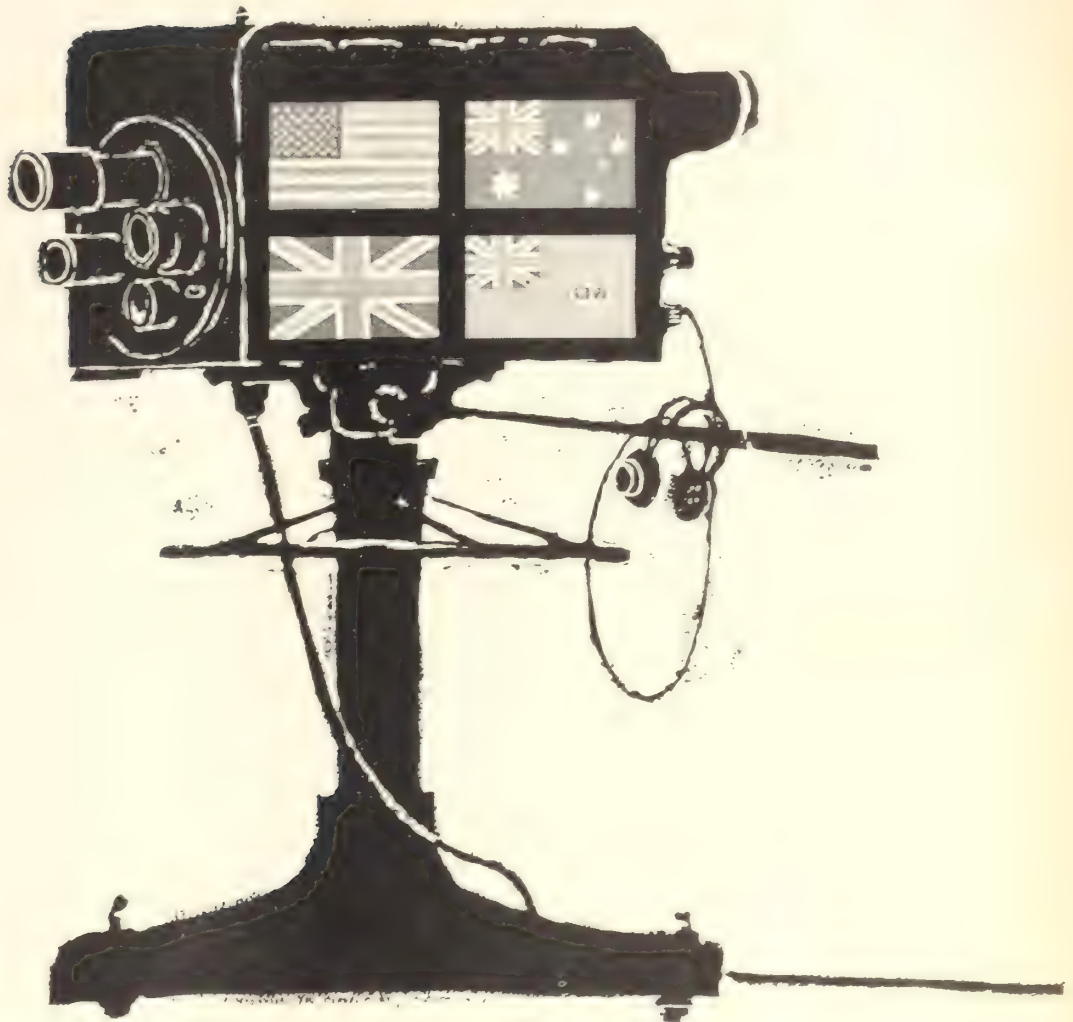


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## AFTER HOURS

typical is the experience of a young graduate of the University of California who gives credit to a great artist: "When I was a secretary in San Francisco, Lotte Lehmann heard me in audition and wrote such a beautiful letter as to my potential that a family friend offered the money for opportunity to study." After working with Mme. Lehmann she won a Fulbright scholarship for study in Europe, where almost immediately she signed a two-year contract as leading soprano at the Stadt-theater in Lucerne, Switzerland.

For a sizable number of American singers now in Europe, the all-important wherewithal for getting to Europe and financing a year's study (which in turn led to auditions and resultant opera contracts) came from Fulbright awards; for several it was the GI Bill; others mention the American Opera Auditions, the Rockefeller Fund, the National Music League Awards, and the Blanche Thebom Scholarship.

A surprisingly large number took the plunge entirely on their own. One twenty-nine-year-old tenor from Salt Lake City saved and borrowed enough money to go to Germany. There, he says, "I was lucky enough to get a contract three months after I arrived, and now support myself and my wife entirely with my singing."

Another gambler, a promising baritone from Nebraska, who just three years ago packed up his family and left the relative security of a teaching job to try his luck in Germany, has managed to skyrocket his income from the equivalent of \$1,500 the first year to \$5,000 last year. This year he expects his salary, together with fees from extensive guest appearances, to net him around \$10,000.

While that figure is considerably above the average, it is not exceptional. Almost all the American singers in Germany are supplementing their regular salaries by guest appearances in other European theatres, by song recitals, and by solo dates with symphony and choral societies. Some have guest contracts and options in such far-from-home-base theatres as the San Francisco Opera, the La Scala in Milan, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. The current vogue for recording

opera in Europe has meant additional income for American singers who are there on the spot and prepared to sing a variety of roles at a moment's notice. Then, of course, there are German radio and television (state-owned and growing rapidly), both of which program much more "serious" music (including frequent performances of entire operas) than do our networks in the United States.

AS stars and leading singers, these talented Americans are enjoying all the glamour and the rewards of success in the opera theatre. They are *names* in the country that has adopted them. Is there anything more that ambitious, career-conscious singers could want? Ask any one of them and you get a quick answer: "Like most American singers, I would like to sing at home." "It is my sincerest hope to make a reputation in my own country." "I'd love to sing at the Lyric Opera in Chicago—Chicago is my home." They work and play (when they have time) and live their lives with their German friends in all manner of communities scattered over the length and breadth of Germany. Yet home to most of them is still Los Altos, California; College Grove, Oregon; Oconto, Wisconsin; Miami, Florida; Los Angeles, Indianapolis, New York, and dozens of other towns and cities in twenty different states.

They are American to the core, yet few of them have any illusions about the American professional scene. Some are downright pessimistic: "It is unfortunate that so many American artists are forced to be expatriates just because there aren't enough opportunities at home." "When will we American singers in Europe be able to contribute to the culture of our own country by living and working at home?" "After a short visit to the States this summer I feel quite pessimistic about *any* cultural progress. The *Drang zum Materialismus* is too great."

Occasionally one hears a note of optimism about the future of opera in America. One of the most promising baritones, a young man with lucrative contracts in Germany, harbors the hope that something positive can be done about it. "America



## AFTER HOURS

has the talent and the public," he says; "so all we need is a medium for bringing the two together, and I believe our universities can do this. I hope to return to the States and help promote the idea."

HE may be right. Certainly our universities are doing more and more in the way of training singers, presenting opera, and even commissioning and performing operas by contemporary American composers. One large state-supported university in the Middle West (with more than eight hundred students in its school of music, and a faculty that numbers some of the most famous names in the opera world) is presenting opera every weekend with great success. Students and the general public are buying tickets at a rate that indicates a growing enthusiasm for both contemporary and standard works—sung in English, of course. A small beginning, perhaps, but one that may contain the germ of something significant. We can hardly expect a large opera market for our singers until we have a public educated in opera, as the Germans are, and one hesitates even to speculate on the length of time that may take.

In the meantime, we can take pride in these courageous young Americans who have sallied forth and found an opera market for themselves—a market in a country in which opera was a going concern a hundred years before the Metropolitan was on the drawing boards, and upon which that august company continues to draw heavily for its vocal talent.

We can take pride, too, in the more subtle but no less important job these hundred-odd singers are doing quite incidentally in the way of top-flight international relations. It would be difficult to find a group of Americans anywhere in the world who are demonstrating more effectively the positive qualities of our way of life—and at no cost to our government.

But we can take no pride whatever in the implications of this remark, made by one of Germany's most noted opera impresarios:

"To you Americans musical talent is expendable. But your loss is our gain, and we are making the most of it."



RICK BURNING AT JACK DANIEL'S is one of the painstaking steps that go into the making of our old-fashioned sippin' whiskey.

It takes a special charcoal for the ancient Charcoal Mellowing process we still use to smooth out our whiskey. That's *hard maple* burned in *open-air ricks*. It's tamped in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop . . . for a 10-day-long "extra blessing." We think it makes Jack Daniel's gently different from any other whiskey. After a sip, we believe, you'll agree.



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## Who balances America's biggest budget?

**I**T isn't the Federal Government, nor is it Industry. It's the American woman who balances the biggest budget in our nation—the budget of America's families. Last year, American family income was up to about \$53 billion dollars. Women controlled or influenced the saving and spending of \$50 of this money—more than \$300 billion dollars.

The American housewife has added the job of family comptroller to her already impressive list of modern homemaking responsibilities as a wife, mother and dedicated member of her community. Today, America's women manage 70% more money than they did 10 years ago. In addition to this increased financial responsibility, the average American woman devotes more than twice as much time and effort to prudent shopping as she did in 1940.

Like everything else she does, the American woman measures her own shopping success by the amount of good living she brings home to her family. No matter

how much money there may be in the household budget, her insistence on quality at a reasonable price has made it clear that she intends to be thrifty.

An outstanding example of this attitude is the ever-increasing number of women who shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Today, the women who budget for half the families in our nation receive S&H Green Stamps as a reward for thrifty shopping.

Perhaps your wife has brought home something "extra"—some little thing "outside of the budget"—by saving S&H Green Stamps. If so, this is just one more way that she brings better living to you through the intelligent budgeting of her household dollars.

*An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families...*



**GREEN STAMPS**

*DISTRIBUTED SINCE 1896*

*BY THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY*

## THE TYRANNY OF MULTIPLE-CHOICE TESTS

BANESH HOFFMANN

*This spring hundreds of thousands of high-school students will take the College Board tests which will largely determine their chances of getting a higher education—and thus may affect their whole future. Similar mass-produced, multiple-choice tests are coming into widespread use by corporations, colleges, and government agencies all over the country.*

*How good are they? Do they really give a fair and effective measure of a man's intelligence, aptitude, knowledge, or ability to think?*

*Dr. Banesh Hoffmann is professor of mathematics at Queens College, New York, and the author of "The Strange Story of the Quantum." After taking degrees at Oxford and Princeton, he collaborated with Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld on fundamental studies of relativity at the Institute for Advanced Study during the 'thirties. He became involved in problems of testing when he published a criticism of the selection methods used by the Westinghouse Science Talent Search in 1943. As a result, he was asked to undertake a yearly commentary on the Westinghouse tests, a service he still performs. Several years ago the Ford Foundation put Dr. Hoffmann in touch with officials of the Educational Testing Service in Princeton.*

*"We had many discussions," he wrote the editors of HARPER'S, "and they let me study, under pledge of secrecy, a complete College Entrance Examination Board Aptitude Test. I wrote them a thirty-page critique of it and they asked me to be a consultant, but I declined in order to have a free hand."*

*The results of Dr. Hoffman's independent study of the tests—and his specific challenge to the test-makers—are contained in this article.*

THERE is no escaping the testers with their electrical scoring machines. They measure our IQs at regular intervals and assess our scholastic achievement throughout our school days. They stand guard at the gateway to National Merit Scholarships, and they tell admissions officers how many points' worth of college aptitude we possess. They pass on our qualifications for graduate study and entry to professional schools. They classify us *en masse* in the Army. They screen us when we apply for jobs—whether

in industry or government. They are even undertaking to certify our worth when we come up for promotion to positions far outranking their own.

The nation, in short, is placing enormous reliance on machine-graded multiple-choice tests as a measure of ability. But, unhappily, it can be shown that they have grave defects. Our confidence in them can have dangerous consequences, not only for education but for the strength and vitality of the nation. The whole question of multiple-choice testing needs thor-



ough re-examination—and it is not getting it.

Few of the people who take these tests give much thought to where they come from. For the most part, they are not made up by the schools and other organizations that administer them. They are bought or rented. Test-making has developed into a large, lucrative, and increasingly competitive business—some of the test publishers employ traveling salesmen to promote their wares. If you have a valid reason for giving a test, you can probably find an appropriate one already in stock. Or you can commission a test-making organization to construct one to suit your special needs—although the cost may run to many thousands of dollars. (Though some tests may be purchased outright, many of the more important ones are available only for rent and under pledge of stringent secrecy; all copies must be returned immediately after use.)

The most recent edition of the *Mental Measurements Yearbook*,\* a compendium of information used throughout the testing industry, reviews 957 different tests (most of them of the multiple-choice type) produced by some 173 organizations, of which 28 issue catalogues of the tests they have for sale or hire. It is difficult to estimate how many millions of machine-graded multiple-choice tests are administered each year; the National Merit Scholarship Tests alone now account for half a million.

Of all these test-producing organizations, five are generally recognized as the most important:

**Educational Testing Service**, of Princeton, New Jersey, a nonprofit organization concentrating mainly on academic tests, among them being the well-known College Entrance Board Examinations:

**Psychological Corporation**, of New York City, a business organization owned and operated by professional psychologists, and devoting a larger proportion of its activities to nonacademic tests:

**Science Research Associates, Inc.**, of Chicago, a business organization which, among other things, now publishes the Iowa Tests widely used in schools:

**California Test Bureau**, of Los Angeles, a business organization, one of whose best-known products is the California Test of Mental Maturity:

**World Book Company**, better known to the general public as a publisher of educational books (recently merged with Harcourt, Brace to form the firm of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.).

All five organizations are highly reputable, and together they produce the bulk of the tests used in this country. Their work is not simple. The very concept of multiple-choice tests is the result

of years of research by test psychologists seeking ever more precise ways of measuring human abilities. A test emerges from an intricate collaboration. First an expert on test-making, usually one trained in psychology, maps out the test with experts in the subject to be tested and then calls on these, or other, subject experts to submit questions which can be graded by scoring machines. Test experts and subject experts reject many of the questions and reword others. The surviving questions are then "pretested" on people comparable to those for whom the test is intended, and a statistical dossier is compiled for each question. If a question is answered correctly mainly by the "better" examinees it is a good question. If it is answered correctly mainly by the "poorer" ones it is a bad question. If a fair number of the "better" examinees favor one answer and a comparable number another answer, the question is probably ambiguous. If everyone gets it right, it is useless. And so on.

In the light of the pretest statistics, still further questions are rejected or rewritten, and ultimately a rigorously screened version of the test emerges. It is now ready to be given to the people for whom it was constructed, but the process is by no means over. The test is given a preliminary tryout and the results receive elaborate statistical analysis. This yields a variety of important technical information—for example, a numerical measure of the test's success in fulfilling the purpose for which it was constructed.

The test-makers put this information into a "manual" which accompanies the test. And even now the process is not necessarily at an end, for the manual may be revised in the light of statistics accumulated during actual use of the test; and sometimes the test itself is revised.

#### MELANCHOLY FLAWS

THE services of the test-makers understandably have been in heavy demand. They aim to meet urgent and large-scale needs: to sort out millions of servicemen; to give reliable information to college admissions officers about the abilities of candidates for entrance; to deal with increasingly large groups of job candidates in private business. Busy executives—especially those who secretly lack confidence in their own judgment—are only too happy to hand over to professional testers the job of deciding who is worthy and who is not.

For such clients, the multiple-choice test has strong and obvious appeal. It combines efficiency and economy with the splendid advantage of

\* Edited by Oscar K. Buros and published by the Gryphon Press.

being labeled "objective": it can be graded quickly by machine or with a scoring stencil that even a child can use. No subjective element enters the *process* of grading. (Of course, highly subjective judgments may enter the test-makers' decisions as to which answers are to be counted as right and which wrong.)

The great question that the public must ask of the multiple-choice testing industry is not how quick and economical its products are but, simply, how good the tests are themselves. Significant flaws in the tests we use so widely should certainly be of vital concern. The test-makers, by their impressive scientific ritual of psychological expertise, pretesting, and statistical analysis, have created a widespread impression that their products must surely be free of such flaws, an impression especially prevalent among people with unshakable confidence in scientific routines, no matter how or by whom applied. Yet there is melancholy evidence to the contrary.

How would you feel, for example, if, on applying for a responsible position, you were given a test with questions like this:

You are an editor forced to turn down a scholarly book which you think is a good piece of work but which will not sell. Which one of the following statements would best inform the author of your decision without discouraging him?

(A) You'll probably think me grossly mercenary when I tell you that, good though I think it is, I must turn down your book because it would have very little commercial success.

(B) You are obviously unfamiliar with the requirements of the publishing business—through no fault of your own. The point is that your book would have a very limited sale, and therefore we cannot accept it.

(C) Having read your book with great care, I must admit that it is a creditable effort. However, we doubt that it would have a great enough sale to justify our publishing it.

(D) We feel that your book is an important contribution in its field. But, since so few readers are interested in that field, we find that we cannot fit the book into our publishing program.

You cannot, of course, ask your examiner what he meant by "would best inform the author of your decision *without discouraging him*." You are not allowed to ask questions; nor even to explain your answer. You must simply pick a letter—A, B, C, or D; you will be judged right if you pick the one the tester wants, wrong if you do not. If you fail to pick the wanted answer, and thereby jeopardize your chances of getting the job, it will be small consolation to you to know that neither one of the two editors on whom I tried this question picked the right answer.

JAMES WRIGHT

## MARCH

A BEAR under the snow  
Turns over to yawn.  
It's been a long, hard rest.

Once, as she lay asleep, her cubs fell  
Out of her hair,  
And she did not know of them.

It is hard to breathe  
In a tight grave:

So she roars,  
And the roof breaks  
And lets the stars fall  
Into the kitchen of leaves  
And forgotten snow.

When the wind opens its doors  
In its own good time,  
The cubs follow that relaxed and  
beautiful woman  
Outside to the unfamiliar cities  
Of moss.

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This question is a product of the Educational Testing Service. It is taken verbatim from a booklet, *Sample Questions from the Foreign Service Officer Examination*, put out by the U.S. State Department, and is quoted here with permission. It is intended to test "the candidate's ability to recognize the appropriateness of certain forms of expression to specific situations."

I tried it on several of my colleagues. Here are their choices (I omit their various cogent reasons): a professor of classics—D; a public relations man—C; a personnel director—C; a professor of music widely known for his writing ability—A; a professor of English—A; a professor of anthropology—C; two professors of anthropology acting in concert (after long wavering between A and D)—A; a professor of English—D; a dean—C. And not one of them had a kind word to say for the question. (The test-makers happen to consider answer D the best.)

Do questions of this sort really test what is claimed? Do they not rather test ability to fathom what is in the mind of the examiner?

When a question is merely ambiguous, like the one above, you have at least a sporting chance. But there are some questions that load the dice



against you if your ability is far above the average. These occur far too frequently.

Suppose you were up for promotion to an executive position and were ordered to take the *Watson-Glaser Critical Thinking Appraisal*. Your career may be at stake. In the part of the test called "Recognition of Assumptions," you read that you are "*to decide for each assumption whether it necessarily is taken for granted in the statement.*" You then read the sample question, reproduced below, that is intended to show what you are required to do; neither you nor the tester, of course, would provide parenthetical explanations of the choices if this were an actual instead of a sample question. The marks at the right, used for machine scoring, indicate that the "correct" answer is that Assumptions 1 and 2 are MADE, while Assumption 3 is NOT MADE.

Passing over the doubly faulty English in the phrase "greater speed of a plane over other means of transportation," look at the second proposed assumption, bearing in mind what the test is supposed to test, and note the force of the word "*necessarily*" in the italicized part of the instructions. In order to save time by plane it must indeed be possible to go by plane. But not necessarily "to our destination." Nor are plane "connections" essential. Therefore, the correct answer ought to be "not made."

But the test-maker says it is "made." Thus, with your future at stake, and with resentment mounting inside you, you must now abandon logic and embark instead on the hazardous task of trying to guess what other blunders the tester has made. You dare not assume he has made none. No matter how transparent a question may seem, you must stalk it warily, wondering what possible mental quirk may have influenced the test-maker's choice of answer. And while you are agonizing over the answers, less capable competitors in the promotion race who failed to spot

the error are going blithely ahead, quite possibly picking wanted answers, and certainly confident that they are taking an objective test.

What would happen if you protested? Judging by what has happened in the past when individual questions have been criticized, I believe the test experts might deny that the question was bad. Certainly, they would point out that in all the years the test had been in use nobody else had complained about the question and that, in any case, statistics proved the test to be an excellent instrument for determining who is able to think critically and who is not.

In effect, you would be told that you must pay a penalty for being exceptional. You are a statistical misfit in an age of mechanized judgment.

#### DUBIOUS NATIONAL MERIT

THOSE who produce and administer tests have strong interests in defending their effectiveness, and they often cite statistics to show that the high scores of those who did well on the tests were confirmed by their later performance. Consider, for example, the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, which each year awards many millions of dollars' worth of college scholarships all over the nation and gives valuable testimonials in the form of certificates of merit to many thousands of runners-up. In its latest annual report, it speaks with pride of the accomplishments of the National Merit Scholars in college. Among other things, it says "about 82 per cent [of the scholars] rank in the top quarter of their classes even though many have selected colleges of very high academic standing."

This is a curious boast. In 1959, out of 178,991 candidates for the Merit Scholarships, all but 10,334 were eliminated from further consideration because of their scores on a qualifying test, and ultimately a mere 920 received Merit Scholarships. In four years, out of 959,683 can-

**EXAMPLE.** STATEMENT: "We need to save time in getting there, so we'd better go by plane."

##### PROPOSED ASSUMPTIONS:

1. Going by plane will take less time than going by some other means of transportation. (It is assumed in the statement that greater speed of a plane over other means of transportation will enable the group to get to their destination in less time.) .....
2. It is possible to make plane connections to our destination. (This is necessarily assumed in the statement, since, in order to save time by plane, it must be possible to go by plane.) ....
3. Travel by plane is more convenient than travel by train. (This assumption is not made in the statement — the statement has to do with saving time, and says nothing about convenience or about any other specific mode of travel.) .....

##### TEST 2

	ASSUMPTION MADE	NOT MADE
1	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

Sample Question from the "Watson-Glaser Critical Thinking Appraisal" (Copyright 1951-2 by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.; reproduced by permission): "Recognition of Assumptions"

didates only 3,465 were awarded scholarships. The scholars are certainly a select group. Yet we gather from the Corporation's statement that not all of this presumed elite went to colleges of very high academic standing and that, nevertheless, almost 20 per cent of them failed to rank even in the first quarter of their classes. Do these facts encourage faith in the screening process?

Again, the Corporation says in its report that "the national examinations have been praised as among the best available for determining aptitude and readiness to profit from a college education," and nowhere does it make any adverse remarks about these tests (except inadvertently, as in the above boast).

The Corporation cannot always have been satisfied with its qualifying test, for in 1958 it not only made an abrupt change in the nature of the test but took the contract away from the Educational Testing Service and gave it to Science Research Associates.

What of the new National Merit tests? There are two reviews of the April 1958 test in the *Fifth Mental Measurements Yearbook*. One of them is, on the whole, favorable, though it does not give the glowing impression that the Corporation's words might convey to the unwary reader. The reviewer characterizes the quality of the individual questions as "acceptable," and he is by no means convinced that the new type of test is an improvement over the old. Of course, it is natural for the Corporation to put its case in as favorable a light as possible. Foundations and industrial corporations have entrusted it with the distribution of enormous sums of money for scholarships and it has become, willingly or not, a by no means negligible force in the affairs of the nation. So it is understandable that the Corporation did not take public notice of the other critic, who complains that data supplied along with the test by Science Research Associates "exhibited characteristics suggestive of too much emphasis on salesmanship," and cites "as a whole-some contrast" the literature prepared by Educational Testing Service for their earlier form of the test.

The critic goes on to point out, among other things, that the test "was not suited to its task of identifying potential scholarship recipients" because it was not difficult enough for the superior candidates, and that "considerable psychometric naïveté is exhibited in several sections of the Technical Manual," a charge he documents by pointing out significant flaws in the interpretation of statistics. He remarks briefly that "some of the [questions] are poorly written."

He says that the parts of the test that deal with social studies and natural science "measure almost entirely reading ability and general verbal aptitude," and in this connection he points out that the statistics cited by Science Research Associates show scores on the social studies part to be about as good a measure of ability in natural science as they are of ability in social studies, and vice versa. He ends with the following words:

"In conclusion, the [qualifying test] and the literature distributed about it did not seem to be a step forward. The reviewer is concerned that assessment psychology has been retarded and may have lost ground through the production and use of this test. He is amazed and disturbed that such inferior work can be conducted and tolerated on such a large scale. It is hoped that it will not be repeated." The people who take the tests, of course, know nothing of such criticisms and the tests go merrily on.

#### STATISTICS SHOW . . .

CAN anything be done about the multiple-choice tests? Must we simply accept them passively? It is not difficult to find prominent educators and other commentators who have launched wide-ranging *general* protests against them. William H. Whyte in *The Organization Man* and Professor Jacques Barzun in *The House of Intellect* are but two of the more recent.

These writers and others have made many charges against the tests. For example:

The tests deny the creative person a significant opportunity to demonstrate his creativity, and favor the shrewd and facile candidate over the one who has something of his own to say.

They penalize the candidate who perceives subtle points unnoticed by less able people, including the test-makers.

They are apt to be superficial and intellectually dishonest, with questions made artificially difficult by means of ambiguity because genuinely searching questions do not readily fit into the multiple-choice format.

They too often degenerate into subjective guessing games in which the candidate does not pick what he considers the best answer out of a bad lot but rather the one he believes the unknown examiner would consider the best.

They neglect skill in disciplined expression.

They have, in sum, a pernicious effect on education and the recognition of merit.

But such criticisms do not seem to disturb the test-makers, who, well entrenched and grow-



ing more powerful every day, have developed a strikingly effective routine for dealing with their critics.

When confronted with general criticisms, they make a show of patient reasonableness. Of course they welcome concerned criticism, they say. But the critic is just an amateur offering mere opinion, not scientific fact. After all, they are experts, and they know. Having said this, they go on to extol the virtues of their product. They speak proudly of the professional competence of the people who make their tests—recently the president of the Educational Testing Service boasted of “hundreds of outstanding teachers from schools and colleges” who work with his organization. They point to the elaborate scientific ritual they follow in constructing and evaluating their tests. Insisting that “statistics show . . .” they surround themselves with such an aura of scientific infallibility that few people realize that they have avoided answering the criticism aimed at them.

There is, I suggest, a way to penetrate this defense. Instead of making general criticisms, one should exhibit specific test questions, such as the two I have presented above; declare that they are defective; and challenge the test-makers to defend these questions *specifically*.

The test-makers intensely dislike this sort of challenge because it puts them in a quandary. They have to be wary of conceding that the questions are bad and claiming that they are rare exceptions, for they do not know how many more examples the challenger has in reserve. On the other hand, if they defend a bad question by their “statistics show . . .” maneuver, they risk the implication that their use of statistics is improper or that their statistics are untrustworthy. If they defend the question by referring to the scientific ritual used in constructing their tests, they undermine faith in the efficacy of that ritual. If they defend it by pointing to the high caliber of their staff experts and consultants, they may well start people wondering whether the caliber is high enough. Therefore, a sharply focused challenge of specific questions seems the one *effective* means by which the quality of multiple-choice tests can be called into question.

It is important to point out, however, that no matter how many defective sample questions one could find, no more than a *prima facie* case could be made against the testers because most of the important tests used for competitive selection purposes are kept secret. Even if the sample questions are found to be defective, we still have no way of knowing whether they fairly reflect

the tests themselves. In short, there is at present no way for a comprehensive and independent judgment of the tests to be made in the public interest.

One solution to this dilemma could be the formation of a completely independent board of eminent educators and scholars which could have access to the whole range of questions produced by the testing organizations. Committee members could examine the actual tests and the statistical evidence concerning them, consult with experts and their critics, and form an opinion as to the real worth of current tests. The scope of their critique should extend far beyond the technical reviews of tests now published in the *Mental Measurements Yearbooks*. The committee could open up the question whether the multiple-choice format is really suited to measuring the various kinds of ability tested today. If they found the tests wanting, they might recommend alternative approaches to testing to supplement or supplant the multiple-choice method. And they could consider the merits of the rather hesitant steps already being taken within the testing industry to augment the role of essay questions in certain testing programs.

If, however, they found that present tests are doing a generally effective job, we would have the assurance that this was a conclusion arrived at not merely by the test-makers and their clients but by a distinguished independent board acting in the public interest.

#### AN “AVERAGE” QUESTION

HOW will the testing organizations respond to this proposal? Judging from their past reactions to outside criticism, we may be sure they will not readily accept such an intrusion into what they mistakenly regard as their domain. However, if there were an explicit and convincing public demonstration that their present methods are producing dangerously defective questions, it is hard to see how they could honorably and responsibly ignore it or hamper an independent committee of inquiry.

With this in mind, I have compiled a challenge to the testers based on the sample questions in two booklets put out by the College Entrance Examination Board. Their tests are, of course, among the best known and most important used in America today, and they are made by the Educational Testing Service, which is generally recognized as the leading test-making organization. Of the 234 questions in these two booklets I have picked twelve, arbitrarily limiting myself

to 5 per cent of the supply. All the questions in the booklets had originally appeared in College Entrance examinations. Thus they have been subjected not only to the rigorous screening, pretesting, and statistical analysis which all examination questions undergo, but also to a further screening which qualified them to serve as illustrations of the kind of questions to be expected on these tests.

I have already challenged the merits of two of these questions publicly, one in an appendix appearing in Jacques Barzun's book, *The House of Intellect*, the other in an article in the Spring 1959 issue of *The American Scholar*. The president of the Educational Testing Service replied officially to the latter in the Autumn 1959 issue of *The American Scholar*, but instead of defending or discussing the question itself he gave an almost classic example of the test-makers' response to criticism. (It was here, for instance, that he spoke of the "hundreds of outstanding teachers" who have helped to construct the tests.) He made no defense at all of the defective question itself. One could wish for a more responsive reply.

I have space here to present two more questions of the twelve constituting the challenge. Since the two that have already appeared were from the booklet describing the Scholastic Aptitude Tests, I shall here give two questions from the booklet *Science*, published in 1954, which describes the Science Achievement Tests. They give an indication of the extraordinary manner in which the College Entrance Examination Board measures scientific caliber. The questions are quoted with permission of the College Board. I am, of course, prepared to exhibit the other eight questions selected from the College Entrance booklets; but space does not permit me to include them here.

Do not be deterred by the presence of unfamiliar technical terms. The defects in the questions are so striking that they tower above the technical background, and no scientific knowledge is needed in order to understand their nature. If, therefore, some of the terms are obscure, simply ignore them.

Here is question 54 in *Science*. It is listed as belonging to chemistry and its degree of difficulty is said to be "average."

54. The burning of gasoline in an automobile cylinder involves all of the following *except*

- (A) reduction
- (B) decomposition
- (C) an exothermic reaction
- (D) oxidation
- (E) conversion of matter to energy.

The average chemistry student quickly picks the wanted answer, E, doubtless arguing that conversion of matter into energy refers to nuclear reactions and is thus inappropriate here.

But the student who is unfortunate enough to understand, even if only in an elementary way, what  $E = mc^2$  is really about finds himself at a distinct disadvantage. He knows that in certain nuclear reactions energy is released through the breaking of nuclear bonds. He knows too that in the burning of gasoline the energy released comes from the dissociation of chemical bonds, that these chemical bonds contribute, however minutely, to the rest mass of the substances involved in the reaction, and that the released energy—all of it—comes from the diminution of this rest mass. Thus here, just as in nuclear reactions, there is "conversion of matter into energy." So the superior student correctly concludes that none of the given answers is correct.

One might try to defend the question by saying that since matter is a form of energy, answer E is tautological. But, quite apart from the fact that the wording is customary, any tautology would make E *a fortiori* valid, and thus unacceptable as an answer.

#### A "DIFFICULT" QUESTION

SO MUCH for what the College Board conceives to be a question that is neither easy nor difficult but average. Here is a question that it regards as "difficult." It is question 65 and belongs to physics. The student is supposed to select the statement which gives the correct scientific cause.

65. Potassium metal loses electrons when struck by light (the photoelectric effect) more readily than lithium metal because

- (A) the potassium atom contains more protons than does that of lithium
- (B) the valence electron of potassium is farther from the nucleus than is that of lithium
- (C) potassium occurs above lithium in the electrochemical series
- (D) the potassium atom contains more electrons than does that of lithium
- (E) the potassium nucleus is larger than that of lithium

The wanted answer is B. Let us accept it as a factually correct answer and ask whether it is the best answer. We shall find that three of the other possible answers are not only factually correct statements in themselves but could be defended as more satisfactory answers than B.

Let us put ourselves in the place of a well-



prepared and inquiring student faced with answer B. Yes, he may say to himself, the sentence in question can be plausibly completed with the statement that the "valence electron of potassium is farther from the nucleus than that of lithium." But he then sees that answer D accurately (if ungrammatically) states the reason *why* this is so, namely that "the potassium atom contains more electrons than does that of lithium." Thus, the student may sensibly conclude that while B is a correct answer, D is a correct answer too. And D is a more profound answer than B.

But our student is not finished. For he realizes that the reason why there are more electrons in the potassium atom than in the lithium atom is to be found in answer A: the atom of potassium "contains more protons than does that of lithium." Thus, if D is a correct answer, so is A. And A cuts deeper than D.

Finally he hesitates to dismiss E, knowing that the nucleus of potassium "is larger than that of lithium" because it contains more neutrons and protons. Thus if A is a correct answer, so also is E.

#### TOO CRUCIAL FOR TRUST

IN VIEW of the above, most of us would agree with the College Board that the question is "difficult." But with us this is merely a matter of opinion. With the test experts it is an objective, scientific, no-nonsense fact based on statistics. Of course, the statistics do not reveal that the wording of the question is vague. Nor that, if the wanted answer is a correct one, so are three others. Nor that the examiners have chosen the most immediate and superficial answer, thus penalizing the candidates with more probing minds, as they so often do. Can we be complacent when we know that such questions are used by so many of our colleges to assess scientific talent?

As I have pointed out, my first published challenges of two sample questions from the Scholastic Aptitude Test elicited no public defense of the questions themselves from the College Entrance Examination Board. Will the Board now come forward and defend the two additional science questions I have cited above, and defend them *specifically*? Will the organizations that produced the two other questions quoted in the first part of this article defend those questions—their own samples—and defend them *specifically*? And if the criticisms I have made remain unchallenged, will there not be a *prima-facie* case for a full-scale inquiry into the whole question

#### Amid the Alien Corn

CHAIN operator Harold Field believes that Iowans can't understand English as the English speak it. He proposes therefore that British pictures be "dubbed" with American English.

"The British pictures might as well be in a foreign language—it's so difficult for patrons to understand what the characters are saying. . . . Years ago all of Leslie Howard's fine pictures flopped in these Iowa towns because few could understand what Howard was saying," Field told the *Morning Tribune*.

—*Variety*, December 21, 1960

of testing for aptitude and ability? If an outstanding organization like the Educational Testing Service can, after twice filtering its questions, come up with such defective specimens, would there not seem to be legitimate cause for concern about the methods and products of other test-making organizations?

Admittedly there is no easy solution to the problem of testing. That is why the committee I advocated earlier should include creative people of commanding intellectual stature who could bring fresh vision to the testing situation, especially as it affects those gifted young people whose talents do not conform to the statistically based norms of the multiple-choice testers. Only a minority of such a committee should consist of test psychologists or professional test-makers. Perhaps one way to bring such a group into being would be through appointment—with or without foundation help—by scholarly organizations of the highest repute—for instance, the American Council of Learned Societies, the National Academy of Sciences, and the Modern Language Association.

It would be premature to anticipate the conclusions of such a committee. Certainly there is a case for the usefulness of multiple-choice tests, properly constructed, in a limited range of testing. It is possible that their quality can be much improved. But if it is decided that their very format makes them inappropriate for broader testing purposes, their tight grip on our educational system should be broken. Testing in this country is too crucial an activity to be accepted on trust.

# NO LEGS NO JOKES NO CHANCE



## HELENE HANFF

*A reformed theatrical press agent recalls  
a chapter in her past which taught her  
—among other things—that even a Broadway  
columnist can miss a hit.*

**I**N THE memoirs of both Lawrence Langner and the late Theresa Helburn, co-producers at the Theatre Guild for forty years, quite a lot of space is devoted to the story of a certain Theatre Guild event. Neither account reads the way I remember it happening.

It's a matter of viewpoint. Terry and Lawrence were the Theatre Guild; the rest of us just worked there. To say that we saw things differently from the way Terry and Lawrence saw them is only to point out that Alice's version of the Mad Tea Party would differ considerably from the March Hare's or the Mad Hatter's version.

Let us go back to December 1942, to the morning after the opening of a ponderous Theatre Guild flop called "The Russian People."

Despite the fact that we'd waited up till 4:00 A.M. for the notices, Joe—my boss—and I were at work in the press department at 10:00 A.M. as usual, composing ads and "pulling

quotes" that would fool the public into thinking the show was a hit. (Joe was the Theatre Guild press agent. I was his assistant.)

Pulling quotes works like this. Suppose Atkinson wrote: "For the fourth time this season the Theatre Guild has wasted a superb production on a dull and empty play." You pulled out the two good words and printed at the top of your ad: "Superb Production!—Atkinson; *Times*." This sort of thing takes practice, but we'd had a lot of practice. Not to beat about the bush, "The Russian People"—a lugubrious bore about the Nazis and the Russian front—was the Theatre Guild's sixteenth straight flop. Looming up ahead, according to the brochure we had sent to Guild subscribers in nineteen cities throughout the country, was a new American Folk Opera. (Like "Porgy and Bess," we assured everybody.) It was to be based on a flop the Guild had produced back around 1930; and it was to have not only a murder committed on-stage, but a bona-fide operatic ballet. It was budgeted at \$100,000.

The rumor that reached us the morning after "The Russian People" opened put an end to our worries about where the money was coming from to produce the new Folk Opera. Rumor had it that after sixteen flops the Guild was bankrupt, that Terry and Lawrence were selling the Guild Theatre and Building, and that the Theatre Guild would go out of existence.



People from Casting and Production and the Executive Offices wandered morosely up to the Press Department all day to indulge in the usual bitter castigation of the management. (Our garret was ideal for this since it was the one place where Terry and Lawrence could be counted on not to set foot, especially in December. Like all top-floor garrets, ours was freezing cold.)

This would not be happening, everybody said, if the two Theatre Guild producers weren't amateurs, dilettantes, and raving, staring crazy. They'd sell season tickets all over the country, so the talk ran, for "Six Forthcoming Guild Productions" when they had only four plays under option and disagreed violently about three of them. And then, after every flop, the two of them would embark on Economy Drives which consisted in cutting the number of towels issued weekly to each office and threatening to take the water cooler out of the Casting Department because too many strangers were drinking our water.

And so on and on and on. It was an old refrain with lots and lots of verses. But this day the tone was especially bitter. Not just because January is a very cold month to be thrown out of work in, but because nobody was anxious to see the Theatre Guild close down. I'd worked there only a year and a half, through eight flops, but most of the others could remember the great days of the Guild: the Shaw openings, the Lunt openings, the five-hour O'Neill drama which the Guild doorman was said to have referred to innocently throughout its run as "Strange Intercourse."

Joe and I made up the ads in a thick gloom. We checked the second-night press list, phoned in the house-seats, and sent a lavish assortment of balcony tickets to the USO. Then Joe went downstairs to get Lawrence's okay on the ads, and I went down to get Terry's.

She was in her office, in an armchair, having tea. Terry was about four-feet-eleven, with white hair rinsed a deep cerulean blue, and a cheerful little bulldog face. Reaching for the ads and reviews in my hands, she said:

"Well, dear, we seem to be having a run of bad luck!"

She read the ads carefully, glancing at a review now and then to check a quote and murmuring: "I don't know what the Boys want!" Finally she said they were fine, and handed them back to me. As I reached the door, she said:

"I notice Lawrence was first on the program, dear. That's twice in a row, isn't it?" (If the program for one show read "Produced by Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn," the program for the next show had to read, "Produced by Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner.") I said I was sure Mr. Langner hadn't been first twice in a row because Joe was always careful to rotate and always had me check the last program before he made up the new one.

"All right," she said agreeably. "Just remind him: I'm first on the new show."

My gloom evaporated. "The Russian People" hadn't been the one-flop-too-many after all. We were going to do another one.

We read about it a few days later in one of the gossip columns. Joe came in with the afternoon papers and said disconsolately:

"Terry scooped her own Press Department again."

She was always scooping us. She would never tell us anything about a new production for fear we'd tell somebody. (In the theatre, everything is a secret.) Then she'd confide it to some columnist. Between acts of "The Russian People" she had told a columnist—in strictest confidence—that the composer and librettist had finished the new Theatre Guild operetta, and that it was to be called "Away We Go." She hadn't told him, though, what we were going to use for money. We knew they were holding backers' auditions nightly and we had heard they had a promise of \$30,000 from somebody. But that's all I heard about money until Black Friday after the show opened in New Haven.

THE new year set in; "The Russian People" closed; and the management plunged on with "Away We Go." By the end of January the cast was set. It included two old friends from earlier Theatre Guild flops; the male lead went to the young man who had played the juvenile in "Yesterday's Magic"; and the role of the singing comedienne went to the ingénue from "Papa Is All." (She had never sung before, and both were unknown, of course.) The leading comic was an actor very well known in the Yiddish Art Theatre but he hadn't done much in English. The ingénue lead went to a young lady who had appeared on Broadway only once in a small part but who had sung a lot of operetta, sum-

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*Helene Hanff wrote for the Hallmark Hall of Fame for three years and for Matinee Theatre for three more. She first came to New York on a play-writing fellowship, after her college days at Temple University in Philadelphia.*

mers. Add an Armenian director and a Russian ballerina, and our new American Folk Opera was all set.

During February, actors and technicians drifted into our office with Progress Reports. This was, they told us, the damnedest musical comedy anybody had ever thought up for a sophisticated Broadway audience. It was so pure you could put it on at a church social. It opened with a middle-aged farm woman sitting on a bare stage churning butter, and from then on it got cleaner. They did not feel a lot of arty dancing in long dresses was likely to improve things much.

The purity complained of was obvious on the day of the dress-parade. As the girls walked across the stage in their bright, period farm costumes, not an ankle or upper arm was visible. I don't even remember seeing a neck. As I went back upstairs to the Press Department, I heard Lawrence suggest to the costumer that the dresses might be cut a little lower here and there without spoiling the authenticity.

Joe went up to New Haven early in March, a few days before the opening. He was very worried. Not about the show. Joe, like the good press agent he was, believed that by the time "Away We Go" opened in New York it was going to be the greatest thing since "Hamlet." What worried him was that some drama editor or some columnist's secretary like Winchell's Rose (she must have had a last name but I never heard her called anything but Winchell's Rose) would sneak up to look at the show before it was Ready. As of now, Joe did not feel it was Ready.

"Away We Go" opened in New Haven to mild but approving notices. Pleasant, pretty musical, they said. Since none of us expected any dancing in the streets over this epic, the reviews cheered us. But about midafternoon that day, a columnist phoned, leaving word for Joe to call him the minute he got back from New Haven. It was very important. He didn't sound as if it were anything pleasant.

Joe got back on Friday, full of enthusiasm. The show, he assured us, was great. It had a few weak spots but they would all be fixed by the Boston opening. A few wisecracks *had* come up from New York and said the show was corn and wouldn't last a week on Broadway. But Terry and Lawrence were not worried, Joe said. They knew they had a hit.

Lois, Joe's secretary, gave him the columnist's message and Joe returned the call. He listened for a few minutes. Then he hung up. Then he told us the news. According to the columnist,

Winchell's Rose had gone up to New Haven, seen the show, and wired Winchell her report. The wire read:

NO LEGS NO JOKES NO CHANCE

Winchell, said the columnist, had shown the wire to our principal backer, who was at this moment rumored to be pulling his \$30,000 out of the show.

Joe called New Haven. Terry and Lawrence had heard about the wire, but they didn't mention the \$30,000, and neither did he. They merely said calmly that the show would open in Boston on schedule.

A few days later, we learned they had sold the Guild Theatre and Guild Building to a radio network.

The Boston notices were fair, though not nearly as good as Boston had given some of our other flops. Joe phoned to tell us the whole second act had been thrown out and everybody was working around the clock on the new second act. With a new second act, Joe felt, it would really be a great show.

FOR the next week, Lois and I were busy mimeographing, folding, sealing, stamping, and mailing 10,000 press releases to Guild subscribers about the New York opening of "Away We Go." We had 8,000 mimeographed when Joe came back from Boston and told us we'd have to throw them all away and start over. There had been a title change.

Nobody, it seemed, liked the title, "Away We Go." The composer had wanted to change it to "Yessirree," but Joe was thankful to report he'd been talked out of that. The title finally agreed on, thanks largely to Lawrence's wife who came from out that way, was "Oklahoma."

It sounds fine to you; you're used to it. But try to imagine you're working in a theatre and somebody tells you your new musical is to be called New Jersey. Or Maine. To us, "Oklahoma" was the name of a state.

We had folded several hundred new releases when the call came through from Boston. We heard Joe say, "Yes, Terry," and then he looked at us.

"They want," Joe said in a faraway voice, "an exclamation point after 'Oklahoma'."

Which is how it happened that far, far into the night Lois and I, bundled in our winter coats, sat in the outer office putting 30,000 exclamation points on 10,000 press releases, while Joe, in the inner office, bundled in his overcoat,



phoned all over town, hunting down and waking up various printing firms and sign painters involved in the change. We were bundled in our coats because the heat had been turned off by an economy-minded management now happily engaged in spending several thousand dollars to alter house-boards, playbills, posters, ads, and souvenir booklets—to put an exclamation point after “Oklahoma.”

“Oklahoma!” was to open on March 31. We were not sold out on opening night, Guild subscribers having dwindled to a handful after sixteen flops. And when I woke that morning (with a cold) it was snowing. That evening, by the time I had fought my way home through the sleet, my guilt about not going to the opening had given way to self-preservation. I had dinner and went to bed. In bed I reached for the wet newspaper I’d brought home, and turned to the theatre page. Our big opening night ad leaped out at me: “OKLAHOMA!”

Slowly—surely—with that foggy, open-mouthed bewilderment you were bound to feel sooner or later if you worked at the Theatre Guild long enough—I saw that Terry and Lawrence were right. About the exclamation point. I did not allow myself to speculate on the insane possibility that they might also be right about such brain waves as an operatic ballet instead of a chorus line—a clean, cornfed musical with no legs and no jokes—and a cast full of people like Alfred Drake and Celeste Holm and Bambi Lynn and Joan McCracken and Diana Adams that nobody had ever heard of.

I switched off the bed lamp, thinking how typical it was of the Guild that the notices would be coming out on April Fool’s Day, and as I drifted off to sleep I said a silent good luck to Alfred Drake, the juvenile from “Yesterday’s Magic,” who was at that precise moment walking out on the stage of the St. James Theatre singing, “Oh, what a beautiful morning!”

### Mr. Upton-Sinclair-Lewis

Mr. James A. Michener has told about his adventures in being hailed as the author of other men’s best-sellers. (See “My Other Books,” *Harper’s*, January 1961.) I am moved to tell the story of my experiences as the elder member of a literary double that lived for half a century. I am the survivor. Wherever the other may be, he won’t mind my telling.

The story began in the autumn of 1906. I had written a novel called *The Jungle* and made a lot of money. I was living with a wife and baby on a remote farm, very lonely. I conceived the idea of a “home colony,” a co-operative enterprise; and presently I bought a former boarding-school building across the Hudson from New York, and installed a dozen writers, professors, and other forward-looking souls. Among them were two students who were bored at Yale and thought we would be more fun. Harry Sinclair Lewis and Allan Updegraff were their names; the former took charge of our furnace and the latter of our stable.

There was no mix-up there, for Harry was called “Hal,” a name which he soon dropped. Updegraff was called “Up,” and I was called “Uppie.” Hal courted my secretary and Up married her. All three of them became writers—Edith Summers wrote a fine novel called *Weeds*, and “Up” published much fiction and poetry. The mix-up began

years later when Sinclair Lewis published a novel called *Main Street* and it became a best-seller. From that time on I would get letters meant for him, and he would get letters meant for me. It happened dozens of times; he traveled a good deal and I forwarded his letters in care of his publisher.

As for me, I was “Mr. Lewis.” over and over. In 1935, just after my “EPIC” campaign for the governorship of California, I took two trips across the continent, motoring and lecturing. In a Middle Western city (I think it was St. Louis) there was a large hall, well filled, and a gentleman to introduce me—an eminent astronomer. I was told. He made a most gracious speech and concluded: “And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Sinclair Lewis.” The audience laughed merrily, of course; and the poor man’s son ran to him and set him straight.

I don’t think the Nobel Prize committee in Sweden got us mixed up; but Hal went over there and told them they might have awarded the prize to me—which was surely as generous an action as one writer ever committed to another. We corresponded up to his end, a pitifully sad one. But don’t think that Sinclair Lewis is dead in my life. I didn’t have to tell my post office that a letter addressed to him was meant for me; I found it in my box. And only yesterday a groceryman said to me: “I got that box of persimmons, Mr. Lewis.”

—Upton Sinclair

# WRITING THE "INSIDE" BOOKS

## *Part 1: "Exhilarated, Worn Out, Desperate, and Wildly Happy"*

*One of the world's best—and best known—  
journalists tells what he has learned about  
his trade in twenty-five years  
of back-breaking work and travel.*

IT SEEMS a long time ago and thinking of it makes me feel somewhat old, but I wrote *Inside Europe* in 1935 and it was first published in February 1936, a little more than a quarter of a century ago. The calendar says this; I'm not sure I really believe it. Once Emil Ludwig, the German biographer, told me that the years between thirty-five and sixty go like a flash, and although I was not quite prepared to accept this when he said it, I know now that it is true.

A good many people have at one time or other asked me how I came to write the Inside books—how I planned the trips, worked out the logistics, assembled the material, and did the actual writing. Once, a few days after *Inside U. S. A.* was published in 1947, all 505,000 words of it, Gardner Cowles of *Look* asked me how much of a "staff" I had. Then the late Albert D. Lasker asked the same question. I was astonished, and replied of course that I had no staff at all. I have always done my own leg work, and have never employed a researcher, although many people have helped me with research. All the Inside books are one-man jobs. I even do all the brutal, dirty business of last-ditch checking myself, which may be one reason why I sometimes feel my age.

First let me sketch briefly the history of each book. Then I will go into details of technique in a second article. I don't want to sound pre-

tentious, but I suppose I should mention at the outset that the Inside books are all still in print and still sell steadily, which is the more remarkable in that much of the material they include is, of course, dated, and three of the six go back twenty years or more. They have been translated as books into a total of twenty-nine languages; their impact has been substantial, and in a peculiar way, although nobody could know their imperfections better than I, they have become standard works.

Each Inside book was a scramble against time—in several cases against harassing circumstances as well—and each was the product of somewhat disorderly procedures. Journalism, like history, is certainly not an exact science.

The origins of *Inside Europe* are the following. In the early 1930s I was Vienna correspondent of that admirable newspaper, the *Chicago Daily News*. Before this, as a junior staff member, I had been a swing man for the *News* everywhere on the Continent, and had picked up dust from almost every European country. Central Europe and the Balkans then became my own back yard, and, in addition to work for the *News*, I did a good deal of writing about this picturesque field for various periodicals—*Vanity Fair*, *The Nation*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, even *Foreign Affairs*.

I stayed in Vienna until 1935. It is something extraordinary to relate, but I performed the miracle of *not* learning enough German to be able to speak a decent sentence after almost five years of residence in a German-speaking country. Nor did I ever learn proper French. There can be no excuse for this, but the bent of my mind lay elsewhere.

In 1931 appeared *Washington Merry-Go-*



*Round*, by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen. It was a sensational success, and several publishers got the idea of commissioning a similar book on Europe. Out of the blue one day I got a letter from Long and Smith, a house now defunct, inviting me to contribute to an anonymous book on Europe to be called *Not to be Repeated*, on the *Merry-Go-Round* model. Somebody was to do France, somebody England, and so on, and I was asked to write Austria and the Balkans. The cash advance offered was small, but I was hard up; besides the idea was enticing, and I accepted. I wrote five chapters if my memory is correct, and in due course the book was published. Instantly it died the death. I don't know anybody who ever heard of it.

Meantime Cass Canfield of Harper & Brothers had an idea for the same kind of book, but on a more serious level. So did Frances Gunther. She was very much part of this whole process. Canfield, who became my staff of life for twenty-five years, asked me to do the job for him, tackling the whole Continent. I replied that I didn't know enough, and that the only person in the world who did and who could write it was my friend and colleague, the late H. R. Knickerbocker. Canfield approached Knickerbocker who replied that he did not want to do it and that the only person in the world who could was none other than Gunther. So Cass came back to me.

But I continued to say No. In those days I was more interested in fiction than in politics and my dreams were tied up in a long novel about Vienna I hoped to write. In the autumn of 1934 I returned home on leave, and met Canfield in New York—also Bernice Baumgarten of Brandt & Brandt, my agents. I persisted in saying No to the project and finally Miss Baumgarten asked me what, if any, financial advance would induce me to change my mind. To cut the whole matter off I named the largest sum I had heard of—\$5,000. To my consternation, Miss Baumgarten said that she could get this, and she approached Canfield. Five thousand dollars was a great deal of money in those days, as it still is, but in the end the sum was made up. Harper's itself agreed to contribute \$3,000, Hamish Hamilton (who had recently started publishing in London) \$1,000, and *Harper's Magazine*

\$1,000, in payment for three articles to be derived from the book.

But I still could not quite nerve myself to agree to the project. It is my curse, or blessing, that I have never been able to take myself altogether seriously as a writer. So I continued to defy all attempts to make me put my name to an actual contract, and on the day that I was to sail back to my Vienna post, early in 1935, Canfield marched into the Hotel Chatham, where I was staying, before I was out of bed, and announced that he would sit in the room all day if necessary, so that I would miss the boat, if I did not sign up. Finally I agreed.

#### THE SEARCH FOR A TITLE

**B**ACK in Vienna, I got to work. I did not anticipate much difficulty. I wrote the Rumanian chapter first. It went like a dream. I was basking in the relative contentment, even torpor, of Vienna; my *News* job did not, to be frank, take a full twenty-four hours a day. Then, in April 1935, I was suddenly transferred from Vienna to London. This was, needless to say, a long jump; Vienna was small-time; London was big. I had to establish relationships, since these are the basis of journalism. Largely, in those days, journalism was a process of reciprocal barter between friends. I was in charge of the most important bureau the *News* had in Europe, and I was single-handed. Moreover, crisis followed crisis that agitated year; news poured out; we had everything to deal with from the Ethiopian war to a general election. This was no longer Vienna; I had to work at my job six days a week, eight or ten hours a day.

Hence the book, to which I was now irrevocably committed, had to be written in what might euphemistically be called spare time—also in a hurry; the material was highly perishable. Night after night and all day on Sundays, I trudged from our flat on Gower Street to the *News* office in Bush House, crushed by pressure, exhilarated, worn out, desperate, and, of course, wildly happy. Looking back today, I still don't quite know how I managed to do a moderately acceptable job as a news correspondent during the day with enough energy for a book at night, but, after all, I was only thirty-three.

Of course, in order to do a conscientious book I had to freshen up on Europe as a whole. From Vienna that would have been easy; I could always contrive weekend trips to any place within reason. But London kept me nailed to a desk. Luckily I had a vacation due—three precious

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*John Gunther's latest book, also a best-seller, is a biography of Albert Lasker: "Taken at the Flood." Besides the "Inside" books, he has written fiction and a memoir of his son, "Death Be Not Proud." His next book, to be published this spring, will be "Inside Europe Today."*



*John Gunther in 1941. Photograph by George Platt Lynes.*

weeks. So (it sounds like idiocy now) I contrived to visit Paris, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, and Moscow in those three weeks.

Then too, friends helped me, Knickerbocker most of all. Jay Allen gave me memoranda on Spain, Ralph Forte on Italy, Morris Gilbert on France, M. W. Fodor on the Balkans. At one lunch in London the late Stephen Litauer, the best-known Polish journalist of the day, almost literally talked my Pilsudski chapter to me in three hours. But the conception and design of the book were my own, and did not vary much from the structure I worked out for it at the beginning—namely that I would peg my material to certain important personalities, hanging political background on them. Also from the very beginning I wanted to stress what really made *power* in each country—who or what ran it. Then the design grew with the writing. I do not, however, think that I got the idea of starting with Germany and ending with Russia until I

was half done. How glad I am now that I grabbed onto Hitler and made him the lead!

Somehow—I still don't know how—I finished the actual writing in seven months, and copies of the manuscript went to New York and to Hamish Hamilton, my London publisher. There had to be revisions until the extreme last moment, because above all we wanted the book to be up-to-date. My memory is that Sir Samuel Hoare resigned from the British government (and was replaced by Mr. Eden) between galley proofs and page proofs, and other events which demanded inclusion occurred actually after page proofs had been closed. Well, we opened them again. Also Hamilton had the script read for libel by three different lawyers, none of whom knew that the others were also checking it. At the end I myself correlated tediously the American and British copies of the manuscript, making what seemed to be millions of corrections. It was a wonderful mad rush and both Harper's



and Hamilton performed mechanical prodigies in manufacturing the book promptly. We closed proofs finally just before Christmas and yet the book was out in both England and America in February 1936. Of course since that date it has been revised, reset, and republished many times. By accident I invented what has subsequently become known as "book journalism."

Until almost the last moment, we had no title. Rather, we had twenty titles. These ranged from "The New Europe" to "The Age of the Dictators." I think that, as the last chapter was being written, the book was called "Men Over Europe"—or something even more unsatisfactory. The question of title tortured me. I was obsessed. In November I had to take time out to cover the British election, which necessitated a good deal of travel. On a miserable cold day I found myself in Ebbw Vale in the Welsh coal fields, having tea with the late Aneurin Bevan. I could think of nothing but my book.

When I boarded the train for London, a cold gray drizzle misted the windows, and I kept saying to myself in the restaurant car while eating mutton dripping with icy fat, "I must find a title, I *must* find a title!" Calmly I sought to reason the matter out. What was my book about? It was about Europe. What kind of a view of Europe did it give? Well, it tried to tell the true story of the dictators who were threatening our lives and institutions, from an intimate point of view—an inside view. Suddenly I had it. An Insider's Europe . . . Looking at Europe from the Inside . . . Inside Europe! I was terrified that I might forget this before reaching London and I scribbled the words in the margin of a copy of the London *Times*. I reached London, called Hamilton, and in a frenzy of excitement tried him out with "Inside Europe." He liked it instantly and cabled Canfield, who liked it too. So our book had a name at last.

Heaven knows I didn't invent the word "inside" and it had already been used a couple of times in novel titles, like *Inside the Cup*. Later I learned that *Variety*, a magazine which I am not sure I had ever seen as of that day, ran a column called "Inside Stuff." But this wasn't my field and for years I held comfortably to the view that the word "inside" had never been used before as I was using it. Then a decade later I found out, to my astonishment, that Herbert Bayard Swope had written a report on Germany during World War I called *Inside the German Empire*. Even so, it can be fairly stated that the "inside" title, as made popular by me, was my

own creation. Of course I am so sick of it now that I writhe when I hear it, but it has rendered me stout service. Other writers have imitated it hundreds of times—thousands. There are at least twenty books called "inside" or "outside" something or other, as well as magazine articles literally without number. Examples run from "Inside the Garden of Eden" to "Inside Joe Di Maggio's Batting" and "Inside Outer Space."

Actually, the "inside" title was truly applicable to only one of my books, the first one, *Inside Europe*. After that I was not so much inside looking out as outside looking in. One of the reasons that I dislike the title nowadays is that, as used by most other writers, it connotes vulgarity and sensationalism, which I have always sought to avoid, although I like gossip as much as the next man. However, to repeat, the title has been of enormous aid to me, because it has given me an identification, a kind of trademark, so that my series of books seems to have a structural unity, and besides it has saved me from the considerable nuisance of finding a new title for each new work.

I suppose I should add a word about the jokes. Such appalling jokes! Few weeks go by, even now, when I am not asked by somebody when more of my insides are coming out or when I am going to write "Inside Gunther." Arriving in a city, I have heard the arch phrase, "Ah, you are *inside* Buffalo now," or, "Now you can write an article about being *inside* the Hotel Flamingo," at least ten thousand times.

#### QUITTING A GOOD JOB

NEXT came *Inside Asia*. This derived from a process slightly tidier and more systematic. For *Inside Europe* I had had twelve years of residence in Europe to draw upon, but I had never been in Asia at all except briefly in the Middle East, and consequently I had to plan and execute a journey deliberately taken with the object of obtaining information and, out of direct experience, writing a report. My aim was to see every country in Asia. I fell short by two or three. This procedure—an extensive trip so that I could inspect at first hand what I wanted to write about—has been basic to my technique ever since. (Not that there is anything exceptional about this, except that it requires a copious investment in time, energy, and space.)

Obviously *Inside Europe* had, without intent, created a pattern which could be followed by books on other continents—though I do not believe that at the time my thinking had crystal-

lized into a definite program, that of charting the whole of the known political world continent by continent. The germ for *Asia* may have come from my seven-year-old son, Johnny, who, after *Inside Europe*, suggested one day that I should do "Inside the North Pole." Years later my friend Clifton Fadiman asked what I would do when I ran out of continents, and then gave his own quick answer, "Try incontinence."

I quit the *Chicago Daily News* in September 1936. I did not have \$2,000 in the world. To quit a good job was a gamble. But most of the good luck I have had in my professional life has come from quitting jobs. Then in October 1937, accompanied by Frances Gunther, I set out for Asia. Originally the book was to be called *Inside Orient*. The trip took until the summer of 1938—about ten months. I wrote the book, which runs to about 250,000 words, in Westport, Connecticut, and New York City between September 1938 and April 1939. Actually the net writing time was only about five months. I still do not believe that this can be so; but it was. The difference between gross time and net time is accounted for by interruptions. I had to take time out to do several revisions of *Inside Europe*, for a lecture tour, and to write magazine articles with which I earned my keep.

Here I must pause to explain something. A trip around the world costs money. In those days I never had a cent of expense-account money from publishers or magazines, although Harper's and Hamilton always gave me a generous advance on royalties. But this was, as a rule, mostly spent before I left my doorstep, for the simple reason that, while a writer is away on a long trip, the normal expenditures of a family go on, and money has to be allotted in advance for rent, insurance, and the like. Also initial transportation expenses are considerable.

My own way out of this vexing dilemma was to do magazine articles as I went along—an onerous procedure. At a time when every atom of energy should be devoted to taking in, I had to give out; the process is like having to put on the brakes while driving uphill. It takes precious time from the primary purpose of the trip, which is to obtain information. I still remember with acute anguish days I have had to spend grinding out articles when I should have been submerging myself in the atmosphere of a town; I lost a week or more in India writing about Palestine and the Middle East; I lost a week in Hong Kong writing about Malaya and Indonesia.

To an extent this writing of articles, though tedious, had a compensating feature, in that I

*Coming in May in Harper's*  
*a Special Supplement on*

## THE RUSSIAN MOOD

*"Let us begin anew . . . push back the jungles of suspicion . . ."*

—John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address

Are the Russians also eager to make a new beginning?

How do the feelings of the ordinary Soviet citizen differ from the views of the Kremlin?

What do they think about their own lives, their place in the world—and their own rulers?

*In this special supplement, Westerners—who speak the Russian language and have an intimate knowledge of the country—will present fresh, personal, first-hand reports on the mood of the Soviet people today.*

had a backlog of material already written when it came time to do the book. But it is my experience that any journalism done during a trip has to be completely rewritten for book purposes. No book that is simply a compilation of newspaper or magazine articles ever turns out to be a good book. This is a law. Magazine writing and book writing are totally different things. Tone in a book should be altogether different. Even paragraphing and sentence structure should be different. Take one small point. In a newspaper story the lead, or main point, belongs on top; in a chapter of a book it will usually be more effective at the end.

*Inside Asia* marked the beginning of a long, fruitful association with *Reader's Digest*. As soon as I had returned to the United States, the late Carl Brandt, my agent, sent me out to Pleasantville to see DeWitt and Lila Wallace. They agreed to pick up the chief personality chapters—on the Shah of Iran, Chiang Kai-shek, the Emperor of Japan, and so on. This helped



mightily to solve the financial problem. At the same time it meant double work. I had to write all the personality chapters first without regard to the body of the book into which they would fit later. Hence, I found myself confronted with the problem of dealing with Mr. Nehru, say, long before I could tackle India as a whole; then, when it came time to do India, I was likely to find that Mr. Nehru had to be rewritten.

But the work went swiftly, if only because I was so passionately interested in it, and *Inside Asia* was published in June 1939. We did the trip from west to east, starting with Palestine, but I wrote the book from east to west, starting with Japan. Clearly, Japan was the "story."

I mentioned earlier in this article that I have never had a staff or even a researcher. However, during the Asia trip, I did in three or four cities ask local newspaper men to dig out brief who's who material for me, because I did not have the time or the facilities to do so myself. But the whole of this did not run to more than a sheaf of pages, and most of it I never used. This was not because I did not trust it, but because I felt uncomfortable about research that I had not done myself. Similarly I bought odd bits of information when I went to Latin America, but made small use of it; since that time I have never used any outside research at all, though I am quite capable of yelling to my secretary, "For God's sake, look up the population of Iowa!"

The first-person pronoun seldom appears in *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*. I was trying to lean over backwards to do objective reports. I remember, when I returned to New York from the Asia trip, telling a friend about a remarkable flight I had had over the Khyber Pass, standing up in the open cockpit of a fighter plane. I am the least adventurous of human beings but this was undeniably an adventure, if small. My friend said what a lively section it would make in the book. I said that I had no intention whatever of using it, and did not do so. I felt that it had no place in a political book. I even tried to keep myself out of the personality chapters and seldom stressed the fact that I myself had interviewed most of the major characters. This was in striking contrast to the accepted journalistic formula of the day in which the interviewer usually started out with such a sentence as, "In an exclusive interview today Mr. So-and-So told me . . .," etc. etc. In my chapter on Chiang Kai-shek I scarcely even mention that I saw him in remarkable circumstances, and that he had seen no other journalist for years. My attitude about all this has changed to a certain extent

today, and in books from *Inside Africa* on I have used the nasty little word "I" on occasion and have even included personal impressions and observations.

*Inside Latin America* followed *Inside Africa*. Archibald MacLeish urged this book upon me, and the person who helped me most was Sumner Welles. I did the trip, alone, in the winter of 1940-41 and managed to visit all twenty of the Latin American republics. Some got very short shrift, which I lamented. I saw seventeen of the twenty presidents. This was the first book for which I kept an accurate list of all the people (417) I met who gave me information, although I did not print it.

The book was published in October 1941, did better than it deserved, and, like *Europe* and *Asia*, is still healthily in print.

#### THE HARDEST ONE

GLANCING at what I have written I think I have given a somewhat false impression. I sound not merely stuffy, but intolerably active and efficient. The opposite is true. I am not efficient at all. I waste a preposterous amount of time, and am one of the most self-indulgent people I know. I don't think that even my worst enemy would call me a grind. I work on impulse, in spurts. Even while working I manage to have weekends off, cultivate friendships, and enjoy an abundant social life. I read voluminously for fun, and have even had time for bouts of illness. I suppose, thinking it over, that the chief difference between the activity of a person in his thirties and one in his fifties is that during the thirties there always seemed to be so many more hours in the day.

There is, to my mind, a sharp line of demarcation between the first three *Insides* and the three that followed. I do not mean merely that the last three are solider and dig much deeper. My point of view was changing. Books were no longer a crazy lark. I prepared my way more elaborately and did much more systematic research. I was becoming less interested in personalities—although personality certainly plays a role in all six books—and more interested in history. I did not care so much about what a dictator ate for breakfast. What I sought, no matter with what inadequacy, was to give a more complete picture of a city or a state or a nation than I had ever attempted before. I wanted to make countries, not just people, come to life.

*Inside U. S. A.* was the hardest job I ever undertook. I quit a good job on the radio to

free myself for it, and spent thirteen months in 1944-45 visiting all forty-eight states. It is still bewildering to me that no writer before me ever thought of doing this book. The pattern of the other *Insides* was available to anybody. Nor has anybody ever tried to do what I did since. My book is still the only state-by-state account of the United States that exists. Its chief flaw is malproportion. It is not a well-balanced book, as *Asia* was. This is because it is only a fragment, long as it is, of what was planned as a two-volume venture. Many people got too much space, and some who belonged in it never got into it at all because I was saving them for what I hoped would be a second volume, *Inside Washington*, which I have not written.

Writing *Inside U. S. A.* took from January 1946 till March 1947, and was done under the pressure of acutely painful circumstances, my son's long illness. The book turned out to be roughly two-thirds as long as the Bible, and was published in May 1947. A revised edition appeared in 1952. Thousands of visitors to the United States still use *U. S. A.* as a guidebook, as do American travelers, although none of us ever dreamed that it would perform this function.

#### LOGISTICS AND SCHEDULE

**T**HOUGH *Inside U. S. A.* was the hardest job, *Inside Africa* required a longer struggle. Jane Perry Gunther and I made the trip between October 1952 and July 1953. I did not finish the writing until June 1955. The trip was fantastically onerous—also fantastically exciting. We traveled about 40,000 miles, saw thirty-odd countries, and took notes of talks with 1,503 people. In one stretch of twenty-five days we slept in sixteen different cities, and never had a meal alone, except breakfast. Neither the trip nor the book could have been done without my wife's help, both in handling most of the logistics of the journey, a maddening task, and in expert and discerning editorial scrutiny of my text later. Also, by force of character, she made me go to a couple of places, like Angola and the Hoggar country in the Sahara, which I would otherwise have skipped out of laziness or lack of interest. One thing that slowed up the writing of *Africa* was that I had developed cataracts in both eyes, but I could not dare to take time out for an operation.

In general, on the trips Jane and I made to Africa and Russia for *Inside* books (also for *Behind the Curtain* in 1948 and to Japan, India, and around the world in 1950) we had practically

every moment in every town taken. Most appointments had to be made laboriously in advance by letter or telegram, a chore which we did ourselves since we never traveled with a secretary. It was always necessary to lay out lines ahead.

Take Nairobi. In a day we might have a schedule which included meetings with at least twenty people, ranging from African nationalists to government officials to white settlers. In between there would have to be sandwiched in time for shopping or sight-seeing or to go to the dentist, an hour with a travel man to fix up the safari we were planning later, telephone calls to confirm plans or invitations, interviewers to see, letters to write, and arrangements to make for getting off to our next country, Uganda. Then, at midnight, notes to take. When the time came to totter onto the Uganda plane, we were more dead than alive. But the minute the seat belt was fastened, out would come my brief case so that I could glance through my Uganda dossier before we touched ground at Entebbe. And always there were unending lists to make—people seen, people to see, questions to ask—and always an infernal backlog of memories to write down of conversations and impressions of countries which we had left behind.

In 1956 we set out for the Soviet Union to do *Inside Russia*. The trip was comparatively brief (I had been in Russia several times before); also I had taken a strict oath, which I hope to adhere to in the future, that I would not harass myself by writing anything serious en route, even if this meant starvation, and this saved us time. But if the trip was short, the book was not. I was busy writing it from January 1957 to March 1958—fourteen months. First I covered the ground in a long one-shot for *Look*, and then set out on the book itself afresh. I do not think that I have ever had to work with such sustained concentration for so long.

But—I hasten to add—the rewards for all this effort and endeavor have been handsome. What I am about to put down should not be put down by me, but let me mention two small things that have pleased me. Once in a distant city we met a French diplomat who said that he had brought only six books with him, and all six were by me. And after publication of one *Inside*, a reviewer in the *New York Times* invented the word "guntherize." I must admit that I had never thought to see myself in lower case.

[In his concluding article next month, Mr. Gunther will discuss his methods of work—in the field and writing at home.]



DAVID SPITZ

## *the Timken edition of Lenin*

*A report—from an OSU professor of political science—on the curious handling of history by an Ohio manufacturer and by that state's "Greatest Home Newspaper."*

IT IS a commonplace that professors are peculiar people. They think, among other things, that truth is important; whereas most practical men seem to go on the assumption that belief and not truth is what counts.

The distinction is not a frivolous one; for belief, like patent medicines, can be manufactured, attractively packaged, and sold. Truth, on the other hand, has to be discovered rather than made, and is generally hard to come by; when found, it is often inconvenient or displeasing, and in appearance sometimes uncouth. As a result, it can almost always be expected to generate sales resistance.

These lugubrious reflections are occasioned by a recent exchange of views—if one may call it that—between this professor and some hard-headed and realistic men. If I seem in this account to have played a pathetically naïve role, it is in part because I have always been reluctant to surrender the admittedly feeble hope that even materialistically-minded men, when faced with an obvious truth, would submit to it. Not, of course, because they would believe that this or any other truth might make them free; but because, as practical men, they would understand that the revelation that they were marketing something dubious might prove embarrassing and destructive of their own purposes.

My little tale begins on February 22, 1960. On that day the Timken Roller Bearing Company—an Ohio concern dedicated to the preservation

of what it fondly believes is the free enterprise system—published a political advertisement in the *Columbus Dispatch*. This is an influential journal which labels itself "Ohio's Greatest Home Newspaper" and wages daily war against political sin and intellectual heresy. By these the *Dispatch* means any doctrine or practice inconsistent with the views of Ohio's late President Harding or former Senator Bricker, or, quadrennially, any sentiments differing from those of the Republican Presidential candidate.

The Timken Company's advertisement, reproduced here, spread over more than half an eight-column page, featured the enigmatic countenance of Lenin and, immediately below this, in large type, the following legend: "We shall force the United States to *spend* itself to destruction."

To one who has been under a professional obligation to read the writings of Lenin and other professed Marxists, this quotation came as something of a surprise. I had not been aware that Lenin, in the midst of fomenting a revolution and establishing a Communist regime in Russia, was at the same time engaged in seeking to undermine the United States by devious financial policies often associated—at least in the editorials of the *Columbus Dispatch*—with the spending policies of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. However, I was prepared to learn; so the next day I wrote to the Columbus office of the Timken Company requesting the volume and page citation where this quotation could be found.

Almost by return mail, in a letter dated February 25, I received from the Superintendent of Labor Relations of the Timken Company a direct and unambiguous reply. After referring to my letter of inquiry, the Superintendent said: "I am told by our Public Relations Department in Canton that this is a literal translation of a speech by Lenin, made before the Soviet Presidium in 1919. It can be found in Volume 21, of Lenin's collected works."

Somewhat abashed by this exposure of my ignorance, I hurried to my university library and secured the designated volume. Unfortunately, the quotation was not there. This may be explained by the fact that in the English edition of Lenin's *Collected Works*, Volume 21 deals only with the year 1917; while in the Russian edition Volume 21 treats of the 1914-1915 period. However, a careful examination of later volumes in both editions dealing with the year 1919 did not turn up the quoted sentence either.

So on February 29 I wrote again to the

Timken Company, reporting my inability to locate the relevant passage and asking, this time, for "(1) the specific date of Lenin's speech, (2) the correct volume and the page on which the sentence appears, and (3) the sentence in the Russian language of which the English quotation is the literal rendering."

Two weeks passed, but there was no reply. Tortured by this abysmal gap in my information, and annoyed—I must confess it—by the weird thought that perhaps Lenin had not in fact made such a statement, I wrote once again to the Timken Company. To help stimulate a response, I even asked whether I was to construe the Company's silence as an admission of the fact that Lenin had not actually made this statement.

This elicited a reply from the Manager of Public Relations of the main (Canton, Ohio) office of the firm. After apologizing for the delay, he wrote (in a letter dated March 23):

Our investigations into the subject show that while Lenin may not have said verbatim "We shall force the United States to spend itself to destruction," the substance of what Lenin writes in Volumes 21 and 22 of his Collected Works amounts to substantially the same thing.

Thank you very much for your interest and concern in the Timken Company's institutional advertising.

I do not now clearly recall the whole of my reaction to this preposterous admission. I know that I felt great relief at discovering that I had not heretofore been guilty, even through inadvertence, of keeping from my students an essential bit of Lenin's teaching. I know, too, that I sat for a time in numbed amazement staring at this unapologetic statement. And I remember wondering why corporation executives send their sons and daughters to our colleges, and recruit their future top personnel from those colleges, when they so amiably intend to disregard the primary value inculcated, or at least professed, by the colleges: a simple respect for and observance of truth.

BUT with this correspondence in hand, the next step was obvious. I wrote (on March 29) to the Managing Editor of the *Columbus Dispatch*, enclosing copies of the full correspondence and requesting that editor's "assurance that in the interests of truthful journalism the *Columbus Dispatch* will refuse in the future to accept and publish this misleading advertisement."

Apart from acknowledging receipt of my letter,



the Managing Editor wrote only to say that it had been turned over to the Director of Advertising for his consideration. But the weeks, and now the months, have gone by, and the ensuing silence has approximated the glacial response of a bank president asked to lend money without interest.

I attempted twice more to elicit a reply: in a letter of April 14 to the Director of Advertising, and again in a letter of May 4 to the Managing Editor. I even asked in my last letter whether I was to infer from this silence that "it is the policy of the *Columbus Dispatch* to ignore the content of its advertising." But my efforts were futile. The editors of the newspaper were clearly not going to repeat the blunder of the Timken Company. Nor, it would seem, did they mean to go on record as condemning or abandoning the Timken Roller Bearing Company's political advertisements.

So, in these practices of a free industrial enterprise and a free press, we are brought once again to the ancient questions: whether it is truth, or falsehood, that will make men free; and whether it profiteth a man to make money if in the process he loses his soul. But this, of course, is to assume that corporation executives and newspaper editors have, or concern themselves with souls. And this may well be the largest question of all.



RALPH E. LAPP

# How to Talk to People, if any, on Other Planets

*We may have to wait twenty years (or more)  
for an answer . . . but, an eminent  
physicist believes, we may one day  
communicate across the void of space with  
a civilization far more advanced than ours.*

**I**S THERE somewhere in the depths of space an advanced society which can communicate with us? If so, how will we establish contact with these strangers and understand them?

Man has for so long considered himself centered in the glittering framework of the universe that he has imagined himself to be unique—the central intelligent actor upon a vast stage. Even after patient astronomers diligently catalogued a vast panoply of stars, few took seriously the notion that intelligent life might exist on planets circling these faraway suns. Thus before we inquire into the matter of communicating with distant relatives, we need to examine the question of life itself and the conditions under which it might arise and flourish.

Would intelligent beings—granting that they exist on other spinning planets—resemble *Homo sapiens* in any way? After all, man is a product of his environment. Such subtle factors as gravity, the nature of the atmosphere, and the strength of the sun's rays condition the form and substance of our earth-bodies. One is reminded of Voltaire's "very witty young man . . . Mr. Micromegas" who journeyed from Sirius to "our little anthill." Voltaire described Mr. Micromegas as measuring "from head to foot twenty-

four thousand paces" but still possessed of human qualities, albeit in outlandish dimension.

It is often assumed that life on other planets would be so different as to defy comparison with anything on earth. Yet if we take inventory of our present knowledge about the universe we can postulate that all living things must have an elemental relationship. That is to say, life is an aggregate of chemical compounds which are in turn wondrously fashioned assemblies of atoms such as hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, and phosphorus—to name but a few. From microscopic bacterium to macroscopic mouse, there is a common substructure: atoms of chemical elements.

No planets beyond the rim of our solar system come within the view of even the most powerful telescopes. But studies of the stars prove that planets do exist around parent stars like our sun. According to astronomer Dr. Otto Struve, "billions of stars in our Milky Way possess families of planets. Evidence seems to be overwhelmingly in favor of the conclusion that all, or most, solar-type stars possess planetary systems resembling our own."

While we cannot see these far-off planets, we can observe their parent stars not only in our own galaxy, the Milky Way, but in galaxies so remote from us that the light emitted from the stars takes over a billion years to reach our planet. This starlight can of course be focused in a gigantic telescope and registered as a small blob of light on a photographic plate. Astronomers have an additional, very powerful tool for looking more closely at these blobs of light from the remote stars. They can pass the light through a spectroscope, an optical instrument whose principal part is a finely ground glass prism, and observe the patterns of light which are thus produced. The effect is to produce a spread of colors or *spectrum* just as raindrops cast a bright band of colors in a rainbow.

Each element emits a spectrum of light which distinguishes it from any of the other elements. This is true whether the light comes from a sample of the element made incandescent in a laboratory electric arc or in the fiery atmosphere of a blazing star. The faint stars in the recesses of space send us a wealth of information about themselves, and the combination of the telescope and spectroscope allows us to decode this message. As a result we know that the observable universe contains the same basic ingredients, the same chemical elements, with which we are familiar here on earth. This is not to say that scientists have a profound knowledge of the

molecular basis of life or even that they understand fully the architecture of many complex molecules; but they do know enough to describe the approximate conditions under which a planet might qualify as "habitable."

#### HABITABLE PLANETS

**P**LANETS must be neither too hot nor too cold if they are to support life in even a rudimentary form. If the planetary environment is too frigid, then complex aggregates of atoms fail to form or form too slowly to survive and evolve. Too much heat destroys the union between atoms and curtails the molecular build-up so essential to the evolution of biological organisms. The range of temperatures hospitable to life may be translated into a zone of warmth around a sun. In the case of our sun, the zone runs from the orbit of Venus out to that of Mars. Temperatures on the sunny side of the closest planet, Mercury, are hot enough to melt lead, while on Pluto, the outlier, the thermometer dips to 375 degrees below zero.

In addition to the requirement that habitable planets reside in the temperate zone, we can also add a condition that their orbits be fairly circular so that extremes of temperature are avoided. We could also place conditions upon the nature of the planetary atmosphere and the spin rate of the planet. And since the evolution of complex organisms embraces a span of more than a billion years we must also require that the host sun be of even temperament. A single flare-up of the solar flame could snuff out a billion years of evolutionary progress.

These restrictions on habitable planets and even a few other stipulations do not appear unduly fierce when we consider the immense numbers of stars and probable solar systems that exist in the Milky Way alone. Even though only one in a thousand planetary families would be a candidate for the evolution of life, this yields many millions of potentially life-supporting planets within our local galaxy.

Life may be very common within the vastness of our universe but this does not mean that communication between planetary societies is going to be easy. For one thing—to focus upon our niche of the Milky Way—the space nearest us is dotted only here and there with a likely prospect. Alpha Centauri is our closest neighbor and it is 4.3 light-years or 26 million million miles away. It is, however, not a good candidate because it is a multiple star and stable planetary orbits are not probable. Tau Ceti, a star 10.8

light-years distant, might provide a habitable planet. But there are relatively few other stars within a distance of 20 light-years. It may well be that centers of life are a hundred light-years apart. Thus life could be both common and rare—common, from the viewpoint of the universe, and rare, from the viewpoint of any location within the firmament of stars.

#### *Chemical Rockets*

Man is very limited in his ability to hurl objects into space. It has taxed his ingenuity to fashion chemically-powered rockets powerful enough to escape from the clutches of the planet's gravity. The lunar missions at present projected in the U. S. space program call for only modest excursions. Even enormous chemical rockets will thrust quite limited payloads into planetary space and will inevitably require very long journeys—46 years for a one-way mission to Pluto at the "edge" of our solar system.

When man enters the strange, inky-darkness of space he must truck along the necessities and some of the creature comforts of his earth environment. Sheer necessities include about six pounds of food and drink per day, slightly more than two pounds of oxygen, and a rugged airtight capsule to shield against harmful radiation. On long voyages the astronaut might recycle liquid wastes and oxygen but even so the weight of his life-support system will be several tons. Trucking such payloads strains the weight-lifting capacity of chemical rocket fuels, and skyscraper-high rockets are required to thrust them into space. Furthermore, chemically-powered space vehicles are incapable of achieving high speeds with which to conquer light-years of space.

#### *Nuclear Fuels*

Nuclear energy might seem to be the ideal prime mover in the space transportation business. But nuclear fuel such as uranium cannot simply be "burned" in space and used to propel a massive rocket. One needs a massive machine to harness the release of nuclear energy. This device known as a nuclear reactor would have to contain the power of the Grand Coulee within its fiery core. All this power, which must be

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housed in a unit no bigger than a domestic freezer, would not lift the rocket off the ground unless it could be converted into propulsive thrust. The Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are co-operating in a joint effort (Project Rover) to develop a nuclear rocket engine. Tentative plans call for a launchable nuclear stage for a rocket sometime after 1965.

### *Electric Rockets*

There are also attractive but even more remote prospects of using a nuclear-electric rocket or an ion rocket in which electrical power is used to impart propulsive thrust to tiny, electrically-charged bits of matter. But the electric rocket is still in the laboratory stage and it will probably take a decade to develop an ion engine capable of propelling small payloads. Because of the constant acceleration which this novel low-thrust motor makes possible it should be feasible to attain velocities of a hundred miles per second. Speedy as this may seem, it is a snail's pace in interstellar space. Alpha Centauri, our closest neighbor, is eight thousand years away for the 100-mile-per-second rocket.

### *Photon Rockets*

Can man ever perfect a rocket which would race along through space and compete with a beam of light? In theory the problem would be solved by the development of a photon or quantum rocket. This is what I call an "Einstein flashlight." It is essentially a machine which converts mass into energy according to Einstein's  $E=mc^2$  mass-energy equation and channels this energy into a stream of radiant quanta or photons as the equivalent of the rocket jet exhaust.

So far our earthly attempts to unleash nuclear energy tap only a thousandth part of the total mass-energy locked up inside the atom. Therefore even the development of a nuclear source of photons will not allow man to race to the stars. No one can of course predict the scientific breakthroughs of a century or a millennium hence but there are physical limits to what technology can do. The sheer energy requirements for propelling a massive spaceship on interstellar flights are fantastic; they relegate such journeys to the realm of science fiction.

### *The Clock Paradox*

In practice we must conclude that the photon rocket is far beyond man's grasp. But it adds to the intellectual excitement of our space age to consider the consequences of bridging "the abyss of time," to use Shakespeare's words. Suppose that man, rather than being an eternal prisoner of time, could conquer its swift rush.

According to the Einstein Theory a space traveler, let us say, one of a pair of twins, who rockets along at a speed close to that of light, could return to earth in the middle of the twenty-first century to find his twin brother long since dead. Yet the speedy space twin would have aged only twenty years! This "asymmetrical aging" is also known as the clock paradox. Or, as interpreted by Nobel Prize-winner Edwin M. McMillan, "The result, that travelers live longer than stay-at-homes, while sometimes called 'paradoxical,' is really in the 'strange but true' category."

## SIGNALING THROUGH SPACE

**I**F WE accept the conclusion that our primitive technology restricts space travel to the vicinity of our solar system, we are then isolated in space and imprisoned by time. That is—so far as direct or instrumental contact with exo-societies is concerned. Here we use the new term exo-society to designate intelligent life beyond our solar system. This means that if we are to communicate with an exo-society we must resort to signaling through space.

What do we mean by the term space signal? The word space needs no definition since we have already specified our area of interest as that lying beyond our solar system. The word signal has a special meaning to a scientist or engineer. It is really a significant event which can be distinguished against a background of other events. For example, a seismologist recording the earth's tremors obtains a seismogram which is a long sequence of jagged wiggles. An experienced seismic expert can pick out specific wiggles which he distinguishes from the background or "noise." Anyone tuning in a radio hears static or noise in between stations, and tunes in to the signal of the radio station by moving the receiver dial back and forth. In the case of the seismologist the signal indicates a physical event such as an earthquake whereas in the case of the radio signal we have a signal fashioned by an intelligent society.

A person trying to tune in a very distant radio station is often troubled by the interference or static (technically called "noise") which drowns out the station's signal. In the same way, when we look into space we find that it is far from silent. The noisiness of space was first discovered by the late Dr. Karl Jansky of the Bell Telephone Company. The latter had inaugurated its radio-telephone transmission across the Atlantic only to find its service was subject to interference. The youthful Dr. Jansky set about searching for

the causes of this static and in order to track these down he built a big radio antenna. The radio listening device consisted of an array of pipes mounted on a wooden scaffolding and insulated by means of glass cylinders. He attached four wooden-spoked automobile wheels to the apparatus so that he could rotate it in a circle. This wood and pipe skeleton was located on an abandoned farm near Holmdel, New Jersey, southeast of Perth Amboy.

Dr. Jansky put his apparatus into operation in the fall of 1931. He found three types of radio-frequency disturbances, two of which he attributed to local thunderstorms and to more remote atmospheric disturbances. The third type of annoying static puzzled him. Further experiments pointed to an extraterrestrial source for this high-frequency static. Dr. Jansky's data indicated that the radio noise came from space and he thought that the source was probably near the center of our Milky Way (26,000 light-years away). Karl Jansky had stumbled upon a discovery of great magnitude, yet for two decades it was largely ignored. Only after World War II did others, especially the British, develop the near-blighted science of radioastronomy.

Astronomers today have an important new instrument for exploring the heavens. It is the radiotelescope, the principal part of which is a huge rotatable metal grid or "dish." Just as a reflecting telescope focuses light rays with its accurately ground, superfinished mirror, the gigantic metal dishes catch radio waves and focus them. A number of radiotelescopes have been constructed in various countries, with the biggest at Jodrell Bank, England, where the University of Manchester has a 250-foot-diameter dish. Research to date has identified a variety of sources of what Dr. Jansky called "cosmic static." The sun, certain planets, points within our galaxy, and intergalactic objects send out space static. Some sources are faint while others possess incredible signal strength or radiating power.

Out of the hissing, spluttering noise of the universe a single radio frequency or unwavering note has been found. It is the 21-centimeter (1,420-megacycle-per-second) radio frequency discovered in 1951 by two Harvard physicists. This "song of the universe" has its origin in the chirping of the hydrogen atom—a steady drone that re-echoes through the vastness of space over distances as far as the Mt. Palomar telescope can peer. But the 200-inch telescope at Palomar can see only those fiery objects whose luminosity renders them visible. The cold hydrogen atom's faint note resounds from regions where even the

most powerful telescopes see little detail. Radio-astronomers who tune their telescopes to the 21-centimeter radio wave are granted X-ray vision to scan the heavens. It turns out that space is remarkably transparent to this radio frequency—a valuable thing for us to know when we attempt to listen in for words from other worlds or to send signals of our own through space.

#### A LULL IN CONVERSATION

**B**ECAUSE we can receive cosmic signals from remote space we know that there is a clear channel for communication with exo-societies relatively close to us. We need to broadcast and to listen on radio frequencies close to that of the 21-centimeter hydrogen note. But we cannot broadcast signals in all directions; this is wasteful dissipation of energy. We need to beam or concentrate our signal in the right direction.

Where do we point to locate the sought-after society in space? This is equivalent to asking: what stars close by are our best bets for harboring intelligent life? Dr. Su-Shu Huang, a University of California researcher, has taken inventory of the nearby stars, meaning those within 15 light-years of our sun. The Chinese-born astrophysicist analyzed the stellar census and selected two candidates—Epsilon Eridani and Tau Ceti—as the best prospects for exhibiting planetary life.

Tau Ceti is 10.8 years away if we measure the time for a light signal to cross the void and reach our earth. No signal can travel faster than the speed of light—this is an Einstein speed limit in space—so the irreducible sender-to-receiver time is 10.8 years for a signal from Tau Ceti. (Radio waves travel with the same speed as light waves.) And this time must be doubled if we are to measure the total time from transmission of a signal to acknowledgment of receipt of the message. A lull of 21.6 years in conversation is a distressing pause but there is no way for man to exceed the Einstein speed limit. As a matter of fact, a lull of 21.6 years is probably a lower limit for the time from query to reply on the space channel. We will probably have to look deeper into space to find an exo-society capable of communicating with us.

Initial findings at the U.S. National Radio Astronomy Observatory near Greenbank, West Virginia, are negative. About a year ago, scientists trained a huge, 85-foot electronic ear on Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani. The ear or "dish" is the business end of Project Ozma—named after the Queen of Oz, that mythical but well-known "place very far away, difficult to reach and popu-



lated by strange, exotic beings." Secluded in the mountains of West Virginia, strange structures are being assembled to probe the secrets of space. The first of these, the 85-foot radiotelescope, drew a blank when it looked for signals from our nearest neighbors in space. Some "bugs in the electronic circuit" gave the researchers a flurry of excitement but when the equipment was functioning properly it found nothing unusual—meaning "signs of technological life" on either Tau Ceti or Epsilon Eridani. This did not disturb Dr. Otto Struve, director of the radio observatory, whose advice was, in effect, "keep trying"—the same formula used when the party at the other end of the phone fails to answer.

Other radiotelescopes will probe deeper into space. The biggest of these is the U.S. Navy's "Big Dish" now under construction near the hamlet of Sugar Grove, West Virginia. Costing nearly \$80 million, the Big Dish is an ear on the dimensions of Voltaire's Mr. Micromegas. The structure soars to the height of a sixty-six-story skyscraper and cradles a radio mirror with some seven acres of metallic surface. From edge to edge the mirror is twice the length of a football field. This stupendous contraption can be rotated and swung on its axis toward various points in space and stay "locked on" these points despite the earth's rotation.

The Navy's Big Dish has been delayed in completion owing to engineering difficulties but it is expected to go into operation by 1964. The receiving end of the radiotelescope consists of a small cylinder suspended above the mirror at its focal point; this is the observation cage where powerful amplifiers boost the electronic signals received and convert them into scientific data that will be continuously recorded by automatic instruments. The dancing swing of voltmeters and scribbling of recording instruments will represent the output of the telescope—quite a different view of the heavens from that photographed by the conventional astronomer with an optical telescope.

How will we "talk" with the exo-society we seek—with someone we have never met? Imagine that you were stranded at some inaccessible point and that your only contact with civilization was a telephone. Suppose further that you could only ring one number and the person at the other end of the line could not speak your language—in fact, neither of you could even *recognize* the other's language. How could you manage to communicate? If you both were quite intelligent and knew the Morse code, you might converse with verbal dots and dashes. In other

words you would resort to a common code that you both understood. Communication in this hypothetical case would be greatly simplified by the nearly instantaneous telephone linkage. The situation is vastly different for space communication, where a simple acknowledgment may take decades.

Before we give up the problem as hopeless—as a layman might readily believe—we need to examine what we may have in common with intelligent beings on another planet. After all, if two strangers meet and wish to learn each other's language, the simplest procedure is to point to a visible object and identify it by name. The stranger repeats the name to indicate he understands and you approve with a nod. The process is repeated with the stranger's name for the object and translation is thus begun. At first glance, it would appear that "pointing" to common things across the void of space is impossible.

I believe that the problem can be solved. The basic reason for my optimism is that if we do establish contact with an exo-society it is probable that their technology is more advanced than ours. We may find that we are dealing with vastly brighter beings—so smart that they can even understand the incoherent space chatter of earthlings. A little reflection will make clear why this may in fact be the case.

Society X and our own human society do have something in common. In order to transmit and listen on a radio frequency there must be at both ends of the line a comparable, although perhaps not very similar, technology. The X transmitter may not look like ours but it must operate on the communicating frequency or wave length. This fact alone bespeaks a fairly sophisticated level of society. However, it would be a really weird circumstance if both the planet Earth and planet X arrived at the same level of technology at the same time. It is much more likely that society X is considerably more advanced than ours—it could not be less advanced and still be able to communicate.

#### PLANET EARTH MEETS PLANET X

**N**OW, bearing this information in mind, we ask how we would respond to an intelligent signal from planet X. First, the simplest way to let planet X know that we have received its message is to beam back precisely the same signal—analogous to repeating a name for an object pointed out by a stranger. We could alter the pattern or sequence of the signals to make

perfectly sure that society X would not think it was being tricked by some echo effect.

This playback of the received signal, whether it be a series of nonrandom blips or electrical pulses or a more complex electronic signal, is essentially equivalent to repeating "Hello!" as the opening word of a conversation. It does not solve the problem of more detailed communication. But here we have to remember that society X must have a considerable substructure of science in order to send a message across space and that numbers are the language and the metrics of science. Furthermore, we must concede that society X is more advanced than ours; it may even be a case of a genius talking with a moron. In any event, if we transmit a coded signal to society X we must assume that their cryptographers will decode it rather quickly. After all, we will not be trying to conceal our message, as in cryptography, but to reveal it.

Thus it seems clear that we will encode numbers into the scheme of our interstellar message. We can try many codes because we have a long time to wait before getting an answer. This is what we will have to do in sending messages prior to receiving any. Once we receive a clear signal, we will know better how to reply, assuming that we have the technical capacity to cram the information into a radio message. It would be wonderful if we could send television signals so that we could display graphically the content of our message, but the power requirements for television transmission across the vastness of space are far beyond our capability. We can hope to send back single picture frames from a moonship at a distance of one-quarter million miles, but the distance to planet X may be over 100 million times greater.

I believe that we can do more than transmit a numbered code. I believe it is possible to "point" to certain features of the physical universe and thus establish a space language. For example, we have mentioned the unique radio frequency of "cold hydrogen"—we could point to this (by shifting transmitter frequency to 1,420 megacycles) and then give this a characteristic number. In the same way we could identify all other elements—helium, lithium, and so forth—by using a simple multiplier for this number. We can also introduce a distance and time scale without too much difficulty. In addition, we can specify mass in terms of the hydrogen atom. We now have the rudiments of a physical system. Of course, we lack verbs, adjectives, and most of all pronouns; for we want desperately to know who "they" are. But we could communicate

with society X even if "they" might look down their noses (or whatever part of their anatomy would be homologous) at our baby talk.

Of course, our listening may be rewarded with the monotony of steady static uninterrupted by any artificial signal. This silence can have numerous meanings. It may mean that we are truly alone or at least unique in our niche of the galaxy. It may mean that we are out of range of the nearest exo-society or that the latter is at too low a rung of the technological ladder. Some, who concede that other societies may have vaulted ahead of ours, place an ominous interpretation upon a noncommunicative planet; they believe that such an advanced society is self-destructive. Once a society masters space technology, it is presumably nimble enough to release the atom's energy and this spells its downfall. Nuclear technology thus becomes the final evolutionary step.

#### SECRETS TO BE LEARNED

ON THE other hand, we may literally learn the secrets of the universe if we establish contact with society X. Suppose that this planet X boasts a technology which is more advanced than ours by a lead time of a million years—or even a thousand years. This after all is but a tick on the evolutionary clock. Imagine what kind of technology society X might possess! Perhaps the best way to do this is to project our earthly thoughts from the year 1900 to 2000 and compare the technological advances and then multiply these a thousand times. Society X may have already communicated with many other planets. We will in effect be plugging into a party line. Society X may even be a little blasé about contacting another planet such as ours, especially if we seem to *them* underdeveloped and sense-limited. But the excitement on our planet would be something! As Dr. Harold Urey expressed it: "Contact with *them* would be the most magnificent thing one can imagine."

Think of the knowledge we could gain if planet X is far advanced and is already familiar with the discoveries, inventions, and evolutionary steps which are still in our future. Think of the impact which such knowledge could have upon our lives, upon our philosophy and our religion. These matters are now being discussed quite seriously by reputable scientists. I suppose that it is only a matter of time before President Kennedy appoints a group of the nation's leading thinkers as members of the U.S. Committee for Space Communication.



By HOWARD LUCK GOSSAGE

*Drawing by Reese Brandt*



## THE GOLDEN TWIG

### *Black, White, and Pango Peach Magic in Advertising*

*A practitioner of this occult art explains why Madison Avenue deals so largely in the charms, spells, and hexes that men have always needed to soften the hard edges of real life.*

MAGIC is mankind's oldest continuous belief. It antedates either religion or science, and although both appear to have sprung from it, neither has supplanted it entirely, or is soon likely to.

By magic I don't mean pulling a rabbit out of the hat or saving a woman in heat or other such oddities specialists call magical thinking as it has been thought by man for a million years and still is. To be sure, we do not subscribe to the oral and literal beliefs of either our remote ancestors or the *Amateur Magicians*. And the higher one goes in the intellectual order the less susceptibility to magical thinking one will experience.

But even where faith has faded, the images of magic continue. One or three, and these are its points of reference that it is almost to avoid

them in human intercourse. The language of magic is truly the universal tongue.

Magic, moreover, is the most adaptable of creatures: it moves in, makes itself at home, and fades into the wallpaper. It so thoroughly identifies with its surroundings as to be unnoticed by the inhabitants. This is to say that magic is never an isolated phenomenon, it is invariably germane to its period. Which is why such now obvious performances of magical thinking as the Inquisition, the Dutch tulip craze of the seventeenth century, the stock-market boom of the late twenties, Communism, McCarthyism, and chain letters escaped recognition at the time. It is possibly too early to pass final judgment on farm surpluses, credit cards, filter tips, and the theory of an ever-expanding economy.

Magical swordship in every age resides at the heart of the era's chief concerns: hunting, agriculture, religion, politics, commerce, nationalism, or whatever. James Welsh Young, the dean of American advertising men, tells me that the magical authority of the Egyptian practitioners was founded on their knowledge of the rise and fall tables of the Nile. This amounted to more than

a paltry prediction trick to amaze the fellahin, for the river's timely flooding was the source of Egypt's wealth.) The chief concern of our era is the consumption of goods and services. It is a big job, but to assist we have the biggest propaganda force the world has ever seen, advertising.

One of the characters in Christopher Fry's play of the Middle Ages, "The Lady's Not For Burning," says, "Religion has made an honest woman of the supernatural." Someone is always ready to make an honest woman of her. Today advertising is her most ardent—or most affluent—suitor.

Advertising is a brand-new instrument, unique to our age, but at the same time it plays mankind's oldest themes. The reason is this: In an advertisement's effort to persuade people of the justice of its cause, whatever it may be, it invariably seeks a common denominator. The more people it attempts to persuade, the more common the denominator, the more basic the appeal will be. When, in addition, the product advertised is virtually identical with its competitors, or when the product's value to its user is largely subjective, the appeals become so basic that they slide away from fact as we know it. They go beyond reason into something more basic, the most common denominator of all, magic.

Sir James Frazer in his classic on the subject of anthropological magic, *The Golden Bough*, divided the field into two general parts: theoretical magic and practical magic. Theoretical magic has to do with natural law, the rules which govern the sequence of events throughout the world: the rising of the Sun, the changing of the seasons, the moving of the heavens, the surging of the tides. Only recently in human history have we discarded theoretical magic as an explanation of these phenomena. If we wonder why it took so long, it is well to remember that there are still people who believe the world is flat; and that to this day our senses testify that the Earth circles the Sun rather than the other way around.

#### A LOCK OF ELVIS' HAIR

**P**RACTICAL magic, our chief concern here, is a body of rules for human beings to follow in order to achieve desired ends. Its techniques are still very much with us, and advertising—itself devoted to satisfaction of human desires—has availed itself of them.

Frazer divides practical magic loosely into what he calls imitative magic and contagious magic. Imitative magic assumes that objects which have

been in contact will continue to act on each other at a distance after the physical contact has been severed. An example of imitative magic might be the sticking of needles through wax figures or hanging in effigy. The underlying rationale is probably the same as that of the rejected swain who tears up his girl's picture. The objective mind might detect an application of imitative magic in an airline advertisement of a couple of years ago which consisted of a picture of the sea with a strip torn off it and the words, "Starting Dec. 23 the Atlantic Ocean will be 20% smaller."

Another example of imitative magic—in that it is based on the assumption that effect will resemble cause—is the use of powdered rhinoceros horn, which I understand is highly prized in the Far East as an adjunct to virility; look how powerful the rhino is! I don't know what powdered rhinoceros horn costs but its users probably find it worth the price. Analogous to this was the recent rage for queen bee jelly. One supposes that it served to satisfy a womanly urge to extreme, uncompetitive femininity; to be the only queen in the hive. Or could it be that women have some deep, unconscious impulse to mate in mid-air?

Closely akin to imitative magic but somewhat different in its application is contagious magic. The idea here is that an object which has been associated with one person will continue to be associated with that person. His fingernail parings, hair, etc., will thus do nicely in preparing a love philter to be used on him. But it works another way too: a thing can also carry with it whatever qualities the person who owned it, or touched it, or used it had. Thus, relics sanctified by a witch doctor, or a lock of Elvis' hair, or autographs, or Miss Rheingold, and all testimonial advertising are examples of belief in contagious magic. For instance, I can buy Gillette Razor Blades just like the ones used by that star athlete on television the other night . . . although I am always a little fearful the whole thing might backfire and, instead of acquiring his physical powers, I might end up with his vocal prowess.

All toiletry advertising draws heavily on prac-

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tical magic for its substance. Like the love philter, it promises that you will be irresistible. If you use most hair preparations or after-shave lotions you are taking your chastity in your hands. If a girl uses virtually any advertised facial soap she is triumphantly assured of a glorious marriage to a pimple-free, vibrant youth, six feet four inches tall with gleaming teeth and perfect elimination: their respective toiletries have brought them together.

Also implied in the above examples is the suggestion that whatever benefits the product may bestow will be denied you if you don't use it. If you do not use Brylcreem all the girls may not pursue you. More explicit is the threat contained in mouth-wash advertising: Not only will the girls not pursue you, but you will drive them away unless you gargle. This is even more magical than the other threat because while you can see by looking in a mirror that your hair looks wretched, it is very difficult for you to smell your own breath. You have no real way of knowing whether you are ruining your love life or blasting your career. The mouth wash thus becomes a charm by which you may avoid *possibly* dire consequences; and the beauty of it is that you will never know whether it worked or not since even your best friend won't tell you.

This brings us to another aspect of magic: taboo. Here we see advertising actually creating and naming taboos. The most famous, B.O. and Halitosis, are archaeological specimens from an age which we might fix as either Late Iron Tonic or Early Soap. It is doubtful whether such epidemics are really catchy today; the Gray Sickness has never achieved plague proportions despite best efforts. Bad breath and body odor have always existed, of course, but as individual matters. To transfer them from personal idiosyncrasies into tribal taboos is a magicianly trick indeed.

But we are frittering around in very trivial taboo territory; let's get into the deep stuff. Cosmetic advertising. According to Freud, "the basis of taboo is a forbidden action for which there exists a strong inclination in the unconscious." That is to say we have a deep-seated desire to violate taboo and put ourselves above it, beyond the reach of its strictures. The cosmetic industry plays this line for all it is worth. Consider the names of perfumes: Forbidden Fruit, My Sin, Shocking, Sortilege, Black Magic, and even Tabu, and many others which I am too frightened to remember.

Revlon must keep a staff witch if we are to judge from certain of their advertisements. I

don't know which taboos Miss Fire-and-Ice wished to violate, but they must have been honeys. Ravishment seemed to be the very least she had on her mind.

Miss Pango Peach, on the other hand, seemed to take a more tempered view of the subject. Her voluptuous demands, though probably excessive, did not appear to include either whips or cannibalism. You will recall my mentioning, in connection with queen bee jelly, the mating habits of bees. You know, of course, that the successful bee suitor explodes immediately following the happy event; the altitude or something. I predict that some day someone will make a fortune by marketing praying mantis marmalade. Some brassière advertising also obviously exploits the desire to violate taboo. However, fashion advertising as a whole seems to dwell in another magical area.

#### MEPHISTO

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

**H**AVE you ever wondered why fashion models look the way they do? A couple of years ago, Stan Freberg, the humorist, swept by compassion, proposed that a fund be established to send the girls to camp to fatten them up a little and put the roses back in their cheeks. If you ask a woman why models look like that she will say that skinny girls show off clothes better. I find this next to no answer at all; for the real essence of their unearthly appearance is simply that: they are unearthly. Their attitudes are trance-like, as though they were frozen in those bizarre poses by a spell. They are supernatural representations and I defy you to account for them in any other fashion.

Nor are these the only supernatural figures in advertising. I should point out here that the heart and soul of the magician's power has always been his command of what we might call the "nearby supernatural" as opposed to the "remote supernatural." The magician does not pray or implore these approachable supernatural forces to aid him; he dominates them through his superior knowledge and power. He is their master and they perform at his direction. Advertising invokes supernatural entities in many forms and some of them are pretty obvious. Mr. Clean, for example; he materializes at man's—or in this case, woman's—bidding, and works like magic. Think of the number of times you have seen the words "like magic" in advertisements. These devices are effective because command of the supernatural is one of mankind's

oldest dreams—and the basis of literature from man's earliest myths to the *Arabian Nights*, *Faust*, *Superman*, and *Damn Yankees*.

Some of these supernatural manifestations are, of course, far more subtle than Mr. Clean, Elsie the Cow, or Mr. Coffee Nerves. Some of our most stimulating advertising summons what I can only regard as Mephistopheles-like figures. Mephistopheles, you will recall, is suave, imperturbable, of-the-world-worldly but not really a part of it. His presence is not to be accounted for by ordinary standards, he is simply there; he has materialized. And he usually bears the sign by which we know him: a mark that sets him apart from mere mortals, whether it be a cloven hoof, beard, tattoo, or a black eye-patch. He is a fascinating chap and you can say this for him, he likes people. Mephistopheles grants a boon: eternal life, youth, prowess, togetherness, unfulfilled dreams. His price is always something. When it is such a small thing as a pack of cigarettes, or a soft drink, or a lipstick, why should not one take the chance?

As distinguished from our accessibility to the nearby, workaday supernatural is our helplessness in the face of the remote supernatural. The remote supernatural is those forces quite beyond our control: death, disaster, the vagaries of fortune. The remote supernatural is nobody's plaything; it cannot be evoked at will or used as a tool. There is nothing man can do about it and yet he must do *something*. So he performs rituals, makes sacrifices, builds monuments, fathers many children, keeps his fingers crossed, saves his money for a rainy day, and buys life insurance. Surely, it is reasonable to save and have life insurance, but the reasons for doing so are likely far beyond reason.

First off, saving for a rainy day is quite a different matter from saving for a purpose like buying a house or taking a trip. People save for a rainy day without, in most cases, any certainty when the rainy day will arrive or even whether it will arrive. And we all have known people who would not touch their savings even when the rainy day *did* arrive. This, it seems to me, is an act in appeasement of the remote supernatural, a bribe to fortune; an act beyond mere prudence.

Similarly, the buying of insurance is in part an act to propitiate Providence and rests solidly on primitive instincts and emotions way at the back of the mind. The first of these is pure anguish in the face of the unknowable; the second is a belief in luck. An insurance policy is more than a highly sophisticated bet against odds, it also as-

sumes the properties of a talisman to counteract disaster or stall off death.

It may be easier to see this when we apply it to, let us say, fire insurance or accident insurance. I think there is no arguing that a definite feeling of courting disaster exists when one is uninsured; it is positively unlucky; you are just asking for it. This magical instinct may influence the buying of any insurance, whether it be life, plate-glass, or the coverage you get when you stuff quarters in the machine at the airport. This last, while apparently life insurance, is not the same thing, really. One buys life insurance because one knows one is going to die—the only question is when. One does not expect to be wiped out in an airplane accident—the odds are enormously against it. The quarters buy a cheap charm to carry you through to the end of the journey.

Incidentally, in the field of credit we see financial institutions venturing into magic in more pointed ways. Installment credit buying is surely a tacit invitation to think magically about money. The English term for such buying is revealing: the Never-never. The most flagrant example is seen in the recent rise of the credit card. According to one motivational researcher quoted in Vance Packard's *The Waste Makers*, "Credit cards are magic since they serve as money when one temporarily has no money. They thus become symbols of power and inexhaustible potency." And, may I add, with the rainy day built in.

#### "THE ADDED INGREDIENT"

**B**Y NOW I hope it is apparent that there is a broad field of human susceptibility to magic. Advertising, abhorring a vacuum, has rushed in to fill it. In doing so it produces some magic on its own.

Through advertising, a product will acquire what Martin Mayer, in *Madison Avenue, U. S. A.*, called "the added ingredient" and what I must regard as a magical property, beyond natural and ordinary logic. This property is frequently so pervasive that all of the product's being and authority reside in the advertising; the product is its advertising. And what do we call an object that carries magical properties? A charm. A product will tend to be a charm to the extent that its authority exceeds bare fact.

Let me give you a parallel. A red traffic light is a piece of colored glass with a bulb behind it. It means stop. But, as S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist, points out, in practice it often *is* stop. Recall how guilty you feel when you run an



obviously stuck light, even late at night with no one in sight for thirty miles in either direction. Another example: If you were to take a piece of cloth and jump up and down on it in public you would be mobbed or at the very least arrested—provided the cloth in question were the American flag. The flag in this instance not only symbolizes the United States, it *is* the United States, and as such is a charm.

Similarly, such humble items as toothpaste, soaps, and cigarettes are charms. Advertising has imbued them with prowess quite beyond any reasonable assessment of their plain-Jane natures. Now, to do this sort of charm-school job—and have it take—is not as easy as you might think. Usually there is nowhere to go but up: to the supernatural. Their slogans, therefore, will be supra-factual (“Contains New XK-140”), supra-logical (“You’ll wonder where the yellow went”), or merely supra-doooper. Moreover, with repetition any slogan will lose whatever sense it had to begin with and only the magical litany will remain; it will become an incantation pure and simple. Given enough exposure it may attain the ultimate symbol meaningful/less/ness of L.S./M.F.T. Even a slogan containing such sound—for a cigarette—reasons as “Filter, flavor, flip-top box” will assume, after the first few hearings, the properties of an incantation. This is true of all jingles, if they are any good.

Speaking of Marlboro, I understand that they introduced the original tattooed man because they wished to change the “product image” to a masculine one. That sounds logical except that as it turned out his hex-signed presence was an argument beyond any logic I know of. It is magic—a seemingly pertinent but logically irrelevant association of ideas. We may see a different application of this principle in a recent series of Shell gasoline advertisements. They feature famous works of craftsmanship in the shape of shells. These ads are done with great dignity and point out that they, Shell, do good work, too. Here we note imitative magic: their Shell and Cellini’s shell; and also contagious magic: his craftsmanship bestowed by association on their craftsmanship.

By extension it could be argued that Texaco’s admirable sponsorship of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts—or any sponsorship for that matter—has a contagious magic aspect. The same might be said of Container Corporation’s magnificent series on “Great Ideas of Western Man.” If guilt by association is a magical technique (and it is) then so is quality by association.

This is not to say that the facts behind these

associative devices are magical or illusory; they are real, they are supportable in practice. But no Indian tribe in performing a corn dance ever omitted to plant the seed either.

#### OUR CHAIN-LETTER ECONOMY

**N**OW it is reasonable to ask whether all advertising is likely to employ magic of one sort or another. I suppose so, in the sense that every person alive—even one who makes all his purchases on the basis of Consumers Union recommendations—employs magical symbolism in some fashion. If it is more apparent in advertising, it is because advertising itself is more apparent. However, we should distinguish between advertising’s white magic and black magic. The difference depends chiefly on whether the technique is used as a means of illustrating a point (Chase Manhattan Bank’s nest egg) or constitutes a point itself (“9 Out of 10 Witch Doctors Approve”). The former we could call magical imagery; the latter, magical thinking. If some advertising is more blatantly guilty of magical thinking than others, it is because some audiences are more simple-minded.

But, whatever its form, advertising’s magic is relatively lucid in that it never confuses the main issue, what it has to sell. The same cannot be said for the economy advertising represents. Perhaps it is just the way it is explained, but the stability of our economic system apparently rests squarely on a magical device, the pyramid club. This is not, I regret to say, a private, crotchety view of my own; both of the candidates in the recent election seemed to embrace it vigorously. Both parties swore fealty to ever-expanding production; this presumably based on ever-expanding population and ever-expanding consumption. Not only are all of these terms plainly impossible, but unnerving as well. Put like that, our economy sounds like nothing so much as the granddaddy of all chain letters. All you can do is hope to get your name to the top of the list—or die—before something happens (like peace) and the whole thing collapses.

Is our economy really so magically conceived? I don’t know and I’ll wager you don’t either. But there must be some sounder prospect than that of endlessly consuming more and more; force-fed, like so many Strasbourg geese. An explanation of the economic system to its people (and what strange abracadabra turned us into consumers anyway?) in sensible terms might be a fitting project for advertising and its clients to undertake as a public, and private, service.





*José Ferrer talks shop with young drama students on the fortress wall in San Juan. Photograph by Michel Aléxis.*

## Puerto Rico surprises a famous Puerto Rican

**Y**OU MAY recognize the man above. His name is José Ferrer. He is visiting his old home town—San Juan.

Puerto Rico today surprises most visitors. Even José Ferrer.

"I was quite prepared to see new homes, new schools, and new hotels. What amazed me was the new *spirit*.

"Today there are over 18,000 students in the State University alone. The

island now enjoys symphonic and chamber music—including the world-famous Festival Casals. And once again Puerto Rico has its own opera, ballet, drama, and musical comedy."

The more you see of Puerto Rico's cultural rebirth, the more impressive it becomes.

Housing projects produce folk ballets. Art exhibits crop up in patios and

coffee houses—even in fire stations.

When you visit this sunny Commonwealth, expect to be stimulated. A spirit of renaissance fills the air.

Students from the United States, Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America now go to Puerto Rico to study. Isn't that significant?

1971 *Condé Nast* Traveler of Puerto Rico,  
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



● In the Vatican's Sala Rotonda, these heroic sculptured figures—Juno, Hercules, Ceres—stand in brooding silence.

Now look above the statues' heads. Notice each niche is crowned with the graceful curves of the scallop shell. For artist Simonetti knew the scallop to be the symbol of the voyage, the journey, the quest. And because myth and legend have given eternal life to these ancient deities, Simonetti used the shell to symbolize their journey—a journey into eternity.

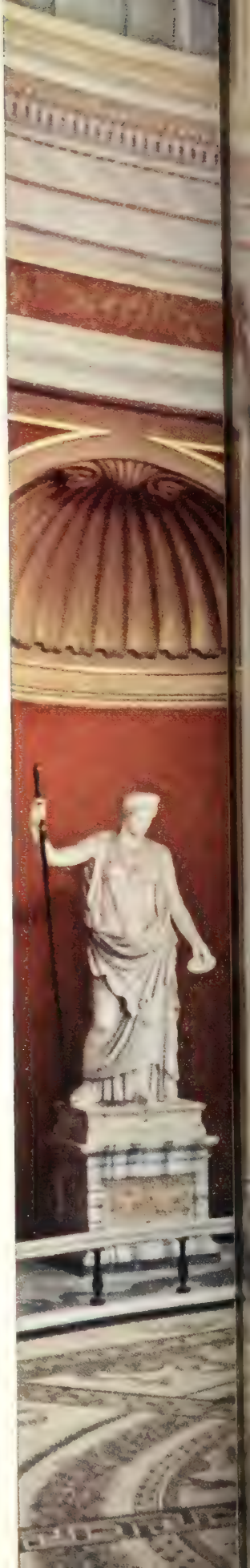
The symbolism of the scallop shell reaches back into antiquity. In classical Greece, it was associated with the goddess Venus, born of the sea. In medieval times, pilgrims to the shrine of St. James in Spain wore the scallop badge in their hats. And Crusaders on far journeys to the Holy Land made the scallop the badge of their quest.

Today, this symbol of the journey and quest is the appropriate name and trademark of the Shell Companies. Under this familiar symbol, Shell men explore the most difficult places on earth to enrich the world's oil supplies. They drill in arctic wastes and deserts, even under the floors of the seas.

But that is only the beginning of the quest carried out under the sign of Shell. In scores of laboratories the world over other Shell workers search for and develop new and better products from petroleum—new chemicals to increase man's food supply, new kinds of synthetic rubber, new yarn of unusual properties, and, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

When you see the sign of the shell, think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipeline Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

# Why these heroic statues are crowned with Scallop Shells











MORGAGNI and Pathologic Anatomy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

## Great Moments in Medicine

For centuries medical practitioners attributed illness to such vague causes as disturbance of "the humours" or "upset of atoms." During the eighteenth century, a professor of Anatomy in Padua, Giovanni Battista Morgagni, was largely responsible for universal acceptance of the idea that diseases originate in localized areas of the body. In 1761, he published a book entitled "On the Seats and Causes of Disease," based on almost 50 years of teaching, dissection, and painstaking observation. This detailed work gave impetus to the never-ending quest for knowledge that shaped the pattern of modern medical research.

Observations of many medical scientists, and conclusions drawn from many bits of evidence, are bases for advancement of medical knowledge. The human body reveals its secrets only to those who have the patience and understanding to discover them.

At Parke-Davis this painstaking accumulation of medical knowledge never ceases. This continuing research has but one purpose: to help provide better and more effective medicines that will mean better health and longer, more useful lives for you and for every member of your family.

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**PARKE-DAVIS**

... Provides in better medicines



# THE CASTLE AT ARUNDEL

A Story by Arthur Heiserman

*Drawings by Arthur Shilstone*

I SPENT the night at Chichester and in the morning hitchhiked to Arundel. Chichester Cathedral, with its dumpy exterior and futile transepts folded against its sides like ostrich wings, kept me only twenty minutes. So by nine o'clock I was bouncing in a small truck full of sacked potatoes toward Arundel Castle ten miles away. "You're from the States, I fancy," said the elderly driver, who had not looked at me since hearing my American "Thanks a lot."

"Yes," I said.

"A group of you chaps uprooted my niece's picket fence in 1913. No sense at all." He had a beefy nose and needed a shave, and in his cap rested a small package of cigarettes. I thought he might put me out, but he said nothing more and squinted into the sun.

The summer of 1949 was dry, and the downs were dusty green even with the dew upon them. Off in the sunlight three figures pitched hay into a baler. Spears of loose hay trailed each forkful through the air, giving the group an instantaneous arrest and form which it itself could never see.

"You in the Army?"

"No. Just sight-seeing."

"I fancy you'll be seeing Arundel Castle."

"Yes," I yelled.

We jerked over an arched stone bridge. "That will be the River Arun," he said. "That bridge has been widened six times since sixteen hundred and fifty." When he grinned, I noticed he had several teeth missing. "Shows we make progress too."

"Will you have one of my cigarettes?" In those days a Lucky Strike could knock down any barrier, anywhere.

"Thanks, chum," he said, without taking his eyes from the road. I put two cigarettes into his hand and lighted one of them for him. "But there's one thing I keep telling Alice." Two brown horses and a white one were walking away from a group of thatched buildings. "You Yanks know how to deal with them Russian chaps. My wife's uncle lived in California," he roared.

"I'm from Chicago," I said. His face suddenly became thinner, and his thatched eyebrows leveled off. He seemed surprised to find himself alive when he set me down half a mile from Arundel.

"I'll be turning here," he said, racing the motor and staring at my new suitcase. "You'll see the castle from the top of this hill. It don't open till noon, and it'll cost you a shilling."

"Thanks a lot," I shouted, and the little truck scuttled away into a long orchard.

My pair of respectable shoes for the boat ride home made the suitcase too heavy. Mounting the hill with it, trying to ignore the early heat, I deliberately recollected the one part of Chi-



stone-carved which had not been a disappointment. Fixed in the south aisle is a small statue of Christ dying in which the Jesus-troubled himself crouched before his tiny tomb, lifts his head in vain to look at his features geometric with astonishment. Immediately behind him bends an ancient woman, contending still, her cheeks creased downward by furrows of grief dropping through her eyes. Her head and that of the woman behind her still stiffly raise their clasped hands in a primitive gesture of despair. About the active Jesus, who holds his far high before him, are grouped the weeping elders: their beards ridged deeply below their open mouths, their brows arched, their long old hands pitched suddenly to shoulder height, palms outward. They seem engaged in a pantomime of surprise. And in the distance, above a tiny thatched cottage, three small birds fly down in an precise line, their wings stretched wide with haste. The carving had been fixed like a tablet in the wall and by lines were made to get their blood.

Climbing the hill, preparing myself for a disappointing view of the castle, I had trouble accommodating my memory of an accidentally preserved carving with the sight of my Army surplus shoes stepping over and over into dusty weeds, and my shoes with the world of the truck-  
over which was now dead to me forever.

But the view of the castle was not disappointing. I looked up, and there it stood just one solid mass. Straight and tall and solid, it spread its walls over an entire hill in a delirium of power and stone. It was lifted high at the top, buttressed at its angles, and tied to the earth only by a thick Norman keep at the gate. Nothing had prepared me for it. It was more outrageously powerful than Gloucester's collegiate church, for it was fixed upon profane emotion alone. It floated on the green froth of its park, splendid as a court in a tapestry, terrible as a fairy tale. Its battlemented chapel, which thrust southward on a spur into the outworks, sparkled in the morning. To one who for weeks had been immersed in car after car, nibbled at by face after face, the permanence of the castle was a physical comfort.

I PICKED up my suitcase, and noticed a man seated before an easel. His black Jaguar crouched off the road a bit down the hill, and he sat between it and half-a-dozen plum trees. I walked down toward him. Even though he was seated on a stool his look was straight and neat in its dark-blue jacket. Absurdly enough, he wore a beret.

I put down my suitcase quietly. The Jaguar should have frightened me off, for they despise hitchhikers. But the day was early, the castle didn't open till noon, and the town which filled the valley where I would have to wait seemed merely eighteenth-century slate and brick. The man turned around slowly, as though he were tired, watched me a moment, nodded, and returned to the tiny picture on the easel. He was a small, hard man, tanned with the lucid tan of the rich. His eyes and his neat mustache had been gray. I picked up my suitcase.

"It's trite from up here," he said, touching the chapel with a minute brush, "but it's the sort of thing I want this morning."

I could think of nothing to say.

He put the brush into a cup between his feet. "I understand Cromwell placed a battery just over there." The beret jerked to the right. "In that pasture. No wonder his shot barely chipped the stone. But nothing was too trite for Cromwell." He sniffed briefly, and I laughed on that cue. "Every morning at dawn the defenders dropped their dead into the Arun. From that escarpment there below the chapel."

Would it be more polite to walk around and face him? I put down my suitcase.

"I've done it two dozen times from up here, you know." I walked up to his shoulder. "Use my own mixture of pigments and eggs. Mixing them is half the fun, you see."

"It's very well done," I said. It seemed overdone. The turrets were out of joint.

"Thank you very much. That's very kind, but I'm only an amateur," he gave it the French pronunciation, "and I've painted only the castle, so I'm afraid one can't ask for too much." When he bent to the little rack of cups on the grass, his hand shook. Straightening formally, he smiled at me. "Are you in the Army?"

"No. I'm just hitchhiking." His accent, his blue serge, his silver mustache, made me regret the dust of ten shires in my hair and on my unpressed jacket. "I'm a student."

"Ah," he said, returning to his miniature. "A student abroad. What university?"

"Chicago," I said.

"Ah yes, where the gangsters come from." His narrow face creased handsomely about the mouth and eyes. "Well, you mustn't miss Cambridge

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*Arthur Heiserman is director of the Summer School at the University of Chicago. His book, "Skelton and Satire," will be published by the University of Chicago Press in July.*

either. My university and my son's. Were you in the services?"

"No, I was too young."

"How old are you? Twenty-two, -three?"

"Twenty even."

He looked up at me. He was older than I had thought, and his leanness was not the leisurely leanness of his class. "Incredible," he said, and looked out over the sweetly antique meadows. Englishmen were not supposed to ask such personal questions, nor to imply that one was lying, unless one were an inferior. I picked up my suitcase.

"Where did you stop the night?" he asked.

"In Chichester."

"What did you think of our cathedral?"

"I thought it was pretty bad."

"Quite right. It's monstrous. One of those things which are wrong from the start. Reminds one of a gelded thing, or a defrocked priest." I had not yet met a high bourgeois since coming to England, so I put down the suitcase. "Did you notice the little Saxon tablet?"

"Yes. That's a beautiful thing."

"The best thing in Sussex. And the misericord of the violinist kissing the dancer, in the choir?"

"I couldn't get into the choir."

"Really? That's outrageous." He looked up at me. "I must take you back there after lunch to see it. The bishop says the violinist is simply a violinist, but of course the violinist is Death. Always is in that period. Or any period." He daubed.

An eccentric, I thought, a real English eccentric.

"Well," he sighed, "let's be off. There's no more helping this thing." He began to put his brushes and cups of paint into a metal box. "I very much want you to meet my wife, and have lunch with us, of course. You're not otherwise engaged?"

"No," I said, "thank you very much. But I don't . . ."

"Nonsense. I'm only sorry we didn't know you were in the area. You could have stopped the night with us."

It seemed absolutely impossible that he was a homosexual.

"Well," he said, "we paint and we paint and we never seem to discover exactly what we feel. Here it is, more than a hundred pictures in five years. And there it stands, basically unchanged since the Wars of the Roses." He stood up oddly, all his weight on his left leg, and held the tiny board straight out before him. His castle seemed



to be toppling in all directions. I saw that he might be a little mad.

He collapsed his easel and the stool. As he started for the car, I noticed the peculiar swing and jerk of his right leg. He was shorter than I had imagined from his erect back, yet he limped so easily that he moved with great dignity. Before I could stop him, he had picked up my own suitcase and was lifting it into the car. "Here," I said, "here." Too late.

"All right," he said, "hop in." He opened the door and I got in.

We drove down the hill, but the castle didn't seem to get any nearer until we entered the town. Then, when I glanced up, it disappeared behind the truncated belly of a church. It was so huge and high that I could no longer see it from the narrow streets. We drove through the town, crossed an Arun just deep enough to float a corpse, and threaded into the hills between tall, ancient hedges. We passed small cottages with leaded windowpanes. An old woman in a bonnet stared at us from between rows of roses.

"Was the red rose York or Lancaster?" I asked. "I can never remember which was which."

"Nor can I. Like Yin and Yang." We looked at one another. "Do you find hitchhiking tiring? You look exhausted."



"Oh," I said, almost ready to apologize, "I guess so. You have to climb in and out of so many people's cars in one day. And in a foreign country . . ." Maybe I was about to be rude.

"I see."

"Well, it's better in the early morning, if you're going east, or at sundown, if you're going west. That way the sun goes right through a windshield and you can see people very well before you get in. Or the windshield is completely glazed with the sun, and you can't see them at all. Either way it's better."

"I see. It's a question of identity."

"Yes, I guess it is."

FINALLY we turned into an orchard, crossed a grassy brook, and came upon a large, white plaster house with brown timbers supporting the dormers. A picket fence surrounded a yard full of flowers, some of which climbed straight up the front walls, leaving only the small-paned windows free.

We turned around the cottage and stopped where a tangled hill rose steeply from the back door. "Can you see those stones tumbled about up there?" asked my man, squinting up the hill. I could. "Those are the remains of the original farmstead, mentioned in the *Doomsday Book*. My wife has a copy of the entry."

I put the folded easel inside the back door. A small, wrinkled woman began to grin and rub her apron when we entered the kitchen, but we took no notice of her and walked up two steps into a large dining-room roofed with huge black beams. My man moved silently before me, then paused before a low arch, pulled at his lapels, and took me by the elbow. "My dear?" he whispered, and we walked into a magnificent parlor. Sunlight fell upon glassware, china, airy curtains, and white wood. It mellowed rough ceiling beams and sturdy furniture and the navy-blue dress of the woman who sat by a mahogany *escritoire*. She stared out into the dark-leaved orchard, her lips drawn in and her straight profile hardly weakened by the pince-nez on her strong nose. "My dear?" whispered the man, giving my elbow a squeeze. He had begun to shrink even before the woman turned toward us.

Her head moved back with a controlled jerk. She took off her glasses and stood up, supporting herself slightly on the *escritoire*.

"My dear, may I present Mr. . . . ah, good Heaven! I don't believe I know your name."

I told him.

She moved toward us slowly from the window, her handsome head still back to correct her vision

of me—dirty and uncombed—who had suddenly invaded her parlor. She topped my six feet by perhaps a quarter-inch, and her skin was remarkably clear and pale for her age. She wore no make-up nor any ornament. Had her gray hair been more neatly combed, she would have looked more like a countess than the headmistress of a puritanical girls' school.

We shook hands. There was whiskey on her breath.

"This young chap and I share an admiration of the castle."

"Indeed."

"And the true opinion of the Chichester minister. He is making a tour of the southern cathedrals, and intends to devote this afternoon to our castle." The man had moved me to a cane-bottomed chair by the fireplace and was limping nervously between his wife, who stood erectly by the archway, and the glass-doored bookcases. "He is a student, I believe, at Chicago."

"Where the gangsters come from," I said, trying to banish something which hovered in the air.

"Yes, and the atomic bomb, I believe," laughed my host. He swept off his beret, revealing a head much balder and older than I had imagined. "I felt we could repair a mite of the billions given so magnificently by his country by asking him to share our little lunch. Here, my dear, sit here." The pince-nez dangled on her austere bosom as he settled her in the sofa across the hearth from us. "I thought you would certainly think it most unfortunate should he leave our islands without having met you."

"Yes, thank you very much, Henry. Yes." Her voice, though it was deeply modulated, lacked the crispness I would have expected from her profile and parlor. "Yours is a German name, is it not?"

"Yes," I said. "My family settled in southern Ohio after the political difficulties of 1848." I had kept just enough self-possession to feel ashamed of trying to make something of the bakers and clerks in my family.

"I see. That's extremely interesting. You served in the Pacific, I imagine."

"No, I was never drafted."

"He's only twenty, my dear," laughed my man from the window.

"Twenty," she said. She continued to fix me with her gray eyes, keeping her head tilted slightly back so that her roll of gray hair frayed against the bright window behind her. "How interesting. And how are you traveling now?"

"He's hitchhiking, my dear. Proper student fashion. Wonderful kind of . . ." (he walked be-

tween us and leaned upon his left leg) " . . . *clan*, spirit, to come all this way alone to visit us. He came trudging up behind me while . . . I say! You didn't *walk* from Chichester did you?"

"No," I laughed, "a farmer who doesn't think much of Americans gave me a lift."

"Really?" said the woman. "What did he say?" She seemed amused for the first time.

"Oh, nothing. I encounter all sorts of opinion." There was a pause. I had thrown up a barrier.

But the man pierced it. "Yes," he said, "we are on the dole, no denying that. Perhaps we're far too accustomed to taking what we want. But the magnificent display of generosity which the United States . . ."

The woman arose. "I must see to Wilson," she said, taking her eyes from me for the first time.

"Yes," said the man, watching his wife's back, "she's a bit demented since the war."

I was so relieved that the woman was no longer staring at me that only then did I notice that the smell of whiskey pervaded the room as thoroughly as the sunlight.



AND at lunch, as soon as we had sat down to the large round table, the whiskey smell entered the dining-room too. The woman's spectacles clanked against her plate and she stared at them. The man fussed over the food, laughed uproariously at everything, and darted glances at his wife, who stared at me near-sightedly all the while. The man's brother had successfully produced a few ears of "maize" in his London garden, and I described the variety of dishes possible with it.

"Do you have a pressure cooker?" I asked the wife. She looked at me a moment, her head much higher, it seemed, than mine.

"I think it would blow up and destroy both the kitchen and Wilson," said the man. Though his eyes were moist, he laughed again.

"America is very adept at producing explosives," the woman remarked, casually enough to seem polite.

"Edith, would you care for tea now?" whispered the man.

"No thank you, Henry." She had eaten nothing. "Are your parents still living?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you have any siblings?"

"I have two older sisters," I said.

"My two sisters were killed in London with my mother in 1911."

"Yes," said the man, running his palm back over the veins on his skull, "that's when we moved down here. Hated to give up old London, but my office had been bombed out, and I left this on the Somme in 1916," he tapped his right leg beneath the table, "and there was nothing I could do." He smiled, avoiding his wife's stare.

"One can always purchase new limbs," she said.

I looked at the chewed ear of corn on my plate. I was thankful that I had shaved that morning.

"What is your sport?" asked the man, touching his little mustache.

"What?"

"Do you practice any athletics at school?"

"Oh. Well, no, I don't."

"Come along," said the woman, putting both palms on the table to push herself erect. She was immense, and her beautifully straight features looked down upon me without emotion. I stood up.

"Edith," said the man, calmly.

"Come along with me."

I followed her as she stepped magnificently past the parlor, down a hall lined with closed white doors, up three steps over a stairway landing, down seven steps into a small room which had once been a storage room, for it was paved with stones and had only one small window. It contained nothing save a writing desk and dozens of pictures, hanging on the wall, stacked against the walls, propped against the desk—every size and color from airy miniatures to gaudy oils. All of the pictures depicted the castle. Here the castle floated off into a sanguine sunset. There it gleamed like bones in moonlight. Over here the fortified chapel smothered the foreground. Over there the heavy Norman keep gloated above the wintry park. No human figures strolled its



battlements or peered from its wicked archery slots.

"Well," coughed the man by my shoulder, "these are the fruits of my five years' labor."

"It's really overwhelming," I said.

The woman had bent over the desk and was opening a small box bound in black leather. She looked into the case for an instant, then showed it to me with a noble smile. Inside, on vermilion velvet, rested a purple ribbon and the silver arms of the kings of Great Britain. The lion snarled haughtily, the unicorn's lips rolled back over beautifully cast teeth, and the motto furred below was so delicately made that I could easily read the *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

"It's a beautiful thing," I said.

"Is it?" she asked. "Take it."

I took it.

"Turn it over." Little lines had appeared at the corners of her mouth.

I turned it over. RUPERT HANLEY SACKVILLE BURDEN. 30 MAIUS. MCMXXXIX.

"Victoria Medal," said the man. He limped past me and, finding himself hemmed in by his pictures, stopped in the center of the room. His wife towered over me between us. "Our only son won it in 1939. Best athlete in the university, you see. We're rather proud of it, and my wife . . ."

"His wife hates it," said the woman. There was a pause. She was not at all nasty, but spoke very quietly. "And she hates these pictures. Typical old man's obsession with beauty and death."

"Edith," said the man, as though from a great distance behind her.

"My son was butchered in Africa in 1941. I had given him the best body and education in the world, and the woman who had given life to me was murdered in her bed in the very room next to mine." The whiskey smell was making me dizzy. "Have you ever seen the dead?"

"No, ma'am."

She had bent forward to me, but straightened up again now. I still held the medal, and I looked down at it to avoid her eyes. "No," she said beautifully, "and now you want to make war on Russia, and get us into another war, and kill yourself. Twenty years old. My son never saw twenty-one."

The man stepped between us. "Put it back, please, Edith, and go to your room." His face was scarlet.

She handed the medal's box around him to me. "My husband considers the castle to be beautiful."

"Edith."

"Do you know why my husband brought you

home to me?"

For the first time, she tottered a little. Her shoulder dropped.

"No, ma'am."

"You look . . . your hair and your eyes and your mouth are those of my son. You didn't know that, did you?"

"Come along now, Edith. Would you walk back into the parlor, please?"

I turned.

"Yes, do get out. Go back to your German mother in Ohio. Could you leave your address?" she asked from behind me in the hall. "I should very much like to write to your mother and tell her you'll be butchered in a war."

Then I heard her walk straight up the stairs, sounding evenly on the treads.

I WAS lifting my bag from the Jaguar when I heard the man limping behind me. I turned and he looked up his hill toward the stones. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. The skin on top of his skull was webbed with scarlet capillaries, and his mustache seemed smaller in the sunlight. He didn't look up at me, but leaned on his good leg, hunched up his shoulder, and put one hand into his pocket. "Do you need money? I daresay you do."

"No, no, thank you very much." I handed him the box and medal.

"Yes, of course, thank you. Do you mind terribly if I don't drive you out? The main road to Brighton is at the bottom of the drive. You can go left and still do the castle this afternoon, then spend the night in Brighton." He paused, squinting up at me at last. "I say, wait just a moment. I'll give you a note to a friend of mine in Brighton who . . ."

"Thanks a lot," I said, "but I think I can make it to Hastings, or Battle Abbey rather, by sundown."

"Certainly," he said. He put out his hand. "Well, I'll love you and leave you, my friend. You do look astonishingly like my son. I thought you might perhaps help out the . . . situation here. Very stupid of me. I do hope you don't mind?"

"No," I said. "I'm sorry."

There was nothing else to say, so I walked back through his pleasant orchard. The house was not visible from the road. I had to think a moment which side of the road would take me on to Hastings, and which back to Arundel, because I never really got accustomed to that left-hand-side-of-the-road business, and I didn't want to visit the castle that afternoon.

# ITALY'S NEW CAESAR



By ROBERT NEVILLE

*Drawings by Karel Kezer*

*An intimate report on the meteoric and mysterious career of Enrico Mattei . . . the dreamer who has built an industrial empire and wields incalculable power throughout the Mediterranean world . . . and beyond.*

OVER the last ten years or more, the influence and power of a strange, elusive man named Enrico Mattei have been increasingly felt throughout Italy. Although in theory a mere government bureaucrat, Mattei is in practice the undisputed boss of what has become one of Europe's biggest industrial complexes. As such he has enormous sums of money at his disposal. He also has jobs, and plenty of them, to dispense. At times, too, he not only can help candidates get elected but can be instrumental in getting others defeated. He has been known to have a say in the setting up of ministries. And what with the leaps-and-bounds growth of the Italian economy in recent years, Mattei's influence, political and financial, has spread rapidly beyond the borders of his own country to the Mediterranean region as a whole.

Mattei is, in short, a man to reckon with. Most foreigners would not recognize the name at all, but the majority of Italians would quickly identify him as the president of a by-now famous state-owned combine called ENI, which is short in Italian for "Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi." Translated freely, these words mean in English

"National Corporation for Combustible Fuel."

ENI was, in fact, set up by the Italian Parliament in 1953 with the simple purpose of promoting the research and exploitation of the Italian subsoil. The new oil age was here, and Italians felt strongly the need to free themselves from the old system of depending on coal imports. Mattei himself, then a deputy, helped write and steer the ENI bill from committee room to the floor. The final document was loosely worded and allowed its ambitious boss-to-be to wander far afield.

True, most of ENI's assets have an easily recognizable connection with the production and distribution of natural gas and oil. ENI owns, for example, a good two thousand miles of pipelines through which is funneled the natural gas to fuel a great part of North Italy's industry. ENI maintains a tanker fleet totaling 325,000 tons. ENI has built or is building refineries which will have an annual capacity of 6.5 million tons. The far-flung system of spectacularly constructed filling stations run by ENI's subsidiary, AGIP, are now to be found in a half-dozen or more European countries as well as throughout most of the littoral of North Africa.

But ENI has other interests, too, which seem to have only a vague connection with fuel production. ENI under Mattei has gone into the fertilizer business in a big way, at the rate of over a million tons annually. ENI now produces 90,000 tons annually of synthetic rubber. ENI is about to enter the big-scale production of sulfur, plastic materials, and asphalt. ENI owns an iron foundry and a natural steam works. With the construction of an atomic-energy plant, the biggest in Europe, ENI will soon be in the electric-power business. Almost as a sideline, ENI runs a string of motels, bars, and restaurants



strategically placed on the peninsula's highways. ENI even runs a newspaper. Other incidental ENI products are steel drills, kitchen equipment, bottles, and soap. All in all, ENI today is rated as a two-billion-dollar corporation.

To repeat, all this is the exclusive property of the Italian state. ENI's net profits, when they are not being reinvested in new ventures, are supposedly turned over to the Italian treasury; and Mattei as ENI's president is, on paper, merely the public servant reappointed at stated intervals by the Prime Minister.

Actually, Mattei has become much more in the Italian public mind than his title would indicate. First and foremost, he is the man who has protected Italy from the depredations of an international oil combine which, many Italians sincerely believe, selfishly wants to keep the country from developing its own resources and would, if left alone, charge the limit. Italians only have to consider the recent reductions in the price of gasoline, all forced by Mattei, to be sure of their convictions.

But perhaps of even greater importance, Mattei has become the symbol of a vigorous new state Socialism of the type which has long appealed to the logical Latin mind. He carries the banner for a large, perhaps a majority, group of Italians who think that by judicious use of public monies some of the grave shortcomings of capitalism can be corrected. Capitalism in Italy, it is pointed out, has historically tended toward monopoly situations. Italians have long had to put up with big-company maneuvers which Americans, with their anti-trust laws, would not have tolerated for a day. Italian industrialists, Mattei insists, have traditionally worked on the basis of a maximum of quick profit gained on a minimum of investment. They have been unwilling to expand or to take long-term risks.

The result of these characteristics, if one can believe Mattei, is that whole sections of the country and sectors of the national economy go undeveloped. "When ENI's synthetic-rubber plant was built, there arose a cry that I was invading a field of endeavor that should have been left to private initiative," Mattei says. "But why? Private capitalism has had decades in which to build a synthetic rubber plant, but none was in fact built."

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Mattei is no Communist, but his one trip to Red China and his several trips to Soviet Russia added to his conviction that countries like Italy must make long-term and sometimes even unprofitable investments out of public funds. Otherwise, he is convinced, the Socialist countries will overtake the West in industrial production.

#### POLITICS, ITALIAN STYLE

AS CAN well be imagined, this sort of thinking, backed by action, has made Mattei a highly controversial as well as a dynamic figure. Most of the international oil companies decided long ago that Mattei was unreliable and declined to cut him in on their deals. The Italian industrialists are not too interested in oil, but they feel quite differently when Mattei goes into the fertilizer or the electric-power business. In a phrase, they are not amused. As a result, several deputies have made it their business to heckle the government regularly about ENI operations. The late and venerated Reverend Senator Luigi Sturzo, for example, devoted a good part of the last decade of his life to an attack on Mattei and ENI. He was convinced not only that it was bad economics but that the growth of an organism like ENI was in the long run a threat to political liberty.

Critics of Mattei have both disliked what he stands for and at the same time have deprecated his ability. He has been called a bad businessman, an incompetent executive, an arrogant dreamer. Some opponents have even called him a madman. The Confederation of Industry, the Italian counterpart of the National Association of Manufacturers, maintains an entire office devoted to a minute study of ENI operations and is ready at any given moment to prove the unsoundness of most of ENI's subsidiary corporations. The Italian press, mostly owned or controlled by industry, has kept up a steady barrage of criticism based on these studies.

The usual line of attack on Mattei is the simple one that anybody can make a go of a business that can draw on the public treasury at will, that does not have to satisfy shareholders, and that, above all, is exempt from the taxes that a privately owned concern pays. But the Mattei adherents will answer this argument by pointing out that, outside of an original sinking fund of \$18 million, Mattei has never come back to the government for money, not even for the costly fertilizer and synthetic-rubber plant.

True, he has had luck. Early in his career of government servant his geologists hit what was

Europe's lushest field of natural gas. By piping this gas into big industrial plants in Milan and Turin and Genoa, as well as bottling it to sell to housewives, Mattei was soon netting an average of \$75 million annually. Mattei's own private joke, in fact, has been that he has forced private industry to finance his public works.

Not even the most ardent Mattei man could deny that there are some things in the ENI operation which seem, at the very least, questionable for a public-owned outfit. For example, long ago it was established beyond doubt that ENI's books had been juggled to cover all sorts of extracurricular activities and unapproved expenditures. Newspapers and magazines—even politicians—have been generously subsidized, either directly or indirectly.

Last year Mattei was caught with the shares of an ambitious journalistic venture, *Il Giorno* of Milan, virtually in his pockets. A loud cry was raised in Parliament, after which red-faced government spokesmen were constrained to divulge the details of a deal involving, briefly, the timely purchase and timelier sale of a very valuable piece of land which, Mattei had been in a position to know, was about to become the terminus of the Milan-Naples Thruway. Profits of \$40 million were turned over to *Il Giorno*.

Nobody with even the most rudimentary knowledge of politics in Italy would deny that Mattei has in late elections virtually financed Italy's ruling Christian Democratic party. The Milanese contingent of the party belongs 100 per cent to Mattei. In fact, Mattei's Milan headquarters, a huge complex of striking new glass skyscrapers called Metanopoli, has been cynically referred to as the "real capital of Italy."

One of the most controversial features of Mattei's activities is that he is constantly playing footsie with the Communists and Socialists, to whom his idea of spending public money is most attractive. With the support of the solid left, added to that of a big faction of his own party, Mattei has become virtually a law unto himself. Nowadays he hardly bothers to get government approval. One of his biggest and costliest projects—an oil pipeline starting from Genoa and going first to Switzerland and then to southern Germany—has been started without even one "What-do-you-think-of-it?" toward the government. The entire system of pipelines for natural gas was laid out and constructed without so much as a look at local ordinances. Farmers' fields were dug up and divided, whole streets of towns and cities were torn up, bridges were constructed over streams, all on Mattei's own authority. At

Cremona the Mayor awoke one morning to find a ditch two feet wide had been dug half-way through the center of the town overnight. He thereupon raised a howl so fearful that Mattei quickly appeared on the scene, apologized, and even offered to make amends—by abandoning the work immediately. At the end of this interview the Mayor was pleading with Mattei please to continue and finish the work and not leave a gaping ditch in his town.

A government committee of five ministers is supposed to supervise Mattei's activities, but in practice rarely does. There exists in the ministries a tacit understanding to let Mattei go pretty much where he wants. Mattei's mandate must be renewed—by the committee of ministers—every three years, but so strong is his position, that not even recent governments of rather conservative complexion have dared deny him his job. Quite possibly any government that would do so would fall. At the very least it would be inviting trouble.

Mattei adherents will frankly admit, in private, most of the bad things said about the boss, but they will at the same time insist that he is only playing politics as they must be played to survive in the Italy of today. ENI has become a political as well as an economic operation. To run ENI properly the president must have political know-how as well as managerial ability. If Mattei waited to get government permission to build things, nothing would ever get built. He must somehow wangle Parliamentary approval, by means fair or foul. Private industry in Italy also notoriously juggles its books and subsidizes politicians; why not public industry too? When in the jungle live by the rules of the jungle.

#### THE DOGGED FISHER

WHAT kind of man is this who has become the darling of public ownership advocates and at the same time the villain of the private enterprisers? Mattei's strongest characteristic is his incredible drive backed by a relentless will power. He is all work and practically no play. When not rushing to Cairo or London or Munich on a quick business chore, he spends a good fourteen or sixteen hours daily at his desk in a plain modest office at general ENI headquarters on Via Tevere in Rome. Even at meals there is usually no letup. To the obvious distress of his most patient Viennese wife, Mattei wants to talk business with associates and employees even when eating lunch and dinner.

The plain fact is that Mattei has precious





little other talk. A very unlettered man, he cannot even be called self-taught. He knows next to nothing about modern history, literature, or religion. He has a liking, curiously enough, for abstract art in its wildest phases, and he buys such pictures by the dozens for his offices, but when asked why, he merely replies: "I just like them." He never reads a book and will only skim through certain newspapers. His vocabulary is quite limited. Except on his own narrow subject, Mattei is most inarticulate.

Mattei has almost no social life. Cocktail parties, the specialty of the Eternal City, are not for him. The only times he accepts an invitation out are those rare occasions when good friends like the Shah of Iran or the King of Morocco or President Bourguiba of Tunisia are passing by and are being feted. Mattei does not even maintain a home at Rome, instead putting up in a permanently rented suite at the Hotel Eden. He never goes to the theatre or to the opera.

The only sport which interests him is trout-fishing, and this he does with a real concentration. He thinks nothing of walking fifteen miles or so up and down a trout stream in the course of a ten-hour day in the open. His wife used faithfully to accompany him on these expeditions, but has in recent years had to beg off. A non-smoker and non-drinker, the Mattei constitution is, in a word, robust. Let Mattei get near a good sports store and he cannot resist the temptation to enter and buy artificial flies.

Mattei is also a demon traveler. He flies to Milan from Rome and back as easily as most people would go downtown. Some weeks he makes this trip as often as six or seven times. If he wants to see King Mohammed V of Morocco or the head of the Krupp works in Germany, Mattei will fly there in the morning, do his business, and fly right back in the afternoon. ENI's air fleet, incidentally, consists of seven airplanes and eight helicopters. A new four-engined jet has recently been ordered for the boss's use,

putting him right up there in the class of the really big capitalists. Mattei's salary, incidentally, is nominal, and he turns even that little over to a war orphans' home and lives, instead, on an expense account.

Mattei's decisions are strictly his own, arrived at generally through a long process of thinking things through. He has assistants, but no real associates. He is not one to discuss matters, nor does he like to have people around who contradict him. It has been said that only one man, the late Senator Ezio Vanoni, former Minister in various postwar governments, has ever been able to say "No" to Mattei. In fact, it is generally believed that Vanoni, the former Socialist turned Christian Democrat, inspired Mattei with the original idea of using AGIP profits to establish government-owned industry. It was also Vanoni who apparently first thought up the idea of creating ENI. Wherever the influence comes from, men in the present top echelons at ENI don't have it. They are quite frequently in the dark about crucial decisions. They are also so generally overloaded with detail work that it is harder to see them than to see the big boss himself.

#### CLIMBING PERILOUSLY

**F**EW men have risen so high on so little as Enrico Mattei. Born fifty-four years ago in a very small town on the Adriatic side of Italy, Mattei was the eldest son in a family of seven children. His father was a noncommissioned *carabiniere* officer whose maximum pay in those years was \$50 monthly. Enrico planned to go to college and get a degree, but he soon abandoned the idea as impractical and at fourteen set out to work. He thus never went beyond elementary school. The title of "engineer," which in later years Mattei was so proudly to put in front of his name (Italians are congenitally fond of titles), was an honorary one bestowed on him in 1953 by the Turin Institute of Technology.

Mattei's first job was painting bedsteads, but he soon shifted to a tannery where, within five years, he rose from apprentice to general manager. By the time he was twenty-three, the Adriatic Coast had become much too restricted an area for this energetic young man. He transferred his activities to his dream city of Milan, and within a few years he had set himself up in his own business of producing chemicals used in tanneries and textiles. By the time he had reached his middle thirties Mattei had acquired the status of a well-to-do Milanese manufacturer.

The war changed much in Italy. A nominal

member of the Fascist party—probably by necessity—Mattei broke with the tottering regime and joined the Resistance. He was unusual among top Partisan leaders in being neither a Communist nor a Socialist. Arrest and dramatic escape interrupted his work for the Allied cause, but at the end of the war General Mark Clark pinned the Silver Star on his chest.

Elected a deputy to the postwar Parliament, Mattei was appointed by the new democratic government to perform the onerous task of liquidating an old Fascist state corporation. Its name was AGIP, a combination of letters which in due time was to become quite famous. AGIP had been started by Mussolini's government to prospect for oil and gas (mineral rights in Italy have long been reserved to the state); but in fifteen years of activity it had found little or nothing and still was costing the state considerable money. Offered for sale, it attracted no bidders, and the decision had been forthwith made to abandon it.

At this point Mattei entered the picture. He knew little about oil or natural gas, but he allowed himself to be persuaded by personable young geologists on the spot that the government's decision was quite wrong. Communications between north and south in Italy in those postwar times were not very good, nor was the chain of command from the ministry down very clearly established. It was a bit risky, but not really dangerous, to ignore orders from above and do the very opposite of what he had been told to do. With a couple of superannuated drilling rigs, a determined Mattei took to the field and began operations.

Within months the lucky man had found natural gas in terrific quantities. The find would be enough to supply, even in this postwar period of prosperity, a good 17 or 18 per cent of Italy's total fuel needs. Moreover, it would save Italy an average of something like \$150 million yearly in foreign exchange normally used to buy coal and oil abroad. Present reserves are estimated to last, at the present rate of consumption, for another twenty years. Mattei was sitting on top of the world. Nobody in Rome was gauche enough to remember his act of disobedience.

Meanwhile, the foreign oil companies, mainly those of the United States, perked up at this discovery of natural gas and began putting in bids for oil concessions. Mattei quickly responded with a bill which excluded all but himself from prospecting in the Po Valley. Later he was to make it tough, although not impossible, for outsiders to drill in any part of the Italian main-

land. (They were still able to drill in Sicily, however.) Most geologists seemed to think that the presence of such quantities of gas plainly indicated oil in the vicinity, but curiously enough Mattei has found only negligible quantities of it in the Po. His enemies have frequently sneered that he is simply incapable of finding oil.

Considering the record, Mattei should not have been too surprised at the reply he got when he asked the international oil combine to cut him in, even for as little as 2 per cent, on the post-Mossadeh deal for the Abadan refinery and concession. The combine's loud "No!" was to be repeated several years later when he also wanted a piece of Libya. This not only hurt Mattei, but made him angry to boot. In one of his few public outbursts of temper he called the Big Seven\* of oil "nasty" and went on to say that to treat Italy, a faithful Atlantic Pact partner, in that manner was "thoroughly shameful."

Soon he was planning sweet revenge. In 1957, he negotiated an oil concession with Iran and, instead of contracting for it on the usual 50-50 basis, he wrote an agreement for a 75-25 division between Iran and ENI. The Big Seven tried so hard to prevent the signing of this concession that the Shah of Iran reprimanded them for their "open, constant, and heavy-handed interference." Having accomplished that, Mattei now began traveling about Africa and the Mediterranean offering similar deals here and there. Nasser of Egypt eagerly took him up, and so did Bourguiba of Tunisia and Mohammed V of Morocco. Ditto too, for Somaliland and the Sudan. Eventually Mattei even got his Libyan concession, again on 75-25 terms.

All this while Mattei was entering the marketing field in a big way. The AGIP filling stations, found in every nook and corner of the Italian peninsula, are lavish pieces of architecture—smart, colorful, spacious. They were the first in Italy to have clean rest-rooms and free showers, and recently they have added such conveniences as bars and restaurants. As a result, AGIP outsells all other brands of gasoline in Italy.

#### THE BIG GAME

**L**AST winter Mattei working through AGIP forced the pace on the price of gasoline and oil. Not having enough crude oil for all his refinery needs, he made a deal with the Russians which gave him around two million tons extra

\*Standard of New Jersey, Standard of Indiana, Standard of California, the Texas Company, Gulf, British Petroleum, and Shell.



annually. The price paid for this fuel was never disclosed, but oil men in Rome believe it was at least 20 per cent, and possibly 40 per cent, lower than Mattei would have had to pay the Big Seven for it.

Having thus assured himself of this supply, Mattei reduced the basic price of refined oil to the lowest in Europe. The international oil companies began complaining about losing something like \$20 million on retail sales alone in Italy. They contended that Mattei was also losing money, but that he covered his losses with the usual fat profits on natural gas. Mattei's reply to this was that the companies had been obviously overpricing their own crude. And he hinted about more cuts to come.

Such companies as Esso, Mobil Oil, British Petroleum, and Shell, all of which retail in Italy, have long suspected that Mattei's real objective was to run them out of business on the peninsula. Perhaps even more important, however, are Mattei's more recent marketing activities throughout Europe, Asia, and North Africa, where he is now getting set to give his enemies, the oil companies, a real run for their money. A system of AGIP filling stations either has already been built or will soon be built in Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, Sudan, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and even Great Britain. A few weeks ago he moved into the Indian market. If Mattei begins slashing prices in all these countries the present price war in Italy will look like a Sunday school picnic by comparison.

Playing the international game of oil is one thing; bucking the Italian industrialists on their own home ground is quite another and infinitely more dangerous game. Italy has had state-owned industries for decades. Shipbuilding and most electrical goods, for example, have long been in the hands of corporations largely owned by the state. But most of these state-owned outfits have lost rather than made money, and at best have avoided direct competition with private industry. Certainly none has had the benefit of anything approaching the dynamic talents of Mattei.

Mattei's first big sortie into industry, as distinguished from the gas and oil business, came when he decided to build a \$150 million fertilizer and synthetic-rubber plant at Ravenna. His nominal justification for this project, not widely believed, was that only in this way could he find use for a surplus supply of natural gas he had brought in near Ravenna. Whatever the real motive, an immediate howl of protests, led by the great chemical firm of Montecatini, arose. The outraged howling increased as Mattei began

slashing prices and breaking up the old fertilizer monopoly. At the same time all sorts of statistics were paraded to prove that Ravenna could never, never be an economic success. Admittedly, there were confusing elements in the situation. Should not, for example, Mattei charge himself the same rate he charges private industry for the natural gas he uses? Otherwise, contend the industrialists, it would be unfair.

Even now, several years later, it is easy to prove that at Ravenna Mattei has not had a proper return on the lire investment. But other incalculables hard to express on the credit or debit sides of ledgers surely enter the picture. Before ENI's plant was built Ravenna was a city living feebly off its splendid Byzantine monuments. Now it has the bustle of a very live provincial city. The unemployment slack which had plagued the town for decades has been taken up. The price of land has risen. The once dead port is now in constant use. Sometimes it would seem better to build even at too high a cost than not to build at all.

#### SOARING INTO TROUBLE

**M**ATTEI'S latest project is perhaps his most interesting, if only for the impact it promises to have on an old problem. A vast refinery and industrial plant are now under construction at Gela, on the southwestern tip of Sicily. The refinery will eventually take something like six million tons of crude a year, the chemical plant will produce all of Italy's asphalt needs and fertilizers and plastic materials besides, and an electricity generating plant will supply not only Gela but much of occidental Sicily with cheap power. All this is estimated to cost \$200 million, a truly whopping sum for any city in the Italian South and stupendous for poverty-stricken Sicily.

Gela has a long, illustrious, and tragic history dating back to the sixth century, B.C., when it formed a part of Magna Graecia. Its chief claim to fame in recent years, however, is that it is a sad example of Sicily's pervading poverty. With a total of 52,000 inhabitants, it hardly has the facilities of a village of a thousand in the United States. Its streets are largely unpaved. Few houses have running water. Donkeys and chickens normally sleep in the same room with the family. The crime rate is high, and incest is not uncommon. Illiteracy is rated at about 60 per cent of the population above six years old. Unemployment is put at 4,000; underemployment at 14,000. A man who can earn as much as \$20 monthly at Gela is considered lucky. In

recent elections at Gela the Communists have been gaining dramatically.

All sorts of schemes have been tried to relieve this situation—agrarian reform, a special Southern Development Fund, special tax rebates for industry. But they have made little impact. What Gela needed was jobs, and permanent jobs at that. And this is precisely what the new ENI plant promises to give—something like 2,500 of them at good pay.

Again, all sorts of criticisms have been made. Although AGIP found oil in great quantity in the valley above Gela, the quality was so poor that it was considered hardly salable. Why, oh why, it was asked in Parliament, try to produce more oil when there is already a glut on the market?

The Gela oil, moreover, contains a high percentage of sulfur, one of the many by-products Mattei intends to extract. But Sicily already has open sulfur mines galore. In fact, working conditions in those mines have long been a scandal. Largely because of antiquated machinery, Sicilian sulfur has cost at least twice what it brings on the world market. The differences until now have been made up by a benevolent government trying at all costs to keep men at work. But now comes Mattei with assurances that he can produce his sulfur at world prices and still make a profit. The open sulfur mines as they are now worked seem doomed, and again the cry of unfair competition is raised. The same thing happens with Edison of Italy when Mattei sets out to produce cheap current.

Mattei seems by and large impervious to all these arguments. If he comments at all, it is merely to mumble that his critics seem to be living in another age. But he does realize that in Gela he has really taken on a big job. One difficulty is that he must work with very unskilled labor, and the cost of Gela promises to be higher than can be justified by any foreseeable return. But any price would seem justified if

only at long last the old vicious circle of ignorance, poverty, and crime in South Italy could be broken. If Mattei can do that, he will have left his indelible mark on his country.

One eminent writer on economic subjects, with a long liberal record in Italian affairs, when asked to weigh the good in Mattei versus the bad, summarized this way: In his activities within Italy Mattei has been brilliantly useful, but in his foreign ventures he is dangerous.

This writer liked Mattei when he was producing cheap bottled gas for the Italian housewife, when he was undercutting established monopolies in fertilizers, when he produced cheaper current for everybody, and when he built model filling stations here, there, and everywhere. He even admired the way Mattei by-passed governmental bureaucracy, and he was not too disturbed by Mattei's methods of buying popular support. After all, he reasoned, the private industrialists do the same thing.

But playing politics abroad seemed another matter. In making his deals with Arab countries and Russia the ENI boss had definitely tried to influence the Italian Foreign Office. For a time last winter Italy was making up to the Soviet Union in a manner quite unbecoming an Atlantic Pact partner, all because of Mattei. And this fall he consummated a bigger-than-ever new deal with Moscow which brings a total of three million tons of crude into Italy at a discount of around 40 per cent, at the same time that Mattei sells the Russians steel piping.

The trouble, however, is that no political force is in sight capable of stopping Mattei. And past efforts to get or even to contain him have failed. Once Mattei would have been glad to become a member of the international oil club; now you couldn't drag him in. The probabilities are that the oil companies and the Italian industrialists are simply going to have to get used to living in the same world with Enrico Mattei for many long years to come.





By Harriet Hughes Crowley

Drawings by Stanley Wyatt



## *My Dear Irish Doctors*

*An ailing American in a Dublin hospital  
makes some startling discoveries  
about the art and science of medicine.*

**J**IM, my husband, had been ill for several months before we left for Ireland. Not only was his chronic sinus trouble flaring up more severely and frequently, but he had a whole new set of symptoms. He was unaccountably tired all the time and had recurring headaches and numbness in his hands and feet. He had a pinched look about his eyes and mouth. However, his appetite, always hearty, was better than ever.

He had been given complete physical examinations by one American doctor after another and had been seen by a variety of specialists. The grand finale was an examination by a new machine flown in from California, which filmed the flow of blood through the arteries. It showed nothing abnormal.

One group of doctors went on suspecting something amiss in the circulatory system while another theorized that his troubles stemmed from an injury to the spine. The spinal school urged an exploratory operation. Jim said there

was insufficient evidence and wouldn't hear of it. The circulatory people rigged up a device for dripping an anticoagulant into his blood stream in hour-long sessions, but Jim discontinued it when the numbness got worse. Another specialist prescribed a no-salt, no-fats diet, and Jim adhered to it just in case the man knew what he was talking about. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait for more easily interpreted symptoms to develop.

I had qualms about going to Ireland but Jim had none. He was a radio commentator and had recently lost his sponsor. He wanted to build up his health before going in search of another, and thought that rest and change of scenery would do him more good than further medical examination. Certainly they could not do him any less—so in March of 1950 we set out with our two children, five-year-old Mimi and three-year-old Jerry.

On our second night on Irish soil, while the four of us were sleeping in one room in a hotel in Cork (the only accommodation we had been able to get) Jerry woke up strangling and gasping for breath. I thought it was asthma and remembered hearing that the best emergency measure was a plunge into hot water. I raced to

the nearest bathroom, on the floor above. Only icy water trickled into the tub. Meanwhile, the night clerk had been trying in vain to reach doctors by telephone. Jerry's face was getting bluer and his head was falling limply on his shoulder. Jim wrapped him hastily in a blanket and carried him out into the street, where he hailed the first passing car and asked to be taken to the nearest hospital.

The hospital was a fortress with a wall around it and a locked gate with a bell. Jim and the driver of the car began beating on the gate and shouting when there was no response to the bell. Finally a nun came. She couldn't manage to unlock the gate and went off for help. When at last they were inside, there was another long delay before the nun located the doctor, who relieved Jerry's breathing with an injection of adrenalin and said it was croup. Jerry was put under an improvised tent with a steam kettle—which frightened him so that Jim went under with him and held him on his lap. When Jim suffered no ill effects from that middle-of-the-night steaming followed by rapid chilling in the cold air, both of us thought he must be more rugged than we had realized.

We stayed a week in Cork and then proceeded to a hotel in Killarney. Jim would spend the whole day driving and trudging through the cold rain looking for a house for us. At night, since Jerry's croup had returned, he and the child would sit in the hotel kitchen with a steam kettle underneath an umbrella with a sheet draped over it. Then Jim would climb back into his bed, which was never warm no matter how many hot water jugs were in it.

One early morning Jim's teeth were chattering. Breathing like an exhausted sheep dog, he was carried out of the hotel on a stretcher to St. Anne's Isolation Hospital—a new, spacious, and up-to-date establishment which it appeared he had all to himself except for one little demon in the children's ward adjoining his room who spent the next two weeks leering through the glass partition.

The nun in charge, Sister Teresa, gave top priority to ministering to the spirits of "the poor man, so sick, so far from home." He was almost constantly in motion as she wheeled his bed into

a stray wisp of sunshine or up to the window for a view of Macgillycuddy's Reeks. She filled the large and pleasant room at all hours with all the people she knew or had heard of who had been to America, and never left him without a tray piled with nourishing dishes.

Jim's illness was like no case of pneumonia I had ever heard of. I was at a loss to account for its radical ups and downs. Once he was sitting up, his color ruddy, entertaining a whole roomful of Sister's recruits. An hour later I returned to find him too weak to lift his head from the pillow, his skin a mottled gray and lavender. Sister said gaily not to worry, she'd revive him; and off she sailed for a tumbler of dark amber liquid which she ordered him to gulp down. It was straight brandy. Even his morning coffee was laced with it.

THE day Jim left the hospital (rivulets of brandy having been poured into vases and down the drains in the bathroom across the hall by then), he asked for his bill. Sister Teresa looked hurt and changed the subject. Interpreting this as just another of her many endearing idiosyncrasies, Jim took up the subject with the doctor.

"Oh, don't be giving it another thought!" the doctor said. "I ordered you here, didn't I? If you had been sent to jail, you wouldn't expect to be billed for it, would you?"

He explained that the hospital had been built and was maintained by funds from the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes and, though doctors could present their own personal bills, as he would in due course, there was no charge to anyone for hospital board, room, or treatment. Jim was allowed to add to his collection of sweepstakes tickets but Sister Teresa continued to balk at an outright donation. Finally she whittled it down to a sum that didn't come close to covering the cost of the antibiotics, not to mention the brandy. Sister arranged a farewell drink for us while she and the other nuns sat smiling and nodding, their hands folded primly in their laps.

Jim's illness aroused sympathy for us throughout Killarney and its environs and greatly eased the housing situation. The estate agent, with whom we had been getting no place before, suddenly bethought himself of an old house in the mountains seventeen miles from Killarney. He handed us the keys, and we moved in.

My husband's health appeared somewhat improved in late spring and on through the summer. He would long since have starved to death if he had kept to the fat-free diet pre-

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*Harriet Hughes Crowley and her husband are both journalists who worked in Detroit and Washington before going to Ireland in 1950 for a two-year stay. Now living in Ann Arbor, Mrs. Crowley writes for the "Detroit Athletic Club News."*





worked in Washington. He was eating Irish bacon, spuds, fat, and all the eggs he wanted. Although he wasn't up to par, both of us felt he was really getting there.

There was talk around and we were planning to leave the house to go to a Dublin suburb. Morning symptoms came on again. His hands could not be put around our beds and he was all feeling in them. He was exhausted and couldn't sleep. But was growing thinner by the day. The doctor in Killarney advised him to see one in Dublin, Professor Moore, "one of the world's greatest diagnosticians." I was all for going home at once. That claim sounded so much like so many others—notably the terms of praise that went up on all sides for the health-giving, restorative qualities of the good Irish air. On the other hand, there wasn't much I could say when Jim reminded me of all the conflicting theories he had learned in at home and the complete failure of American doctors to diagnose his case.

As soon as we were established in our suburban home, Jim went to see Professor Moore in his office around the corner from Fitzwilliam Square. The reception room where I waited was beautifully furnished. The brass fireplace hearth was gleaming, the silver was filled with flowers, and the table was polished. It was hard to take either the surroundings or Professor Moore seriously. He was a small man, so plump as to seem almost comical, although his face was very pale and pinched. My first impression was of a man who dabbled in medicine or kept himself occupied with his interests when he was free.

Jim said that Professor Moore spent most of the time they were together simply staring at him as if he were preparing to paint his por-

trait. It was such an unusual procedure that Jim found it disconcerting and couldn't refrain from remarking on it. Professor Moore said Jim had put his finger on the main difference between his school of medicine and the methods in favor in the United States.

"Your doctors," Professor Moore said, "depend too much on their wonderful machines—and they are wonderful. But not enough attention is given to the patient's appearance—the condition of his skin, the look in his eyes, and all the many signs that go to make up a picture of a whole illness. Your doctors never really *see* their patients."

He had studied at the University of Edinburgh under disciples of the great Dr. Joseph Bell, who was such a wizard at the visual diagnosis of disease that he went a step further and detected occupations as well—and became Conan Doyle's model for Sherlock Holmes. Later Professor Moore had worked at Johns Hopkins and was currently doing research on cortisone for an American drug company.

Jim had the impression that Professor Moore knew from the first glance what was wrong with him. But outside of a few guarded predictions of a possible recovery, he said nothing definite until he had put Jim to a nursing home for tests. Then he said that everything bore out what he had seen written clearly on Jim's face, particularly in the pinched and strained look around the mouth and eyes and in the parched appearance of his skin. All that had given him pause was Jim's age. He was younger than he should have been to fit precisely into the pattern. What he had was pernicious anemia, so advanced that the central nervous system was degenerating. A few years before he would have been doomed to a lingering, painful death but, though there was still no cure for the disease, it could be brought under control since the discovery of Vitamin B-12. Jim would have to have weekly shots of it for the rest of his life—which could be of a normal span.

Jim stayed in the nursing home for a week while the B-12 regimen was started.

It still didn't seem possible to me that Dublin could come up with the answer that had eluded so many doctors in so many superbly equipped hospitals and medical centers in the United States. And in a few weeks it began to appear that we were off on another wild goose chase. For Jim was not only failing to show improvement; he was even sicker.

The B-12 had been given by a nurse, and Professor Moore had not seen Jim since he had left

the nursing home. The next time Jim went to him, Professor Moore began scrutinizing him with that familiar penetrating stare.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm fine, thanks," Jim said, purely rhetorically.

"You're not at all. You have some serious infection. It will have to be cleared up before we can do anything for the anemia."

Jim said he did have one blinger of a headache, a recurrence of his chronic sinus trouble, by far the worst he had ever had.

Professor Moore wanted him to see a specialist right away, one that he described as "the greatest in his field in Europe, if not the world." He was surprised that Jim had never heard of him or his illustrious forebears. The Hunters had been famous nose and throat specialists in Dublin even before the grandfather of the one Jim was about to see gained world renown when he performed a dramatic operation on the Kaiser.

Hunter was not Irish, but Anglo-Irish: there is a vast difference between the two, nowhere more sharply defined than in the medical field. In the eyes of the Irish, what competence might grudgingly be conceded to the Anglo-Irish is more than offset by a stern and heartless demeanor. The Anglo-Irish, on the other hand, view Irish compassion as a bumbling cover-up for sloppiness and ignorance.

**A**LTHOUGH we had no way of knowing it when Jim made his first visit, Hunter's Anglo-Irishness was complicated by exhaustion. He was at the end of his rope and taking it out on everything and everybody—most particularly the Irish, that being as natural to him as breathing. He glowered at Jim, not trying to diagnose his case but to solve the baffling question of why an apparently sane American had chosen to come to Ireland to live.

"How long have you had this trouble?" he asked when he finally brought his attention to bear on the medical problem.

"For about twenty years," Jim replied.

"Didn't ask for your life history!" the doctor said.

Jim attempted a mollifying comment on how rewarding it must be to be able to help people.

"People!" the doctor snorted.

Thinking that inadvertently he might have exasperated the man by calling him *Dr.* Hunter, Jim said the various forms of address, professor

for a teaching doctor, mister for a surgeon, had him confused.

"Mister, doctor, doctor, mister! What difference does it make!" the man growled.

During a lengthy and, it seemed to Jim, a pretty tough examination, the doctor began to show signs of a burgeoning interest and respect for Jim, simply because he complained of the pain. Mr. Hunter said he was tired of patients with "no nervous systems, nothing to feel with." He seemed quite delighted to have cracked open a fine set of jangling nerves and began talking to Jim as one human being to another about the operation he would have to perform on Jim immediately—a Caldwell-Luc, to provide drainage from the antrums on both sides. He answered all Jim's questions with commendable patience. X-rays were made and Jim went into a nursing home the next day.

The first glimpse of the nursing home—several row houses thrown together and sketchily converted with flimsy partitions—brought to mind quacks, illegal operations, and bodies smuggled out by night. Jim's room on the third floor was reached by a narrow, dark stairway which, though reasonably clean, smelled of age. In his tiny room was a narrow bed, the foot of it so close to the fireplace that when Jim was lying down it looked as if the fire might consume his feet. The nurse pushed the bed as far away from the fire as the little space allowed when I told her that Jim's numb feet could be burned without his knowing it. When I left, I was instructed not to return until visiting hours the next day, when Jim's operation would be over.

I went home and called all the neighbors, who had assured me before that Mr. Hunter *was* a great surgeon, to ask them what they knew of the nursing home. It was the best you could hope for in Dublin, I was told, unless (always with a wry laugh) you were lucky enough not to be able to afford it and had to go to a sweepstakes-supported hospital.

Jim came out of the anesthetic quite a while before I saw him and completely unattended. Only slightly conscious, he groped for a cigarette on the bedside table, lit it, took a few puffs, and tossed it, he thought, into the fireplace. The charwoman happened in soon afterward and was able to put out the smoldering fire in the small rug on which the cigarette had landed.

Mr. Hunter had been in to see him and was full of surprises—cheerful to





the point of joviality, and even surer than before of permanent benefit from the operation. He had said that Jim was doing so well that he was leaving him in the hands of an assistant and continuing his vacation.

The next morning when I set foot on Jim's floor, I saw what looked like a crap game in progress. All the nurses, talking and exclaiming at once, were down on their hands and knees in a ring around a spread-out newspaper. Jim was sitting up in bed, so eager to show me the *Irish Times* that he tossed it to me as I crossed the threshold of his room.

On the front page was a picture of Mr. Hunter. The caption announced that he had given up his Dublin practice and gone to England to set up a new one.

AS SOON as Jim was out of the nursing home, he went back to Professor Moore, and the massive doses of B-12 were resumed. Now, more than ever, we were watching for signs of life in his hands and feet and for the ravenous craving for food to subside. Because one thing at long last was turning out right—Jim was never ceasing to rejoice over the complete clarity of his sinuses—I could dare to hope that it wasn't just imagination when he would report spots of feeling in his finger tips.

When Jim could feel the vibrations of a tuning fork touched to his hands and feet, Professor Moore pronounced his central nervous system well on the way to regeneration. By the time we were ready to leave Ireland, six months after the sinus operation, all Jim's symptoms had disappeared completely. On his last visit to Mr. Hunter's office, Mr. Hunter himself—whose short bout with the English medical setup had made it possible for him to face the Irish again with reasonable equanimity—was on hand to

give the final benediction. Soon after, we left.

Jim has never had a moment's discomfort from his sinuses and has only been aware of his pernicious anemia when he has forgotten his weekly shot of B-12 and wonders why he feels run down. The memory of the confusion before we went to Ireland, as well as his conviction that the diagnosis of a Dublin doctor would carry little weight on this side of the Atlantic, has made him wary of mentioning it—a policy justified by recent events when he was undergoing a routine physical checkup in a big Detroit hospital. Remembering that he was overdue for the B-12 and was out of his supply of it at home, he asked a doctor to order some for him.

Immediately he was shunted off the main thoroughway to the blood department and given many tests he had had before and some that were new to him. As the anemia does not show up in laboratory examinations when under control, there was considerable disagreement among the blood specialists. Some maintained that he never had had it and suggested taking him off the B-12 to see what would happen. Others thought he *had* had it, but did no longer. There was speculation about a new trouble, one so little known that it was still undefined. He was kept in the hospital seeing so many doctors that their faces became one big blur to him and later when their staggering bills began coming in, the names on them meant nothing to him.

But still no conclusions had been reached on what he had—or might have had. So Jim went on with the B-12, putting his trust in one doctor who, if we had not had the Irish experience, would have seemed like an odd duck indeed.

He looked at Jim from all angles and mused aloud that he *did* seem like the type—even to the long ears so characteristic of those prone to anemia.

## CONSUMERS' RESEARCH

THE bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration: but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession.

—Tobias Smollett, *Humphry Clinker*, 1771

JOHN CIARDI

## MY COUNTRYMAN MARCO POLO



ONCE, from a cliff, my countryman Marco Polo looked into a valley, and with clouds between, saw horsemen swarm like beetles and running ant-men overtaken. They were too far to fall: he guessed their deaths when one of every two stopped in his tracks. "There never was a war so lost in space," he said. "I heard the wind, and the long scratch of an eagle's cry adrift, and I saw the running and stopping between clouds."

It was his first and last sight of that place. He moved East, a thousand leagues yet to splendors and strange customs. And returned, and could not find again in the mountain mazes that valley below the clouds. "There was a village," he said in his wine, "and after the running and stopping, the beetles entered with torches and, fire-flushed, another scribble of ants ran and was stopped. Then the smoke made a squall in the valley's throat: black cloud under white clouds, and the sun dropping. My horses and men were waiting. We were few and had far to go. Tibon they call that country, and the souls of men need God's sinews to cross it. We saw the backs of eagles but never their breasts. And descended at last, losing our best by the way: burials at piled stones in the wind that snatched prayer unspoken from our mouths, screams like a fissure in air plunging away from the ledges. We came to the Emperor—afire in silks and carbuncles, he sat rat-faced in splendor, an uncombed hemp of whiskers strung from his chin. —And returned. Honored. With gifts. Returned tugging our souls once more over God's backbone. Losing our gifts and companions. Arriving with no more than seeds, the dish of the little strings,\* and the powder that burns with many colors and a great sound."

He was slow in the telling. His voice said more than his words of the time it is over the ridge of the world. And what are splendors in their rat-faces? Of all the brinks he walked, it was one valley my countryman Marco Polo returned to most in the slow nights over wine. An old man he was in my prime and I listened in reverence. Great brow, great mane, he seemed a white lion thinking. "It is myself I see from a cliff past cloud, my struggles small and soundless, and my companions shed from the last ledge under God. Whose dwarf I am. Whose traveler I was once. Whose dust I stir remembering." Said my countryman Marco Polo these forty years away to the dusts I sit in.

\*Spaghetti means "little strings."



# WILL YOU COME TO EUROPE AND NOT SEE IT... AGAIN?

h, yes, you did visit us once before—and more than  
nce, perhaps.

ou quick-tripped our capitals  
hen the tourist tide was at its crest.

ou did the palaces and buildings of state,  
oured historic halls and gaped  
y greatness on the walls of our museums,  
ined and stayed in big city restaurants and hotels  
esigned for you,  
ne American Tourist.

(How many miles of hard city pavement did you cover as you “saw” Europe  
raining your neck all the while to see above the crowd?)  
ome now.

ouldn't you laugh loud (but friendly, as we do now)  
someone from our side of the Atlantic  
id he had seen the U.S.A.

y visiting  
ew York  
hicago

an Francisco and L.A.?

nd got the feel of your country simply by standing  
a block-long line for a ticket to the Radio City Music Hall?

When you were last in Europe,  
how many Europeans did you talk to, shake hands with . . .  
*other than those who served you?*

How many people did you really get to *know*,  
how many new names,  
new places  
away from the track beaten so smooth by the  
feet of a million more?

Tell us.  
Did you ever stand in front of the Mona Lisa  
in silence  
uninterrupted by elbows, voices?

Did you ever take your pick of the best tables in a restaurant  
or choose the room you wanted,  
or say when *you*  
wanted to do  
whatever *you* had in mind?

Did you ever get into your own little car,  
or on a bus,  
train or plane,  
and go looking for Europe in Europe?

Did you ever find a tiny town on your own private map  
where the stream runs through  
and the people smiled at you  
as you walked through their village,  
clicking on cobblestones that have waited centuries  
for you to come home?

Did you ever have a family open the door wide  
(knowing there weren't a dozen more behind you)  
and invite you to stay awhile and see  
their place, their home,  
*them?*

*Next time, do it. Promise yourself this:  
Don't be tied to the tourist season—come any time.  
Europe is always in Season!  
Come see us as we really are—  
at home.*

*And see us, too, away from the big cities,  
where the air runs free,  
where people are waiting to help you see  
and feel, know, understand—  
and put away into your memory the living sense of  
having been somewhere,  
while you carry away with you  
a heart-full of invitations to come back!*

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SYDNEY KOSSEN

# California's \$2 BILLION THIRST

*Businessmen (and most San Franciscans) called it a ruinous extravagance. . . . Organized labor fought it bitterly. . . . But a governor staked his political future on the biggest water project in modern times.*

**H**EADS down, a herd of purebred Arabian horses grazes serenely below a dusty knoll which shelters them from the winter wind funneling through central California's Pacheco Pass. Their days in this pasture are numbered. Nearby a survey crew is at work laying out guide lines for the world's largest water-transportation system. This will be the site of a vast midway storage basin. It will flood seven thousand acres of the king-size cattle ranch granted to Paula Fatijo's forebears by the Mexican government in 1814. Even the century-old adobe hacienda must go. For the Fatijos the water project spells trouble. But to most Californians it holds bright promise—a solution to the state's thorniest problem: the water shortage which has been compounded by an unlikely interlocking of nature, politics, sectional jealousies, and America's westward population surge.

Paradoxically, California—over-all—does not lack water. There is more than enough for sixteen million Californians to slake their thirst, bathe, launder, operate their factories, irrigate their crops, water their lawns, fill their swimming pools, make their ice cubes, dilute their bourbon, and grind their garbage. However, California is eight hundred miles long, and 98 per cent of the water supply is in the north while 60 per cent of

the population is in the south. As one engineer put it, in Southern California "more people have come to live, work, and play in a region farther removed from adequate water supplies than in any other part of the earth at any time in recorded history."

This is why California has now embarked upon the Feather River Project—the most ambitious water-development plan since a succession of emperors commissioned the historic aqueducts of Rome—a scheme which will cost the state \$2 billion or more to start and much more later.

The pressures for this gigantic undertaking have steadily mounted over the years. Handicapped by a freak of geography, California has also been hard hit by the enormous recent increase in water use. Most cities today need about 150 gallons per inhabitant and industries are even thirstier. In processing one barrel of crude oil, for instance, about 40 barrels of water must circulate. To make a ton of steel takes about 100,000 gallons of water—250 to can a case of lima beans. As a nation, we are now using up water at eight times the rate we did in 1900 and—at the pace we are going—we will be consuming 90 per cent of the available supply by 1975.

Hence the California Water Plan is a useful case history for the country both in its magnitude and in the political vicissitudes it has encountered.

Even for this sprawling, brawling state the sectional animosities and special-interest bickering generated by the water plan have been notable. There has been no hotter political issue since "right to work" was laid to rest along with the gubernatorial hopes of William Knowland.

Now the man who defeated Knowland, Democratic Governor Edmund "Pat" Brown, has staked his political future on water development and has given it top priority in his first-term program. Number one—among fifteen propositions up for referendum vote last November—was a measure which came to be known as "Pat Brown's water bonds." The Governor stumped the state campaigning for it. With the help of influential newspapers and organizations, he persuaded the voters to approve a \$1.75 billion bond issue—the largest ever authorized by a state. It will be used to harness California's largest untamed stream, the picturesque, snow-fed Feather River which courses through steep-walled granite canyons and forested mountains before emptying into the mighty Sacramento.

Within a few years, waters of the rampaging Feather will be impounded behind the world's tallest and costliest dam—Oroville on the slopes

of the Sierra Nevada 150 miles northeast of San Francisco. Oroville will hold back more than a trillion gallons of water—or enough to cover 3.5 million acres one foot deep. Including hydroelectric facilities the dam will cost \$150 million; maybe more, depending on inflation.

From Oroville water will flow south along a 740-mile route, first into the Sacramento and then to the Delta, a fertile lowland east of San Francisco Bay. There aqueducts will be built at both ends of the bay to supply nearby water-deficient counties. (San Francisco is not one of them. It has built its own municipal system and even sells water to neighboring communities.) Mainly, water will flow south to the parched but populous Los Angeles area and to the San Joaquin Valley where overworked wells are low and water supplied by the federal Central Valley Project is now inadequate.

Back in the 1930s this project for the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys was the most inspiring water development in America, built with federal funds to create jobs during the depression. The waters of the Sacramento River salvaged by Shasta Dam irrigated farms, preserved fish life, and drove back Pacific salt water. The Central Valley Project was a vast boon to a state of six million people. But California's population has now nearly tripled and is growing at a rate of half a million per year.

The new Feather River Project is based on a forecast of 25 million Californians by 1975 and 42 million by the year 2000. Major water projects take years to complete and must be planned and built far in advance of drought if costly crash programs are to be avoided. Indeed, the need for the project was recognized fifteen years ago during the administration of Earl Warren.

In view of the magnitude of the scheme it is perhaps more remarkable that it is coming to pass at all than that it met rough sledding along the way. Heated by sectional emotions, the controversy simmered for years in the state legislature. Northern Californians feared they would be deprived not just of a surplus but of water needed for their area's future growth. "The north is asked to vote away its birthright," charged San Francisco's attorney, Dion Holm.

Southern Californians were equally suspicious. Since they pay most of the state's taxes and cast

most of its votes, they wanted firm constitutional guarantees of water delivery. The south controls the assembly while the rural north dominates the state senate. Thus, bill after bill failed.

As each one was introduced, the press sought the views of Governor Goodwin J. Knight, Pat Brown's predecessor in office. The affable Republican had two useful evasions: (1) "I haven't read the bill yet"; or (2) "I don't want to get in a rigid position on water." A press corps wag sized it up this way: "The Governor said today, 'Half my friends are for the bill. Half my friends are against it. I'm for my friends'."

The impasse continued through Knight's last two years in office; only a few minor water measures got through. Then in Governor Brown's "honeymoon" legislative session in 1959 both houses passed an act putting the bond issue on the ballot for referendum vote. Many die-hards protested that the language of the bill was too loose, that sectional differences still had not been resolved. Brown replied, "It is far better to have the water with the problems than just to have the problems with no water."

#### BOON OR BONANZA?

**A**LTHOUGH a majority of California voters were won over by the Governor last November, hostility to the plan has by no means been stilled. In fact, potent arguments are marshaled by the opposition, which includes two highly vocal and oddly assorted factions—conservative investors and organized labor. The former are appalled by the huge cost involved, the latter argue that it will benefit the few at the expense of the many.

Chief target of the economy-minded is Oroville Dam, which is the heart of the Feather River Project. Engineering and financial consultants employed by the state (Charles T. Main, Inc. of Boston, and Dillon Read & Co. of New York) did, in fact, recommend that the dam not be started for another fifteen years. Because of its immense cost, they said, it will use up funds needed for projects in the south which would suffice to meet the early demand.

Nor are the opponents impressed by the fact that Oroville is also a flood-control project. There must, they say, be a cheaper way to prevent another Christmas week like that of 1955, when the Feather River went wild. Sixty-five persons perished. Property damage totaled \$200 million. The specter of another such disaster haunted the legislature during the long years of debate over the water project. (Cont. on p. 100)

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*Sydney Kossen, political writer for the San Francisco "Examiner," was born in Seattle and has lived in California since 1938—except for World War II duty as a Navy gunnery officer.*



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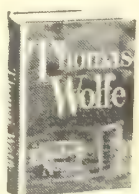
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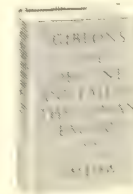
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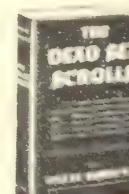
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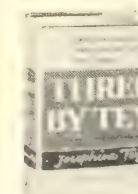
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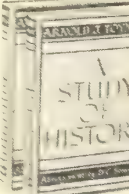
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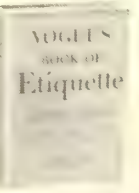
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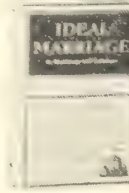
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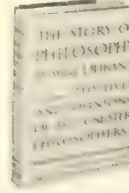
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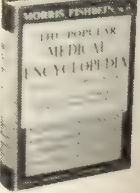
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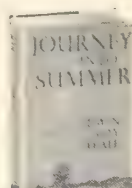
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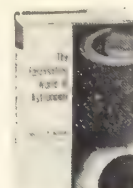
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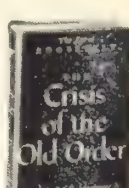
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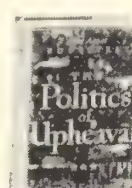
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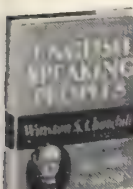
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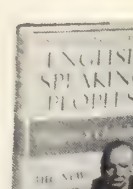
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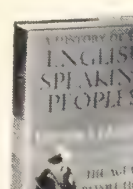
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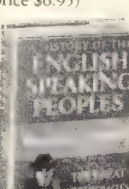
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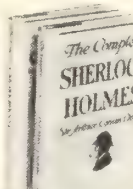
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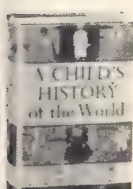
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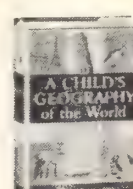
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*The Feather River Project*

The federal government is expected to contribute about \$70 million for Feather River flood control. But the detractors ask: What's that in the total outlay of around a half billion for the Oroville Dam alone? Even this figure—in the view of some engineers may be an underestimate.

For different reasons the California Labor Federation, AFL-CIO, has given the water program the back of its calloused hand. Labor contends that it will chiefly benefit private power interests and vastly increase land values of corporation farmers in the San Joaquin Valley.

This is one of the world's lushest farm lands, stretching 250 miles down the center of California between the Sierra and the Coast Range. It produces bountiful crops of cotton, fruit, vegetables, melons, livestock, poultry, nuts, grain, and sugar beets, with the aid of mechanical cultivators, pruners, pickers, balers, truck conveyors, combines, sprayers, dusters, and feeders. Here sociologists found "Factories in the Field" two

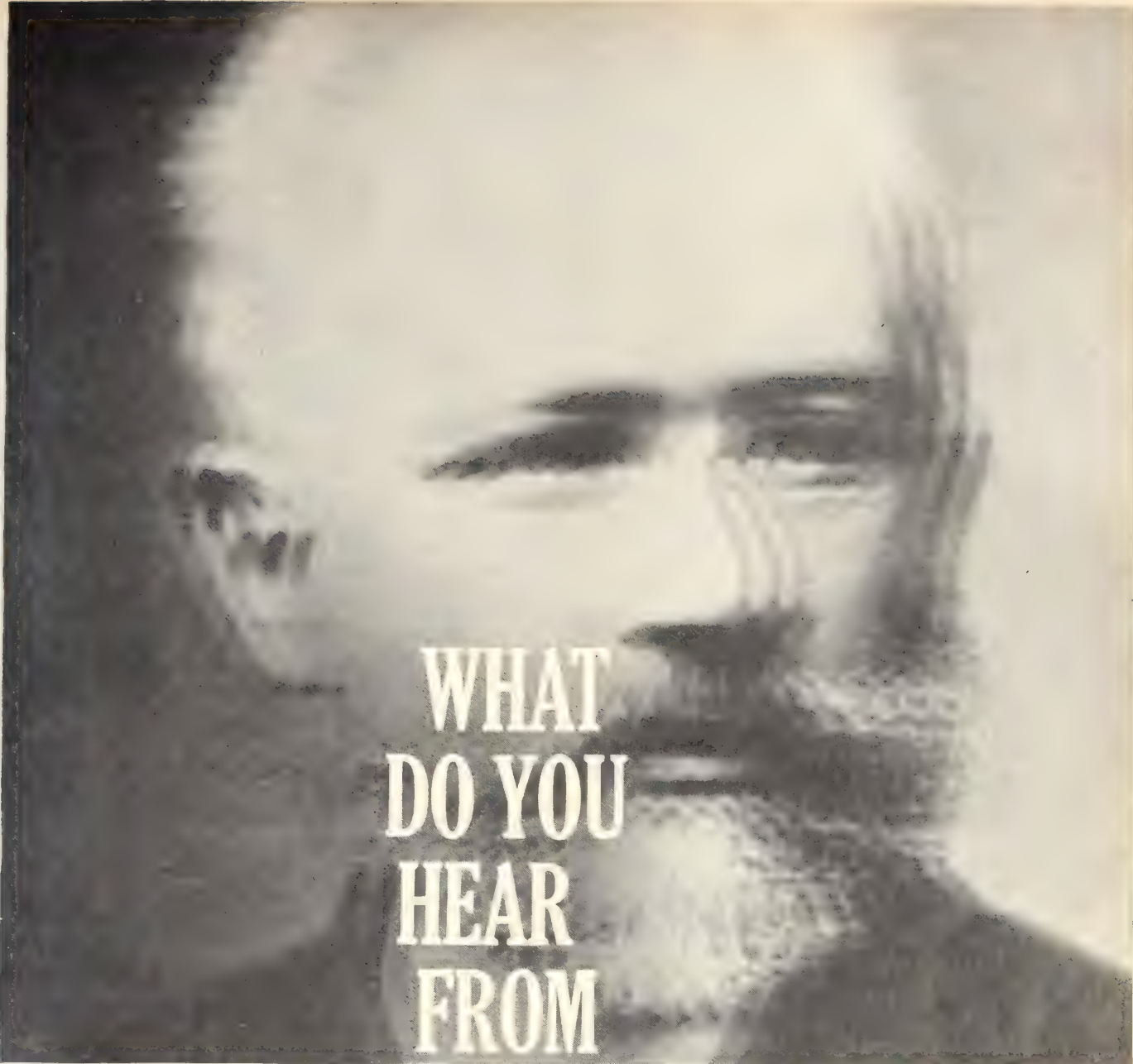
decades ago and this is still the most industrialized agricultural area in the United States. The valley contributes in large measure to California's position as the number one farm state, a ranking determined by cash receipts. In 1959 California's farm income reached a record figure of more than \$8 billion. The average value of farms in this area is 12 per cent higher than elsewhere in California and four times greater than the national average. (There are also many oil and gas wells in the valley.)

Labor charges that the irrigation area which the new water project must serve is controlled largely by a "handful of giants," such as Southern Pacific Company with 150,000 acres along the projected aqueduct route and another 1,380,000 acres of desert growing lands. Here, say the labor leaders, "rich speculators

expect to hit a water bonanza at the taxpayers' expense." The Kern County Land Company has 148,000 acres, of which 56,000 are likely to be irrigated by state water. Tejon Ranch, owned in part by the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Corporation, owns 168,000 acres and can anticipate water delivery for 56,000. Standard Oil Company of California owns 218,000 and other oil companies 265,000 acres, but all lie outside the potential water-service area.

"Even if all direct subsidies are withheld from these large landowners," said one labor economist, "the land will increase in value in an amount estimated between \$500 and \$1,000 an acre because the availability of water will increase the productivity of the land."

The AFL-CIO urged that the State apply an acreage limitation to water customers in the San Joaquin Valley. Governor Brown, however, has recommended instead a surcharge of \$2 an acre-foot on holdings of more than 160 acres.



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"This kind of differential can to a large extent remove the economic advantage the large mechanized farm otherwise would have," Brown has said. "In addition, it should be borne in mind that the neighbors of the large landowners in the San Joaquin Valley are receiving water from the [federal] Central Valley Project for a canalside price of \$3.50. Thus, the owner of large holdings will be at a further competitive disadvantage."

The AFL-CIO still was not satisfied and went on record as opposed to the bond issue, losing sight of a key factor: If the large farmer were kept out, the small customer would have to shoulder the whole cost burden. Since neither labor nor any other opponent has come up with a feasible alternative, they have been likened to those who balked at the construction of the Panama Canal and the Golden Gate Bridge. The bold, imaginative water program, Governor Brown and his allies believe, holds the key to the future growth and stability of the state.

It has been given added urgency, in their view, by the prospect that California seems destined to lose out to Arizona in the long battle for the waters of the Colorado River. Years of litigation on this question reached the Supreme Court four years ago. It appointed former Federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind special master to look into the matter. His report which was submitted to the Court last December recommends a reduction of up to 30 per cent in the water supply which California can expect from the Colorado River. Arizona's gain will mean an annual loss of perhaps a million acre-feet a year to Southern California's Metropolitan Water District—enough to satisfy five million city dwellers.

It is the Southern Californians—above all—who will need Governor Brown's man-made river. However, he has promised fair treatment for both ends of the state and has assured fretting taxpayers that both construction and interest costs will be repaid by charges to the project's water and power customers. Borrowing by the state will be limited to \$120 million a year and no bonds will be sold for at least three years, to allow time for legislative clarification and legal tests. Also, no bonds will be issued until the state, acting as a water wholesaler, signs delivery contracts with regional districts or municipal water systems. The districts will set their own water rates and guarantee payment of their shares of project costs, which may involve higher tax rates on property owners in those areas.

Until contracts are signed and bonds sold, preliminary work will be financed largely by royalties the state collects from offshore oil operators.

Over the years about \$111 million has been appropriated for such preliminary tasks as project planning and design, railroad and highway relocation, land buying, upstream work, and geological testing.

#### CALIFORNIA'S FUTURE

**C**RITICS still call the project a ruinous extravagance, but the Governor foresees ruin in failure to act at this time. For without water—earth's most precious resource—climate has no attraction and soil returns to dust. Without it, California's real-estate boom will collapse and her bumper crops will wither. Without it, California, now ranking second in population, will never outgrow New York.

Nor is there any present justification for awaiting new and revolutionary methods of developing water resources. Some day—to be sure—a nuclear explosion, deep under the Mojave Desert, may release enough water to satisfy the thirst of a future Western generation. And perhaps even earlier, scientists will find a cheap way to desalt sea water. But at present, the cheapest process of converting ocean water to fresh water costs \$1 per 1,000 gallons. This is prohibitive for irrigation, and more than three times the average price of municipal water. Rain-cloud "milking" and complete river pollution control also are still far from practical, though there is hope in these fields. If and when any of these intriguing dreams are fulfilled, the aqueducts, pumps, and pipes of the Feather River Project will provide a ready-made delivery system.

Meanwhile we cannot afford to squander the water now available. In California some 35 million acre-feet of water waste to the sea each year. The Feather River Project, big and ambitious as it is, will capture less than 15 per cent of the runoff. "Anything which is abundant is used wastefully by man," says R. L. Nace, the Interior Department's associate chief of water resources. "In the case of water we have been using, misusing, polluting and generally abusing it as though there would never be a tomorrow."

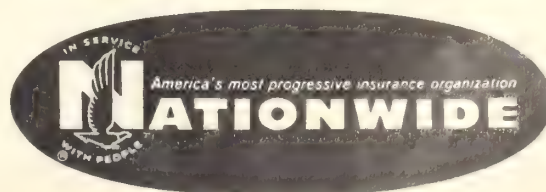
"The essential current water problem is this: The time has come when water must be managed, not merely manipulated. It must be managed with an understanding that there will be a tomorrow and a very long one, we hope."

Is California paying too much for a colossal water-delivery system? Mr. Nace perhaps provided the answer when he told the Texas Water Association in Dallas: "Since water is an absolute necessity, man will pay whatever it costs to get it."



**Lobbyist** Her office is her living room...or her kitchen. There's not much of a staff on *these* premises. And when she uses the phone, she's as apt to swap recipes as confirm a date with the League of Women Voters. Not the usual kind of lobbyist we read about in newspapers. She's Mrs. Grassroots herself—relying on the simple power of ballpoint pens and 4¢ stamps. But ask her about new school construction, or old age assistance, or foreign aid. She has her own ideas...and cares enough about them to take a stand. Why, she wonders, should Americans express themselves on Election Day, then go back into political hibernation? Democracy is a year-round, year-in, year-out job. The more we participate in it, the better its chances for survival in an uneasy world.

*P.S. Here's how NATIONWIDE practices what it preaches: Through continuing advisory meetings with our policyholders (unique in American business) the people we insure are encouraged to express their views, not only on the subject of insurance, but on the state of the union, the problem of peace, and all other issues, large and small, that affect all our lives.*







*Television: a statement by  
Senator William Proxmire  
before U.S. Senate, Jan. 9, 1961:*

In the past, I have frequently been a critic of television. There is still too much trivia on the air, in my opinion, especially in the prime evening hours, when the largest potential audiences are able to listen.

But there is another side to this story. In the past few months many of us have become aware of the tremendous job television can do when it aims high. There has been an impressive succession of genuinely outstanding programs. During the national political campaign we had the now historic great debates in which the two presidential candidates met face to face in verbal combat while as many as 80 million viewers looked on. What a magnificent contribution this was to genuine democratic participation in our huge nation. This was an indication of what television can do.

The coverage of the campaign and the election brought more Americans into closer contact with the meaning and excitement of politics than ever before, as the personalities and policies of the candidates and the parties were revealed in painstaking detail. Thanks to television, this was the best informed electorate in my judgment in our history.

On the night of the election, the networks brought the details of the nationwide vote count to an enor-

mous audience that stayed up to watch what surely must have been the most prolonged cliff hanger since the end of "The Perils of Pauline." Other broadcasts have continued this high level of television programming. A moving study of the problem of migratory labor in this country drew wide attention. This program moved many to express their concern to me in many ways. . . . There have been programs on the U-2 affair, on the sit-ins, on the world refugee problem, and on other subjects of equal importance. These programs have had an immense impact on tens of millions of Americans, providing a vast increase in understanding.

I think that one must recognize that the television networks' elbowroom is limited by certain factors. The need to find financial sponsorship for programs among a fairly small number of advertisers inevitably places an over-all restriction on the scope and nature of programming. The established tastes and viewing preferences of most Americans are likely to remain fairly stable. The much-maligned ratings continue to provide a persuasive link between the desire of a potential sponsor to reach a maximum audience, and the nature of the program which will accomplish this with the greatest degree of reliability.

These hard facts of life in the television industry being what they are, it is all the more worth taking time out to praise the networks for put-

ting on a very substantial number of outstanding programs in recent months. The merits of these shows deserve recognition. Those responsible for the broadcasts should be praised and encouraged to continue their working efforts.

During the next few days I intend to place in the Record the actual transcripts of some of these outstanding broadcasts. The bare script of a television broadcast hardly does justice to the total impression achieved by a program, but it may serve as an indication, in permanent form, of how good television can be at its best.

I think it is time that the Congress recognize how this magic medium transforms our democracy. And just in the nick of time. Many of us have feared that the problems of our democracy have been becoming too vast, too remote, and too complicated with the impact of technology shrinking the contact size of a world becoming always more complex with burgeoning population and multiplying independent nations.

Now television has come along and it is at last possible for the great majority of us Americans to develop a far better understanding of our responsibilities, and how massive and challenging a job we face. In many ways American television is beginning to do part of that job.

*Television Information Office  
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.*

## In March...Some Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

### "The Great Challenge"

Distinguished guests discuss challenging issues facing mankind.

Sunday, March 5-12-26 (4-5 PM)

### "White Paper"

A study of state legislatures, the powers they possess and assume.

Tuesday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

### "Russian Whale Hunt"

A nine-month, 21,000-mile whaling and scientific expedition.

Tuesday, March 14 (7-7:30 PM)

### "Young Performers"

Promising young musical artists perform with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.

Sunday, March 19 (4-5 PM)

### "Minister of Hate"

Propaganda techniques of Joseph Goebbels. Guest: H. R. Trevor-Roper.

Sunday, March 19 (6:30-7 PM)

### "Closing the Ring"

The first "summit" meeting of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, at Teheran in 1943.

Sunday, March 19 (10:30-11 PM)

### "24 Hours in a Woman's Life"

Ingrid Bergman stars in Stefan Zweig's story of a woman betrayed by emotion.

Monday, March 20 (9-10:30 PM)

### "Our Man in Hong Kong"

A personal report by David Brinkley.

Tuesday, March 21 (10-11 PM)

### "The Passover"

History, ritual, and customs of the Jewish celebration of deliverance from bondage.

Sunday, March 26 (1-1:30 PM)

### "Boris Godunov"

Moussorgsky's opera in a new English-language production, with Giorgio Tozzi.

Sunday, March 26 (2-5 PM)

### "The Story of Will Rogers"

Tuesday, March 28 (9-10 PM)

### "The Real West"

The Old West in rare photographs and documents. Narrator: Gary Cooper.

Wednesday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

### "Nor Any Drop to Drink"

A documentary on the problem of water pollution.

Wednesday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

#### Regularly Scheduled

**Sundays:** Meet the Professor  
Issues and Answers  
Roundup USA  
Ask Washington  
Meet the Press  
The Twentieth Century  
Winston Churchill:  
The Valiant Years

**Tuesdays:** Expedition!

**Thursdays:** Face the Nation/Reports

**Fridays:** Eyewitness to History

**Saturdays:** The Nation's Future

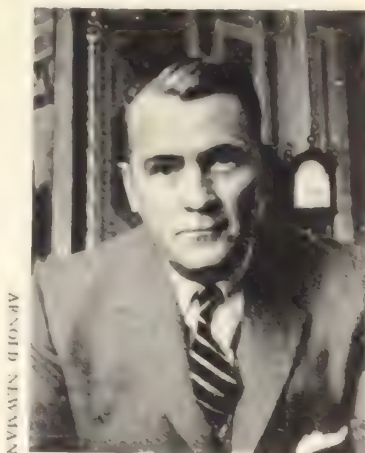
**Mon-Fri:** Continental Classroom  
Road to Reality

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.

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# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

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ARNOLD NEWMAN

## Three Scouts Heading West

*An unprecedented Collective Leadership for the Senate is part of Kennedy's grand design . . . and its main mission is to round up those political mavericks he failed to catch in his own campaign.*

WASHINGTON—Among the newest of the New Frontiers being explored by the Kennedy Administration is the President's working arrangement with the Senate. It is now being felt out by an advance reconnaissance party of three scouts.

President Kennedy himself is, by personal background and political necessity, an Eastern leader. Moreover, the whole mechanism of the White House is inner-directed to the East. For the East both expresses his main political strength and poses his greatest and most immediate problems.

This is the area that nominated him. This (plus the South) is the area that elected him. Here he, personally, stands or falls; this is the minimum, the irreducible base which must be held at any cost.

The Senate, however, he proposes to use as an ally for his national purposes—rather than to treat it (as some Presidents have done) as an entrenched enemy inhibiting those purposes. So while the East sits in the

White House, controlling the whole governmental operation—much as Eastern capitalists once controlled Western economic life right down to the Pony Express—the orientation of the Senate will be Western.

Kennedy needs to claim a West he never carried, and so to expand a political base which—as he is first to realize—is extremely thin in continental terms. This necessity leads to a plan, and the plan leads to the three men who now are forming an unexampled collective type of Democratic leadership of the Senate.

The biggest, in terms of power, is Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Leader-in-chief. The second is his deputy, the effervescent Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota. The third is the Democratic whip, George Smathers of Florida, who bears little resemblance to the traditional, or plantation, Southern Senator.

These three are trying together to do what Lyndon Johnson did alone, in the splendid isolation of a party leader who caucused, really, only with himself. But they are trying to do more than to collectivize and to institutionalize a leadership which LBJ made a thing almost as personal as his choice of shirts. They are also trying to bring back the West to the Democratic party—and to Kennedy. (Smathers fits easily into this design: his state is no longer Southern, except in the minor matter of geog-



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## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

raphy, and Smathers has always held ties with his Western colleagues as real as he ever had with the Southerners.)

It is an odd fact that two of the three new Collective Leaders—Mansfield and Smathers—were unable to carry their own states for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. And though Minnesota finished up "right," from Kennedy's and Humphrey's viewpoint, the margin was uncomfortably close.

If you can ever run warfare on the committee system—in this case the subtle, complicated Senate form of political warfare—then we are now going to see it so run.

## WHO WILL DO WHAT

NEVER have three men more dissimilar been sent on a joint mission with functions so interdependent and interlocked. Mansfield is a former professor, rather shy. The irrepressible, unsinkable Humphrey is as noisily extrovert as any politician since Teddy Roosevelt. Smathers seems casual and almost languid: an art which can be most misleading.

Who will bring what skills to this strange common task—having always in mind that Johnson, though now the Vice President, will still hover endlessly over the scene from upstairs? Which of his successors—all of whom are old "Johnson men" and largely Johnson-trained—will put what into the corporate effort?

Mansfield, in my guess, will contribute most—while seeming to contribute much less than that. His instinct for Senate life, for the art of persuasion in a rather gentler form than that of his old chief, is highest of the three. Humphrey will contribute much, while seeming to contribute rather more. But the *quality* of his contribution may be the most decisive, for reasons to be noted in a moment. Smathers will contribute solidly, while seeming to be a bit absent-minded about it all.

Mansfield's technique, which is inevitable from his nature, is to get a good deal done by taking it easy; to hurry up in what looks to be a sedate walk. Humphrey's technique, which again is inherent in his nature, is to overwhelm friend and foe alike with the Senate's best—and most urgent—forensic equipment. A

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

consequence is that the battles he wins, while of genuine importance, sometimes leave the onlooker a bit breathless, and with an impression that the action has gone farther than it in fact has.

Smathers operates with a sort of lazy, drawling effect which, to those who know him, does not long hide the fact that underneath he is a tough, highly pragmatic, and able politician. He is not the kind of chap who believes in Santa Claus. He is also a closer personal friend of Kennedy's than the other two, and he comes nearest to an instinctive inheritance of the fabulous and not quite transmittable intuitive skills of Johnson.

## A GOOD BREAK

THE mere chance of political life—the circumstance that certain people were in certain places at a certain time—did more than any decision of Kennedy's to create this collective leadership. It is, however, an extraordinarily fortunate meeting of coincidences that it *does* exist in just this way.

Mansfield, who was deputy leader to Johnson, was a windfall; his old position made it easy to settle on him for the top place, via the route of seniority, without opening any general scramble in the Senate between North and South and between the Right, Left, and Center wings of the party. And, though his principal legislative interest has always been in foreign affairs, on the biggest of the domestic issues at hand he occupies that moderately, liberal position which must in the end typify the new Administration, if it is to go very far in performance.

Then, too, he simply happens to have the only kind of personality which could reasonably have been brought forward to succeed the dominant, highly colorful Lyndon Johnson. In politics, as in entertainment, you don't wisely try to top certain star acts with more of the same. You alter the whole tempo and tone of the show. Johnson was brilliantly demanding of the rank and file, forcing operating unity by guess and by God, and by generous use of both the carrot and the stick. Mansfield will seek unity, either through his own efforts or those of



## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

his two associates. It will make no difference to him who obtains it, so long as it is obtained.

Mansfield's way (as Johnson's never was) is to spread the burden at the top. Johnson led every sortie in person, even when it had to be against that small holdout band of ultra-liberals personified by Senators Douglas of Illinois and Clark of Pennsylvania, whom he could never hope to capture. (Douglas and Clark would never have been truly convinced that Johnson was really right about anything of much consequence; the alienation, largely of glandular origin, was unbridgeable.) But Mansfield's policy, for this kind of raid, is simply to send for Hubert Humphrey.

## HUBERT THE PACIFIER

HUMPHREY'S credentials as a liberal of liberals are not open even to the ever-ready suspicions of the Douglas-Clark people. They can hardly exclude *him* from the company of the just, or sense in him those evil "operating" designs they found so regrettable in Johnson. But they might, if pushed a bit and given the opportunity, espy something of the kind in Mansfield. He was, after all, long and closely associated with Johnson and just might have picked up a bit of the Johnsonian virus.

But they can hardly fault Hubert, whose views are so similar to their own—though mixed with an operating skill which, in his case, they may after a time welcome rather than deplore. It is here that Humphrey may make contributions of a very high significance. For if he can quiet the ultra-liberals (and if he can't, then nobody could) he will have carried out in the most distinguished possible way his part of the joint mission.

For the core of the plan is to control and modify the ultra-liberals by having one of the three join them. It is not to assail them, but to infiltrate; not to challenge in any way the Rightness of their causes, but to try, with what Fiorello La Guardia used to call patience and fortitude, to alter these causes so as to make them reasonable, attainable, and not destructive of the essential Kennedy-Democratic program.

Humphrey, I should say, is just

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

the man for this hardy task. He has that rare gift which is denied, by fate or something, to most very-liberal politicians: a sense of humor and proportion. He holds the same principles, which on the tongues of some of his fellow very-liberals tend to repel (because of their unbearable earnestness) all save the most righteous of men. But even the unregenerate don't flee from Hubert Horatio Humphrey. I myself can so testify—hoping that he will not find character testimony from such a source too embarrassing.

George Smathers' assignment will be far less explicit; for he will deal mostly among that breed apart, the Southerners. These run all the way, ideologically, from the unrepentant symbol of passive Old Guard Southern resistance, Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, to such characters as Lister Hill and John Sparkman of Alabama, who are as progressive as the gods of chance and of geography will let them be.

True to the folkways of his region, Smathers would of course never be caught dead trying to *tell* any of his Southern colleagues anything having the tone of leadership orders. But just as there is more than one way to skin a cat, there are several ways—all well known to Smathers—to get good party performance out of most of the Southerners most of the time.

## HOW TO WIN THE WEST

SO the net of the whole business is this: Kennedy has put the Senate at the top, rather than toward the bottom, of his order of battle. The war is to sustain his leadership, and then to recruit indirectly something not present in the late election returns themselves—a truly national acceptance of a President who came to power as an Eastern, urban, and largely minority-group selection (rightly counting the Democratic South as among the minority groups).

One saw months ago in his appointments that he moved first to reward those regions and groups which elected him; his Cabinet distinctly reflects *them*. Now, in the long contest which will test the success of his policies, he needs to make a creative and capital instrument of the new structure of multiheaded

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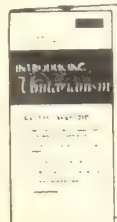
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Senate leadership. The Western accent of this leadership is accidental—but it is also highly important to the grand design.

For Kennedy fared ill in the West, if you define that area as the lands lying beyond the Ohio and to the Pacific. The loss of such states as fairly cosmopolitan and more-or-less Democratic Washington (not to mention Mansfield's Montana) was a blow of major portent. In nearly the whole of the West, he requires (as he knows) a reconciliation with the majority of the voters. No President, of either party, could contemplate with any tranquillity a situation in which the West was long out of step with his Administration—and his future ambitions. The Democrats did extraordinarily well in the West as recently as the Congressional elections of 1958. Mr. Nixon's recapture of California for the GOP in 1960 was, in the institutional party sense, a regional disaster with ominous overtones for the future. Clearly it is a bad thing to be running short in that section of the country which is growing fastest and will surely, even by 1964, be a very great political force.

Here again—by another happenstance which the Democrats are now attempting to transform into a conscious political asset—the Senate leadership offers great possibilities. In the whole, a political party or leader will woo the West more successfully by a politics of construction—the spread of public power facilities, the proper management of irrigation rates, the conquest of the arid areas—than by ideologies. These Western fellows, for the most part, couldn't care less about the traditional partisanship still so much a part of Southern (and Eastern) thinking.

They want to get things done—and the deeply operative word is *things*.

The Mansfield-Humphrey-Smiths trio is by experience and by temperament within that political frame of reference; Mansfield and Humphrey markedly so, Smithers markedly less. Three pairs of feet have now been crowded into the boots heretofore worn by only Johnson. It will be profoundly interesting and instructive to see how they march.



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## Society and Life, Here and Abroad

*Mr. Pryce-Jones was for many years editor of "The Times Literary Supplement" (London) and is the author of numerous critical essays.*

**E**VEN the most ardent anti-snob pricks up his ears at the question asked by Cleveland Amory: *Who Killed Society?* (Harper, \$5.95). It presupposes both that Society is dead, and that it ever existed—both arguable propositions. There have, all over the world, always been dominant social groups, based firmly on the possession of good blood and a good income, but the theme song of these groups has invariably been one that you may hear any night at "Upstairs at the Downstairs" where Bill Hinnant sings "I'd like to be a sociable amoeba." They split. They start a second unicellular life, based on exactly the same premises. In a sense, therefore, Society never dies; it merely goes to pieces.

Amory's contention is that whatever Society may have been in the nineteenth century, one thing about it is clear: it has been going from bad to worse. He asserts that "Society has always, to a greater or lesser extent, depended upon publicity." And he goes on to quote from an article in the British *Blackwood's* magazine of 1902, "Nowadays Society and Aristocracy are two totally different things. The Aristocracy care not to be identified with those odious people one sees in the newspapers." In effect, then, he identifies Society with Café Society.

But he also quotes Mrs. George Warren of Newport, Rhode Island, whose own definition of the word seems to me final. "Society," she says, "is a banding together of people of similar taste for their own pleasure." And it is a weakness of his book that the author never quite makes up his mind what it is about. "Who killed the Aristocracy?" he asks on the one hand, adding as an afterthought that of course in America there never was one; and then moving on to the further question, "Who killed Café Society?", without pausing to plot the frontiers between the two. Mrs. Warren's succinct remark at least

leaves room for plain sense. Society, it implies, is a coterie, or a set of coteries; and it exists in a context of pleasure alone. In place of a volume of 600 pages, Amory might have answered the question in his title by a single word: "No-one." All that has been killed is the idea of Society put out by Byron, and also quoted here:

Society is now one polish'd horde  
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

What we are left with is a most entertaining rag bag of gossip. There is no minnow in the social pools of the last hundred years who is not examined with ironic impartiality. The Astors, the Whitneys, the Vanderbilts, and the rest get page after page: the ramifications of Society throughout the continent are gone into with the painstaking genealogical application of the First Book of Chronicles. The photographs are admirable, the anecdotes often amusing, and as a source book of *petite histoire* this detached appraisal will serve a useful purpose as well, though it will do so still better when a fair number of slips are corrected in a subsequent edition.

### SOCIETY AND CAFE SOCIETY

**T**HE third and final volume of Lady Diana Cooper's memoirs, *Trumpets from the Steep* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), suggests some fascinating parallels between American and European Society. Here is the daughter of a duke, one of the unforgettable beauties of her time, and a highly intelligent woman as well, recording Society on a variety of levels. In the first volume, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*, we were given the great ducal castle, with its army of servants, its brass bedroom hot-water cans, its confining atmosphere, out of which Lady Diana escaped to make a romantic marriage. In the second, *The Light of Common Day*, she wrote about the justification of that marriage, about Duff Cooper's rise to political fame, and her own stage success in "The Miracle." Now we are given the last years of their life together—in London during the war, in Singapore while Duff Cooper was Minister of State, and finally in Algiers and Paris where he was Ambassador. At his death the book



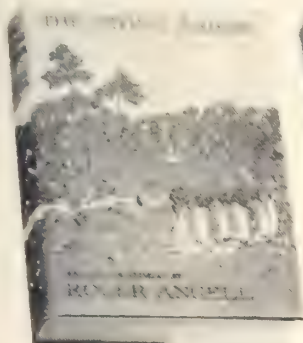
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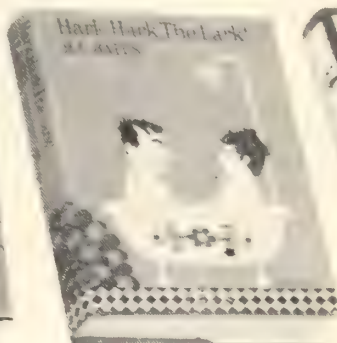
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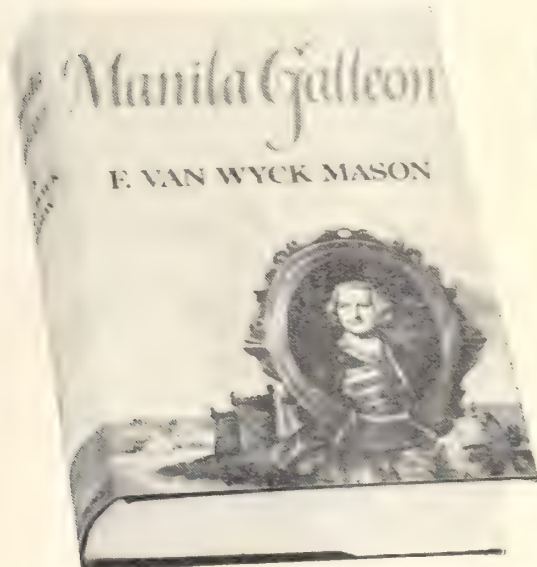
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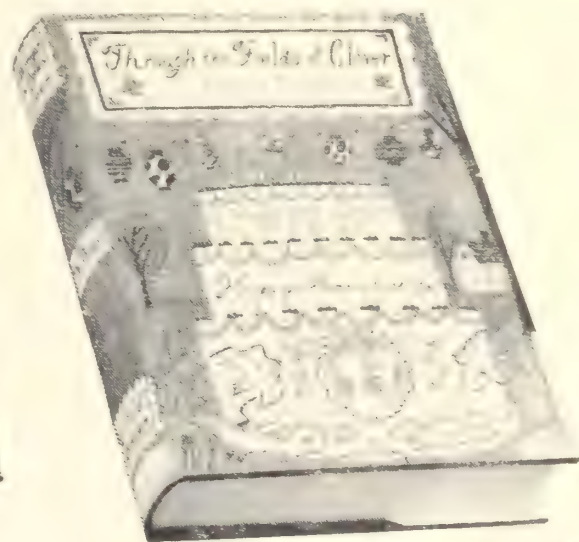
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—though not Lady Diana's impact on Society—ends. It ends thus:

"I'll write no more memories. They would get too sad, tender as they are. Age wins and one must learn to grow old. As I learnt with the loss of a nurse to put childish things behind me, as I learnt when the joys of dependence were over to embrace with fear the isolation of independence, so now I must learn to walk this long unlovely wintry way, looking for spectacles, shunning the cruel looking-glass, laughing at my clumsiness before others mistakenly condole, not expecting gallantry yet disappointed to receive none, apprehending every ache or shaft of pain, alive to blinding flashes of mortality, unarmed, totally vulnerable. More faith is my first prayer; the others are chiefly propitiatory. There is one of thanks, even one for this poor book, one for benediction and reunion. I want no monument, nor to live longer in memories than the heartbeats of those who are young and who love me and protect me today. . . . The long custom of living disinclines one to dying, but great loss makes death less fearful. Besides, before the end, what light may shine?"

There is little that is melancholy, however, in these pages. Above all, Lady Diana is an outstanding letter writer, and she brings the past vividly to light in wartime letters to her son. But her experiences prompt all kinds of questions. For instance, we are always being told that a social revolution has been quietly changing the whole face of English life during the last forty years. Yet here is someone accepting—not claiming—an extraordinary situation of privilege: telephoning to the Prime Minister when she feels like it; expecting her husband, in wartime, to be given fighter protection when he flies; counting, even if with disarming modesty and recurrent bouts of apprehension, on the effective good will of the entire world, and, with the possible exception of rival beauties, getting it.

The truth is that Society has been changed by recent history far less in England than in the United States. It may only be that the British are less adaptable, more inclined to cling to the past. It may be that English Society has always had a remarkable gift for incorporating new members, new modes (but very few new ideas), and so keeping an unbroken continuity with earlier generations. It may also be that a double standard comes naturally to people like Lady Diana. Their right to unquestioned acceptance on grounds of birth gives them also the right to make a sortie into the non-Society world of stage or screen whenever they feel like it. The fact remains that it is much easier in England than elsewhere to participate fully in the modern world while keeping the sunset glow of the Edwardians firmly in focus. For the active presence of an aristocracy—even though the term be meaningless except as a synonym for a peerage—

maintains a healthy tension between Society and Café Society. It is simply no good pretending to be a duke if you are not one. At the same time, no dull duke will get anything but short shrift from what Mrs. Warren calls "people of similar taste banded together for their own pleasure."

That this is so is largely due to an American hostess who appears both in Lady Diana's and in Cleveland Amory's book. For it was Lady ("Emerald") Cunard, born Maud Burke in San Francisco, who, more than anyone, changed one level of British Society from a dull to a sparkling thing. Amory astonishingly asserts that she had neither looks nor wit. Lady Diana, more to the point, writes that she "had the hopping gait of a bird as she moved, a little restlessly, from perch to perch. You wanted to lure her to your hand, but she kept herself clear of human touch. Her hands were elegant little claws, her legs and feet of the most finished and shapely workmanship. There was nothing rushed about her modeling: everything was as finished as *biscuit de Sèvres*. . . . A few wrinkles made little difference to the prettiness that lay in widely set eyes, shining healthy teeth, and infectious animation. She forced people to live and give and ask for more of the elixir she had distilled and was proffering." It was Lady Cunard, merciless to bores, who took trouble to make London Society not merely amusing but interesting. She forced people to read books, to look at pictures and listen to music; she encouraged them to spend money on more rewarding objects than horses and grouse moors by doing it herself. Nobody has ever successfully set her down on paper, but if ever a definitive book on twentieth-century international Society comes to be written she will take her place—not always an endearing one—as the Mme. Récamier of her day.

#### MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

TO turn from these high matters to Lovat Dickson's *The Ante-room* (Atheneum, \$4) is to enter a different, but not less important, world. Lovat Dickson is now one of the most important of London publishers, but during the period covered by his autobiography he was a more or less underprivileged child, adolescent, and young man, in Australia, Rhodesia, England, and Canada—the country in which his Scotch-Irish family had settled toward the end of the eighteenth century. His book has the unusual virtue of being wholly without self-pity. Into the bargain, it is extremely well-written in a tough masculine prose; and it offers a vivid picture of what it was to be a straightforward young man born about the turn of the century and forced thereafter to fend mainly for himself.

His father was intermittently prosperous, and the book opens in northwest Australia when the elder Dickson was general manager of a

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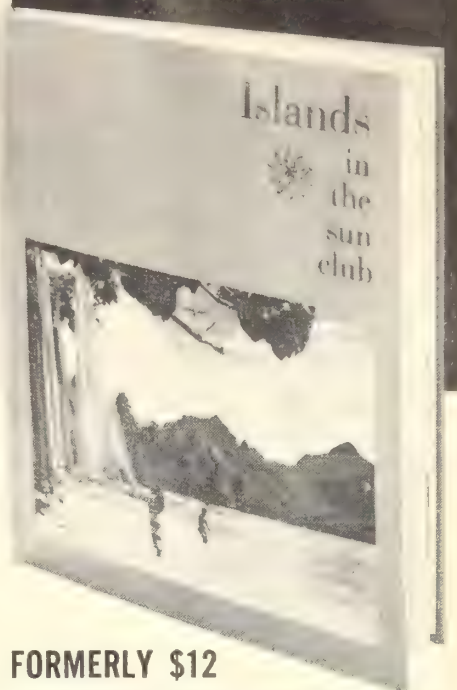


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mining company. Later the family moved elsewhere, and it is plain that Lovat Dickson's mother was the axle round which the whole group turned. She died in Canada when her elder son was no more than fifteen, and the drama of the book springs from the statement that her "death broke up our family; it was as though we had been held together only by her love; when that was withdrawn, our love for each other was withdrawn too."

This, to Lovat Dickson, was a calamity. He began work in a dairy, continued as an RAF cadet, and first came to close grips with life working in the Montreal shipyards. Finally, after a spell at the University of Alberta, he sailed for Europe, knowing, he says that "whatever lay ahead I had left the ante-room where the first twenty-five years of my life had been spent and had pushed open, and closed firmly behind me, a door that led into a larger room." Not very eventful, perhaps? That depends on what constitutes an event. If the painful discoveries of youth, the loneliness, the occasional rapture are taken as eventful, this is an outstanding book, all the better for being singularly unsentimental.

AT about the time *The Ante-room* ends—in the 1920s, that is—a young American actress arrived in London with her sculptor husband, in order to scrape acquaintance with Bernard Shaw. Her name was Molly Tompkins, and she seems on the evidence to have been versatile, beautiful, and rather exasperating. The evidence is contained in a collection of Shaw's letters entitled *To a Young Actress* (Clarkson N. Potter, \$8.50), edited by Peter Tompkins, who inherited them on his mother's death. Shaw is a man not easy to like and impossible, one might think, to love. There is no proof that Molly Tompkins ever loved him; but during the last twenty-five years of his life they kept up a close correspondence, in which Shaw pours forth advice, rebuke, and paradox. It is a wonderful performance for a man in his seventies and eighties. Because only his side of the correspondence has survived, the total effect is rather like that of some great singer recording selections from opera. There is no close link between one letter and

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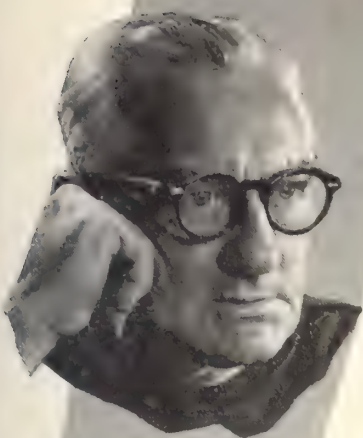
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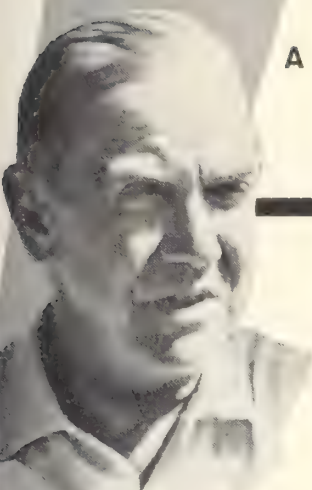
and in either case she writes with an intensity that wastes not so much as a phrase, a word."

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*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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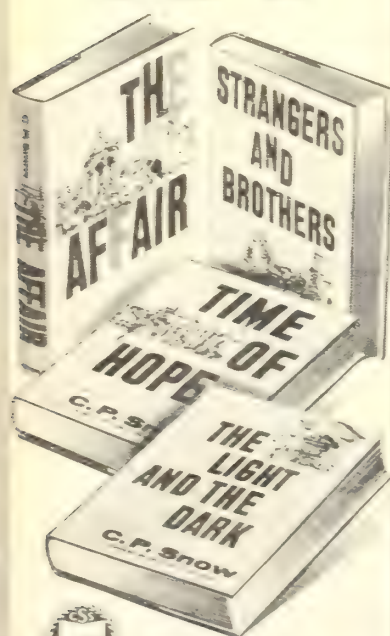
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THE DARK**

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

another, and each has the studied effect of a virtuoso aria. Reaching out toward love, and almost simultaneously recoiling from it, Shaw is at his most human in this unexpected book.

At any rate, I greatly prefer him to the Francois Mauriac revealed in *Mémoires Intérieurs* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$4.75)—the title of which has apparently defeated his otherwise resourceful translator, Gerard Hopkins. I found this book irritating in the extreme. Mauriac has adopted a posture at the Wailing Wall. He is old and tired and out of date, he asserts, and then goes on to show that he does not believe a word of it. A French man of letters who decides to be tiresome can be as tiresome as anyone on earth; and I find these reflections on Baudelaire, Nerval, Gide, Flaubert—on his home in southwestern France—on Catholicism—on life seen through literary spectacles—tiresome to a degree. Mauriac has two eminent virtues: He is an admirable novelist and a good polemical journalist. In the role of prophet, however, or critic, or judge of the contemporary world, he recalls four lines from Henry Reed's parody of T. S. Eliot:

There are certain precautions—  
though none of them very reliable—  
Against the blast from bombs  
and the flying splinter.  
But not against the blast from  
human action and emotion.  
The wind within a wind unable  
to speak for wind.

He would not have approved of Frank Norman, whose *Stand on Me* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.75) shows little evidence either of fatigue or Christian piety. It is the account, by a young ex-jailbird, of some months spent in the sleazy café life of Soho—the London equivalent of the Pershing Square area of Los Angeles. After four prison sentences, Frank Norman decided he had had enough, and immediately turned into a literary success, with two books and a lively musical to his credit. He writes in the slang of the bachelors, poets, and loaves who populate his level of Cape Society, and in case you do not know the language he has provided a full glossary. This is a rich and funny book, with the encouraging

message implied that it is easier to earn a Bentley by writing musicals than by using a razor on a rival gang.

#### TERROR AND DELIGHT

RECENT novels have not been conspicuous, but two of them deserve to be named. The better of these is by André Schwarz-Bart, who won with it the Prix Goncourt. *The Last of the Just* (Atheneum, \$5), translated very well by Stephen Becker, is a remarkable novel by any standards. Its theme is a Jewish one. Ernie Levv is its hero, and a kind of elected scapegoat, who dies for his race in a gas chamber. But he is only the last of a long line of just men who have undergone the same fate, and so the story begins in twelfth-century York, where a pogrom launched from the pulpit destroyed the first of them. This lengthy overture to the main plot—we follow the Levv family through eight centuries of tribulation—slows down the movement of a terrifying and absorbing tale, which is lit at times by a grimly effective wit. I do not think it a great book, but it is finely tragic and compulsively readable as well.

THE other novel is William Cooper's *Scenes from Life* (Scribner, \$4.50). For good measure this is really two novels built round the same protagonist, and published separately in England. The hero—if that is the appropriate word—is a schoolmaster, an *iluminé*, a *regent*, a *conuel* who tells his stories in the first person. We are getting a little tired of novels in which a don or a schoolmaster has recurring bouts of trouble with sex, drink, local society, and work. Inability to cope is the factor which all these heroes share, and unless this inability is carried through on the scale of *Odysseus*, it is a barren aspect of humanity which does not bear close analysis.

All the same, I found the first novel, *Scenes from Provincial Life*, delightful. William Cooper is a novelist of the order of C. P. Snow. He is a scientist with a probing sense of humor and a wry knowledge of how very ordinary people react doggedly to the long littleness of life. Myrtle wants to marry Joe. Joe does

# The Swivel Chair



Unless one must read the prospectuses of publishers' stock offers it is easy for writer and publisher alike to forget that such a thing as money plays any significant role in the world they share. But once a year, surely, the subject may be mentioned without offense. The amount is **\$7500**. In celebration of the 25th anniversary of its **Literary Fellowship Award**, **Houghton Mifflin Company** is offering \$5000, to which **Esquire** has added \$2500 for first serial rights of the Award book. The prize is given for a sampling of the most promising work of fiction or non-fiction now in progress. Among previous winners are *Robert Penn Warren* for *NIGHT RIDER*, *Dorothy Baker* for *YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN*, *Joseph Wechsberg* for *LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD*, *Arthur Mizener* for *THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE*, *Milton Lott* for *THE LAST HUNT*, *Eugene Burdick* for *THE NINTH WAVE*, and *Philip Roth* for *GOODBYE, COLUMBUS*. The deadline for this contest is close; all submissions must be in by **April 1**. For particulars, write to Houghton Mifflin Company at 2 Park Street, Boston.



Of the current Award novel **The Gay Place** by **William Brammer**, published in March, A. C. Spector-sky, a pre-publication reader says: "Brammer's is a new and major talent, big in scope, big in its promise of even better things to come. *The Gay Place* has immense sweep; an incredible and admirable performance for a new writer. It makes many of today's novels seem small, contrived, even mean. Predictably — and deservedly — a best seller."

Another cause for celebration this year is a

major book by a major novelist — **Midcentury** by **John Dos Passos**. With the reading of this book, the whole design of Dos Passos' work begins to emerge.



In the sense that Proust could not know the ends of his characters when his book began because he had to wait for them to grow older and then old, so Dos Passos waits for history to disclose his plot, and the writer's agony of suspense is felt as the reader's. But where Proust applied a magnifying glass to a small section of Parisian society, Dos Passos seems to use a reducing glass and to hold in it the beloved and gaudy crazy-quilt of the States of the Union, bright with the colors of geography, iridescent with the ecstasies and heartbreaks of countless lives.



Dos Passos' purpose is to record the whole human predicament of each contemporary American from moment to moment as it runs from the machine of time, in a period of history infinitely complex. So **Midcentury** now takes up our post-war world. It is a series of intricately woven narratives studded with biographical sketches of living, controversial personalities. Against a background both of an old and a new idealism, the author presents a careless, prosperity-hungry world, and with infinite pity, sternness, concern and hope seems to be saying that man, who has brought the poles within a day's journey and is crowding himself out of the world, must respect the bit of beloved earth that is left to him enough to save it by saving himself.



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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

not want to marry her, though he is quite prepared to sleep with her as often as possible. This couple, and the struggling couples who surround them, are set deliberately at a low pitch, and the effect is not only comic but touching. The world of Bouvard and Pécuchet has been moved to the English provinces and warmed by a reluctant kindness which communicates itself to the reader. The conclusions to be drawn from it are negative. People just go on, the book asserts; they are lucky—at best—not to be dead. In *Scenes from Married Life*, however, Cooper turns positive. His Joe achieves salvation through marrying Elspeth. I found this far less satisfying. A treacly sentiment is mixed into what began as a tough story, and long before the end I wanted Myrtle and her terrible friends to interrupt the sticky happiness which has turned Joe into a bore.

FINALLY, I have much enjoyed reading *The Master Builders* (Knopf, \$8), by Peter Blake, associate editor of *Architectural Forum*. This is an excellent study of Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Frank Lloyd Wright. It is splendidly illustrated, and serves as one of the best contemporary introductions to modern architecture, since Blake never lapses into jargon and has a flair for expressing the humanist approach to a style of building which is usually treated either overenthusiastically or overclinically by its admirers. That they are right to admire it does not need stressing, and in Blake it has found an ideal interpreter.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

A *Burnt-Out Case*, by Graham Greene.

A "burnt-out case" in the language of the leproserie on the upper Congo River is one in which the disease has been cured, has burnt out. The problem then is how to go out from the protection of the leper



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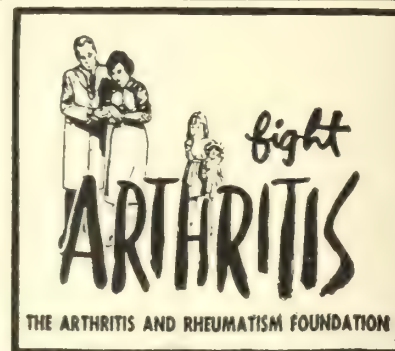
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

colony and learn to live with one's mutilations. Mr. Greene's story concerns itself with an Englishman who takes the boat to its last stop on the river, disembarks without luggage, finds himself at the colony run by Catholic fathers and an atheist doctor, and asks to stay. His name is Query and though the fathers ask no questions he has obviously been a man of the world, eminently distinguished, and internationally known in his profession. Now he no longer has heart for anything—not vocation, not love of women, and least of all love of self. The theme of the book is the psychological similarity between the man afflicted with the physical marks of the horrible disease and one who bears the emotional stigma of too much success. "Success is like that too—a mutilation of the natural man."

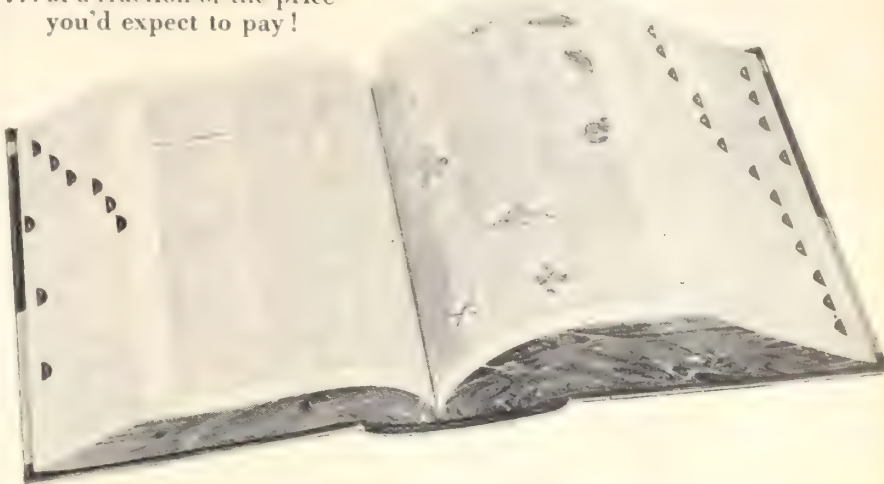
This is a simple and superficial way to sum up a complicated and exciting book; exciting both intellectually and in terms of what goes on. In the course of the narrative there are observations on the nature of love of many kinds but especially the different kinds of love of women and of love of God. As is to be expected, Mr. Greene's comments as spoken by his characters are not without surprises:

Those who marry God, he thought, can become domesticated too—it's just as humdrum a marriage as all the others. The word "love" means a formal touch of the lips as in the ceremony of the Mass, and "*Ave Maria*" like "dearest" is a phrase to open a letter. This marriage like the world's marriages was held together by habits and tastes shared in common between God and themselves—it was God's taste to be worshipped and their taste to worship, but only at stated hours like a suburban embrace on a Saturday night.

Spotted about in this story of a man hounded to the end of the "civilized" world by publicity, are sideswipes and sidelights on the morality of the priest; of, oppositely, the self-righteous Christian, "like a wall so plastered over with church announcements that you couldn't even see the brick-work behind"; the architect, the doctor, the journalist; and, finally and not the least interesting, the morality of the "innocent." "God preserve us from all

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Viking, \$4.50

**Memoir of Spring**, by Ellick Moll.

To have grown up in a Jewish section of a large American city early in this century seems to be an experience that every Jewish writer must glorify at least once and often most successfully. Certainly this novel by the author of *Seidman and Son* is a nostalgic delight. Its hero (like Mr. Moll himself) has done very well in Hollywood. Suddenly, just as he, the narrator, and his beautiful new gentile wife are about to move into their expensive new Beverly Hills house, the sight of a ludicrously shiny old tuxedo and some trouble with his latest movie send him back to examine his past—something he has avoided all his life. He goes back to New York alone; he lives alone for a whole winter; he goes back to the streets he knew as a boy in Brooklyn. They, like him, have changed beyond recognition but Mr. Moll resurrects the houses, the lots, the shops, and the people in a series of unforgettable anecdotes, all funny and sad as a man looking back remembers them through the eyes of the boy he was, recognizing kindness and cruelty and tragedy too late. At the end nothing seems finally resolved, but how could it be? Yet one feels the journey into the past has been worthwhile. It surely has for the reader. Harry Golden would feel at home in the world of these pages.

Putnam, \$3

**China Court**, by Rumer Godden.

China Court—a family house in Cornwall—has nothing to do with China though indeed it was built by a man who made his fortune in China tea. He built it for a nephew named Eustace Quin in the Cornish town of St. Probus, and it was named for the local quarry and china-clay works which he also bought for the young man. This is the story of that nephew and his wife and their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the house for four generations. And, contrapuntally, it is the story of Cornish country and

gardens and the Cornish seasons and also of a book, Robert Bonnefoy's *Hours of the Virgin*. One of the heroines is a grandmother, old Mrs. Quin, dead the day the novel begins but young all through it, and the other is her granddaughter, Tracy. As all who read *Take Three Tenses* will remember, Miss Godden is fascinated by the flow of time—past into present, present back to past, past into future, and here she goes back to the method of that book, writing always in the present tense whether of nineteenth or twentieth century, going from one to another, one character to another, sometimes in mid-paragraph or even mid-sentence. Yet the reader is never confused and the stories are vivid and romantic and absorbing and come well-rounded and perfect into the present. It is as much by her method of telling as by what she tells that she documents her belief in a sense of place and home. Most satisfyingly she proves her quotation from Chaucer that life is a "thinne subtil knittinge of thinges."

Viking, \$4.50

**These Unlucky Deeds**, by Richard Martin Stern.

Below I mention a book called *The Split-Level Trap* by a Dr. and Mrs. Gordon. The Gordons' thesis that the suburban pattern is more and more the American pattern is upheld in this "novel of crime and suspense." Here is the Gordons' territory a little further out of New York in a county up the Hudson. This is *exurbia*, a little richer, much more professional-arty, and since it is a novel the case histories are fictionalized but the patterns are similar indeed. The cause of the murder? A beautiful, bright, headstrong woman. The rest you must unravel for yourself from this story that reads as briskly as the morning news.

Scribner, \$3.50

**Through Fields of Clover**, by Peter De Vries.

This book in a gaily irreverent way cuts across the world of Rumer Godden's novel and that of suburbia. It is certainly not English, but Mr. De Vries, too, uses a family occasion—a fortieth wedding anniversary instead of a funeral—to assemble the various generations and play them





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### BOOKS IN BRIEF

and their social mores against each other. And though the party takes place in a New England "homestead," a great many of the participants in their local habitats are suburbanites—the Chicago lake shore, Hollywood—who knows where.

Talk of sex, marriage, divorce, homo sexuality, summer theatre, books, all the newest sophisticated chatter gets most beautifully bounced against the imperturbable backboard of a modern Mrs. Malaprop's mind, that of the grandmother, the fortieth-anniversary wife. Never mind the planning or the plot, the talk is everything. Utterly uninhibited and zany in its good-natured satire of a dozen different worlds, it makes a most wonderful world of its own and shortly, one would guess, will also make a wonderfully happy evening in the theatre.

Little, Brown, \$3.95

### NON-FICTION

**The Split-Level Trap**, by Richard E. Gordon, M.D., Katherine K. Gordon, and Max Gunther.

Dr. Gordon, an Englewood, New Jersey, psychiatrist, and his social-psychologist wife have long been impressed with the tensions of suburban life. In 1955-57 working with the co-operation of a teacher at Columbia and with hospitals and communities in New Jersey and New York, they made a scientific study comparing hospital figures (on diseases of anxiety) in their own modern, growing suburban community of Bergen County, with those in the more stable, quiet, old-time Cattaraugus County in New York. The results are impressive. Their findings as written by Mr. Gunther are readably reported here with specific case histories of the kinds of problems that bedevil such communities and their inhabitants—young wives ("Four Walls and a Baby"), young husbands (job tensions, threat of heart trouble), sex, marriage, divorce, children and adolescents, the lonely single people, "middle-aged and older," the "creeping decadence" of unsatisfying wealth. Each of these problems is discussed in the first section of the book, illustrated with dramatic case histories. The second part deals (again with the specific cases) in

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

"Nine Techniques of Emotional Adjustment," and the third with "New Rules for a New Life." Scientifically and medically it is undoubtedly correct and useful, but on a more profound and subtle level it often seems oversimplified if not banal: "Sports and hobbies are training grounds for adult life. Through them a boy or girl learns patience and perseverance, the willingness to keep practicing even though it isn't fun." Tch.

The Gordons feel this specialized study is important because, whether we like it or not, life in suburbia (they call it Disturbia) is becoming more and more the dominant pattern of life in America.

Bernard Geis, \$4.95

## FORECAST

### Big Names, New Novels

This year will see the publication of a batch of novels which are sure of an audience the minute they reach the stands. Their authors already have dedicated followers. In April, for instance, Viking will publish Louis Kronenberger's *A Month of Sundays* and the jacket says that "if James Thurber had rewritten Edith Wharton the result might resemble this very funny book." In April, too, Crown lists *April Morning*, a novel of the battles of Lexington and Concord, by Howard Fast; and the author of *The Travels of Jamie McPheeters* (Pulitzer Prize, 1958), Robert Lewis Taylor, has a new novel, *A Journey to Matecumbe*, coming from McGraw-Hill. In the same month Little, Brown announces the publication of *The Edge of Sadness* by Edwin O'Connor, author of *The Last Hurrah*; and Taplinger will bring out a new book in the Catfish Bend series, *The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend*, by Ben Lucien Burman. Mr. Burman's *The Street of the Laughing Camel*, published last year, is now being made into a Broadway musical by David Merrick.

Later in the year, from Random House, will come Aubrey Menen's *The Wisdom Tooth*; from Houghton Mifflin, Anya Seton's *Devil Water*, a novel about the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, set in England and Virginia; from World, *Spirit Lake*, by Mackinlay Kantor, author of *Andersonville*; and from

Viking, John Steinbeck's *The Winter of Our Discontent*. These books, with the exception of the Aubrey Menen, will not be out until fall when they will be joined on the shelves by a first novel which we venture to say will give them stiff competition. It is called *The Foxglove Saga* and it is written by Auberon Waugh, twenty-one-year-old son of Evelyn Waugh. In England it has been praised by such people as John Betjeman, Malcolm Muggeridge, and Stephen Spender, and Graham Greene wrote the young author: "It is superb, your book, in its fun and deceptive ease. You are going to suffer a lot of irritation when reviewers compare you to Evelyn, but *The Foxglove Saga* has only one parent and stands magnificently alone."

### Book Club Choices

The March Books of the Month are both reviewed above, *A Burnt-Out Case*, by Graham Greene, and *China Court*, by Rumer Godden. For April the judges have chosen Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy* (Doubleday), a novel about Michelangelo; and for May there is a double selection, *Citizen of New Salem*, "an affectionate little biography" of Abraham Lincoln, by Paul Horgan, author of the Pulitzer-Prize-winning *Great River* (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy), and Sir Charles Snow's *Science and Government* (Harvard University Press).

### More Garden Books

Doubleday announces three more garden books for spring: In March a new edition of *The Complete Book of Garden Magic*, by Roy E. Biles, and *Greenhouse Gardening as a Hobby*, by James Underwood Crockett; and for April a splendid stimulant for jaded winter appetites, *A Fresh Herb Platter*, by Dorothy Childs Hogner, which in addition to recipes for "vegetables and herbs, herb vinegars, salad dressings, pickles, and soups" contains three "decorative garden plans: a vegetable and herb garden, a garden salad bowl, and a supplementary garden for the salad fancier who wishes to raise all herbs used in the recipes here."



# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## COLORATURA SOPRANO

*A new voice—the most exciting in this generation—revives a great tradition . . . and sings some of the most difficult music in all opera.*

A one-woman revival of the art of the coloratura soprano can be heard in Joan Sutherland's new two-disc album named *The Art of the Prima Donna* (London A-4241; \*OSA 1211). The title is a gimmick title, in which the idea is to bring together music associated with many prima donnas of the past and then have Sutherland sing it. Had the Australian-born soprano failed in the test, one would dismiss the album as merely another instance of an overheated publicity brain coupled to an underheated voice. But Sutherland does not fail. She comes off triumphantly. If she sounds in the Metropolitan Opera as she does here—she is to make her debut there as Lucia next season—we in New York shall once again, after many years, have a coloratura soprano in the great tradition.

What is this great tradition that everybody prates about? Well, here is a story that might illustrate it. The fabulous Luisa Tetrazzini, no longer before the public, was invited to the Metropolitan an evening shortly before her death. Friends of hers wanted Tetrazzini to hear the work of a new and highly-touted coloratura soprano. Tetrazzini, majestic in her box, listened and said not a word. After the performance somebody got up enough nerve to ask her what she thought.

"A very pretty voice," said Tetrazzini. "A very pretty voice indeed. But let me tell you one thing. My high E had strength." (The great lady did not use the word "strength," but this is a family publication.)

\* Asterisk indicates stereophonic.

Madame was right. During the last generation we have been accustomed to high-pitched squeakings and squealings that are passed off as coloratura singing. Indeed, the very word, "coloratura," has been misapplied. There are coloratura basses and tenors as well as coloratura sopranos. Coloratura is a noun that refers to virtuoso vocal passage work. Many people think that coloratura refers only to florid soprano writing. In recent years the art of coloratura singing has all but died. Those few sopranos who have voices capable of going high above the staff also produce tiny, colorless sounds. Tenors and low-voiced male singers do not, these days, show any aptitude for coloratura; they avoid it like the plague.

If there was one thing that coloratura sopranos had, in bygone days, it was a good-sized voice. Up to the emergence of Joan Sutherland, the only soprano before the public who took on every category of coloratura role was Maria Callas, who had the style and the intelligence but not the voice. It is no secret that her voice goes to pieces in fortissimo notes above the staff; even her best friends will admit it. But Sutherland apparently has a voice that is as big as Callas' and in addition has the flexibility that Callas' hasn't. In that respect, Sutherland is, or would appear to be, unique among sopranos today.

### Startling Technique

It is the size of the voice that distinguishes Sutherland. That, and an accurate technique. Indeed, a bravura technique. We are so accustomed to hearing pieces like "*Caro nome*" sung in a tiny, piping voice, that hearing it in a full-voiced manner comes as a shock. I do not wish to imply that Sutherland has a voice as big as that of Milanov, or of Tebaldi when that worthy lets loose.

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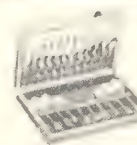
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*Love in Bath* (an English spa, not a tub) is the pure spirit of Handel, with the inimitable stamp of Beecham. "The world's wittiest musical peer" (*High Fidelity*) has arranged 20 arias, dances, and choruses from Handel into a delightful ballet. Beecham wrote the scenario, Gainsborough painted the lovely Elizabeth Lindley portrait which graces the cover. The Royal Philharmonic plays to match. **Angel (S) 35504**

## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

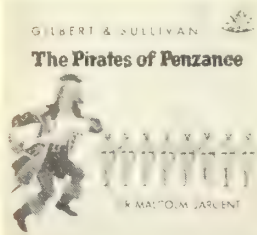
She hasn't. But it is a big, handsomely colored voice nevertheless. And it is certainly the most exciting voice to have come along this generation.

In her new recording she sings some of the most difficult soprano music in the repertoire, and she sings it beautifully. She can turn from the bigness of Bellini's "*Casta diva*," with its long lines and passionate outcries, to the bright classicism of a Handel aria and the extroverted chirpings of the "Bell Song" from "*Lakmé*." Her range goes to a full-voiced high E. Which means that she probably has one or two good notes above that, but she doesn't trot them out on this occasion. Her technique is startling in its clarity. Scales, leaps, arpeggios, staccatos—there is nothing that she does not seem to be able to do. She even has a trill, a real, articulated trill.

Her singing, though, is not only of a bravura nature. She has taste and musicianship, knows how to shape a phrase, and can change the coloration of her voice in line with the emotional demands of the music. In "*Qui la voce*" from Bellini's "*I Puritani*" she is in no rush to make an impression, starting quietly; and in the "Willow Song" from Verdi's "*Otello*" she never makes an ugly sound. Even in "*Casta diva*," the long-breathed legato phrases are exactly tapered off. Sutherland can not only raise the hair off your head with a dazzling bit of pyrotechnics; she can also move you. If she keeps developing along these lines—virtuosity-cum-musicianship—and does not let success go to her head, or take the easy way out, she will be the most brilliant singer of her time. As it is, hers is probably the greatest vocal mechanism of the present day.

### Introspective at Her Best

One of her close rivals is Victoria de los Angeles. The Spanish soprano does not have Sutherland's ease and control high above the staff, but in sheer sweet, sensuous sound she is in a class by herself. She has recently made a recording of Verdi's *La Traviata*, with Carlo del Monte (Alfredo) and Mario Sereni (Germent) as the two other leading singers, and with the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Tullio Serafin (Capitol GCR 7221,



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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

3 discs; \*SGCR 7221; the albums also contain, as a bonus, an additional disc of "Traviata" rehearsal excerpts featuring Serafin and his orchestra).

Exquisite a singer as she is, de los Angeles has never been entirely convincing in opera. She lacks the extroverted flair and temperament. In the last act, where the music is introspective, she is at her best. In the first act, she sings "*Sempre libera*" almost as a *vocalise* (exercise sung on a vowel). It so happens that Sutherland, in her album, has also recorded "*Sempre libera*," and a comparison is instructive. Where de los Angeles loses quality above a B flat, and where she (one feels only too vividly) is fighting the notes, Sutherland is assured. She rips through the music giving the listener the feeling that she has plenty in reserve, whereas de los Angeles gives the feeling she is operating all-out. Sutherland also has room for plenty of nuance. Her phrasing is more flexible and more sensitive, hence more expressive.

The two other leading singers in the "Traviata" album are competent, though seldom exciting. The same applies to Serafin, the conductor. At nearly eighty-five years of age, Serafin is not going to convey the fervor of a young man. His tempos these days are generally slow, not to say lugubrious. Very likely he knows more about the Italian opera tradition than anybody around; but knowing and doing are two different things.

### The "Barber" Before Rossini

One other operatic album deserves mention, though it left me with mixed feelings. That is Giovanni Paisiello's *The Barber of Seville*, with a cast including Gabriella Scitti, Nicola Monti, Rolando Panerai, Renato Capecchi, and Mario Petri. Renato Fasano leads the Virtuosi di Roma (Mercury 2-110, 2 discs; \*2-9010). This is, more or less, the libretto that Rossini used for his more famous opera, first performed in 1816. But Paisiello's, first performed in 1782, was the original, and it also was the most popular opera of its day. It has been out of the repertoire for many years.

When Mercury released this album, a few months ago, there were delighted screams of praise from musicians and opera-lovers, who cited

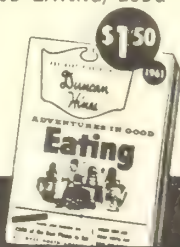
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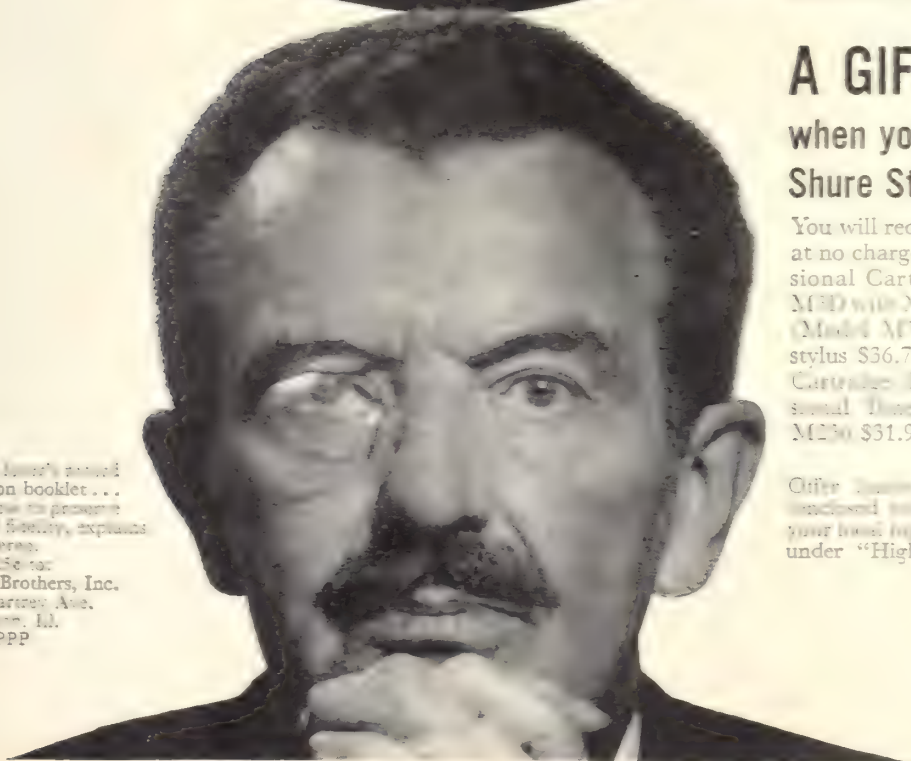
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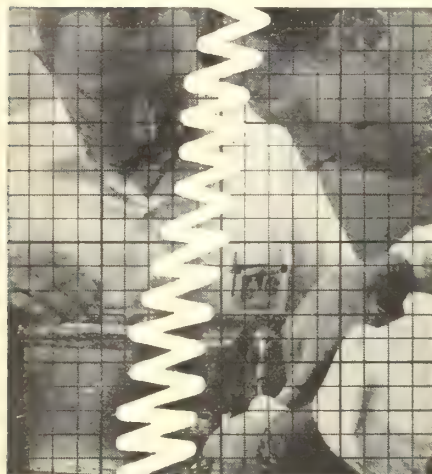
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

the jollity and *joie de vivre* of the music; who cited, too, devices that Mozart used in *his* operas. All of which is true. But several hearings of the Paisiello "Barber" do not sustain its initial impact. One can hear a Mozart opera again and again; and the Rossini "Barber" is the opera buffa par excellence, the granddaddy of them all. Music like "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" never becomes tiresome. But after a short while, Paisiello's "Barber" begins to sound thin.

Much of this is because of Paisiello's prevailing white-key harmonies. Take Mozart again. Mozart follows classical key structure, but analysis of any of his mature works shows daring harmonic adventures. He passes from key to key (though never forgetting home base), with each new harmonic touch having a tremendously expressive value. Or take Rossini again. His "Barber" may not be any more adventurous harmonically than Paisiello's, but it does have a lusty, down-to-earth quality, and its humor breathes Italy and the Italians. Paisiello is more polite: not the melodist or harmonist Mozart was, not the peasant Rossini was. His opera has some nice things in it, but one can see why it has remained unplayed for generations. Anyway, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a once-popular piece of music has been forgotten, there is a good reason for it. And the Paisiello "Barber" is definitely not the hundredth case.



## JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

MJQ

Of all the efforts to strike a balance between jazz and chamber music, the most successful is without great doubt the Modern Jazz Quartet—composed of John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; and Connie Kay, drums—which now finds a hearing not only in night clubs but at the New York City Center or the Mozarteum in Salzburg. Early in their career together, its members demonstrated a compatibility of trained intelligence with jazz energy. Survival has made the distinctive achievement seem commonplace, but should not blind us to how remarkable it was.

The MJQ flowered early, and you can get much of the best of it on the Prestige sides with the John Lewis compositions—like "Django" or "Vendome" (on 7057 and 7059)—which it thereafter branded as its own. Familiarity has given the Quartet's work a certain polish, and fame has led them into sterile if exotic by-ways (like movie scores), but their strength remains their sense of shared purpose. No single member is expendable.

Off and on, there have been critics who endorsed the view that the heart of the MJQ—the man who provided it with "soul" and "funk"—was Milt Jackson. Now unquestionably Jackson is the one who most frequently lifts the melody off its feet into flights of traditional jazz exuberance, yet sounds the note of earth and flesh against John Lewis' sometime detours into the airy and atmospheric. But it is Lewis who makes Jackson possible, creating the context of musical richness and reliability in which Jackson's angular power can register most fully. Without him, as the listener can hear in the tracks on Prestige 7059 where Lewis is absent, the essential MJQ sound is lacking. The difference is John Lewis.

Modern Jazz Quartet. Savoy MG 12046. Concorde. Prestige 7005. Django. Prestige 7057. Modern Jazz Quartet/Milt Jackson Quartet. Prestige 7059. Fontessa. Atlantic 1231. The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn, with Jimmy Guiffre. Vol. I. Atlantic 1247. The Modern Jazz Quartet. Atlantic 1265. One Never Knows, original film score for "No Sun in Venice." Atlantic 1284. The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn, with Sonny Rollins. Vol. II. Atlantic 1299. Pyramid. Atlantic 1325. At the Opera House. Verve MG V-8269. Music from "Odds Against Tomorrow." United Artists UAL 4063.



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VOL. 222 No. 1331  
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ARTICLES

- 31 Trial by Combat in American Courts, *David Dressler*
- 37 Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robber?  
*Malcolm Bradbury*
- 40 Adenauer and McCloy: Godfathers of the New  
Germany, *Dean Acheson*
- 46 The Good Slum Schools, *Martin Mayer*
- 53 Africans Beat on Our College Doors, *Albert G. Sims*
- 67 An Exercise in Self-education, *John Gunther*
- 77 The Chicken Explosion, *George Soule*
- 80 How to Run a Small Foundation, *Adam Yarmolinsky*
- 85 The Happiest Creatures on Earth? *Ruth and  
Edward Brecher*

FICTION

- 59 A Corner of a Foreign Jail, *Alexis Ladas*

VERSE

- 66 Late Winter Birthday, *Robert Mezey*
- 88 The Merchant of Rio, *Elizabeth Chesley*
- 97 Two Poems, *Samuel Menashe*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
- 14 The Editor's Easy Chair—THE SURE 'NUFF TRUTH  
ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR, *John Fischer*
- 22 After Hours—TRAVEL NOTES FROM HARPER'S READERS
- 92 Public & Personal—KENNEDY'S SEVEN RULES FOR  
HANDLING THE PRESS, *William S. White*
- 98 The New Books, *Alan Pryce-Jones*
- 104 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 109 Music in the Round, *Discus*
- 112 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

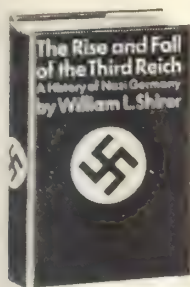
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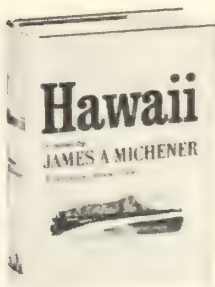
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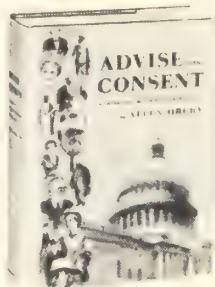
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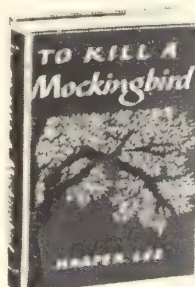
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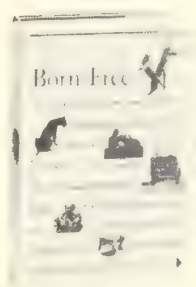
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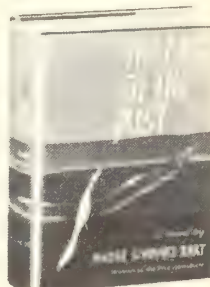
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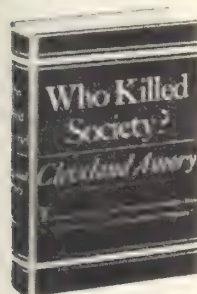
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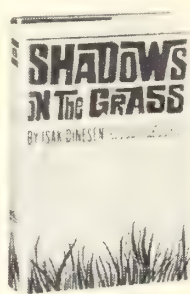
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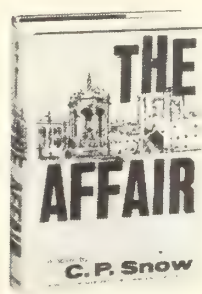
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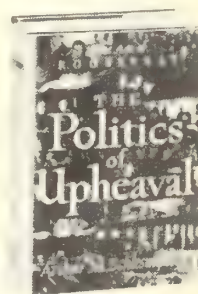
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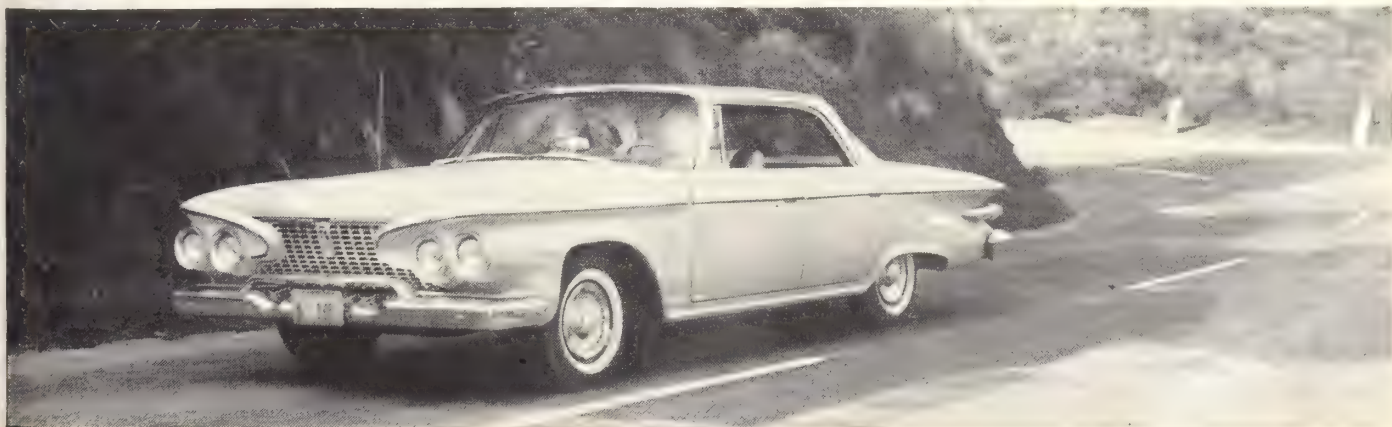
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## LETTERS

### War and Peace

TO THE EDITORS:

I was most interested to see your [Easy Chair] examination of the question of disarmament ["Agenda for the Two Ks," John Fischer, February]. As you note, one of the major problems has been the absence recently of any organized voice inside the government to present the case for the feasibility and value of disarmament. In addition, there simply have not been the facts developed by large-scale research that could have supported an intelligent disarmament policy. For these reasons, twenty-six other Members of the House have joined with me in introducing a bill to create a National Peace Agency.

ROBERT W. KASTENMEIER  
Member of Congress, Wisconsin  
Washington, D. C.

The entire problem of arms control and limitation is terribly complex. I still feel that if it were possible to cut through to a simpler and possibly less hazardous solution—and I believe that total disarmament with an invincible world security force falls into this category—we would be very smart to try it. I don't think that we should assume failure of possible negotiations with the Russians on this score until we have at least given it a try. . . . And I still feel strongly that if the approach to total disarmament fails, we had better get very busy in this country and build up a very strong civil-defense system, certainly to include shelters.

JACQUARD H. ROTHSCHILD  
Brig. Gen. U. S. A.-Ret.  
Phoenix, Ariz.

We are indebted to you for the "Agenda for the Two Ks." As one familiar with the anxious and utopian concepts in the church movement, I can think of no more important job than raising the hard, difficult issues that inescapably must confront our government policy-makers. . . .

HAROLD C. MCKINNEY, JR.  
Dir. of Gen. Operations  
Michigan Council of Churches  
Lansing, Mich.

Universal, total, inspected disarmament is difficult but not impossible. . . . One reason that the Communist bloc is successfully active in a country like Laos

is that our primary commitment to the arms race has forced us to take the side of an extreme right-wing "stable" oligarchy which does not have the confidence of the people it rules. This same pattern has been repeated in other countries as well, with the result that, when a revolt inevitably comes, the Communists are able to capitalize on it. If we were free of the arms race, economically and politically, we could devote our resources to raising the common man's meager living standard and undercut the Communists' chief argument. . . .

PETER SALMON  
Cambridge, Mass.

### The Froaze Moose

TO THE EDITORS:

I read the yarn "The Frozen Moose" [February], enjoyed it, and then gave it no more thought except to wish continued success to its author, Garfield Scrog. A few days later, as editor of a small daily newspaper, I found in my mailbox a letter, which is reproduced here exactly as received:

Dear Sir,

I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. My daddy takes *Harper's* and in the Feb'y issue was a story called the frozen moose which I liked. My brother, Tennessee, is just 6 yrs. old & very mean, he hates girls. He told me there wasn't anybody named Garfield Scrog, that the story was wrote in a N.Y.C. magazine office probably by a girl, and then he made a face. Editors know everything, so please tell me sir, is there a Garfield Scrog?  
—VIRGINIA

However cynical he may be in matters of politics, city zoning, or socialized medicine, an editor cannot turn aside a request so poignant. That very day I began making inquiries in order to provide a satisfactory answer for Virginia. Finding no biography in *Who's Who*, I consulted those standbys of journalism, Usually Reliable Sources. From them I gathered all information currently available about a man named Garfield Scrog, who could have been the author of "The Frozen Moose":

Scrog, Garfield Llewellyn. Trapper, wood chopper, writer. b. Vancouver, B.C., Canada, Nov. 19, 1919. AB, U. of Wash. '41, major semantics, minor aeronautical engineering. Aircraft mechanic WWII; cited (1943) for safety essay. "Don't Lose Your Head on the Airstrip" publ. in *Air Force Mechanics Monthly*. Ph.D. UCLA '48, thesis



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## LETTERS

"The Psychology of Magazine Editors," Trapper, wood chopper (1952-59); advised by physician (1959) of allergy to animal hair and wood chips. Author of article (1960), "Start Anew as a Writer When Your World Falls Apart." Now preparing sequel, "Magazine Editors: How to Have the Last Laugh."

I'll concede that the material I have gathered is tentative and inconclusive, but at least I am able to make an affirmative report to that dear little girl. Yes, Virginia, there is a *Harper's*.

EMMETT PETER, JR.  
Ed., *The Daily Commercial*  
Leesburg, Fla.

*For the benefit of the many other readers who commented on Mr. Scrog's story, we submit the following: Garfield Scrog does indeed live in Alaska, does chop wood and trim animals, does study writing by correspondence. So far as we know, he is no Ph.D. Here at Harper's we are still somewhat mystified by Mr. Scrog and one staff member insists that he must be two bored GIs.*

THE EDITORS

## A Break for Convicts

TO THE EDITORS:

I read "Hoodlum Priest and Respectable Convicts" by William Krasner [February] on how to help men leaving prison, men no better and no worse than the general run of the population outside. . . . There should be places like the St. Louis Dismas House in every city to provide justice where the courts are concerned only with law. But everything in this world costs money and you can get money all wet with tears for sick babies (they should have it) but not a cent for someone who has been bad. No one worries now about who will "cast the first stone." They all throw them at once—and bolster each other up.

FANNY S. H. HALL  
New York, N. Y.

## Reverend Mr. King

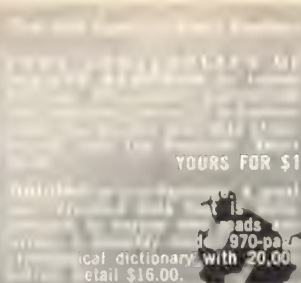
TO THE EDITORS:

The brilliant article by James Baldwin on "The Dangerous Road Before Martin Luther King" [February], for which all of your readers must be grateful, reminds us that the most important writers as well as the greatest men in America today are likely to be black.

RABBI ARNOLD JACOB WOLF  
Glencoe, Ill.

The background for an article on King or the Negro generally should be the Congo—the Negro in the raw—but you suppress that like you do the South-





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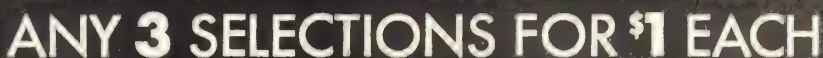
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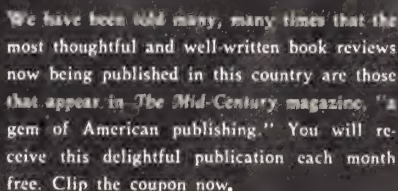


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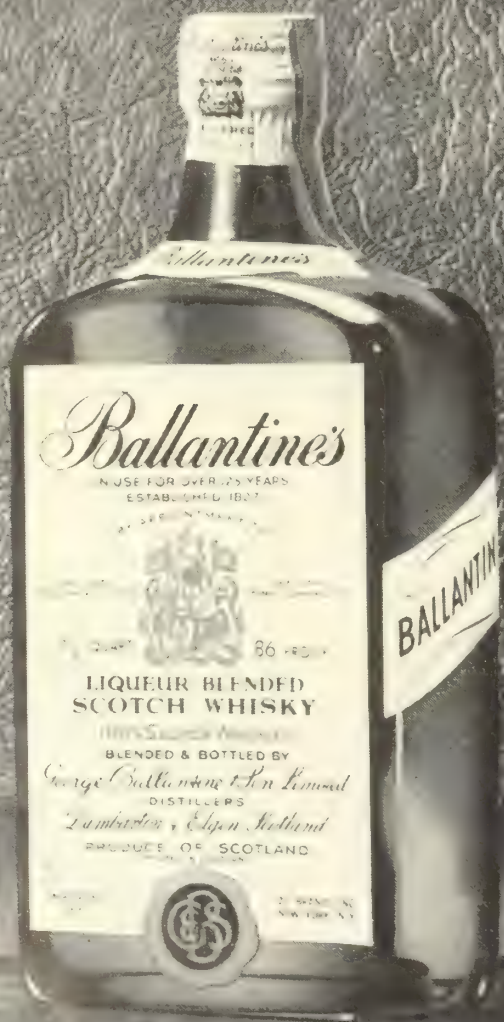
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## LETTERS

ern viewpoint. The Negro is the Congo; he is Africa. . . . The American Negro has only been out of the African bush a couple of centuries. The Southerner realizes this and understands that he is dealing with Africans and expects little of them. He realizes that there are as many Negroes in this country as there are Canadians in Canada. Yet what have they done for America? Practically nothing but drag her down and demand more and more. . . .

Here in Shreveport we have 55,000 Negroes in the city limits and 85,000 in the metropolitan area. Now any average community that size in America has a bank or so and a building and loan. But is there a Negro bank or building and loan here? No. There are no Negro stores worthy of the name and, in fact, no business enterprise of that race except obscure cafés, mortuaries, movies, and the like—all third-rate. Why? People like you blame it on the whites. People like us know better. So, let the Baldwins and the Kings ride the crest. Keep us behind the paper curtain. But a century or two from now, the Negro will be in the same spot—happily enjoying the America the white men created, while the "leaders" of that unfortunate race cry out about being mistreated by the whites.

CLARENCE L. YANCEY  
Shreveport, La.

## Biographer Requests

TO THE EDITORS:

I am interested in getting information, photographs, letters, and papers relating to the career of General George C. Marshall for use in his authorized biography which I am now writing.

FORREST C. POGUE, Director  
George C. Marshall Research Center  
Box 831, Lexington, Virginia

## Maestro

TO THE EDITORS:

It seems to me that Virgil Thomson's provocative summary of the decade's musical developments ["Music in the 1950s," November] is too kind to creators of music. He alleges that the mass media make composers anonymous and, as a consequence, composers make their music virtually indistinguishable.

But that is the composer's fault. He wants to reach the greatest number of *cognoscenti* in the shortest possible time. Never mind slaving over compositions, laying them aside, returning to them through the years, and hoping inarticulately for at least posthumous appreciation. Why delay when you can be immortal today? . . .

No composer is worth a damn unless





*American Gothic by Grant Wood, courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago*

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The standard of living for the average farm wife has risen 85% since 1940. She is no longer chained to the chunk stove—and her hands show it. She is no longer isolated from people and ideas. Her face reflects new interest in the life around her—and around the world. She now finds time to channel her energy into new and better ways to help her family.

Some of these ways are big and important. Concern for her community has drawn 4,000,000 farm wives into farm betterment organizations. Her desire for education has helped increase college enrollment for farm

youngsters over 100% in the past twenty years. Her increased interest in art, music and drama has multiplied America's rural cultural activities.

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## LETTERS

his audience is charmed and delighted never mind impressed. A composer has to get under his audience's skin. But it takes courage to get under the skin of a Prince by saying something as blatantly as does Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" . . . or to get under the cynical callouses of Broadway by creating melodies for "Oh Kay!", "Funny Face," "Girl Crazy," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Porgy and Bess."

The trouble with today's composers is that they are trying to conquer the world before they have charmed and delighted their first audience. But they should be reminded that love and respect for audiences is always returned tenfold to men of talent. If only people like Leonard Bernstein would watch the faces of teen-agers listening to "There's a Place for Us" and "Gee, Officer Krupke" (in "West Side Story") the prospect of another ten "Candides" [Bernstein composed the music for this less popular Broadway play] would not deter them from returning to their audiences and giving up their pulpits, podiums, and public relations. One can only wish that they would wake up to the truth that all the prestige in this life is not worth beans compared to some sensitive person whistling your tunes twenty-five years after you are dead.

HARVARD HOLLENBERG  
Wellington, New Zealand  
U. S. Fulbright scholar 1960-61

### Call of the Wild

TO THE EDITORS:

Bertram Brownold's comments in "The Cat, The Squirrel, and the Jays" [After Hours, February] are obviously colored by his loathing for cats. It is evident that he has never spent an afternoon in a wooded yard watching the jays as they relentlessly swoop down pursuing the squirrels that frisk about the lawn. . . . Fie on Mr. Brownold's attack on cats! MRS. GEORGE L. HOPPS  
Silver Spring, Md.

### Afghan Mystery

TO THE EDITORS:

Santha Rama Rau's hilarious tale "Stranded in Kabul" [February] piqued my curiosity. Is there no Kabul Hilton, and can a major hotel be so forlorn as hers, in a modern capital city? Turning to an atlas, I found "No Census Taken" under the heading "Larger Cities." . . . It was noted, however, that exports are spices, skins, fruits, carpets, and raw wool. Granting that our atlas is a 1940 edition, I had the curious feeling that Marco Polo was its Central Asian editor.

ROBERT H. PASCHALL  
Hollywood, Calif.



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AS EVERY Southerner knows, there is a sharp distinction between the truth and the sure 'nuff truth. One is concerned with facts, the other with essence.

The only inheritance I got from my two grandfathers—one a Confederate, the other a Union man—was the sure 'nuff truth about the Civil War. It sounded a lot different from the truth put out by the historians. For this reason I had always considered it a purely private treasure, of no value to anybody except the family.

Recently, however, I have begun to suspect that it might be a vital asset to the national economy. For a major industry, the writing of Civil War books, is now sputtering to a dead stop because it has run out of raw material. The official records and generals' memoirs were used up long ago; prospectors armed with Geiger counters have rummaged through every attic in the country in search of letters and diaries; and by late 1960 the last surviving scraps of paper, from every sutler, cook, and camp follower who could write, had been run through the mills.\*

Today, with a recession already threatening, thousands of writers, printers, and booksellers are facing unemployment—even though the Centennial which starts this month has four years to run and the demand for Civil War books apparently remains as insatiable as ever. Under

the circumstances I don't feel that in good conscience I can keep my little hoard of raw material cached away any longer.

The first bit of sure 'nuff truth I picked up—at about the age of six—was that the Civil War was fun. This seems to have escaped the historians and all of the stuffer generals, such as Sherman. (Not Lee. He believed it might be fortunate that war is a bloody business, lest men learn to like it too much. And until the Battle of Yellow Tavern Jeb Stuart evidently regarded the whole thing as a wonderful lark.)

Anyhow, as my grandfathers told it the war was a four-year picnic, with fireworks. A partial explanation, no doubt, is that familiar trick of old men's memories, which filter out the unpleasant. (My Confederate data trickled through a double filter. Because my Grandfather Caperton died before I was born, his story reached me secondhand, mostly from three uncles.) Certainly both youngsters, like any other soldiers, were often cold, hungry, scared, and in pain. But I am pretty sure that on the whole they had an uproarious good time.

For one thing, neither of them had to walk. The Caperton family (none of whose members has ever cared for walking) managed to spare one of its plow horses so that George could enlist in the Fourth Alabama Cavalry. Grandfather Fischer was born beside the Ohio, on a farm near Marietta, and from the time he was old enough to lift a hoe he had looked with envy at the sailors lounging on the decks of the paddle-wheelers that steamed past. So at the age of twelve he signed up as a cabin boy on one of Commodore Foote's gunboats.

"One of the saddest days of my life," he told me later, "was when they paid me off at the end of the war and sent me back to that damned farm."

They ate better than most. The cavalry had endless chances to steal chickens, hogs, and roasting ears (plus an occasional jug of whiskey), and it is one of America's oldest military traditions that the Navy always gets better food, and more of it, than the Army.

Their bloodshed was modest. That old infantry jibe—"Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"—wasn't quite fair, but it wasn't altogether baseless either. And among the river sailors, squatting behind their armor of boiler plate and railroad rails, the casualty rate was lower still.

Finally, my grandfathers found time between battles for some memorable parties. The Fourth Alabama was commanded by disciplinarians—Nathan Bedford Forrest and later Joe Wheeler—who never encouraged the sort of carousing which was legendary among Stuart's troopers; but they couldn't prevent a campfire brawl now and then. One of these ended up in a bowie knife argument, in which George Caperton got his most serious, if not exactly glorious, wound. (Later he broke an arm when a horse was shot

\* Notably Catton's Nostalgia Foundry and the Miers Distillery, bottler of 90-proof blood.

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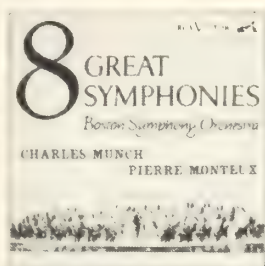
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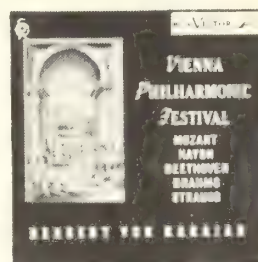
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author and music critic; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **JOHN M. CONLY**, music editor, *The Atlantic*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN**, music editor, *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and President, Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, former Chief of Music Division, New York Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard.

## HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EVERY month three or more 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RCA Victor Red Seal records are announced to members. One is singled out as the record-of-the-month and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record members pay only \$4.98—for stereo \$5.98—the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. (A small charge for postage and handling is added.)

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out from under him at Shiloh. Since the surgeons weren't bothering with trifles at the time, he never got it properly set and carried a lump of ill-knit bone for the rest of his life.)

**CABIN BOY** John Fischer got his only wound, his biggest party, and his worst disgrace in the Vicksburg campaign.

He had volunteered for service on one of the transports which Admiral David Porter had chosen for the supposedly desperate race down the Mississippi under the muzzles of the Vicksburg batteries, on the night of April 16, 1863. Some sixty years later he told me about it, during the course of a long, hot afternoon of post-hole digging, in words about like this:

"Everybody except Grant and Porter thought the scheme was crazy. While I was cleaning up the officers' mess table I heard them say that even Sherman was against it, and that all of our unarmored transports were bound to be sunk before we could steam a hundred yards beyond Big Bend. All that afternoon I helped stack cotton bales and barrels of hardtack along the rail, to give the deck hands a little cover. They made a mighty flimsy-looking breastwork, and I figured that I'd never live to see morning.

"What really happened was a sort of anticlimax. The night was real dark, and of course there wasn't a single candle or seegar alight in our whole string of ships. Besides, we stuck close to the west bank, so that the Reb gunners couldn't see us too well even after they set afire some barns and houses to light up the river.

"But they sure tried. For nearly two hours they blazed away with every cannon they could bring to bear, and I guess maybe ten thousand riflemen kept popping at us as fast as they could load. I watched the whole thing through a crack between two cotton bales, jumping like a rabbit every time a shell slammed into our boat. One transport ran aground and sank, and all the others got splintered up pretty bad—but we didn't lose a man.

"Seemed like I was always hungry those days, like a teen-age boy generally is, and as soon as the shooting was over I slipped along the deck till I found a smashed cracker barrel. I started eating hardtack as fast as I could stuff it in my mouth, aiming to get my fill before an officer caught me. In the dark I couldn't see that a Minié ball had stuck in one of those crackers, and I broke a tooth. It wasn't what you could call a combat wound, I guess, but it *was* caused by an enemy weapon."

Toward the end of the campaign some of the transports were ordered to Natchez for repair. In those days it was two towns—a dignified cluster of porticoed mansions on the bluff, and below it a rowdy port, Natchez-under-the-Hill.

"The minute we tied up," my grandfather said, "every man aboard lit out for the saloons, which were loud and plentiful. But the Captain

told me and Henry that the cabin boys would have to stay and look after the ship. He also ordered us to have plenty of hot coffee ready by daybreak, on the theory that he and the other officers would need it when they got back.

"Neither of us knew much about cooking, but we filled a ten-gallon wash boiler full of water and ten pounds of coffee and set it on the galley stove. By midnight it was boiling good, but an awful lot of coffee grounds seemed to be floating on the top.

"Now somewhere I had heard that eggshells would settle coffee grounds. Henry argued that didn't stand to reason. What the situation called for was something with more body to it, like whole eggs. So we broke a dozen eggs into the boiler and stirred for a while. That helped some, but not much. So we added another dozen, and threw in the shells after them.

"Naturally we were pretty sore about missing the fun in Natchez-under-the-Hill, and when Henry found a bottle of vanilla extract in the pantry we decided to have a party of our own. Come daylight, we were smelling like a pair of angel-food cakes. At about that point it occurred to us that the coffee better be real good when the Captain got home. We broke in all the rest of the eggs in the galley, including those which weren't too fresh, and we were stirring hard when the officers wobbled up the gangplank.

"In spite of all the pains we had taken, the Captain wasn't happy about that coffee. In fact, he was downright irritable. Said we tried to poison him. Said we probably were Rebel spies. Said that anyhow we were no-good brats, and we would sure God spend the rest of the war in the brig.

"Maybe we would have, too, if the officers hadn't got tired of waiting on their own table. We never were officially pardoned, exactly, but the First Officer let us out in time to see the surrender of Vicksburg in July."

**FOR** officers in general my grandfather had scant respect. Sherman, for example, he described as "a nervous ol' fuss-budget" who nearly lost the Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh out of sheer carelessness, and who was saved only by the last-minute arrival of the river flotilla with firepower and reinforcements. But Grant, he admitted, "probably knew what he was up to." Sometimes he added that "Grant wasn't as flighty as most of them generals"—a rare compliment from the old man, who regarded flightiness (or any other display of emotion) with chill contempt.

This judgment apparently was based less on Grant's record of victories than on a cabin boy's observation of his behavior under fire. Grandpa's best chance for a close-up appraisal came at the siege of Fort Donelson. For hours there the gunboats tossed shells into the Confederate entrenchments, while Grant watched from the river bank a few yards away. The weather was near freezing





Welsh girls make those jaw-breaking Welsh names sound like music. This girl was snapped at Llangollen—pronounced “thlamngollen.”

## For children only: How to get Father to take you to Britain

**D**ON'T tell Father you want to visit Britain just because it's fun. *Don't* tell Father you want to go because British children speak English—and it's easy to make friends.

*Don't* tell Father you want to see the Queen; shake hands with a Beefeater; meet a Bobby; or see the Lord Mayor's Show. These things may be true, but they're the wrong approach.

Far better to hold a history book in your hot little hand and announce that you want to go to Britain because it's *educational*. Don't giggle. Move in with facts.

The Shakespeare Season of Plays at Stratford is *educational* to beat the band. It goes on from April through November. Stately homes and ghostly castles are *educational* because they prove that history is made by people—not by

books. And England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland can all claim to be *educational* because each is a branch of America's ancestral tree.

If you want to educate Father on how much it costs, take him to a travel agent. He'll find that grown-ups can get to Britain *and back* for only \$320, if they go after October 1st. Under-twelves go half-price. Only fair.

**FREE!** For free illustrated literature including booklet “Children Visiting Britain,” write British Travel Association, Box 170. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.





## This July, a revolutionary new British liner cuts the Pacific down to size!

P&O-Orient Lines' new 45,000-ton *Canberra* sails from the West Coast in July on her maiden voyage to the South Pacific, the Mediterranean and Europe. Sailing time: 46 days. Two weeks less than the old record! Your fare? As little as \$17 a day.

P&O-Orient Lines' new *Canberra* is the most revolutionary new luxury liner afloat. She has two sets of stabilizers—underwater wings that smooth oceans into millponds. You can dance a Highland fling at sea and never miss a step.

*Canberra* is 820 feet long, carries 548 first class and 1690 tourist class passengers, stands as tall as a 15-story building and cruises at 27½ knots.

There is a closed-circuit TV system that receives English, American and Japanese programs. And a studio where amateur theatricals can be broadcast.

Interiors on *Canberra* were decorated under the supervision of Britain's lead-

ing architects, one of whom was a consultant for the Royal Yacht *Britannia*.

All cabins in first class have private baths or showers and most have a view of the sea; many cabins in tourist class have showers.

There is a spectacular ballroom where



Tourist class cabin with four berths, perfect for family travel. (English nannies are available.)

a glass wall slides out of sight so you can dance outdoors if you wish.

Lights in the dining room change with the time of day—sunny at breakfast, soft and low at dinner. Your meals are prepared by chefs trained in the great hotels of England. Specialties from every corner of the world are on the menu. And the wine cellars are famous.

### The world within reach

A glance at the map to the right will show you how P&O-Orient brings the entire world to your doorstep.

The solid line is P&O-Orient's South Pacific route from the West Coast and Honolulu to Europe—and *Canberra's* course this July.

Run your finger along the line and picture the places you'll see. India. Egypt. The Mediterranean.

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Now look at the dotted lines on our



map. First head North from Hawaii to Japan, Hong Kong and Manila.

If you don't want to stop at Hong Kong or Manila and come back, you can keep right on going—either to the South Pacific and back to the United States, or to Europe by way of the Indian Ocean, Suez and Mediterranean!

A round trip to Japan starts at \$672, to Hong Kong at \$796 and to Manila at \$824.

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nation of routes you wish on your *one* P&O-Orient Lines' ticket.

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See your travel agent now. Or write for free literature to: Dept. 14C, **P&O-Orient Lines**, 155 Post St., San Francisco 8. Branches: Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver. Elsewhere in U. S. & Canada, Cunard Line, Gen'l Passenger Agents.





The problem of measuring similarity lies at the heart of many studies in medical research. Now IBM has developed a computer technique to help scientists uncover important similarities among diverse symptoms.

Charles Darwin spent 22 years analyzing the information he gathered on a single trip around the world. Ironically enough, the truth he sought was obscured by the mountains of data he had collected. ■ In a modern attack on Darwin's dilemma, IBM mathematicians have found a way of using a computer to speed the search for similarities in great masses of information. The computer compares each item of data with every other. It creates a logical system of classification and often reveals elusive relationships. ■ Doctors at a New York hospital are now using this method to study certain blood diseases and their complex symptom patterns. The same principle may be valuable in information retrieval systems of the future, which will provide easy access to millions of documents. ■ By using computers and data processing systems to deal with gigantic data problems, scientists and businessmen alike can now find solutions that would otherwise remain hidden.

**IBM**  
©

they're alike...but how much alike?



and an icy rain fell at intervals all through the day.

"He scootched up in his saddle like a wet chicken," Grandpa remembered, "while the water dripped down his coat collar and the Reb cannon balls splashed mud all over his boots."

For his juvenile listener this was exciting stuff—an eyeball witness's account of History in the Making. I nagged for details. What I wanted, I suppose, though I didn't know how to ask for it, was an insight into the character of a hero, some explanation of what it is that makes a great man great. What did he do to win that battle?

"He didn't do anything so far as I could see," Grandpa said. "He just sat there like a hickory stump."

Well, then, how did he *really* look?

"He looked cold."

That was as close to the sure 'nuff truth about Grant as I ever got. At the time it seemed unsatisfactory, but years later I began to suspect that it summed up the essential facts pretty well: a cold man, unbudgeable as a hickory stump.

EVERY one of the Southern children I knew in my knee-pants days would confess, when pressed, that:

1. Before "The War" his family had owned a thousand slaves. (Never 973 or 1,012; always an even thousand.)

2. It lived in a mansion with white columns in front.

3. Not only was it aristocratic—that went without saying—but wealthy until the Yankees ruined everything.

For a long while I assumed that the Southern half of my family had enjoyed this vanished grandeur, like everybody else. Then, over the years, I gradually picked up from my innumerable kinfolk the disillusioning sure 'nuff truth:

1. The Capertons had owned three slaves. Each of these had a large family, but nobody seemed sure whether the wives and children were slaves or not. While the Caperton men were off at war, the Negroes worked the farm, hid the livestock from Yankee raiders, and in general took good care of the little community. When they were "liberated" by a Union column which marched

across the farm on its way to Chickamauga, a few miles to the east, they thanked the soldiers kindly, cheered the Stars and Stripes, and went right back to work. After the war they stayed on, living the same as always; and when the family moved to Texas in 1891, an ex-slave—Wellesley Caperton—went along. (He found the Panhandle too windy and lonesome, and finally moved back to De Kalb County, Alabama.)

2. The "mansion" had no columns. Like most of the other old farmhouses on Sand Mountain, it was a dogtrot log cabin with an ell at the back. The same practical pattern is still being used by builders throughout the South, but the dogtrot is now called a breezeway and the construction isn't as solid. The walls of that cabin were made of squared-off walnut logs, some of which must have been four feet thick. When I saw it a few years back, they looked good for at least another century. (They had another and bigger house, for winter use, down in the valley, but it didn't have any columns either.)

3. The Yankees didn't ruin the place. Aside from stealing a few fence rails for their campfires, they apparently behaved with decorum. The family was poor because the soil on Sand Mountain never was much good, the Tennessee River habitually flooded the better fields in the bottoms, and malaria was endemic. Contrary to legend, it wasn't The War that forced such families to the West; they just hoped to make a better living on free homestead land. For the Capertons, TVA came a century too late.

ANOTHER favorite legend of my boyhood was that the war divided many families in the Tennessee River country, with the result that kinfolks met on the battlefield, usually at bayonet point. I now know that my two grandfathers must have been on opposite sides in at least two battles—Shiloh and Donelson—and probably at Fort Henry. But it is most unlikely that they ever got within shooting distance, and they never did meet on the battlefield or elsewhere.

Moral: The sure 'nuff truth may be stranger than fiction, but it doesn't make as satisfying a story.

## How fast is your income growing?

NOT FAST ENOUGH, perhaps, to keep you comfortably ahead of growing family expenses.

So you might ask yourself this question:

*Why don't I give my income a chance to grow with America?*

This is why millions of families now own common stock. As shareowners they are part owners of some company. If the company grows with a growing America, their incomes can grow, too. So can the value of their investment. Many prefer to balance their common stock holdings with bonds for more stable income.

### The right way to invest

It's important to remember that security prices fluctuate. Not every company will grow. Some will fall by the wayside. This doesn't mean you have to be an "expert" to invest—few people are. But you do need to follow these basic rules:

1. Invest only money you don't need for living expenses or emergencies.
2. Be skeptical of tips and rumors. Invest only after you have facts.
3. Visit a nearby Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange to get the experienced advice of a Partner or Registered Representative—at no charge. He'll welcome your visit. Every Registered Representative has been carefully chosen and trained to help you invest sensibly.

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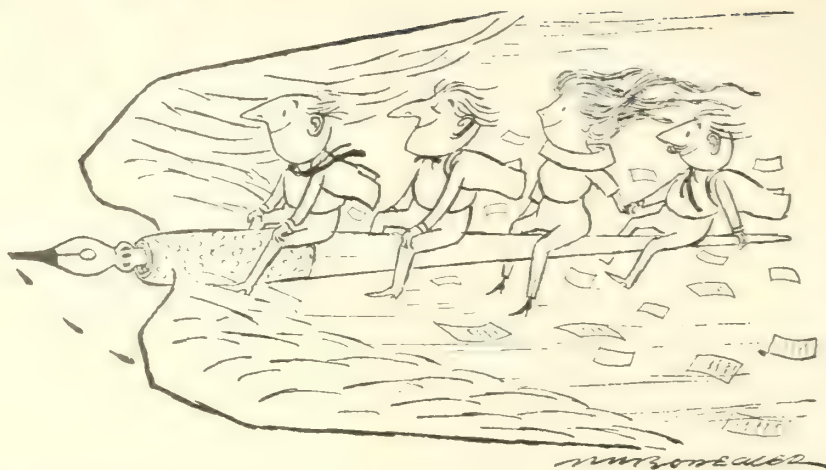
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# AFTER HOURS



## TRAVEL NOTES FROM HARPER'S READERS

**A** FEW months ago we invited Harper's readers traveling abroad to send us their notes on anything they found especially pleasant, disappointing, or unexpected. Because a good many of our readers seem to have similar tastes and interests, we thought such reports might prove useful to future travelers.

More than a hundred correspondents sent accounts of their discoveries, from places as diverse as Bangkok, Tel Aviv, Argentina, and Tanganyika. They explored all of Western Europe (including San Marino) and a few got into Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. Their experiences were surprisingly varied. Most of them shunned the standard tours, and fitted their trips to their own tastes and pocketbooks. Space limitations permit us to publish only a small fraction of their reports, considerably shortened to make room for as many as possible.—THE EDITORS

### Camping out in Europe

An unexpectedly large number of young American couples (often with children) went on overseas camping trips. The following excerpts echo other equally exuberant reports; nobody seemed to regret his alfresco adventures.

In April 1959 my husband and I with our four children (eleven, nine, five, and two) left our temporary home in Oxford for a month's "grand tour." The car was loaded with sleeping bags, tent,

cooking equipment; our destination was Sicily. With this type of traveling we felt we could spend our days in museums and sight-seeing. The children knew they could spend the early morning and evening wandering about as they pleased in the campsite. A bonus was the guarded campsite where we could safely leave our belongings and visit places of interest. In Venice the campsite was within the city—for thirty-five cents a night! By the time we recrossed the English Channel we had traveled 4,556 miles in twenty-eight days.

Mrs. W. E. Hulme  
Dubuque, Ia.

We were able to afford six and a half days in Paris last year on our European camping honeymoon because we cooked some of our own meals and slept in a tent, in a large well-equipped campsite in the Bois de Boulogne, costing about sixty-five cents a night. There are hot showers and a small outdoor shop has fresh bread, milk, eggs, and butter daily. With fresh coffee made on our one-burner Butane stove, we enjoyed the morning ritual of warm *croissants*, until the allure of Paris was too strong to resist.

Mrs. Robert H. Ketchum  
Lexington, Mass.

For Americans planning to travel by car abroad—why not buy camping equipment too? It's paid for in unused hotels in one short trip. There are many camping places in all European countries (we've heard they're excellent in Yugoslavia too). There are camping places in the dunes on the Belgian coast near the town of Middlekarkke, which has many amusements for children and a splendid beach; another near the Swiss national park where one can watch

chamois and see edelweiss on the high slopes; countless sites (good and horrid) along the French and Italian Rivas, often in olive or orange groves; on islands in the Rhine; near châteaux in the Loire Valley. The Riviera-blue tents from France, the sturdy German Pioneer tents, the tall Swedish umbrella type—all seem good values though not bargains. One of the more interesting accessories is a pump for air mattresses which uses the car's exhaust filtering out the carbon monoxide.

Mrs. Roland Ladd Osgood  
Bernkastel Kues, Germany  
(and Woodstock, N. H.)

In Belgium we camped at Zeebrugge, choosing from several a friendly-looking little *Platz* on the beach. It was dotted with large, well-equipped *caravans* (trailers), plywood and canvas cabins, pup tents, favored by cyclists and hikers, and many wall tents like ours. The *Platz* was adequately equipped with toilets and bathing facilities, a large play area with swings and slides for the children, a general store and café. After dinner we ordered steins of beer in the café and met campers from all walks of life—merchants, professional men, students, clerks, and artisans. We camped all the way to Norway on that trip and met many interesting Europeans.

Philip A. Reavis  
Norwalk, Conn.

### The Not-too-grand Tour

"Try being a modest traveler," counsels Doris Stanislawski of Austin, Texas, who, with her husband toured Europe on a total budget of \$300 a month with car but without tent. For advice on good—but not

## AFTER HOURS

too costly—hostelries she recommends, in addition to the standard Michelin guides, some inexpensive booklets published by Harian Publishing Company, Long Island, N.Y.; lists of pensions and hotels assembled (for its members) by the Women's Rest Tour, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; and David Dodge's Poor Man's Guide to Europe (Random House).

Sharing our correspondents' hopes that they will not be "overrun by tourists," we present just a few of the bargain spots our readers enjoyed.

If you like to climb mountains on your own feet, go to the Wastwater Hotel at Wasdale Head in England's Lake District. There is absolutely nothing to do there but walk and the hotel is set up on that basis. Its food and hot water are superb, its bedrooms tiny and icy cold, its public lounge drearily empty by day and full of tired climbers at night. Twenty-four hours there, including two meals in the dining-room and a packed lunch, will cost you about \$6. This is an ideal spot for anyone who loves to hike in the mountains.

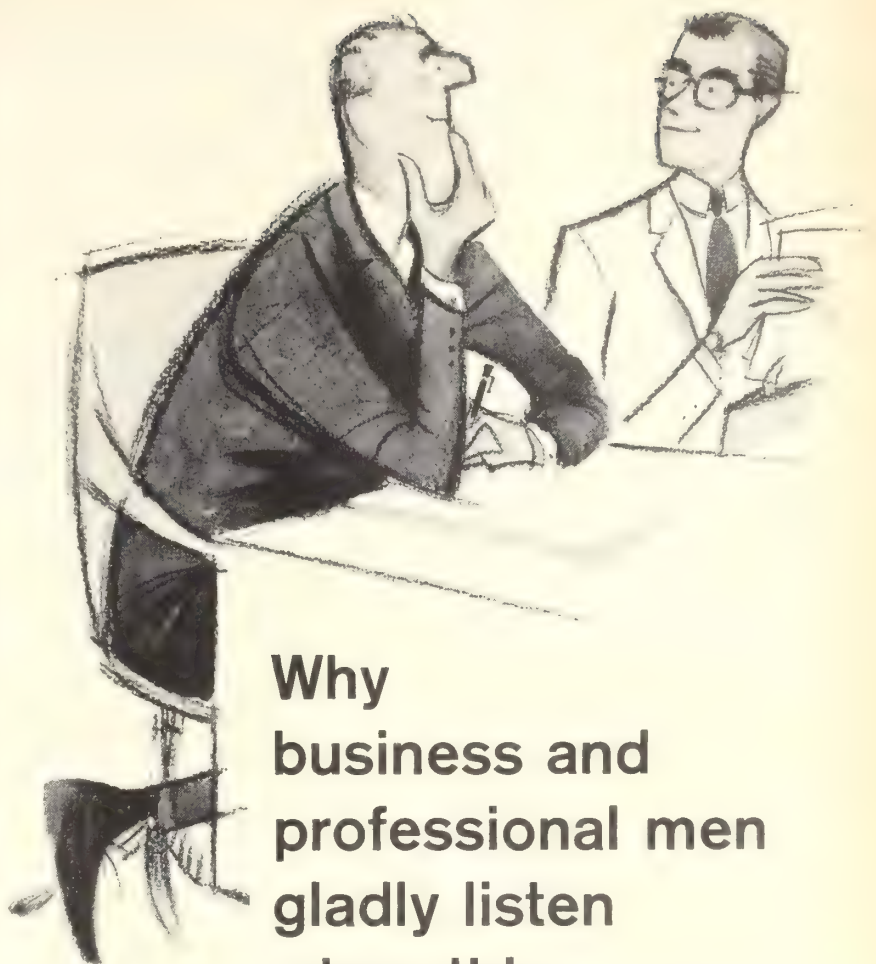
Elizabeth George Foulke  
Charlottesville, Va.



While so much of Europe is no longer cheap to the American tourist, Majorca really is. Full pension for two people and a room with terrace overlooking the sea cost only \$13.30 at a deluxe hotel. One family we met rented a seven-room house with a superb view for \$50 a month and their full-time maid is paid \$12 a month. Majorca has lovely, uncrowded beaches, rugged mountains, quaint villages, and ten months of spring—only in July and August is it hot.

Douglas Greenwald  
New York, N. Y.

For comfort without swank, reasonable prices, and magnificent scenery, the tourist hotels and the mountain huts of



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## AFTER HOURS

Norway are to be recommended. The former are on bus or boat routes, but are often some distance from towns of any size. Walking and fishing possibilities are usually immediately at hand. The mountain huts, maintained by the Norwegian Outing Club, are simpler in their accommodations but even better located in relation to scenery, walking, and fishing.

Paula M. Strain  
Falls Church, Va.

"Follow the Germans." This little trick, particularly with respect to hotels, will always get you more for your money.

George D. Bond  
New York, N. Y.

## Carriers: Part of the Fun

*Whether they drove their own cars or patronized the local trains and busses, many of our correspondents had as much fun on the move as at their destinations—and in a variety of ways.*

From the French National Railroads in New York we bought a ticket costing \$125 per person, which entitles one to ride first-class in trains all over Europe. This "Eurailpass" (which must be bought in the U. S. after you have secured your passport) was a magic carpet which took us to eleven countries. We hopped on and off the fast, comfortable trains at will, as one uses a bus here—from France, to Spain, to Italy—just by showing our pass which is as small as a credit card. If we missed one train we didn't worry, there was always another. The European trains provide a wonderful view of the countryside, with wide windows and comfortable seats.

In England we bought what is called a "Seven Day, Go As You Please" ticket for a mere \$3. It saved us at least ten times that sum in carfare in and around London. This ticket is good on the busses and on the wonderful British underground.

The French equivalent of this ticket is called the "Billet de Tourisme" and cost \$3.25. With it we zipped around Paris from Flea Circus to Invalides without having to worry about taxi-drivers and their tips.

Mabel Bennett  
Ocean City, N. J.

An Irish bus ride is a joyous affair. The driver drives and sings, as does his assistant and ticket-taker who acts as tour guide. All the passengers sing too. By contrast there was no singing on

an eight-hour bus tour we took out of Edinburgh into the Scottish countryside of Comrie Moor and Loch Earn. Whether somber Scottish or spirited Irish, bus tours are an excellent way to see the countryside and incidentally to meet people on an informal basis.

Few travelers know that the greens fees at St. Andrews are extremely modest and that St. Andrews is a public course, reserved by reputation for championship matches but by unswerving local tradition for "people's" play. The course is as canny as the Scots who play it. It appears quite flat and deceptively "easy." While admiring the gorse, the sea birds, or the ocean view, one unerringly places one's fairway shot in the hidden rivulet, just two hundred yards ahead, or in a juniper bush, prickly trade mark of the Scottish landscape. Upper and lower nines crisscross each other, and players from both courses approach the same greens. White and red flags mark the two cups.

Mrs. Paul N. Ylvisaker  
Cranbury, N. J.

It was my luck to drive with my family along the much advertised, "lovely Dalmatian coast" last summer, all the way from Dubrovnik to Rijeka, having been lured there from Greece. It is time the myth was exploded. We found the Dalmatian coast a collection of hot, dry, stony mountains on which nothing but boulders grow (most of these in the road) with an occasional miserable dirty town to break the monotony. Dubrovnik is a most interesting town but not worth the effort to get there by land. With the exception of a few miles just south of Rijeka the road (410 miles long) is incredibly bad. If your car is very sturdy, and if the fillings in your teeth are well anchored, you might be able to make an occasional top speed of sixteen miles an hour. My advice is: By all means drive through Western Europe. But go to Dubrovnik by boat, leave by boat, and don't get off the boat until it stops in Italy or Greece.

Robert E. Treybal, Ph.D.  
Hartsdale, N. Y.

I drove throughout Western Europe—except Spain and Portugal—and much of Eastern Europe. Hitchhikers were prevalent throughout the satellites, Austria, Russia, Yugoslavia, and much of the rest of Europe. They provided fascinating company in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary since many spoke German or French. In Russia, however, I found few people outside the hotels who spoke any Western language. In Poland hitchhikers are registered with an organization called "Autostop." They flash a book that looks like a target in



which there are coupons designating the numbers of kilometers traveled. These are turned over to the driver and at the end of the year the one (usually a truck driver) with the most coupon mileage wins a free car. In my experience it was perfectly safe to take on hitchhikers everywhere—many spoke good English in Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia.

David Steinman, M.D.  
New York, N. Y.

## Wine and Smorgasbord

*Vin du pays, a loaf of French bread, and cheese were the chief daytime fare of our correspondents. When night fell, however, most of them relished Continental cooking. Out of many, we quote here the savory recollections of two Americans whose tours of duty abroad gave unusual scope to their gourmet researches.*

In Furstenfeldbruck, about twenty miles west of Munich, is a little rustic restaurant named "Rodelbahn." Checkered tablecloths and wood benches prevail in a family eating-out atmosphere. Here are served the best schnitzels I've ever rolled past my palate. A local beer, Thomasbrau, has a flavor distinct and more enjoyable than the excellent Munich beers.

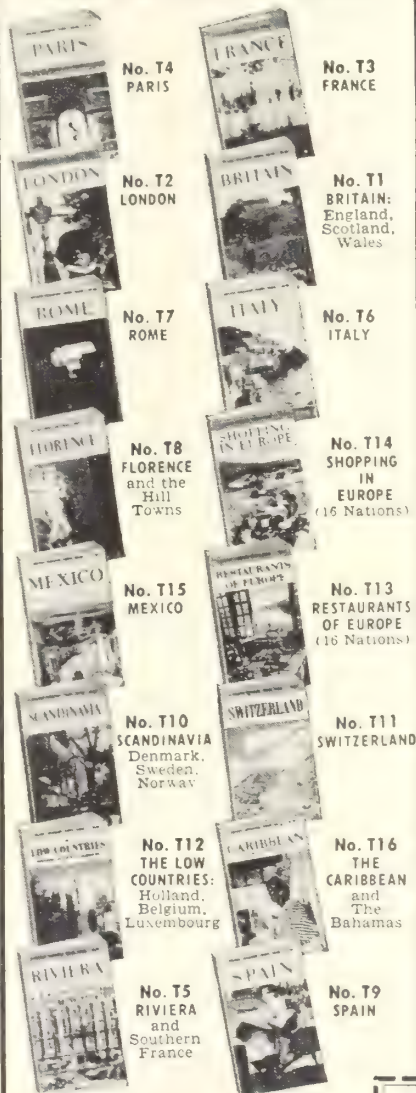
Many English pubs are rather dismal places pervaded with a century-old stale ale odor and offer little to the visitor except a chance to dig into pub-roots opinion. One that offers a great deal more is the Kings Head in Little Marlowe on the Thames a few miles west of Maidenhead. It has a so-called saloon-bar, richly carpeted and furnished with the parlor taste of a country gentleman. The garden behind is well tended, and on nice days you can have your beer in the sun. By arrangement, you can have dinner there and they'll do lamb chops in a way you'll look for again and never find. Their Scotch is a brand I've never seen elsewhere, labeled simply S; it is smooth and completely delicious. I once prevailed on the management to let me have a whole bottle which I used piecemeal as a liqueur.

The Lysebu is a sort of chalet, high on the west slope of the Holnenkollen in Norway. It's completely isolated from the hurly-burly of Oslo; yet a few hundred yards down the road is a station of the electric railway which will whisk you into town if you have no car. There's not a thing to do there except eat some of the most delightful smorgasbord meals served anywhere in the world, sleep in the cleanest, most comfortable atmosphere, soak up sun and a

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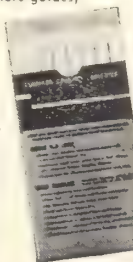
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## AFTER HOURS

view across the evergreen forestland to the fiords. Mid-June to late June is the time for this—the air is bell-clear.

Col. James T. Seaver, Jr., USAF  
Vienna, Va.

In 1959 and 1960 I was a Fulbright Professor in American Political Science and Constitutional Law at Aarhus and the University of Copenhagen. During that time my family and I did a lot of eating out and enjoyed it. Among many good restaurants in Aarhus, a unique one is the Bors Café. Its small rustic rooms are warm and cozy and afford a fine view of the harbor. The menu hardly ever changes but it does not need to, for what is offered is excellent. The specialty of the house is *skibslovescoves*, a dish often merely an excuse to use up all sorts of unappetizing left-overs. Here it is made of fresh, delectable ingredients, cooked and spiced superbly. In Denmark no one in a hurry should go to a restaurant—a meal takes at least an hour.

Henry J. Abraham  
University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### Adventures en Famille

*Many travelers found that a large complement of children added zest to their travels—often in unlikely ways and places.*

A high point of our stay in East Africa was a guest house on an island in the Kagera River (Post Office, Kigati, Uganda). The proprietor is an old African hand—Toni Nuti—who came as a bride from Italy long years ago. On Easter she gathered crocodile eggs to put at the children's places in the dining-room. Breakfast was a half-hour late that morning and the eggs started hatching—to the delight of the children. A hippo sometimes rooted under our bedroom window and we could watch troops of monkeys crossing the river on swinging vines; crested cranes posed by the water. Toni was rearing an infant genet cat—she has also raised a baby buffalo and an elephant.

Jane McConnell  
Chicago, Ill.

Our problem was to choose a relatively inexpensive vacation spot for a family of five, including three teen-agers whose interests vary widely and who tolerate boredom badly. Intensive research turned up an off-the-track Pacific coastal resort in Mexico called Puerto Vallarta. It is a sort of North American Tahiti. Lush tropical vegetation covers volcanic mountains that come almost down to

the sea. There is a broad, gently curving beach which compares favorably with the world's most famous. A small but lively American colony inhabits a valley just outside the town, appropriately called Gringo Gulch. The area is tropical but not unpleasantly hot even in summer.

We stayed at the Tropicana hotel, a modern structure located directly on the area's best beach. Two very attractive rooms, each with a large balcony overlooking the Pacific, comfortable beds, modern bathrooms, window screens, and hot water cost \$24.40 a day for the five of us, including breakfast and the noon meal. Various members of our family went on horseback trips through tropical rain forests and on skin-diving expeditions. Apart from the natural beauty of the place, it produced for us a remarkable feeling of belonging, in an extraordinarily short time.

Carleton B. Chapman, M.D.  
University of Texas  
Southwestern Medical School  
Dallas, Tex.



Taking the children added a dimension, heightened our observation, provided two more sensitive viewers, thereby helping us to understand and enjoy Europe. For the comfort of our twelve- and nine-year-old boys, wherever we did exhaustive and exhausting sight-seeing, our routine called for an afternoon nap for all of us. For our family an important rule was: Don't drive your own car—part of the fascination of travel for the youngsters is in the wagon-lit, funicular, cable car, touring bus, first- and second-class trains, the gondolas and water busses of Venice.

Ethel Perin  
Bayside, N. Y.

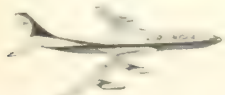
We are a California family of six now spending a year in France. First we flew to Moscow for a scientific conference to which my husband was a delegate. We traveled by train from Moscow to Kiev and thus had an opportunity to "talk" with a few Russian people,



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## AFTER HOURS

via a combination of English, Russian, French, German, and much waving of arms and shrugging of shoulders. We had with us and gave away picture postcards of American natural wonders. Our guide was absolutely delighted with a picture of "the park of Mr. Disney," and we wish we had taken along many more inexpensive ball point pens.

In August, after we were settled in our house in the Paris suburbs, we drove to England by way of Brussels and Amsterdam, where we visited Anne Frank's house. For our daughters, who had read the Diary, this was one of the high spots of our trip. Because they had recently read *Wuthering Heights* and *Jamaica Inn*, they also couldn't get enough of the beautiful English moors.

We have learned to take fewer but warmer clothes on our trips. We have not been really warm since we arrived in Europe and most days it rains a little or a lot. About one per cent of the time our little boy is unco-operative. Then we try to do what he wants and think about the other 99 per cent when he is an angel.

Mrs. E. M. Grabbe  
Le Vesinet  
Seine et Oise, France

We have just returned from two and a half months in Europe—our second trip with our boys now four and six. Student baby-sitter service was a particular boon in Copenhagen where our boys specially enjoyed the trolley cars, aquarium, Tivoli Gardens, and wild-deer park.

Mrs. Edgar B. Lehman  
Larchmont, N. Y.

## Sophisticates Abroad

The American tourist is no longer unique as the enemy of the free world. Today the phenomenon of the *nouveau touriste* is international. Middle-class Germans rev up their motorcycles and shatter the silence of sleepy towns in the south of France; French schoolgirls chatter and giggle in the solemn confines of English cathedrals; the new-rich English businessmen flourish rolls of pounds and loudly demand special services in the hotels and shops of Italy.

More than language separates the tourist from the native. Or rather another language is at work, the language of gesture, clothing, accent, that speaks to one national about his countryman and is almost impossible for a foreigner to decipher. The British are, of course, past masters at this sort of thing, and to stay in an English summer hotel is to see a society's social self-evaluation at its quintessential. But although the



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## AFTER HOURS

British excel in the art—and like most experts, care for it intensely and live by it earnestly—the members of every nation operate, however unconsciously, by a similar code.

One has only to watch a group of Americans on a boat to see how quickly this democratic society sorts itself out by signs that even to an Englishman are inscrutable. By the end of the trip the coterie in the cocktail bar, around the bridge tables in the lounge, and on the sports deck have sifted into an amazing homogeneity of age, background, mode of dress, and speech habits. Even those who sun-bathe seem to be a discernibly different breed from those who preserve their skin against the sun with lotions and large hats.

But the British and the American habits of self-classification have contrasting motives. The British do it in order to avoid embarrassing alliances, the Americans in order to find a social home for themselves; the British to exclude, the Americans to be included. To the British a man who walks by himself is a natural phenomenon; to the Americans he is an error to be corrected. On an American boat it is almost a hazard to be solitary if you want to be alone.

That inarticulate clue language that speaks primarily through the senses also operates when it comes to stores, hotels, and restaurants. What makes it possible for an Englishman to look at a pub in a small country town and know that here—unlike its twin next door—he will be able to make a civilized lunch, free of thick gravies, three kinds of starch, and salad cream? The same instinct that tells an American which diner to choose out of a row of similar chromium-lined emporia. Friends can help, guidebooks are useful—if one has learned their bias—but there comes a time when the traveler is on his own, no instinct, no guide, no friend to help him, nothing but his fatal talent for falling into the trap of reading another nation's sign language as if it were his own.

Americans today—as a society—are the most experienced travelers in the world and have created a special hazard for their friends: the little list of tips on stores, hotels, restaurants, sights that proliferate when anyone is so unwary as to announce a trip abroad. That list is a trap that needs to be guarded lest it become an end in itself. I have wasted a half-day looking for an obscure glove factory on an obscure Florentine side street because a friend recommended it. To get there I passed several window displays of elegant gloves reasonably priced and had to skip a second visit to the Uffizi because of the time consumed.

As a better guide to shopping I

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Anonymous

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By Richard M. Gummere Jr.

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## AFTER HOURS

have come to prefer a visit to the local museum. There in the displays of crafts and fine arts I can discover where the nation's talents lie, then head for the shops and indulge in the greatest experience a traveler knows, the joy of discovering things for himself. Of course, I would consider myself delinquent if I didn't pass on my discoveries by providing my friends who follow me abroad with a little list of places to shop, sights to see . . .

The joy of discovery is not to be taken lightly these days when the benefits of One World and mass communications are rapidly dooming it to extinction. Photography is blasting away the few remaining mysteries that the world once had to offer the enterprising traveler. The thrill of discovering an ungainly two-humped beast of burden in the fields of Anatolia is being replaced by the tamer pleasure of recognizing a camel when it looms into view. No native costume or lack of costume is so exotic that it hasn't turned up in the pages of *Life* or *National Geographic*. You travel by boat up the misty Hellespont, jolt over perilous and dusty roads in broken-down busses guarded by fierce-looking Turkish police, debark with relief on a high and distant plain—and recognize Troy, not because Homer sang of it, or Schliemann believed in what he sang, but because you have seen it in a picture book.

Still, no photograph can reproduce the feeling of the sun on your back as you sit on the tumbled rocks of the ruined city, or the sight of the asphodel blooming amid the topless towers of Ilium. No travelogue can convey the sense of past and present interlocked as you know it when you stand on the Trojan ramparts looking across Homer's "windy plain" and feel the breezes ruffling through your hair.

There are still some discoveries left for the traveler who knows not only where but how to look.

Hermine I. Popper  
White Plains, N. Y.



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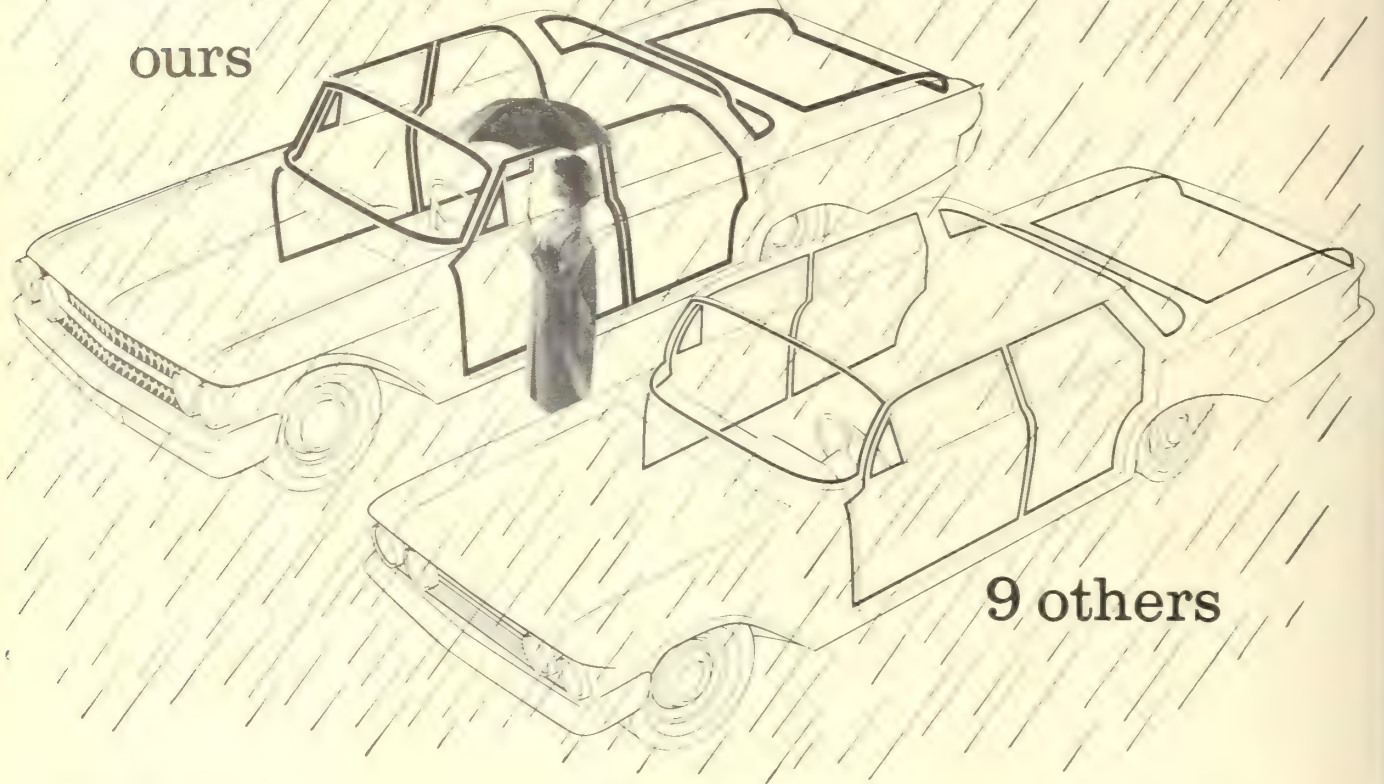
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# TRIAL BY COMBAT IN AMERICAN COURTS

DAVID DRESSLER

*Most lawyers claim that their antique ritualistic battle is still the best guarantee of justice . . . but a few of the finest legal minds are demanding revolutionary changes in the rules.*

THE average criminal trial, said the late Judge Jerome Frank, is a "sublimated brawl." A decade ago, few of Judge Frank's colleagues bothered to defend their profession when he made the charge in his crusading book, *Courts on Trial*; today many progressive lawyers and judges are battling for the very reforms he championed, and in some Federal and state courts the ancient rituals are changing. But even now in the United States, despite our prevailing respect for the scientific search for truth, trial techniques are as unscientific as an appendectomy performed with a tomahawk. With the sensational Finch murder trial in court for the third time in California, the law is still "a ass, a idiot," as Mr. Bumble put it—if not worse.

Unfortunately for advocates of reform, most lawyers are proud of this instance of cultural lag. Our so-called adversary theory against which Judge Frank inveighed sets the rules of trial procedure. It stems from medieval trial by com-

bat and is basic both to English common law and to American legal codes. In the old days accuser and accused met on the field of battle and had at each other with sword or lance. If the accused fell, he was guilty. If the accuser died, that proved he didn't have a just cause to begin with. Thus was "truth" revealed.

Today, instead of fighting with lethal weapons, we use legal arguments. Where combatants formerly met face to face, they now have surrogates—attorneys—who fight for them. The judge acts as referee, theoretically protecting the contenders against foul blows. The jury decides which "side" fought the better fight. But fight it is and the object is to win, not necessarily to reveal the truth.

The heart of the adversary system—and the source of many of the evils which the reforms now in progress aim to eliminate—is "surprise," a technique which some lawyers call "trial from ambush." The intent of surprise is to time a sudden blow so as to throw the opposition off balance and overwhelm it before it can recover.

An example of a successful surprise is the following: A Chicago attorney, Luis Kutner, was in Federal Court defending William Henderson, who had been charged with piracy on the high seas. Henderson had boarded a sight-seeing motor launch operating on Lake Michigan and, when it left its moorings, pulled a pistol and robbed the passengers. At trial, thirty erstwhile passengers positively identified the defendant as



their assailant. Kutner cross-examined diffidently, as if his cause were hopeless. He presented no evidence on his own, and listened respectfully as United States Attorney Al Bosworth summed up and rested his case, by which time Henderson's guilt was plain as a wart.

Then Kutner addressed Judge James H. Wilkerson: "Your Honor, the defense moves for a directed verdict of acquittal, on grounds this court lacks competent jurisdiction." Under Federal law, counsel pointed out, the port of registry of a vessel determines jurisdiction. "The boat in question is registered out of Milwaukee. Chicago is therefore not the venue of the crime."

The judge ordered acquittal.

Now, as he told me in an interview, Kutner knew all along that the case belonged in a Milwaukee court. He could have moved for change of venue before the trial opened in Chicago. Instead, he let it run its course. He allowed the prosecution to rest its case, confident it had won. Then he sprang his trap. He knew that once the evidence was in and the directed verdict on record, double-jeopardy laws would prohibit the Government from retrying the case in Milwaukee. In the eyes of the law, Kutner's conduct was entirely ethical. Under the adversary theory he was an advocate, which is to say he was obliged to be strictly partisan. As a partisan, he was entitled to use surprise.

#### A JURY OF POTATO PEELERS

**T**ONGUE in cheek, attorneys insist that the adversary system guarantees revelation of all facts bearing on an issue, and so it furthers the scientific method in trial practice. A lawyer buried beneath a mountain of books in the Los Angeles County Law Library told me, "I am here seeking the matter that will win a certain action. My opponent is here, too, with the same purpose. I search with fervor and frenzy. Nothing favorable to my position will escape me. The same is true of my opponent, dammit! He and I will search and together we will bring in facts so plain that even a jury of potato peelers and peanut vendors will understand them."

Maybe. But when I headed the New York State Division of Parole, I had been in and out of courts for seventeen years and most of the time I felt those potato peelers and peanut vendors were licked. They would not get at the truth because it lay hidden behind a curtain of flimflam and obfuscation. Each attorney was out to help his side and his side only, at almost any cost. Each wanted the jury to believe that he

and he alone was the bearer of the Holy Grail, while his opponent was a knave out to suppress the truth. Each witness swore he was telling nothing but the truth, even when his story was directly contrary to what a witness for the other side swore was true. No witness was permitted to tell all he knew, although under oath to tell "the whole truth." No witness could tell what he did tell in his own way. The attorney on his side suggested by his questions what the witness should say. In cross-examination the opposing lawyer tried to trap him into saying something else. Each counselor hoped to cajole the jury into disregarding everything the other lawyer or witnesses said. The net outcome, all too often, probably was that the talesmen agreed with the wag who said that cases are decided only "according to the preponderance of the perjury." They voted for the side that seemed to tell fewer lies.

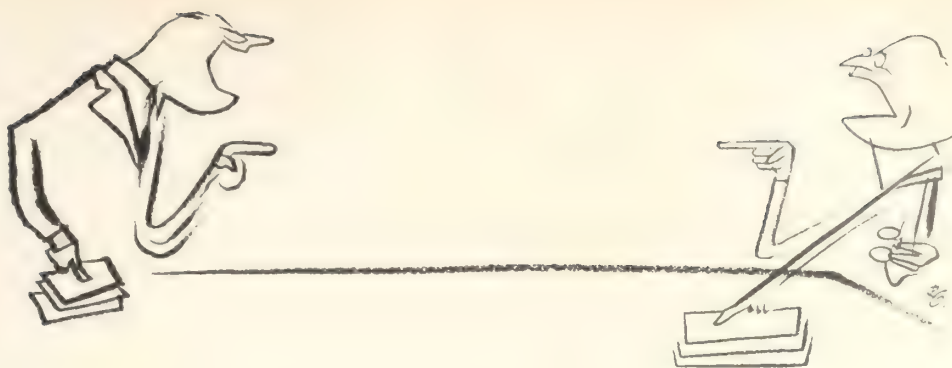
Juries might get at the truth if counsel researched cases scientifically. When two research men investigate causes of cancer they make a hypothesis and check it with an open mind. They may pursue different courses but they clear their findings with each other.

Not so in criminal trial practice. According to the late eminent attorney, Charles P. Curtis, the counsel who sets out to build evidence "will waste a lot of time if he goes with an open mind." Unlike a scientist, he will not sit down with his opposite number and say, "Here is what I found. What did you find? We are both after the same thing—truth. What can we agree on, in the interest of justice?" Instead, he squirrels away his evidence, citations, and arguments—his putative "facts"—hoping his opponent will be overwhelmed by them in the courtroom.

An attorney told a Bar Association audience: "Of course surprise elements should be hoarded. Your opponent should not be educated as to matters concerning which you believe he is still in the dark. Obviously, the traps should not be uncovered. Indeed, you may cast a few more leaves over them so that your adversary will step

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more boldly on the low ground believing it is solid."

The leaves over the low ground are yellowed pages of musty law books containing ancient trial decisions, which serve as precedents. Precedents are hallowed. What was good enough for great-grandpappy is all the better today because it is aged-in-the-book. The contemporary counselor who has a talent for digging these vintage morsels becomes a scholar in the law, highly respected and extravagantly paid. More important, he gains an advantage. The older a precedent, the less likely it is his adversary will find it, too. In court, before an amused jury, the opposing lawyer is trapped and the victory may go to the legal scholar.

What makes such tactics more deplorable is that the precedents often fail to go to the heart of a matter. They award a decision, not on the essence of a case—that is, whether the defendant is guilty or not—but more frequently on mere technicality. If, as happened in one Florida case, the judge simply has to leave the bench to answer the call of nature while counsel is summing up for the jury, the opposing lawyer will make no demur. He has an early precedent up his sleeve that holds if a judge has to go, the trial should be recessed, even though all the evidence is in and only summation is in progress. Then, if the verdict is against his side, the lawyer will jostle the precedent loose and demand a new trial.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of technicalities that have won cases in the past. Many of them are contradictory. The lawyer who can't find the special one that fits his case had better turn in his diploma. The best known compendium of such judicial precedents is Dean John H. Wigmore's monumental treatise, *Evidence*. First published in 1923, it now runs to five volumes of 5,500 pages listing 42,000 precedents still guiding criminal practice. Some go back more than a hundred years.

In one case, the advocate found just what he needed to defend his client, a North Carolinian

who had fired across the state line and killed a man in Tennessee. When North Carolina attempted to charge him, the attorney cried foul. The act, he pointed out, was completed in Tennessee, and the law requires a man be tried where the act was completed. North Carolina had to agree. Tennessee then tried to extradite the killer as a fugitive from justice. Impossible, counsel fumed. Since his client had never been in Tennessee how could he be a fugitive from that state? Tennessee gave up. Thus, remarks Roscoe Pound, dean of legal philosophers, "The state which had him could not try him, while the state which could try him did not have him and could not get him."

#### LEGAL HIT-RUN

**I**F, BY amazing mischance, a counselor finds no precedent, *circa* 1800, to prove his case, he might try another form of surprise, the hit-run tactic. He may fire an improper question at a witness, knowing it must be withdrawn. It will be expunged from the record but not from the recollection of the jurors.

When the Teamsters' president James R. Hoffa was tried for bribery in 1957, his attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, was content to have eight Negroes on the jury. I was an observer in the court and saw John Cye Cheasty, a prosecution witness, come up for cross-examination. Out of a clear sky, Williams asked him if he had not once been engaged by a bus line to investigate the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People during a Florida labor dispute.

The horrified prosecutor jumped to his feet, protesting that the question was altogether immaterial to the matter at issue. The judge sustained the objection and ordered the jury to disregard the question—one of many neat legal fictions is that jurors can forget what they have heard. Actually, the damage was done. It seems reasonable to assume that at least eight veniremen considered Cheasty's testimony as the biased mouthings of an enemy of labor and minorities.



Soon after, another dramatic surprise staggered the prosecution. Ex-champion Joe Louis sauntered into the courtroom, put an arm around Hoffa, and explained to newsmen, "I just came over to say hello to my friend Jimmy." Acquittal for the friend of the oppressed followed.

While in the Hoffa case surprise benefited the defense in court, the prosecution usually has a distinct advantage in preparing certain surprises before trial. For example, the findings of the police laboratory are available to it, rarely to the defense.

In one Los Angeles case, a defendant charged with murder convinced his attorney he was absolutely innocent. Although some attorneys consider it their duty to defend guilty clients, and the canons of the bar hold that this is the one way to assure that mitigating circumstances will be put before a jury, this particular attorney prefers not to handle such cases. He feels he cannot win unless he goes into court convinced in his own mind he is defending an innocent man. At trial, the state produced a police witness who testified he photographed the latent print of the palm of a hand, found on the window sill over which the slayer climbed to gain entrance. The print was the defendant's. Had defense been apprised of this before trial, it might have prepared a better argument in favor even of a guilty client. Taken by surprise, it surrendered the decision to the prosecution. Almost certainly a guilty man was convicted in this instance, but it is our theory that even a guilty man is entitled to the best possible defense.

A case which is still moot as this is written offers another illustration, this time in a situation where we do not know whether the defendant was guilty or innocent. In the first trial early last year of Dr. R. Bernard Finch and Carole Tregoff Pappa for the murder of the physician's wife, the district attorney let Dr. Finch, called by the defense, testify to details of the fatal struggle. He alleged his wife came at him with a gun, he seized it in self-defense and it was accidentally discharged, killing Mrs. Finch. Thereupon the prosecutor on the seventy-first day of the trial brought in tape recordings of an interview between the physician and police shortly after his arrest. On the tape, Dr. Finch gave testimony directly contrary to what he had just given on the stand. Neither the accused nor his counsel knew the interview was recorded. The prosecutor had hoarded the tapes for just such a purpose. It would seem that if a trial is intended to discover truth, both sides should have known of the existence of the tapes. Each

side would insist that the truth ought to be brought into court. How could it hurt, then, to reveal it before the trial?

Nevertheless, when I asked a Los Angeles police official whether police findings should not be shared with the defense, he replied, "Do the Dodgers give the Giants their signals?" No, but human beings are not baseballs, trials are not baseball games, and the stakes are not pennants. The liberty and perhaps the life of a defendant is at stake in every criminal trial. Police science should be employed in the interest of truth and justice, not to win a battle for one side.

#### PEEKING AT THE CLAWS

**B**ECAUSE adversary methods sanction a battle of wits rather than a search for truth, a few leaders in the law have become restive. They know that we have at hand methods of finding evidence scientifically, that trials can be made more truthful and just than they usually are at present. Largely as a result of their efforts, the American Bar Association has at long last instituted reforms in the adversary method, though much more remains to be done. The first attack was on surprise. To minimize the unfairness and inefficiency of this technique, the American Bar Association produced what it calls "discovery."

Judge Frank likened surprise to a cat-and-mouse game. He thought the mouse should at least have "a peek at the cat's claws." That peek is now provided by discovery. This is, in essence, legal machinery by which one side is required to inform the other, in advance of trial or sufficiently in advance during trial, that certain evidence will be introduced. Forewarned, the other side has time to prepare its case.

As far back as 1848, England provided a first step in discovery. By changes in procedure, the prosecution was obliged to place before a magistrate all the evidence it planned to produce at trial. The defense was to be present and thus would have the information and could prepare adequately. The U. S. waited almost a century to follow suit. But in 1946, Federal Courts began operating under revised Rules of Criminal Procedure, developed under the sponsorship of the American Bar Association. For the first time, some discovery was officially sanctioned in criminal cases before Federal tribunals. Under the new Rules, defense may move, and the court order, that the Government shall show to the defendant's counsel specific documents and tangible objects material to preparation of the case for the accused.

Suppose John Smith is charged with kidnaping a child in violation of Federal statutes. The father is to be the principal Government witness. He has given the United States Attorney a sworn statement that the kidnaper sent him a ransom note. The note itself is in the prosecutor's possession. Defense counsel goes before a Federal judge, in the presence of the U.S. Attorney, and asks to see the statement. He also wants a photostat of the ransom note, so the handwriting may be compared with his client's.

The requested data would be essential to a reasonable defense in this instance, and would probably be furnished. This would not always be the case. It is not the purpose of discovery to facilitate "fishing expeditions" that will give away the Government's case in each and every respect. The buckshot approach to discovery will not be permitted. Counsel must satisfy the judge that the requested information is material to building a defense and that denial would place the defendant in an untenable position at trial. Only then will discovery be ordered.

Because it is and undoubtedly should remain discretionary with the court, discovery was rarely granted in the first decade under the revised Rules. Beginning about the late 1950s Federal Courts became more liberal, but even now discovery is the exception rather than the rule.

But the trend has begun. The American Law Institute has stimulated the states to follow the Federal example. California, Delaware, Florida, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, and Ohio have enacted statutes authorizing some degree of discovery, and in the past several years the effects are being felt in state courts. In the majority of jurisdictions the prosecution must provide the defense with a list of its witnesses. In some states the substance of the expected testimony must also be revealed before trial.

Most discovery is in the interest of the defense, since it is the prosecution that brings the charge

and believes it has evidence to sustain it. But some disclosure favors the prosecution. In several states the defense is required to notify the prosecutor when it plans to plead not guilty by virtue of insanity. Michigan, Arizona, Ohio, Kansas, Wisconsin, require that the prosecution be notified if the defense claims an alibi.

The disclosure of alibi was required by law even before 1946 in at least one state—Ohio. Its value is illustrated by the case of "Roaring Bill" Potter, a politician murdered in Cleveland. Racketeer Hymie Martin was arrested in Pittsburgh for the offense, and extradited. He would have escaped conviction but for the Ohio law which specified that the defendant must give three days' notice of a proposed alibi. County Prosecutor Ray T. Miller was so notified and, checking, learned that at the extradition hearing in Pittsburgh, Martin's attorney brought witnesses who swore the accused was in that city when Potter was murdered. The testimony apparently failed to convince.

At the trial in Cleveland, the same attorney presented different witnesses who testified Martin was in Akron the day of the murder. All the County Prosecutor had to do was place in evidence the testimony given at the extradition hearing. Since the defendant could not have been in Pittsburgh and Akron simultaneously, the conflict was obvious. The credibility of the alibi was destroyed and Martin was convicted.

Does discovery make it harder to convict the guilty? Not so, says Maryland's Supreme Court. "We are not impressed by the fear. . . . It apparently has not had that effect."

Professor Abraham S. Goldstein, of Yale Law School, in an article prepared for *The Yale Law Journal* this winter, suggests a safeguard if it be feared that discovery will tip the balance to the side of the defense. In return for discovery the accused could be required to waive immunity from self-incrimination. He could be required to





take the stand. That would give the prosecution an opportunity for its own discovery, direct from the man who, by the prosecution's presumption, knows most about the crime. Professor Goldstein holds the law could be so written as not to conflict with the Constitutional guarantee that a defendant may not be forced to testify against himself.

The trend toward discovery is impressive but as yet limited. It continues to meet with resistance by a majority of attorneys. Professor W. T. Morgan, of Harvard Law School, has explained why: "Some of the finest legal minds today are anxious for revolutionary changes in procedure, but they are as voices crying in the wilderness compared to the great unleavened mass of lawyers who are abundantly satisfied with things as they are. With even a slight modification of procedure in civil and criminal cases the United States could dispense with half her lawyers. The average citizen, therefore, need not expect the legal profession to commit hari-kari."

#### HE DEFENDS THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN UNLESS . . .

**I**T WILL take an entirely new generation of lawyers, trained in a loftier philosophy, to bring a more effective justice into our courts. Most attorneys today come from law schools that imbue them with the theory of winning decisions at almost any cost. They have been taught to use not only surprise but every other questionable advantage which a complacent judge, himself a product of such schools, will allow.

Logic argues that a witness belongs to neither side. He should mount the stand to tell what he knows, whatever the outcome. But budding lawyers study textbooks that teach them to consider witnesses either "friendly" or "hostile." According to such texts, the hostile witness is an outsider and, as Charles P. Curtis says in *The Ethics of Advocacy*, "A lawyer is required to treat outsiders as if they were barbarians and enemies."

Is the hostile witness honest but egotistic? One text advises the cross-examiner he might "deftly tempt the witness to indulge in his propensity for exaggeration, so as to make him 'hang himself.'" A truthful but irascible fellow? "Make him lose his temper and seem spiteful." One recent text by Lewis W. Lake has a section titled "How to Humiliate and Subdue a Recalcitrant Witness." Not a dishonest witness, mind you, but merely one who is recalcitrant, meaning he won't go along with the cross-examiner. The neophyte is instructed:

When you have forced the witness into giving you a direct answer to your question you really have him under control; he is off-balance, and usually rather scared. This advantage should be followed up with a few simple questions such as, "You did not want to answer that question, did you?" If the witness says that he wanted to answer it, ask him in a resounding voice, "Well, why did you not answer it when I first asked you?" Whatever his answer is you then ask him, "Did you think that you were smart enough to evade answering the question?" Again, whatever the answer is you ask him, "Well, I would like for the jurors to know what you have behind all this dodging and ducking you have done!" . . . This battering and legal-style "kicking the witness around" not only humiliates but subdues him.

We have barely emerged from the era of the self-made lawyer, who needed only a mail-order law book and a fireplace in front of which to study. That was good enough in Abe Lincoln's day, but we can do better today. This is an age of specialization, but one in which we believe the specifics of professional practice should be superimposed on a foundation of general education. Yet over half of today's attorneys are trained in the law without learning to understand the society for which law is created. They do not have college degrees. The majority attended schools of a type which a Columbia University dean called "vocational bargain basements." An investigator for the American Bar Association reported in 1954 that of nine law schools he inspected, six "showed no impact of the modern world whatsoever."

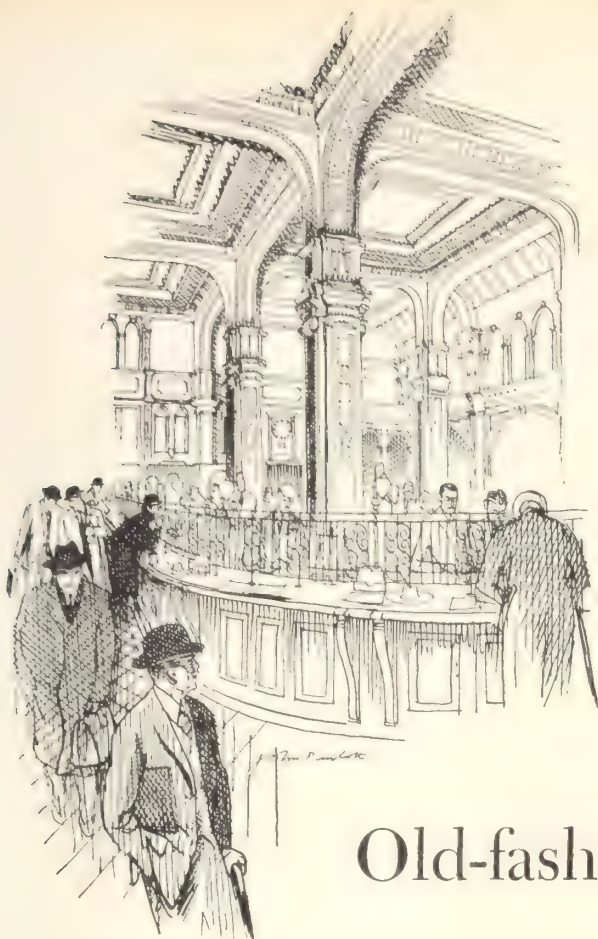
But a measure of improvement is on the way. The great universities now require a liberal-arts base for the law degree. They teach law as an institution of society, as a philosophy, a science, and a craft. When enough of their students have been graduated, law will be practiced with a sense of responsibility for the ethics of modern life. At any rate, there is a chance that lawyers will accept the obligation to make law serve society.

A Daumier print shows a lawyer arguing in court. Nearby sit a woman and child. The caption reads: "He defends the widow and orphan, unless he is attacking the orphan and the widow." That's trial by combat under adversary rules. We require much better in our time. Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt, of New Jersey, put it this way:

"Justice in our courts shall be a search for truth, and not a mere battle of wits."

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

Drawings by John Pimlott



## Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robber?

*Unlike British banks, the homey American variety is stifling the fine old spirit of heroic enterprise, or self-help . . . but it still isn't too late to attract the right type of person back into the holdup business.*

A hypercritical American once remarked publicly, after a long bout of watching old British comedies late at night on television, that the most typical English sport was obviously not hunting, but robbing banks.

I have a feeling he was right. Every English gentleman cherishes in his bosom the thought of getting away with a perfect haul, of emptying the coffers in some way so perfect that no one will even know what has happened. What fascinates him is not so much the capture of the money, which he would be happy enough to distribute in the spirit of Robin Hood, but the mechanics of the thing. Banks present a challenge. They have money, and it is quite detached from ownership; it has the air of being in the public domain, still close to the government which made it. Moreover, it is being stored, and is breeding furtively in vaults instead of being put to good

use. Finally, banks devise means of protecting the money, and they are so very smug about it that any man's sporting instinct is instinctively challenged. He wants to have a shot at it. It's like climbing Everest; one makes the assault because it is *there*.

Part of this temptation lies in the simple fact that the English have banks that actually look like banks. They are sturdy and aggressive, recalling the Victorian spirit toward money, which was one of acute veneration for the man who knew how to use it. The ethic was one of self-help, and it is helping oneself that occurs to an Englishman when he sees the stained glass and cathedral pillars of an English bank.

American banks on the other hand are flaccid, insipid, effete. The atmosphere is not one of worship; instead of being awed by money, the bankers are casual in its presence. American banks are designed to make you feel that you are not in a bank, but in an office, or an ocean liner, or an *espresso* bar. This must be a supreme discouragement to American holdup men, who must often forget what they came in for, and get sidetracked into blowing up balloons, or weighing themselves, or doing any of the many hundreds of things that are part of the normal commerce of any American bank.



In English banks you still see money, and observe the ritual of veneration that goes with it. People are carrying money about. Others sit at tables, counting the stuff, popping it into sacks, weighing it. The visitor feels that he is at the seat of commerce, and anarchy wells up in his spirit.

Sinful though it may be to admit it, every time I go into my English bank to deplete my account I can't help thinking of clever ways to augment it. I suppose I'm just a puritan really, an old fogey who believes in religion and the rise of capitalism, the sort of man who knows that a bank manager is the social arbiter in our community because he touches money more often than anyone else. At any rate, when I enter my own establishment, built in Victorian Gothic and packed with devout young tellers who study the *Financial Times* every morning and so know what is really going on in the world, I dream a dream, like the one I had about robbing the place through the sewers and drainpipes, with a complicated system of pulleys. And every time I see an Alec Guinness movie, where somebody actually does the job, I am overwhelmed with respect and with the pious desire to do better next time.

**M**ONEY in England is august. What a fine, scrolled document an English bank-note is, and how carefully one thinks before one parts with it. How noble and weighty is the English penny, compared with the equivalent American coin, which is a mere scrap of metal. Try and get hold of an English penny; weigh it in your hand; savor its medallion-like quality, and think how painful it is to spend it on a mere bus ticket or a visit to the lavatory. And then think of the flimsiness of American cash, and how glad one is, really, to get rid of it. It doesn't confer status on a man, the way cash does in England. Indeed, one discerns a strange sense of abasement in American financial quarters. The last thing an American banker would like you to think of him is that he might *deal* in cash. He deals in bonds, and he finances things, but he doesn't touch money.

And American banks are as lightweight as American coins; it bespeaks a major difference in attitude. Notice the difference between bank tellers in England and America. The English variety are sober youths, conscious that they have in their keeping the very lifeblood of our society. In America, many of the bank tellers are women. To me, there is something frighteningly unfiscal about seeing a pretty girl in a teller's cage; there's

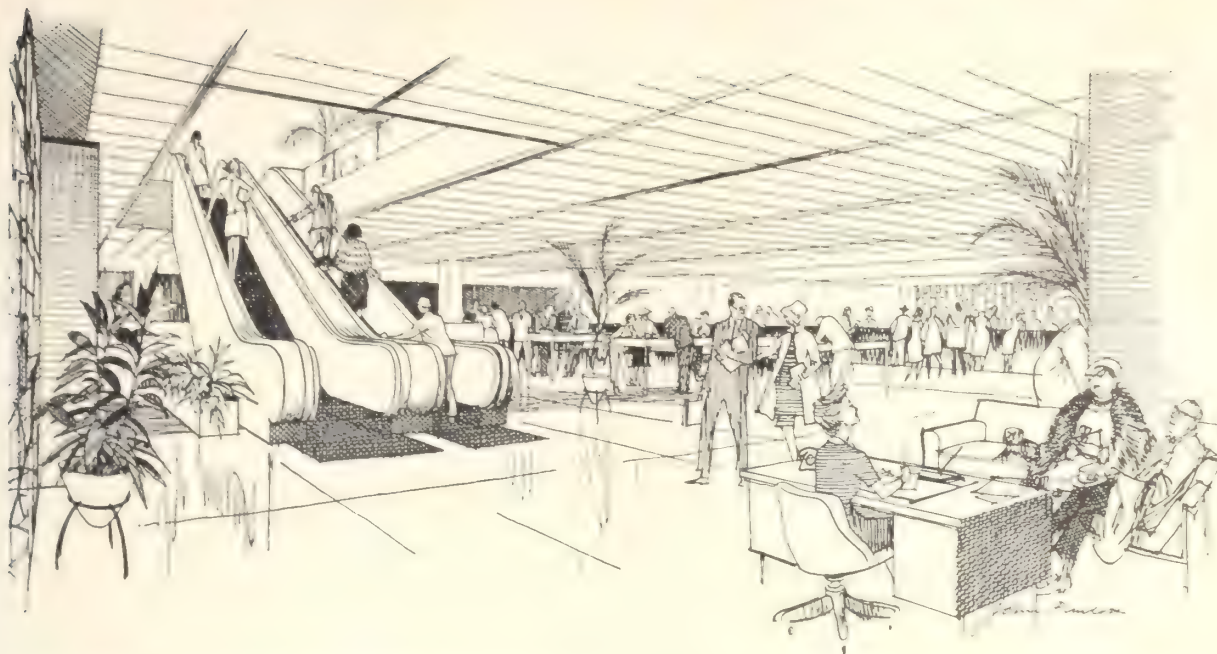
no way to guess what she might decide to do with the money . . . and I don't have any difficulty at all in guessing what my wife would do with it. When I see them, I feel quite insecure: it reminds me that some of the money that passes through their pretty fingers is mine. It is like the difference between English and American librarians. English librarians think that the place for books is on the shelves of the library; American ones think that their place is in the hands of readers. In England the bank tellers' business is to keep money in the bank, while the American theory is that banks exist to get money out of there and into creative circulation.

But at any rate American banks have grown mild. They have brought the teller out from behind bars into the open; and next year, I predict, you'll sit on a couch with him—or her—while your check is cashed. It makes a man irresponsible; American banks have become too homey. Some have all-glass fronts, so that they appear to be a part of the street. Others have their vaults open to view, so that there is no mystery about where the goodies go. There are patio banks. There are drive-in banks, where getting a loan is like buying a hamburger. There is a bank in New Jersey that has a women's banking room, with special desks and lounge chairs, "where children can loll," and a basket of free nickels for putting in parking meters, the nearest thing—so far—that the banks have got to giving away free samples.

But that will come. There are already banks that give you floor lamps and toasters; in England, on the other hand, you are given the feeling that you are privileged to be allowed in a bank at all—you are given, in short, simply *status*. Soon America will have traveling banks that come down your street ringing a bell, like the Good Humor man. The triumph of American banking homeyness is displayed by a marquee I noticed the other day over a drive-in bank just outside Boston. Many American business establishments have marquees nowadays (you wander in expecting to see a movie and wind up having your pants pressed), but banks, at least, should keep their dignity. I knew this one *was* a bank because the message up there, in letters two feet

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high, read: "COME IN TODAY OR TOMORROW—THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE IT'S FUN TO BORROW."

It may be that these tactics encourage people to do more banking (or, at least, more withdrawing) but I must confess that I liked the good old days, when money was strange and immense, and banks were Temples to Mammon. I don't like to see the fun-ethic entering banking, any more than I like to see signs that say, "It's fun to go to church." A sober countenance is necessary and proper in the face of money; and what the new American trend denies is the reality of money and its separateness from all other things.

**M**Y THEORY is that the American need to obscure money is based upon pagan superstition. Wasn't it the American Indians who scrupulously buried away their nail-clippings and hair-clippings, for fear that they would be used magically against them? Or am I thinking of the British Druids? At any rate, you do not conceal something unless it is very important to you, and the American attitude smacks of deceit. Over all the fun and the free nickels for parking and the machine for blowing up balloons hovers the specter of the terrible monster. I think I prefer the more direct, British approach in propitiating the gods of commerce. The credit card is not for me; I like to know what I am spending. Banking by mail is not my cup of tea; I don't want to confuse the post office and the bank. For money is not a relative thing; it is real, and terrible, in its own right.

Frankly, though, I have never had the least desire to rob a bank in America, and this I

think, is the final exposure of the whole system. It is much too complicated. And I begin to feel that something culturally rich and strange is being lost from American life. For one thing, it makes vices more petty. The new field of dishonesty is unheroic; the new crimes are the passing of fraudulent checks, the forging of credit cards, and embezzlement. These are essentially the crimes of Organization Men, middle-class deviations. They lack style and eccentricity.

So, too, do the modern holdups, which are not what they were. The modern method is to hand a note to the teller, demanding that he or, more usually, she fill a paper sack full of bills immediately, and threatening to blow up the place with a concealed bomb, which, in most cases, the robber does not in fact have. The modern holdup man may be more literate, but he has not the panache; he usually turns out to be a timid man, or an elderly lady who wouldn't frighten anyone except an impressionable young woman.

I suspect that the banks are beginning to realize that things aren't what they were, and are yearning for the good old days of heroic holdups. I am thinking of the banks that have signs reading, "Holdups in this bank are filmed." This may seem realistic and unfriendly enough, but it may well do a lot to attract back into bank-robbing the right type of person. Actually, next to putting up ads saying, "Try the First National for Your Next Holdup," I feel that this is as far as anyone can be expected to go in encouraging the good old spirit of heroic free enterprise, of self-help. It may work. As I say, in American banks there is something for everybody.



The first of two articles by  
DEAN ACHESON

# ADENAUER AND McCLOY

## *the godfathers of the New Germany*

*Two forceful men . . . who happen to enjoy  
each other's jokes and company . . . will help  
shape history in the months ahead.*

IT WAS during my first meeting with him that Konrad Adenauer tasted the rich wine of wild popular acclaim. In November 1949 he was the very new Federal Chancellor, *Bundeskanzler*, of the equally new Federal Republic of Germany. Born only a few months before, its capital had been set up in the sleepy little university town of Bonn on the Rhine. Both Bonn and Washington thought well of a visit by the United States Secretary of State to the new Republic, to its President, Theodor Heuss, a former professor, and to its Chancellor, followed by a visit to Berlin, which was then newly released from the Russian blockade. So after meeting in Paris with the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain and France, I flew on to Frankfurt to stay in nearby Bad Homburg with John J. McCloy and Mrs. McCloy, both friends of many years. Mr. McCloy—who has recently been appointed adviser to President Kennedy on disarmament matters, with headquarters in the State Department—was then U. S. High Commissioner for Germany.

The High Commissioner's residence was a large and comfortable house set in several acres of woodland. Around the property ran a high wire fence with a single entrance gate. Fence and gate were guarded by American Marines. At night around the house itself another Marine patrol circled, while two German police dogs were turned loose in the woods. This seemed pretty secure; yet during the night before my

arrival some pheasants, hanging in the tool house attached to the residence, had disappeared. The Marine sergeant in charge was called in. The competence of the Corps was at stake. But the sergeant-major was unperturbed. To the heretical suggestion that the guards might have been playing poker, he calmly answered that surely the dogs were not. Two days later he had the culprit but the pheasants had been eaten.

The dogs, said the sergeant-major, gave the clue. It must have been an inside job, someone they knew. A check at the gate revealed that a handy man who took care of the furnaces had gone home carrying a bag of laundry for his wife to do. His house revealed feathers only—and a large family. He was reassigned to a less "sensitive" position, in the jargon of security officers.

From Frankfurt, the High Commissioner's train—a diesel-powered unit comprising an office car, sleeping car, and dining car, very fast and smooth—took us to Bonn. Ten years have now transformed the town I visited that day to a busy, growing government city, where a host of new buildings and civil servants jostle and inconvenience the old residents, professors, and students who used to make up the small Rhineland community. They were then having, I felt sure, the same experience that the residents of Georgetown, Maryland, had more than a century and a half ago when the sprawling, disorderly capital was put on their doorstep, and the quiet, tree-lined streets were flooded with the new rulers of the land, diplomats, and camp followers. Now the roar of the evening traffic shakes my poor old house in Georgetown like the ague.

In 1949 Adenauer was by no means the internationally known figure he is today. A vigorous

seventy-three, a widower with grown children, his experience had been almost wholly in municipal government in his city of Cologne, where he had first practiced law. He was elected by the city council with the approval of the central government as Deputy Mayor in 1906, Senior Deputy in 1911, and Lord Mayor in 1917, and he continued to serve until the Nazis dismissed him in 1933 and then imprisoned him twice in the next ten years. In 1945 he became one of the founders of the Christian Democratic Union, the Catholic party. From then on he took a growing part in German politics—as the opportunity for politics grew—from the Advisory Council in the British Zone of Occupation, through membership in state bodies, to inter-zonal bodies, and, finally, to the Federal Republic.

Adenauer's career had not been rooted in popular appeal. The German *Bürgermeister* of the early years of the century was almost a professional man, who after an apprenticeship often held office for long terms amounting substantially to life appointment. It was in this atmosphere that Adenauer served in Cologne. Then came the decade of eclipse. The years under the Occupation were years of political creation—both of the organs of a nation being reborn and of a party system to operate them. His relation to the people was for the most part still ahead of him.

#### THE COLOR OF THE WALL

**M**Y FIRST and strong impression of the Chancellor—one that has not changed—was of his conservation and prudent use of energy. The control is absolute, not an unnecessary erg is spent on movement, gesture, voice, or facial expression. He moves slowly, gestures sparingly, speaks quietly, smiles briefly, and chuckles rather than laughs when amused. It is not surprising that a man more given to chuckles than laughter is given, too, to irony rather than broad humor or sparkling wit. An example of the Chancellor's irony has been preserved by Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, former British High Commissioner in Germany. In a lecture at Trinity College, Dublin, in February 1957, Sir Ivone said: "My old friend Dr. Adenauer often said to me that God made a great mistake to limit the intelligence of man but not his stupidity."

His whole appearance and manner are of stiffness and inscrutability, enhanced by a hint of the Orient in eyes set wide apart and a flatness of the bridge of his nose—a pure coincidence

since it has no basis in ancestry. But a first sense of cold aloofness disappears, if, after due deliberation, he gives his confidence and friendship. This he has done most generously with me. I know no more delightful and uninhibited companion in a good gossip. And no more considerate friend. When one has left office, those who have continued on become easily and understandably absorbed in new connections. But the Chancellor—in Bonn or in Washington—always has the time and desire for talk with old friends.

That November morning in Bonn he was getting to know me, but under McCloy's genial and high-spirited prodding he began to move toward an easier give-and-take. Necessarily we talked a good deal about the immediate future and its problems, but in recalling the more general talk which followed I am struck by how much of his later policy was forecast. Adenauer, the good European, came out in some sentences indelibly impressed on my mind.

"Germany," he said, "is in some ways just the opposite of your own country. Your rivers run from north to south. In your early days they came from the unknown bearing nothing but water. Our rivers flow from south to north, and in our early days they brought us, here in the Rhineland, civilization and Christianity. We belong to a continent in a way you do not." This opened fascinating paths which we eagerly followed toward the idea of a developing unity of Western Europe through the enduring reconciliation of France and Germany. A German proverb declared, he said, that Germans take on the color of the wall, tend to conform to their environment. Probably this was true of most people, he went on, except—with a twinkle—the English, among whom eccentricity is much admired. At any rate, it was not good for people to become isolated. It accentuated their least desirable characteristics. Germans, like other Europeans, would profit by escaping from a purely national environment into a wider one where their more liberal traditions would find strength through companionship.

We spoke of the future unification of Ger-

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*In this series of articles—and in his next book, "Sketches from Life"—Dean Acheson recalls some of the men he knew during his years as Secretary of State under President Truman. One of the founders of NATO in 1949. Mr. Acheson now heads an advisory group on U.S. policy toward NATO working with Secretary of State Rusk. "Sketches from Life," his fourth book since 1957, will be published by Harper & Brothers in May.*



many, a prospect which then caused so much apprehension among her Continental neighbors. The Chancellor, again stressing the theme of European unity, pointed out that the apprehension was directed toward the revival of the nationalist, militarist Germany which had twice sought to impose its will upon Europe. But the idea of the Germans' uniting with their European neighbors within a still wider Atlantic association should raise not apprehension but hope of a new day.

Our talk gave me hope of one. Here was a man, I thought, whose mind—once the yeast of reconciliation began to work in France and Germany—could travel the road along which all our measures for the recovery and security of Europe had been moving.

After lunch with Dr. Adenauer and his Cabinet in a small private room in a very Victorian Bonn hotel, where we drank the delicious white wines of the Rhineland and made formal speeches, I went off to meet the heads of the opposition in the *Bundestag*, the Social Democratic party. The leader, Kurt Schumacher, was a bitter and violent man, crippled, so I was told, by tortures inflicted by the Nazis. He at once launched into an unrestrained and bitter attack against Adenauer, whom he apparently hated, on the strange ground that Adenauer was working smoothly with the British, American, and French Occupation authorities.

Breaking off this futile interview as soon as politeness permitted, I went on to a reception which the Chancellor was giving for me to meet the Bonn government officials and the diplomatic and American communities, and then, accompanied by Dr. Adenauer, to the High Commissioner's train. By this time the north European winter evening had fallen and the street lights were on. Surrounded by motorcycle police in white coats and helmets, our motorcade sped through empty streets to the square before the railroad station. To my surprise, it was packed with people held back by police lines to make a passage for us. Through this we went in closed and darkened limousines through the station itself and onto the platform, where we stopped alongside our train.

This, I protested to Adenauer, was a very poor way to do things. The crowd had waited most patiently to see the Chancellor and his visitor, and all they had seen was some closed black limousines speed by. He and I, alone, I proposed, should walk out into the square, shake hands, and walk back. The security officers had tantrums; Dr. Adenauer agreed. So out we went.

We got pretty nearly to the center of the ill-lighted square before word got through the crowd what was going on. Then cheering broke out and the police lines bulged as those behind pressed forward to get a look. When we stopped and shook hands, everything exploded. The police lines broke; we were picked up and carried to our train with as many as could push into the station following.

At the train all semblance of order disappeared. Our colleagues were inside, or rapidly got there. The doors were closed. Dr. Adenauer and I were rescued and put aboard, where we lowered a large window and continued to wave and shake hands with each other and with members of the crowd on the platform. Boys held up papers to autograph, climbed on top of the train, and tried to get into the engine. After half an hour of bedlam, the Chancellor was maneuvered back into his car, and escorted out of the station by a cheering crowd. We pulled slowly into the yards, where railroad men scraped off boys and assorted stowaways. As we finally started on our homeward way, we all agreed that, while we had fouled up the protocol of the departure, we had introduced a desirable element of democratic disorder into the political life of the Federal Republic. And Adenauer had had a popular triumph.

#### THE GIANT STRIDE

THE near-miracle of the German Federal Republic under Dr. Adenauer's chancellorship was made possible by the work of the two great American proconsuls, General Lucius D. Clay, Military Governor of the American Zone in Germany from 1947 to 1949, and John J. McCloy, American High Commissioner to Germany from 1949 to 1952.

A common and specious maxim is that what our soldiers win on the battlefield, our diplomats lose at the conference table. This assumes that what is won by force is solid and lasting, that it will remain unless lost by mismanagement. Nothing could be more false. What is won by force is as transient as the colors of a sunset. Force, at most, destroys opposing force and leaves the loser defenseless. At once, almost within the hour, a wholly new situation arises. Only two courses are possible. Force can continue to be applied as the means by which the victor attempts to rule directly or by local agents. The defeated then become a subject people; resistance to the victor's will is crushed by force, as it was in Hungary.

The other course is based not on coercion but on enlisting the consent of the defeated in policies mutually beneficial to victors and vanquished. The victors' own consciences rebel as the British public rebelled against coercion by the Black and Tans in Ireland after World War I and as the French are today turning against coercion in Algeria. In totalitarian countries the people do not know what their government is doing elsewhere, and they are coerced themselves.

What the allied soldiers won in Germany was the defeat and destruction of Nazi arms and government and an opportunity for a fresh start. It was soon clear that in Russian-controlled Germany the new start would consist of Sovietizing the Zone under the guns of the Red Army. In the Western Zones the very nature of the conquerors dictated, as I have suggested, a radically different course. There would be coercion, to be sure, of the remnants of the Nazis. But the main task was infinitely greater, and the time given was short. It was nothing less than pushing, persuading, inspiring the Germans to rejoin Western civilization and the community of Europe. This required emancipation from a century of German thought and from the preceding decade's pagan and bestial debauch under National Socialism.

This was the task that General Clay assumed, and only a man of his iron will and colossal stubbornness could have done so. Germany had collapsed, utterly and completely. With Hitler's suicide and the army's surrender, the whole political, social, and economic structure fell in on a people exhausted, bewildered, morally numb, without self-respect or faith in anything, without even resentment. With everything to do, Lucius Clay did everything. We watched the resurrection of a nation, under his evoking will. This is no place to describe it; only to salute it. But one achievement coming toward the end of his governorship must be mentioned. After laborious foundations had been laid restoring will and sense of direction to the people, establishing the fundamentals of social life, clearing away the worst of the physical destruction, it was essential to lay a basis for a recovery of production. The people were ready to work for it, but the financial and monetary system of Germany was in ruins, its money worth almost nothing. Work and the desire to work were only frustrated by this chaos.

A proconsul, possessing all power, and like General Clay not at all averse to using it, can do things which only the bravest leaders in a

democracy, like Camille Gutt, Finance Minister of Belgium during World War II, until 1945, dare to attempt. On June 20, 1948, General Clay carried out the currency reform of Western Germany. This was the starting point of German recovery. By the middle of 1957 the Deutsche mark had become the strongest currency of Europe. The great lift of the Marshall Plan added to the establishing of a sound currency, and financial institutions staged a truly spectacular recovery. West Germany ranked again among the world's industrial leaders. This gigantic stride from the ruin and collapse of 1945 took place within a little over a decade.

#### A MORE SUBTLE TASK

MR. McCLOY belongs in the first rank of men with whom I have worked. He came to the War Department at Secretary Henry L. Stimson's call from a successful New York legal practice to serve as Assistant Secretary during the second world war, having been an infantryman in the first. In 1947, President Truman put him forward to be President of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and as soon as civilian High Commissioners replaced Military Governors in Western Germany the President sent him there.

The fundamental quality in McCloy's nature is vitality, a rare and priceless gift. He never tires, never flags. His mind stays fresh, imaginative, and vigorous throughout a whole night of complex negotiation. Physically he bounces. Jack McCloy has been known to wear to tatters two pairs of socks during a tennis match, a game at which he excels. A man of this temperament is forthright. Where security is necessary, he can keep quiet; but if an argument is going on, his views are pretty likely to pop out.

McCloy's tenure as High Commissioner saw the establishment of a democratic government in Germany and its movement to virtual sovereignty. His task was not greater but more subtle than Clay's, for just as the Military Governor gave way to the High Commissioner, so he in turn was replaced by the Ambassador. McCloy largely bridged and made possible the last transformation. The transfer of power is hard enough under the best conditions. We have learned in well-established societies that the more abrupt it is the better. "The King is dead; long live the King" is best. Regencies are difficult. In this country we have cut down our interregnum from four months to a little over two. In BEHOLD IT



takes a few hours. But with the Federal Republic the process lengthened over several years. Institutions had to develop sinews, confidence had to be developed and security provided; for here the transfer which had to be made was from three sovereigns—with a fourth making all the difficulties which perverse ingenuity could devise.

In building confidence which alone could bring a new unity to a European community containing the German people, the doubts and hesitations were not all on one side. I remember well in the autumn of 1951, when plans for the European Defense Community had progressed to the point where it was becoming urgent to change our allied relations with Germany from occupation to alliance, Dr. Adenauer for the first time was invited to meet, in Paris, with the French, British, and United States Foreign Ministers. He asked for a meeting at the end of our first morning session with Ambassador David Bruce, Mr. McCloy, and me. After a lunch at the Embassy, given by Mr. Bruce (who was then U. S. Ambassador to France and is now our new Ambassador to Britain), we met in privacy. The Chancellor said that the Federal Republic was on the brink of far-reaching decisions. In making them, a major factor must be his judgment of the future course of the United States. He knew Europe and could make his own appraisal of his fellow Europeans. But the United States was and long had been more of an enigma. His countrymen had twice misjudged our intentions. A third misjudgment could be fatal.

Germany, he went on, if she entered a European defense plan, and if one took a cynical point of view, could be fattening herself to make a more acceptable sacrifice in a future arrangement with the Russians. He would like to put a blunt question in the hope of getting a blunt reply: Was the United States as deeply committed to the defense of Europe as it was asking the Federal Republic to become? He hoped that we would not take offense at his frankness. I said that the question was a proper and natural one. So far as the Truman Administration was concerned, the answer was that we were even more deeply committed. I thought that the same was true for whoever followed us, whatever the political complexion of the government. Even Senator Taft would find that forces far stronger than the tradition of isolation compelled common cause with Western Europe. Beyond that I could not see. The effect of unknown developments in technology, the problems of maintaining a coalition against the

centrifugal force of parochial interests were beyond prediction. But there was no hope for any of us if the alliance fell apart. We could not guarantee it. It was up to all of us, to him not least, to make it work. The Chancellor said he was satisfied; we went back to work.

In the work we faced, in meeting the never-ending difficulties which arose, the characters of Adenauer and McCloy and the relationship between them were indispensable. McCloy brought to the task vitality and the force that goes with it, as well as ability, judgment, and good nature—an expansive, happy nature with no littleness, suspicion, or jealousy about it. He was well served in the field, helped and supported in Washington. He and Adenauer got on. Neither one was strong on tact, but they dealt frankly and forthrightly with each other. They prodded the lagging processes of liquidating the Occupation and set a firm course which gave confidence. An occupation is a wasting asset, like any administration—only more so, because it is foreign. The opposition to those in power, which always grows in a free society, grows faster when they are foreign conquerors. So whatever is to be done should, as Lady Macbeth observed in another connection, be done quickly.

McCloy's service was not only in the wisdom of his guidance and co-operation with the Chancellor and the German people but in the speed with which he was able to liquidate a tripartite occupation—no simple matter. Experts can argue for years over thousands of issues, and showed every disposition to do so. We set as a target May 1952, to end all this. To my delight, McCloy and Dr. Adenauer adopted the historic method of dealing with filibusters—night sessions. Their British and French colleagues—and some Americans—could not stand the pace. Reason would take command and speech falter as dawn began to break and, with it, the horror of resumption at ten o'clock the same morning. Agreements came fast then; and the Chancellor, "*der Alte*" the "Old Man"—remained as fresh as ever.

#### DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT

WE achieved our goal and reached agreement in May 1952, ending the Occupation. On the evening before the final ceremonies, when a few issues were still awaiting French agreement, the Chancellor gave a dinner for the three delegations and their ladies in his official residence, the Schaumburg Palace at Bad Godesberg adjoining Bonn. Set in spacious grounds

*Konrad Adenauer*

running down to the Rhine, it had across the back a broad and balustraded stone terrace, whose steps gave onto the lawn.

After dinner and coffee we moved onto the terrace. The evening was warm; the freshness of spring around us; a new moon hung above the trees. Couples sat or walked about the terrace. A German singing society gave us exquisite harmony at the bottom of the steps. My wife pressed my arm.

"Watch this," she said, looking across the terrace and then to the door. "The Student Prince, Act II." The French Foreign Minister, M. Robert Schuman, was standing talking with a small group. One of his smoothest aides had come out of the palace and was looking about him. When the aide spotted his Minister, he "oiled across the floor" (in the lyrics of "My Fair Lady"), with elaborate casualness, a greeting here, a bow there. The Minister turned anxiously for a hurried conversation, and then back to his group.

"Do you bet Anthony or I come next?" I asked. She chose Anthony Eden, and won. Again the gliding motion, so purposeful in its indirection, took him to Mr. Eden. He talked while looking at the moon and apparently about it.

"Let's join a group and make it harder," I suggested as Eden gave a nod and the aide looked around for the third man. We did so and were well involved when he sauntered up. My wife entangled him in a web of conversation, frustrating every attempt to escape by wrapping a new and sticky thread around him. But the scenario clearly called for a talk between us, so I became actor again, intervened in her sadistic game, and let him edge me away from the group.

Paris, he said, had accepted a compromise

worked out that afternoon with a modifying proviso. Mr. Eden would agree if I would. M. Schuman urged that I should. I did. The agreement was complete. One phase of a great work had come to fruition in a comic-opera setting. I walked over to have a glass of champagne with Adenauer.

#### SENSE OF HISTORY

LIKE Sir Winston Churchill, the Chancellor, while a shrewd politician, has a sense of acting in the stream of history. This gives perspective to his thought and continuity to his action. The qualities which arouse his admiration and confidence are decisiveness, resolution, and strength. He distrusts facility. "There is such a thing as being too clever," he said to me of a well-known public figure. Blunt talk is best to find out where one stands, and what another means to do. If phrased courteously, as is the Chancellor's custom, it is the best diplomatic method. A "diplomatic" statement should be one which combines precision with courtesy and persuasion.

To work with the Chancellor was among the satisfactions of my experience. I have never known him to hesitate or hedge in carrying out his word to the last letter. On the contrary, he has been merciless to subordinates of whose tendency to trim his commitments I had occasion to complain. His perspective and sense of history I see before me in a note from him written in January 1953, when we were parting officially. He described the work in which we had joined as the pursuit of a security system for free nations and of a genuine community of Europe to assure peace and the development of Europe's economic resources and her great cultural values. He wrote, too, of the difficulties still in the way, with which he would continue to wrestle. In the part which he was good enough to think I had played in bringing our generation within reach of a goal so long only a dream to those who had gone before us, he found no small basis for a place in history.

The letter was like him in its thought and its generosity. In sending him my deep appreciation and warm thanks, I spoke of his patience through the hard years, his reasonableness under trying circumstances, and his steadfastness of purpose through all. From the sidelines I wished him Godspeed as he pressed on with the task.

[Next month, Mr. Acheson will sketch Ernest Bevin, whom he knew well as statesman and friend.]



MARTIN MAYER

# THE GOOD SLUM SCHOOLS

*Three experiments—in Kansas City, New York, and Tucson—are proving that many “lower-class” children are a lot brighter than anybody suspected . . . and are giving them an education that rich families might envy.*

**W**HEN the results of Alfred Binet's first intelligence tests were published in 1905, observers noted with interest that most of the children who tested at a level of mental deficiency were drawn from the bottom stratum of society. Later, when intelligence testing was extended to measure the differences among “normal” and “bright” children, it became apparent that parents' occupations influenced test results up and down the scale. Gypsies, tenant farmers, ditch diggers, and dish washers typically produced children with low IQs; lawyers, teachers, doctors, and business managers typically produced children with high IQs.

There is no doubt whatever about the “class bias” displayed by intelligence-test scores, from Binet to the present, and at both ends of the range. Standardizing the first Stanford-Binet scale in 1916, Lewis Terman became interested in the question of what made very-high-IQ children different from others; and in 1921, with the help of a grant from the Commonwealth Fund, he and his associates selected from the 250,000 schoolchildren in California urban areas some 1,500 with IQs of 135 or more. He found that 80 per cent of them came from homes where the father was a professional man, semiprofessional,

or in business management. Less than 7 per cent were the children of semiskilled and unskilled workers.

In large American metropolitan areas, the top school of the wealthiest suburb usually shows an average IQ of about 120, while the bottom school of the worst slum shows an average IQ of about 85. A study in a small Midwestern city by Warner, Havighurst, Davis, and Eells claims that children of “high socio-economic level” average five to twelve Binet points of IQ higher than children of “low socio-economic level,” depending on the test taken. In 1952, in South-west Hertfordshire, in England, a team of researchers from the London School of Economics studied 1,316 eleven-year-olds. The 98 children of fathers who were professionals or in business management averaged 112.95 IQ; the 288 children of fathers who were unskilled manual workers averaged 97.15 IQ.

Everyone accepts the facts; all the disagreement is on how the facts should be interpreted. No disagreement in education is so crucial as this one, because the observer's opinion of the validity of intelligence tests will determine many of his views on what the schools should teach to whom. If the difference in test scores represents a true difference in the innate capacity of children from varying social backgrounds, then it would be cruelty to demand that slum schools push children through an extensive education. If the tests are, in fact, measuring social class rather than innate capacity, then schools which offer watered-down curricula to “underprivileged” kids are selling down the river a large fraction of the children entrusted to their care.

Let us see.

## INTEGRATION AS AN ASSET

**A**T Central High School in Kansas City, a large, square, brownish-red brick monument rising on a hill in the middle of a plane of modest, mostly wood-frame private houses. For two generations, the civic leaders of Kansas City received their secondary education at Central High. “In 1947, when I first came here,” says guidance counselor Hortense Schaller, “it was a typical high school. Many of the students knew each other before they came. Their parents had gone to Central. Today, this is a colored neighborhood.”

Kansas City was one of the first school systems to integrate in response to the Supreme Court decision in the Brown case. Central High School had been all-white; now, rapidly, it became half Negro, a proportion still increasing. Coura-

geously—with the complete backing of the Negro community—Kansas City's leaders decided that the standards of their old schools would not slide. Anything wrong with the home environment was to be kept out of the school. Social events would not be curtailed, but the emphasis would be shifted into competition within the school—competition for grades (pictures of everybody who gets "straight E's" for Excellent are posted in the hallways), for constructions in the shops, for athletic excellence, for student-government jobs.

In its last years as an all-white school, Central never sent more than 15 per cent of its graduates to college, and only four or five Central kids won scholarships in an average year. Now, despite the great drop in socio-economic level, 150 out of 350 graduates go on to college, 50 of them with scholarships. "From the moment they step in the door," says James Boyd, an able, charming, open young man who became Central's principal in 1959, "our Miss Schaller hits at them that if they work hard, they can get scholarships." In recent years, Central has sent its Negro graduates to Yale, Vassar, Smith, Oberlin, Northwestern, and Chicago, among others.

Miss Schaller comments mildly, "It's been a big help in integrating—the fact that these Negro children feel they can go to college. At first, the teachers were afraid of the stress on college—they were worried it would cut enrollment in the commercial courses. But when we had fifty people on that stage to receive scholarships, they burst with pride. We put a big stress on accomplishment—any accomplishment—everything helps. We have a boy who's a runner, and the other day he won the cross-country championship. It pulled up his scholarship, and now, I notice, he's singing in the chorus, too."

No one should think of Central as a beautiful garden where all the plants grow: the place is full of problems that never go away. Forty-odd per cent of the graduates go to college (which means more than 30 per cent of the entrants: Central does not have a severe drop-out problem). But except for the scholarship group—and

not all of them—only a fraction will finish college. Integration is successful within the school (at assemblies one does not see whites and Negroes sitting singly together, but groups of five or six alternate throughout the room), but Miss Schaller knows only a handful of cases where a white child has visited a Negro home, or vice versa. Meanwhile, the socio-economic level of the school continues to descend.

Like most successful people in schools, Miss Schaller uses the technique that works. She is a plump, handsome woman with gray-brown hair, and she began her teaching career in 1928 in an elementary school, moving on to secondary science teaching in 1938. But behind the motherly appearance lies a tough mind and a contempt for weakness: she is sentimental about what the kids *do*, not about what they *are*. Guidance as she practices it looks very firmly toward the future. "We had a top performer," she says, "who wanted to be a carpenter. He said, 'What's wrong with being a carpenter?' I said, 'Nothing—but *you* ought to go to college.' Well, he went into service, where they spotted his ability and put him to teaching. He was top student of seven thousand at the University of Nebraska, and now he's doing graduate work in engineering at Stanford."

The class is in English, at the first-year level, and the teacher, Dr. Cameron, is a handsome, athletic young Negro wearing a white shirt and tie under a half-zipped Eisenhower jacket. The students, about two-thirds Negro, are from the average group in the school, which means that their measured IQ is below the national norm. Cameron spends most of his time sitting on one of the desk tops in the front row, but he is full of energy: he swings a leg, walks around to another desk, uses gestures as well as words.

"All right, then—what is poetry?"

A girl suggests, obviously from previous instruction, "Music—and it makes sense."

"Sense," says Cameron thoughtfully, and writes the word on the board. Under it he writes,

$$E = mc^2$$

"Now, that makes sense, too, but you have to understand it. I don't. Did it ever occur to you that poetry might make sense, too, if you took the time to study the rhythm and what it means?" He drums hoofbeats on the desk: "Listen, my children, and you shall hear, of the midnight ride of Paul Revere'."

He pauses, and looks over the class. "Now do you get the rhythm? Now, tell me—what do you have to do to a poem?"

A girl tries, "Read it carefully."

"Meaning what?"

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*Martin Mayer's new book, from which this article is adapted, will be "The Schools"—a study of the entire U.S. school system, from kindergarten through high school—to be published later this month. His earlier books include "Wall Street: Men and Money" and "Madison Avenue, U.S.A." Himself a graduate of PS 166 and McBurney School in Manhattan—and of Harvard—Mr. Mayer has two sons, one ready for the first-grade.*



A boy tries. "Well, read it in rhythm."

"But how do you know the rhythm? How do you know it doesn't go, 'Lis-ten-my-chil *dien*'?"

Another boy, sitting at the desk where Cameron is perched, tries, "You mark it."

Cameron holds out a piece of chalk. "Show me."

"You know," says the boy. "Mark it."

"No, I don't know. Write it on the board."

The boy ambles embarrassedly to the board and stands there, looking back at the class and his teacher. "Meanwhile," Cameron says, giving him a pleasant grin, "we'll—but what's the matter?"

"I couldn't find nothing to mark."

"*Anything* to mark."

"Anyt<sup>h</sup>ing to mark."

"All right. Don't worry about it. Now," he says to the class, "these love songs you sing—they're poetry. 'I'm a hound dawg'—that's poetry. Give me one of those songs; what's popular these days?" He turns inquiring eyes to a slightly overdressed, pretty girl, clearly the class expert on popular culture.

She says, in a half singsong, "The best things in life are free but you can give it to the birds and bees I want money'."

Cameron shakes his head. "Say it again, so it moves me."

The girl repeats, now almost in song, "The best things in life are free but you can give it to the birds and bees, I want money'."

Cameron says, shrugging his shoulders, "It still doesn't move me. What is it about music that moves you—that moves *you*, specifically?"

From the other side of the class, a girl who has not made any previous contribution offers, "It has a beat."

"Ah," says the good teacher, releasing all the pressure of the lesson. "It has a beat. It . . . has . . . a . . . beat. . . ."

#### A DECENT SELF-IMAGE

THE greatest current effort to educate "culturally deprived" children is New York's "Higher Horizons" program, which started at Manhattanville Junior High School 43 in 1954, and has now been expanded to sixty-three elementary and junior high schools in the New York slums. The idea was to find college material now going to waste for lack of educational opportunity. "Only 4 per cent of the kids who went to 43 ever went on to college," says Dan Schreiber, who was principal of the school when the program began and is now at city headquarters on temporary assignment as head of Higher

Horizons for the entire system. "Our assumption was that no community was so bad it didn't have a better proportion of able kids than *that*."

Nobody fudged on the choice of school—JHS 43 was about as bad as the city could offer. The measured IQ of the students averaged 82, a high proportion of the parents were on relief, virtually every child qualified for the free-lunch program, and there was a terrific turnover of both pupils and teachers. Truancy was high, and more than three-fifths of JHS 43's graduates failed to graduate from high school. Today truancy is well down, and about two-thirds of JHS 43's graduates are completing high school, many of them in an academic program. "There is," says Dan Schreiber, not without pride, "an *educational spirit*."

JHS 43 has produced some barely credible success stories. One boy with a measured IQ of 97 on entrance went off the top of the Pintner IQ scale at 139 before high-school graduation, and won a scholarship worth \$1,600, and a job worth \$500, at Columbia University. Another, who started with an IQ of 74 (on the edge of retardation), four years behind in reading skills, was snatched from senior high school by New York University, with a \$1,380 scholarship. Yet another, starting with an IQ of 99, finished in the top 15 per cent on the College Entrance Board's Scholastic Aptitude Test and won a full scholarship to Amherst. One of these boys was a Negro; the two others were Puerto Rican. Schreiber can show page after page of scholarships for the first children who went through six full years of Higher Horizons.

The school itself is an old, square building in the barren fortress style adopted when the crenelated-castle style went out of fashion about the turn of the century. Like other New York schools, it keeps all the doors locked but one, and guards the one. And like all New York junior high schools, it has serious staffing problems (for the city as a whole, more than half the teachers in the Junior High division are substitutes). JHS 43 does not have a particularly dedicated band of teachers, but it has a lot of them (about one hundred for 1,650 kids), and the school makes sure they know what is up. "We have a quite elaborate teacher-training program," says Murray Charney, acting principal in Schreiber's absence. "We couldn't do anything without it."

Changes in the curriculum have been in the direction of greater emphasis on academic courses—about one-half of the school now takes both algebra and a foreign language in ninth grade. There are also two "special" classes which com-

plete the three years' work of junior high school in two. These classes, however, represent the pick of western Harlem and not just the talented kids from JHS 43's own neighborhood.

Schreiber himself is a rather short man with a square face and a brisk New York manner; he speaks as schoolteachers spoke thirty years ago and not with the appalling accent to be found in most New York classrooms today. He knows precisely what he is doing. "Our first job with these kids," he says, "is the creation of a decent self-image. They are encouraged to think they can achieve, and they achieve. The opinion a majority group holds of a minority group, in our experience, tends to make the minority group behave according to that opinion. So many kids are told, 'You're a Negro—you can't move up.' They come to believe it."

From the beginning, JHS 43's guidance program was unimaginably ambitious. The kids were taken on trips, first to the New York City colleges, engineering schools, pharmacy schools, and hospitals, where they were shown all the facilities and—incidentally—saw Negroes and Puerto Ricans getting a higher education. They were introduced to the life of their city—taken to plays on and off Broadway (and received backstage, after performances, by Helen Hayes and John Gielgud, among others), taken to the Metropolitan Opera (where Nell Rankin received them backstage), sent regularly to concerts of the New York Philharmonic. They came to know, for the first time, the city in which they lived—the commercial center and the financial market, the streets of good shops, the parks, the better residential areas. And they were told, over and over again, that nothing was beyond them.

The guidance staff was enlarged to a dozen people, and given a special room which was hung with college pennants and pictures of Negro and Puerto Rican professional men and women at work. Finally, the kids were taken on "dream college" trips to Yale and to Princeton. Schreiber called their employers (most of JHS 43's better kids have jobs on Saturdays), and asked for the day off; if the kids needed the money, he reached into a special fund at his disposal and paid them for the day. On Saturday

morning these refugees from one of the nation's most blasted neighborhoods strolled the Gothic quadrangles of Yale and Princeton, saw how students lived, sat in on a class, visited laboratories, went to the local stationery stores and bought Yale and Princeton paper jackets to put around their own schoolbooks. In the afternoon, they went to the football game. "When they read the sports pages afterward," Schreiber says, "they always looked up what happened to *their* college. I don't know what books you read as a boy, but I read Frank Merriwell, Ralph Henry Barbour. I wanted these kids to have that sort of experience, too."

Not every child in the school was chosen for the Higher Horizons program. A battery of special tests was given—verbal and nonverbal IQs, achievement tests in vocabulary and reading comprehension, mathematical computation and reasoning, information and understanding in various areas. Any child who scored average or above on six of ten criteria—one of which was grades and teacher recommendation—was accepted for the program. There were also a few others whose scores made an odd shape when plotted as profiles—children who were suspiciously better at paragraph comprehension than at vocabulary, at mathematical reasoning than computation—who were accepted by Higher Horizons at least until the reasons for the differences were established. One boy taken on that basis was the 74 IQ student who later won the scholarship to NYU: if the school had averaged out his "verbal" and "mathematical" score instead of examining the component scores, he would not have qualified. The essence of the plan was to give everybody a chance who might possibly succeed. About half the school got the chance, and about half of those took remarkably





full advantage of their new opportunities. And the unselected, as Schreiber had hoped, were pulled up in their school pride and school manners, and even in their work.

"We have made every child feel," says Mrs. D. K. Arthur of the JHS 43 guidance department, "that what he has now is not an absolute. He can do better."

Higher Horizons costs an extra fifty dollars per child per year. "Twenty-five cents a day," says Dan Schreiber. "Three cents a class period." School systems all over the country have sent people to JHS 43 to see what it looks like, but only a few—notably Washington, D. C., where Schreiber now spends a few days a month as consultant—have launched their own programs. "We sent observers," says Samuel Brownell, formerly head of the U. S. Office of Education and now superintendent of schools in Detroit, which may have the worst Negro school problem in America. "They thought it was too expensive for the results. Too much staff."

#### ASHAMED OF THEIR FATHERS?

AT JHS 43. The class is the New York State ninth-grade mathematics program, and the kids are part of the special group which is completing the three years of junior high school in two. They are a very mixed bag—mostly Negro, with a few whites and three Chinese—at the age when kids are physically least attractive. The class has thirty children, but eight of them are out sick or on other affairs. Because of space shortages, the math class for this group must be held in the art room.

On the board a problem is written: "A ship sails in a direction that makes an angle of  $65^\circ$  with the North-South line. After sailing for six hours it is 80 miles north of the starting point. How far East is it?"

Hands are raised in the traditional manner—left arm supporting right at the muscle, fingers flying up and down to call for teacher's attention. A boy is chosen and goes to the board, where he draws the appropriate right triangle with its point against a vertical line. He marks the angle between the line and the hypotenuse of the triangle at  $65^\circ$ , the vertical of the triangle at 80 miles, and writes the equation:

$$\tan. 25^\circ = \frac{80}{x}$$

That does the answer—the teacher, a short white man with excellent posture and a good, matter-of-fact manner, is not terribly interested in the manipulation.

He writes a number on the board:

$$\sqrt{\frac{2}{-9}}$$

and asks the class, "What kind of number is this?"

The class choruses: "Irrational."

"What makes it irrational?"

A boy: "Can't express it in decimals."

"No . . ."

A girl: "Can't express it fully."

"No . . . There's a term missing."

Another girl: "Can't express it in real numbers."

"Then it's an approximate number, right?"

Another boy: "No—it's *real*, but you can't express it in rational numbers."

"Why did you use the word 'real'?"

But the concept to which he is leading—to which he will take them if they can go there—is beyond them. They have not looked into the problems involved in the square root of a negative number, and the idea has not struck them. After the class puzzles over the question for a moment, a boy tries, "If you know it, it's real."

"Well, let's go back to the laws of the real numbers—a number divided by itself is one. Then it's real. Now, when are the trigonometric ratios real whole numbers?"

"At forty-five degrees, zero degrees, and ninety degrees."

"Let's look at that." The teacher draws on the board a right angle with an arc connecting its component lines, and a number of radii from the right angle to the arc. "What happens as we increase the angle here? What happens to the adjacent side?" Finally the class comes to:

$$\frac{25}{0}$$

and the question, "What does that equal?"

A boy says, firmly: "You can't express it."

"No . . ."

Hands are up and waving. The teacher, with a grin, tries one of them.

"It's infinite."

"That's right. Sometimes we write it this way," the teacher says, turning back to the board:

$$\frac{25}{0} = \infty$$

"In the tables, they usually leave it blank."

These slum kids are thirteen; and this is excellent work for thirteen-year-olds, anywhere in the world. It is especially impressive to a visitor who had recently watched a math class at Skokie Junior High School in Winnetka, Illinois—where the average intelligence as measured by tests is *higher* than the average in JHS 43's special

program, and the home background is superb. In Winnetka, the thirteen-year-olds had been puzzling over problems involving the subtraction of one nine-place number from another, the measuring of the perimeters of regular polygons and the areas of simple rectangles, reviews of the multiplication table, percentages, and the arithmetic of tax returns. Comparing the two schools, the visitor wondered briefly *which* social class was being discriminated against.

"You know what they're doing up there at JHS 43?" said an assistant superintendent in the high-school division of the New York schools. "They're breaking up homes. They're tearing these kids away from their own roots, and most of them aren't going to find any foundation to replace what they've lost."

The objection is strong and real. Higher Horizons does and will break up children's homes. And it is useless to protest that this is what "Americanization" always meant in the schools—that a large part of the unconscious purpose of the schools was to make children ashamed of their immigrant parents, who couldn't speak English. We live in a period much softer than the period when the European immigrants' children went to school; we are less willing to sacrifice so many lambs to gain the one sheep.

"All right," Schreiber says. "We're breaking up homes. We make every effort to bring the children's parents into the program; the kid has a much better chance to succeed if his parents are behind him. But there's no doubt about it: we're trying to instill middle-class values into lower-class kids. Everything I've tried to do is just that. We take a mid-Victorian settlement-house approach, and we use all the devices—Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, anything we can find. Unquestionably, in a number of cases, we've made children ashamed of their fathers. But, you know, it isn't quite so artificial as it seems. Will Rogers used to say, 'By the time a man is old enough not to be ashamed of his father, his son is ashamed of him'."

The successes of Higher Horizons will appear in the public records; nobody will ever know about the failures. And the failures will certainly outnumber the successes for many years to come, because their number will include both the high fraction which cannot handle the program and the fraction which passes happily through the academic work and then finds the realities of middle-class life less satisfactory than advertised—especially for a Negro in America.

"Guidance" programs for lower-class children in American schools are almost exclusively class-

oriented. "The approach I use," says Jean Casey of Eastman Junior-Senior High in Columbus, Ohio, "is to ask, 'What are you planning to do five or ten years from now?'" To the guidance department, social and financial advancement are the ends of education, and bright children are driven along by the stick of threatened factory work and the carrot of achieving professional status. Even at JHS 43, where the alternative to driving the children is visible in broken heaps on all the surrounding streets, there is something sickening about the spectacle of a society which can reach its children's minds only through their stomachs or their vanities.

#### THE TUCSON WAY

**T**O ATTACK Higher Horizons in this way is to indict, not the schools and Schreiber, but the society in which they must function. Nobody in his right mind would willingly exchange the atmosphere at JHS 43 today for the atmosphere of 1952, or the 1960 graduates for those of a decade earlier. Higher Horizons is an admirable and successful program, to be encouraged, not rebuked. But anyone who cares about the style and texture of the community in which he lives must hope that there is another, more human way to solve the problems with which Dan Schreiber has been wrestling.

Glimmerings of the other directions that can be taken are to be found here and there, especially at Pueblo High School in Tucson, Arizona. The community which feeds Pueblo is both better and worse than the community which feeds JHS 43—that is, some of the kids live in decent one-family houses with fathers who are skilled workers or Air Force base employees, while some come from tar-paper hovels where indoor plumbing is unknown. Until a few years ago, this community sent its children to Tucson High School in the center of town, where they mingled with the children of the richer elements. But Tucson's school population has been increasing at the rate of more than two thousand kids a year for more than ten years, and three new high schools have been built—two in the northern section of the city, in middle-class and upper-middle-class districts; and Pueblo in the south.

Pueblo's principal, Elbert Brooks, was a physics teacher at Tucson High School. Like so many other good teachers, he decided that, what with family to feed, his personal future lay in educational administration. He went up to Stanford to get his Ed.D., and came back to teach and to work on an "action project" for his dissertation.



He asked Superintendent Robert Morrow for permission to sit in on the planning sessions for Pueblo, so that he could write up the launching of a new slum school for his doctorate. Permission was granted, and presently Brooks was contributing to as well as observing the meetings. Finally Morrow, a bluff but courageous Western-style politician who likes talent, called Brooks aside and told him that if he was so interested in this damned school, why didn't he *do it*? Brooks asked for more budget and a free hand with it, freedom in building a special curriculum for his school alone, and the right to solicit and hire teachers for Pueblo, even if they were currently working in the system's other schools. Brooks then put his notes in his desk, where they remain—he will probably never get that Ed.D. now—and spent two years before the opening of his school figuring out what would be done when the kids arrived. He got the staff he wanted: many of those who teach at Pueblo had been working with richer kids, and few of them would leave Pueblo now for any inducement.

Brooks is a slight man with a round face and almost-square glasses, his gray-black hair swept back from a square forehead. He looks like a scholarly and worried Bob Hope. It would not be true to say that he worked out everything his school does. A few of Pueblo's techniques—a unique "spiral" math program and a more rigorous "direct-method" language instruction than anything to be found in America outside the best private schools—are the result of Brooks' own insistence. But Pueblo's success, very significantly, has been built by the accretion of details rather than by the hammering home of a philosophy; and most of the details come from the staff.

Essentially, Pueblo's center of operation is the belief that any child can be got interested in *something* academic. More than a century ago, Edward Thring challenged British education with the statement that "there is no dull boy." Pueblo extends the challenge, and insists that there is no bored boy. If a child is "unmotivated," somebody has been boring him. There is much less emphasis at Pueblo than elsewhere on assignments which must be done by the whole class; instead, the effort is to work with a child until you find something on which he is eager to work by himself, and then to turn him loose on the longest manageable string. The "industrial arts" courses involve reading about machinery as well as using it. For the best kids in the school, Pueblo has a senior-year program of "seminars," in which the students work on their own three of the four periods a week (Pueblo's

classes meet seventy-five rather than forty-five or fifty minutes, and four rather than five times a week), and then report to the group on their progress. "They're working," says the man who runs the science seminar, "in areas where the teacher does *not* know the answer."

It is not possible to tell dramatic stories about Pueblo: the *purpose* is not dramatic. Many of the kids probably never find out that their teachers do not attach too much importance to grades. ("Aren't you writing the zeroes down?" asked a first-year boy suspiciously of a math teacher who was obviously not entering marks for everyone on homework assignments.) Eight or nine years of prior conditioning have doubtless convinced most Pueblo students that they are still working for grades. But a high proportion of them are now, in reality, working for themselves. There is less to see and describe in Pueblo classrooms, because so many of the kids are working individually. But the *air* of the school is unmistakable—from the physical aspect (the large department headquarters, with individual rooms where teachers can work privately and hold conferences) to the educational feeling (the quality of the questions asked by the kids) to the psychological atmosphere (the easy bantering).

Pueblo has unique advantages, not the least of them Elbert Brooks. Because Arizona University is in town, and must accept anyone who arrives at the door with a high-school diploma, there is far less need to stress sweating for the purpose of going to college. In the West, too, there is more of the traditional American spirit that one man is as good as another, less problem about "giving the kids back their self-respect." Pueblo is also helped by the Arizona school law, which does not compel a child to continue in school after finishing eighth grade, so that the small but often influential fraction of serious malcontents is not around to bedevil the staff. Finally, the staff itself is superb, intelligent and devoted. At the University of Arizona, where not everybody approves of Brooks (where's his doctorate? for one thing), it is generally recognized that Pueblo's staff is the best in the state.

Pueblo has its failures, too—lots of them. Yet one can say of Pueblo, as of few other American secondary schools, that it offers a first-class education essentially unrelated to a child's future status. The fact that it can be done at Pueblo does *not* mean that it can be done everywhere: life is more complicated than that. But the fact that it can be done at Pueblo means that educators who say it *can't* be done are giving up too easily.

ALBERT G. SIMS

# AFRICANS BEAT ON OUR COLLEGE DOORS

*For the students, American scholarships can mean a new life . . . for the politicians in Africa, they mean votes . . . and for us they mean unexpected trouble—unless we handle them hardheadedly and with less sentiment.*

IN THE highlands of Kenya on a crisp sunny day last autumn, I became the unexpected owner of a sheep. The purchase was made at a livestock auction whose proceeds are now supporting some African students at American colleges. Temporary possession of the sheep—which I duly gave back—was one of the minor surprises of a revealing three weeks' visit.

The trip itself was the result of an encounter between two remarkable young men—John F. Kennedy and Tom Mboya. They met at Hyannisport in the heat of summer and the Presidential campaign. Mboya, at the time, was winding up a strenuous drive in behalf of the education-hungry youth of East Africa. His mission coincided with a mounting American concern for things African, as daily headlines dramatized the plight of Belgians fleeing the Congo. Almost overnight these events transformed what had been a pariah's cause into a political prize.

Mboya spread the word that he had in his pocket 250 college scholarships worth a million dollars. All he lacked was money for transportation, which the American government had declined to provide. Under prodding by Candidate Nixon, the State Department's No was reversed to an urgent Yes. But meanwhile the Kennedy Foundation (a memorial to Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr.) had agreed to put up \$100,000 for the airlift. The offer was accepted.

Sargent Shriver, John Kennedy's brother-in-

law, who is now director of the new Peace Corps, was chief executive of the Foundation. For advice, he turned to organizations which have handled educational exchange programs in the past. One of them was the Institute of International Education of which I am Vice President. I was asked to be one of a small group to make an on-the-spot check of the operation.

It was an exciting and—in many ways—an inspiring assignment, for the drive to learn among young Africans is an awesome spectacle. It was also for me a sobering exposure to an information vacuum. Few of these prospective students have a clear notion of what our colleges are like or what they have to offer. Conversely, our colleges are largely lacking in hard facts about the applicants and their training.

The story of this "crash" program is a case history of far-reaching significance for that much discussed "new frontier" of our relationships with Africa and the other less developed countries of Asia and Latin America. The ingredients in this situation highlight characteristic problems and opportunities: the struggle for political leadership waged by Africans against colonial (or external) controls and waged among Africans for position and popular support; the highly charged interaction of political and educational demands; the very limited indigenous resources for expansion of educational plant; the conflict between individual aspiration for further education and best use of limited trained manpower; the compulsive quest for a "degree" as the prime status symbol in the new society; and the adventuresome lure of study in the United States, land of educational opportunity for the young African with minimum funds and a readiness to work and demonstrate his talents, like his illustrious forerunners such as Aggrey and Azikiwe of Nigeria and Nkrumah of Ghana.



Given all these ingredients, it is obvious that a large-scale movement of African students to American schools has political as well as educational significance. So far as East Africa is concerned, the pertinent politics are those of Tom Mboya. Although Mboya's efforts are primarily concentrated on his native Kenya, they also extend in a marginal way to other British territories in East Africa (Tanganyika and Uganda) and in Central Africa (the Rhodesias and Nyasaland). All these territories are at various stages on the road to independence.

Farthest along is Tanganyika (a German colony placed under British trusteeship after World War I). After elections last year Julius Nyerere became Prime Minister. A British Colonial Governor sits side by side with him and retains final authority on behalf of the Crown until such time as the country achieves full nationhood. Nyerere presides over a mixed African-white cabinet; most civil servants are still British for lack of qualified Africans. There are over a million Africans in Tanganyika, yet presently only 56,000 can be accommodated in the intermediate schools (second four years of elementary education) and only 4,000 in the secondary schools. In 1960 only 70 African students were to receive Higher School certificates, making them eligible for university or college enrollment in courses leading to a degree.

This situation is typical of most of Africa south of the Sahara, where perhaps one child in 65 completes eight years of schooling, one in 3,000 attends secondary school, and one in 84,000 goes to a college of any sort. Second only to freedom—education is the great goal of all Africans and the major plank in the platform of their leaders.

Since he is not engaged in a struggle with a colonial government nor a serious contest for leadership, Prime Minister Nyerere is able to pursue these goals as an African leader responsible for both ends and means.

#### ENTERPRISING MBOYA

**I**N SHARP contrast is Tom Mboya's native Kenya, where the British hope for a transition of power similar to that in Tanganyika. It was in Kenya, however, that the bloody Mau Mau uprisings took 13,000 African lives from 1952 to 1956. Jomo Kenyatta, leader of the revolt, has been in jail—or under detention—in the remote northern part of the country for the past five years. But Kenyatta and the Kikuyus are still the symbols of freedom in Kenya. Members

of Kenya's most powerful and militant party, KANU (Kenya African National Union), have Kenyatta's release as the first item on their agenda of action. Throughout Kenya, Africans greet each other with the victory salute and the cry of "Uhuru [Freedom] Kenyatta!"

As a matter of sheer political necessity the same devotion to Kenyatta is voiced by Ronald Ngala, the leader of the much more moderate nationalist party, KADU (Kenya African Democratic Union). However Ngala—a soft-spoken, conciliatory man—is eclipsed as a public figure by thirty-year-old Tom Mboya, who is unquestionably the most prominent African politically active in Kenya today. Mboya is executive secretary of both the KANU party and the Kenya Federation of Labor whose headquarters were built with financial help from the AFL-CIO. (One old hand in the American labor movement commented admiringly that Mboya would make a top-flight union leader in this country.)

Because he belongs to the wrong tribe—the Luos—in a country where tribal loyalty still looms large and because Kenyatta is identified still with independence, Mboya's political future is cloudy. Obviously, consolidating his political power is no small task. Nor can he expect that whatever Kikuyu leadership is still effective will assist him unreservedly even though he works in the name of powerful national causes such as Freedom and Education. Mboya has been the engineer and leader of the "crash" program for African study in America. Although his own formal education ended after two years of secondary school, his English is fluent and often eloquent. He has a sophisticated grasp of politics at home and abroad coupled with the public relations flair and sense of timing that mark the gifted leader.

These qualities won him warm support on his first American visit in 1957. He fired enthusiasm among American proponents of African nationalism, including important leaders in the Negro community. He made impressive appearances at many meetings on TV and—in due course—on the cover of *Time* magazine.

To support Mboya's ambitious program a new organization was formed—the African-American Students Foundation (AASF). This is not a con-

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ventional foundation. Essentially it is in the business of raising money rather than giving it away. Its board of directors includes both Africans (Mboya and Prime Minister Nyerere of Tanganyika) and Americans (Mrs. Ralph Bunche; Dr. Buell G. Gallagher, president of the City College of New York; Jackie Robinson; Theodore Kheel, former president of the National Urban League; William X. Scheinman, a businessman; Frank Montero, a labor and public relations expert; and Mrs. Peter Weiss, who with her husband has generously supported other African causes). Since there is no paid full-time professional staff, the foundation is run by Mboya and by Messrs. Scheinman and Montero, who contribute their time as a labor of love. The object of their affections is African Nationalism as personified by Mboya.

#### POLITICS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

**M**OST American agencies felt that the AASF was dangerously short of experience with educational exchange and watched with misgivings when its first batch of eighty-one students arrived by air in this country in 1959. Last spring an attempt to find out how they were doing was made by Kenneth D. Luke, the British Embassy's Adviser to Colonial Students in North America. He checked up on about four-fifths of the students either by visiting them or getting reports from their colleges. Almost half were at small schools with enrollments of less than a thousand which Mr. Luke assumed likely to be inferior. Nearly a third were at Negro institutions in the South. About 46 per cent were averaging "C" grades; some 38 per cent "B"; 4 per cent "A"; and 12 per cent were failing. Around 10 per cent were having money troubles and six students were dissatisfied with their schools (three because they were segregated).

The Luke report has been variously interpreted, supported, and challenged. But inevitably it raised many questions which had special urgency last summer with a second airlift in prospect: How would the students be selected? Where would they go? How would they support themselves in the United States? How was the program being run at the African end? Should Americans encourage and help it in the future? Finding the answers was the main task for which the Kennedy Foundation advisers were sent to Africa.

Even before we left the United States we were made to feel the chilly British attitude toward the program. Our group was to include

a representative of the AASF. The Kenya colonial government refused to clear Messrs. Scheinman or Montero but finally approved Mr. Kheel. (Other members of the group were Father Fournier, head of the Foundation for All Africa, a small Catholic mission-oriented organization; Mr. Gordon Hagberg of the African-American Institute; and Dr. Aaron Brown of the Phelps-Stokes Fund.) However, we were amiably received at the Colonial Office during a day's stopover in London. There we also met four distinguished American educators just back from a month's survey in East Africa for the American Council on Education. Although they had no special interest in the airlift, it had confronted them at every turn, they told us with some feeling. They sympathized with its objectives but had grave doubts about the quality of the program and the effect it might have on the reputation of American colleges. After hearing these observations we took off for Africa.

Nairobi, Kenya's "mile-high" capital, greeted us with a skyline of tall new buildings gleaming under the equatorial sun. Yet one quickly senses the pervading uneasiness behind this modern façade. The path to independence is clearly marked for all to see—African, European settler, businessman, civil servant, and the local Asian entrepreneur. No one knows, however, just when and how power will be transferred, for there is no fixed timetable for independence. What will happen—and how fast—now that Africans have won a majority in the legislative council in this year's elections? With the turbulent Congo close at hand and the vivid memory of the Mau Mau anguish, tensions are sharp. The 65,000 Europeans in Kenya ask urgently that the government protect them and give them notice of exactly how much more time they have. The 165,000 Asians know unhappily that they will have to reach an accommodation with the Africans whom they both fear and support. Meanwhile leaders of the 6.5 million Africans in Kenya build their respective fortunes by vying aggressively for speed on the road to freedom.

Mboya was our host and program co-ordinator in Kenya. Around the clock he devoted himself indefatigably to the airlift—conferring by telephone with Nyerere and his aides in Tanganyika, with leaders in Uganda, and with the AASF office in New York—organizing and addressing innumerable fund-raising teas, dances, and tribal festivities. At the wheel of his big Mercedes, he hurtled us at eighty miles an hour through the dusty countryside. After the first such excursion we were limp. "I kept thinking what an inglo-



rious ending," said Ted Kheel. "I expect to be just a footnote in tomorrow's headline about the ill-fated Mboya."

The AASF office in Nairobi was a twelve-by-twelve-foot room on the second floor of a two-story building, along with the headquarters of the KANU party and a driving school. In the corridors outside, long lines of students waited from morning to late at night to be interviewed by Mboya or his helpers—Mrs. Ruth Nijiri, her husband Kariuki Nijiri (the U.S.-educated son of a senior Kikuyu chief), Dixon Oloo, and Dr. Julius Kiano, a native of Kenya with a Ph.D. from the University of California. With remarkable patience and sympathy they took applications, counseled or admonished the students, noted their financial needs, and co-ordinated the massive traffic between the AASF office, the U.S. Consulate, and the airlift travel service. Throughout, Mboya dominated the proceedings, made the decisions, large and small, and sustained the momentum of the project.

It soon became evident that the 250 scholarships proclaimed at the time of the Hyannisport meeting had very little to do with what was going on here. To be sure—as he had said—the African students were desperately in need of transportation. But they were also—it turned out—in need of a good deal more.

#### TRIBAL FUND-RAISING

THE 250 scholarships were bona fide offers obtained chiefly by Mrs. Bunche, who had canvassed more than four hundred colleges. However, the information about the scholarships apparently reached Africa too late to be of much immediate help and only about twenty of these scholarships were used. Nevertheless, the plan was to fly to New York *all* students who could prove they were admitted to American colleges and had U.S. visas. To get a visa, the student must show that he had the money to cover room, board, and tuition for a year, plus at least \$300. Few of the applicants initially could meet these cash requirements.

We had conceived of this as a program essentially dependent on organized American help. Instead we discovered that most of the money to support the students in the United States was being raised in Africa under the auspices of an organization known as the Kenya Education Trust. Still open when we arrived were the questions of just who—and how many—would come to the United States. Hundreds were vying for the nearly three hundred seats on the chartered

planes and lacked only one formal qualification to get aboard—money.

Thus instead of observing an orderly process of selecting among applicants for scholarships, we found ourselves caught up in a hectic round of fund-raising activities that reached fever pitch as the airlift departure date drew near and the Education Trust stepped up its efforts to collect shillings from families, tribes, political parties, and the Asian community.

The Trust has a heterogeneous board including representatives of most local political parties and a few professional men. However, the board as a whole appears to be little involved and Mboya again was conspicuously the moving figure. The Kenya government has refused—to the annoyance of African leaders—to give the Trust a general fund-raising license (the Mau Mau movement had roots in Kenyatta's campaign for the Kikuyu Independent Schools). Last spring, however, permission was given on an *ad hoc* basis for fund-raising gatherings at designated places within fixed time limits. We attended three such meetings. The last at Githunguri, a reservation for the Kikuyu tribe, was under surveillance of government security officers.

Githunguri was the site of Kenyatta's Teachers College, which was razed during some of the most violent Mau Mau fighting. We were seated near a crude platform at the center of a large pasture. Around us, some two or three thousand Africans stood or sat on the ground—the women in shapeless, short, sacklike dresses, the men mostly in olive drab shorts. Next to me sat the daughter of Kenyatta, a former teacher at the Independent School, now proscribed from teaching. The crowd she said, was far smaller than the six or seven thousand who used to attend education rallies before the Mau Mau rebellion. Beside Miss Kenyatta was another teacher—an elderly raggedly dressed man whose eyes lit up as he tried to convey, in fluent English, the depth of his gratitude to America for trying to help educate his people.

Mboya and other leaders of the KANU party made speeches. The visitors from America were individually introduced and acclaimed. A prominently identified KANU station wagon cruised around the field. Highlight of the affair was an auction of contributed livestock—bulls, goats, sheep, and chickens. Mboya and the other political leaders bid actively on the costlier items and cracked jokes about the competition among them. We soon found ourselves in the same upper bracket, and it was in this fashion that I acquired the sheep mentioned earlier. At one

point a bull broke loose and provided a moment of sport and panic. Father Fournier of our group gamely put in a bid of twenty dollars for him and had the good fortune to "win" the animal when the curtain was rung down on the auction by the security men because the time limit had expired.

Since functions such as this were largely tribal activities, the funds so raised presumably were given only to students in their own areas. For general distribution the Trust received about \$30,000 from Asians, who as the entrepreneurs of Kenya have most of the cash wealth and are under heavy pressure from the African leaders as independence approaches. A last-minute gift of about \$5,000 from the Aga Khan gave a big boost to the several score students still frantically seeking to make the grade financially. In the end, few if any were kept off the airlift for lack of money.

In mid-September, four chartered planes carried 288 students of whom 242 were from Kenya. I watched some of them take off. Most of the students were headed for small colleges (nineteen, the largest group, went to Philander Smith in Little Rock, Arkansas, but at the time of this writing ten of the nineteen had left for other institutions). Probably no more than seven or eight of the 288 could have gained admission to the two colleges run by the British in East Africa. This difference in standards—and in concepts of higher education—is at the heart of the controversy surrounding the subject and is worth closer examination.

#### TARGETS FOR THE FUTURE

**I**N AFRICA a university degree is the passport to status and prosperity. Teachers, technicians, or civil servants with degrees automatically command two or three times the salary of those without them. However, Makerere, the University College of East Africa located in Kampala, Uganda, is at present the only degree-granting institution in the area. The Royal College (until December 1960 the "Royal Technical College") in Nairobi, Kenya, has just been raised to the level of a degree-granting institution, although no degrees will be issued until 1964. According to plan, a third university college will be established in Tanganyika in 1961. These three institutions will then be affiliated as the University of East Africa.

Makerere follows standards set by the University of London and is successfully modeled on the academic quality of Cambridge and Oxford. To

be admitted, a student must be in the top 15 to 20 per cent of those successfully finishing secondary school and then proceed through two more years of preparatory work (the Sixth Form). In 1960 Makerere accepted only about 170 new students from all of East Africa for degree courses. Only a small minority of secondary-school students have, in these circumstances, much hope of achieving a degree. Of the rest, about one-third in Kenya go on to two years of teacher training, two-fifths to various government training programs, a fifth directly into government or commercial employment, and the others to a commercial training program.

Most of the airlift students had Cambridge School Certificates (secondary-school diplomas) of second or third division grade. This means that they were not in the upper 12 to 20 per cent and hence mostly not university material. With Freedom in reach, the Africans reject these implications and demand the opportunity for a degree (college or university) for all students successfully completing their secondary school work. There were 750 such students passing their School Certificate examinations last year in Kenya.

This is one important point at which the issue is joined with the Kenya government authorities. Our group met at length with Minister of Education Mathieson and his staff to review the problems of the airlift as seen from their perspective. Officially the Kenya government has stated that it "is in no sense opposed to Kenya students proceeding to America for university education, provided that they are likely to benefit by such education and provided, too, that they have the financial means to meet the cost of the whole course envisaged and that they fully realize the type of qualification likely to obtain from the American college concerned, with special reference to its standing in Kenya for purposes of employment." These provisos are of such a nature that Mboya ignored the Kenya government's offer to participate. "Our view," he has said, "is that self-help programs must be encouraged among the Africans and we need no government referees or superintendents to tell us what to do or how to do it."

The objections of the government can be summarized as follows: (1) the program is a political rather than an educational enterprise, essentially; (2) the students have inadequate financing, since usually only the first year of a prospective four years is covered at the time of departure; (3) no comparative selection of students is made—with the consequence that the



failure rate, an ultimate technique of selection to most American colleges, is likely to cause heavy wastage of investment and unhappiness for all concerned; (4) the receiving U.S. institutions are selected by the student without proper guidance, will frequently be disappointing to them, and will often not qualify them properly for their expected vocation in Kenya; and (5) the limited supply of secondary-school graduates for Kenya's Sixth Form schools, university colleges, teachers colleges, and technical schools will be seriously depleted by a continuation of the airlift on this scale. Thus the airlift may threaten the substantial investment the government has made in these institutions and impair plans for the orderly development of manpower to meet the country's needs. In these terms the British find the case against the airlift and its American sponsors weighty indeed.

There is, of course, point to these criticisms. In the main, however, they are probably irrelevant to the real issues. African management of Kenya's affairs is coming at a rapid pace. Education abroad (and particularly in the U.S.) will be manipulated by African leaders as a last contest with the colonial authority if the Kenya government accepts such a contest and fails to convert the powerful political drive for education into a constructive force for orderly transition. The resources of the government understandably are limited. Nevertheless, it has a responsibility to build a working partnership with the emerging African leadership. Only in combination with external resources can the educational opportunities for Kenya be quickly expanded well

beyond the narrow range now available in the secondary and post-secondary system. A country with 6.5 million Africans about to be entrusted with the governance of their own affairs must arouse itself to the consequences of a system producing but 750 secondary-school and some 100 college graduates a year. In this situation the spirit of radical innovation rather than cavil or complaint, can be a last act of wise leadership by the colonial government.

In defense of all concerned it must be said that it would have required divine vision to foresee the speed with which Africa would move toward independence after World War II. British policy in West Africa in these circumstances was resilient and successful. In East and Central Africa, riven by the problem of the white settler, the change is inevitably more hazardous. In East Africa one solid beam in the bridge of transition has been put in place with the first African-led government of Julius Nyerere in Tanganyika.

The demonstrated skill and accomplishment of the British deserve the respect of the Johnny-come-lately American in Africa. Too often, we are equipped only with a bland instinct for virtuous deeds. So we are for the African nationalist against the British colonial government. We offer generous four-year scholarships for academically elite students in an East African system that amply provides only for the elite: we open our colleges to almost any African student applying when the right school and the right training for the right students are vital to the country's development. We need not only a concern for Africa but also intelligence.

What virtually all of sub-Sahara Africa requires of us (and the rest of the West) is educational assistance on a scale few have hitherto contemplated. Only if its educational plant expands sufficiently to sustain an adequate rate of economic development will there be hope of political stability. What we require of Africans is that their needs be estimated and described so that best use can be made of the external resources available. Such a job has been done in Nigeria by U. S., British, and Nigerian educators serving on the Ashby Commission (financed by the Carnegie Foundation). The Commission's projection of external assistance required in the next ten years in this one country is all the evidence needed to demonstrate that neither we nor the Africans can long afford the random mating of our people and institutions in the style of the "crash" program for East African students.

### *Franklin on Deterrence*

FRANKLIN was happy there in his home and garden in Passau, studying with passion the experiments of Dr. Mesmer and the aeronautics of Montgolfier. After witnessing the first balloon ascent on August 27, 1783, he was asked whether this discovery had any future. "What could it be destined to give a new-born baby?" He foresaw that this infant discovery might give a new turn to human affairs, convincing rulers of the folly of war, since "it will be impracticable for the most potent of them to guard his dominions."

—Sir Harold Nicolson, *The Age of Reason*, Doubleday, 1961.



## *A Corner of a Foreign Jail*

A Story by ALEXIS LADAS

*Drawings by Abram Rudisill*

OUR attempt to escape from jail on the occupied Greek island of Samos shattered the composure of our Italian overlords. It was unheard of in their experience for prisoners thus to take their lives into their own hands for the absurd privilege of risking them again in the perilous business of war.

"Why should you want to run away?" the sergeant of the guard—the one we called "the Dog"—asked us in pained but genuine surprise. "Are you not fed and lodged and out of danger here?"

That it was even a temporary soldier's duty to escape seemed to him much too far-fetched a concept of military virtue. As for the fact that we'd been captured in civilian clothes behind the enemy lines and therefore stood a damned good chance of being tried for espionage and shot, he felt that that was something which should properly be left to the court-martial and to God; to think otherwise was to attempt to change the course of fate, and smacked of sacrilege.

The three of us by no means shared his view. Till then the year—black 1942—had piled disaster on defeat; the only hope for us was through our own exertions. We had tried to break out

twice before and we proposed to keep on trying, though I must admit that Elia and I felt that our latest attempt entitled us to a period of rest and recuperation.

Not so Frank. On the very night of our recapture, when we were flung battered and bloody into the isolation cell with trigger-happy sentries pointing rifles at us from every direction, he had begun examining the prospects of starting a tunnel under the floor boards. I don't know whether it was because he was an Englishman, cast by the chance of war among the lesser breeds, or because he was a Captain and a boxing Blue, or simply because he enjoyed it, but to Elia and me, as reasonable Greeks, his mania for escaping seemed to exceed the bounds of moderation. There were even times when we secretly hoped that our Italian keepers would maintain their vigilance so that we could in all conscience take it easy for a bit.

On this occasion our unworthy wishes were fulfilled, and with a vengeance. We were kept in isolation for a month in the notorious "cell of rigors." Then we were locked up in the wash house with an armed sentry at the door. Our food ration was cut down to a minimum, and we were forbidden to exercise. To turn them against us, the other prisoners—petty thieves, black marketeers, and such, to whom escapes were schoolboy nonsense—were made to suffer too. Their bunks were confiscated; they were locked up in their cells for a whole week so that they could not use the lavatories; people from outside



were not allowed to visit them or send them food or cigarettes. The normally busy and cheerful atmosphere of a provincial jail was utterly desolate, and we were most unpopular.

But the person to whom we had become an absolute obsession was "the Dog," the prison Commandant. He was a brute and a martinet, a regular police sergeant with nineteen years of service and one more to go. Our attempted escape had nearly cost him both his pension and his stripes. He had no love for us at all, nor we for him after the beatings he and his boys had given us. The strange thing, though, was the ambivalence of his feeling toward Frank, a mixture of dislike and unavowed respect. I don't suppose he liked Elia and me any better, but we, being Greeks and therefore members of a conquered nation, at least did not give him an inferiority complex. Frank, on the other hand, was the only real live Englishman on the island. To the Dog, having custody of Frank must have seemed much like being given responsibility for a lion in a flimsy cage; the beast was dangerous, but it was also valuable and—even to a policeman—manifestly noble and impressive.

Frank's nationality alone aroused in the Italian all those mixed feelings of subservience and envy toward the visiting "Milord Inglese," dating back, doubtless, to the time of the Grand Tours. Add to this that the captive was an officer and the master a sergeant; that Fascist Italy was determined to seem civilized and at the same time manly and inflexible; and finally that Frank was personally handsome, blue-eyed, and "*molto simpatico*," and the Commandant's schizophrenic attitude is easily explained. He loved to lord it over Frank, but he could hardly keep from standing at attention when addressing him. What was more, he seemed to attribute to him almost supernatural powers.

I don't think the Dog got much sleep during the months that followed. As long as we were kept in the ramshackle old jail, he lived in constant fear that Frank would vanish. None of the elaborate safety measures he had taken satisfied him; even our metal spoons had been

replaced by wooden ones. Yet every day the Commandant personally inspected every corner of our cell to reassure himself that we had not begun a tunnel. Frequently in the middle of the night he would come galloping across the moonlit courtyard dressed only in his boots and long-johns, with a pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other, just to make sure we were still there.

IT WAS on one of his nighttime visits—provoked on that particular occasion by the noise we'd made in killing one of the multitude of rats which infested our cell—that he told us about the "*salottino*."

"Don't worry," he said. "You won't have to put up with the rats much longer. In the new prison which we are building, we will construct a little room especially for you. It will be clean and airy, and there will be no rats. A real little sitting-room."

It was the first time we had heard that we were going to be moved and there were a thousand questions we wanted to ask, but he would say no more that night. However, from then on until we were transferred some three months later, not a day passed without his making reference to the new *salottino* specially built for the English captain and his entourage.

Then one day, about a month before we were transferred, the sergeant came and told Frank that, knowing the fetish which the British made of exercise, he had decided to permit us the freedom of the courtyard for half an hour every afternoon after the other prisoners had been locked up. Such magnanimity was unbelievable, particularly when we found that only the normal sentries on the walk were present and that the main gate of the prison was left open. We feared the situation would be too much for Frank. Though he said nothing, Elia and I were certain he would consider himself honor bound to make a dash for what he hoped was freedom, and what we felt sure was the lime pit. To us the scheme of the Italians seemed childishly transparent. There was the open door, the sleepy sentries, the oncoming dusk. This was the bait. But beyond the gate we knew there was an open square without a shred of cover for a hundred yards. There also were two permanent guards outside the door and a six-man mobile patrol with a machine gun. We knew that nothing would give the Dog such pleasure as to see Frank attempt the fateful sprint.

Without a word being said, Elia and I took turns blocking Frank unobtrusively every time

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we trotted past the open gate, either by getting in his way or by distracting his attention. For my part, I was determined to bring him to the ground if he so much as started for the door, even if it cost me his friendship. I don't know whether Frank realized what was going on, but we at least consoled ourselves with the thought that it might be more feasible to break out of the famous *salottino*.

We learned from other sources that the new prison was a converted warehouse, and though we had not taken the Sergeant's description of the *salottino* at its face value, we were completely unprepared for what confronted us the day we were transferred.

The *salottino* was a concrete box hardly long enough to lie down in. It had been built under the stone staircase leading to the second floor so that its outer wall was six feet thick. High up near the ceiling was what might be euphemistically called a window; it was, in fact, a tunnel with bars at each end, through which, if one stood on tiptoe, one could see, beyond the barbed-wire fence, part of the balcony of a house with a geranium in a pot.

The Sergeant personally escorted us down into our special little dungeon.

"Isn't it pretty," he said as he unlocked our handcuffs, "clean and airy just as I told you; a perfect *salottino*. And no rats. Except for three big ones that I know." He winked and patted Frank on the back. "But not even a rat could get out of here," he added with a nasty laugh. "I hope your Highness will enjoy his stay. It will be a long one unless the court-martial decides to have you shot soon."

We were too angry and disheartened to say anything at the time but later, when the three of us were sitting on the cold concrete floor nursing our grievance, Frank spoke for all of us when he remarked in that icy English voice of his, "If it's the last thing I do I'm going to make that bastard regret his little joke."

THOSE were gloomy days. Not all days in prison are such. As in the other life, there are cheerful days too; days when a postcard has arrived from home, or the food has been better, or a rat has been killed, or we have caught a glimpse of the girl in the house opposite watering the geranium. But our move to the *salottino* had coincided with the approach of winter, and winter on the sunny isle of Samos is something altogether disheartening. That year it poured almost without a break for three whole months. The rattling of the rain on the tin sheet over

the door above our cell nearly drove us mad. Even the normally cheerful Italian guards took to singing dirges.

The parade ground—that narrow strip of earth between the building and the barbed-wire fence—was turned into a sea of mud. Hunting for cigarette butts—our main interest during our exercise outings—became quite useless. Indeed, it was a pleasure to return to our "sitting-room," to squat in our respective corners and teach each other songs or bits of poetry. It was amusing to listen to Elia reciting, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow." He always had trouble pronouncing "syllable," which struck Frank as particularly funny since—the word being Greek—it was the only one Elia understood out of the whole quotation. Frank reciting like a parrot the ancient epitaph to the three hundred Spartans fallen at Thermopylae seemed no less funny to Elia and me. And the three of us together singing "Carry me back to old Virginny" would have sounded quite absurd to anyone else. But our bellowing at least helped to deaden the mournful drumming of the rain. . . . And yet it was the rain which gave us the first glimmering for a plan of escape.

Not long after our arrival in the new prison, we were informed that a girl working for the Bishop's charities had obtained permission from the Governor to visit us in her capacity as a welfare worker. Her name turned out to be Danae, but she was very plain. Nevertheless she was the first woman I had spoken to for many a month and I was shocked to find myself all of a flutter. Worse still, I found that I was even more than usually susceptible to the dramatic overtones of the encounter: the rain, the wind, the melancholy exhalation of a conquered land; and then the girl in black—already full of mystery in my imagination—speaking to the doomed but still unconquered prisoner behind the barbed-wire fence. Such were the adolescent trappings with which my mind endowed our meeting as I watched the demure, ugly girl with her black kerchief and her downcast eyes, being escorted across the line where it was death to step at other times. But I had little doubt that all the mystery would vanish when she spoke, that she would prove to be just what she looked: the uninspired daughter of the parish priest or of the local pharmacist bringing a basket of food to the prison out of compassion perhaps, but mainly because she had been told to do so. Then she did speak and instantly my romantic imaginings were clothed in real and poignant substance. The eyes Danae raised to mine burned with the fierce light of dedication,



and her voice assured me that she was prepared to back her faith with action. I felt no surprise when she managed to whisper to me cryptically while the guards' attention strayed.

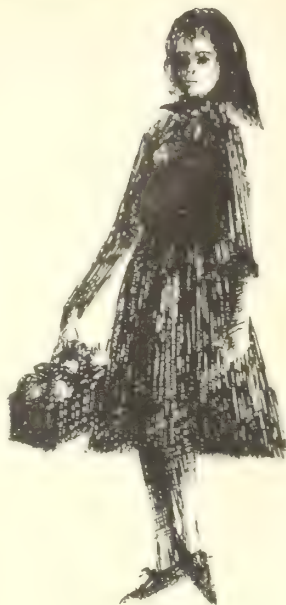
"The Bishop is in touch with people on the other side who are interested in your welfare. They also said to tell you your mission was not a failure. They got the information."

She had no opportunity to say more, but it was some consolation to know that prison and quite possibly the firing squad would not have been for nothing. Furthermore, even the most tenuous contact with our own Intelligence people in neutral Turkey ten miles away was very good for our morale, though at that time we couldn't see how it would help us. An aged cleric and a girl, no matter how devoted, would hardly make the best accomplices for us in a hit-and-run prison break.

From then on, once a week, I was given a few minutes with Danae, who always came with a basket of food, and always wore the same spotless black dress and kerchief.

As I came to know her better I realized that I was in the presence of a rare and somewhat dangerous phenomenon: a truly selfless person—or more accurately, a person whose only real satisfaction could be in self-sacrifice. Her ugliness, her passion for the Russian writers, her total lack of worldly knowledge, joined the exalted mood of war to give her abnegation an unreal and at times alarming twist. I had the uneasy feeling that if no opportunity for heroism existed, it would have to be created to justify her expectations. What was particularly embarrassing was finding oneself cast in the role of hero when all one really wanted was to get out of that stinking jail.

I tried to keep the conversations at our brief meetings to essentials, and away from emotional acrobatics, but our communications on escape plans were rare and fragmentary, as a Greek-speaking guard was always present. To exchange written messages was almost impossible. The food she passed in through the barbed wire was thoroughly inspected. The bread was cut up into little pieces; the soup was poured from one container to another; even the nuts were broken open. It was quite clear that she could never hope to slip a lethal weapon past the guard. It



was equally clear that she would not have hesitated to risk her life trying.

For days we mulled over the problem of how Danae could help us to escape. A thousand possibilities were studied and discarded. And then, quite unexpectedly, the rain beating on the tin roof above our window reminded me of the mud on the parade ground and of the trouble it gave Frank who always wanted to be neatly turned out, of the time he spent removing the mud stains from his trousers and his shoes, and of how he washed his shirt every night and slept on his trousers so they would have a crease.

"Frank," I said, "the trouble with our thinking is that we are trying to smuggle something past the guards. Why not have them give it to us?"

Frank gaped at me. "How the devil do you think we can make them give us a file or a hacksaw blade?" he asked.

"I don't mean that," I said. "We might get them to offer us a pair of shoes, though. Supposing tomorrow you went out to the yard without your shoes on and said that you had worn them out or something. What would they do?"

"They'd send me back into the cell. Anyway, they'd search and find that my shoes were all right."

"I bet they'd dig up another pair for you," I said. "Besides I mean that you should really do away with your old ones."

"Like hell," said Frank. "what if they never give me another pair? I have no intention of spending the rest of the war in my bare feet. It's against the rule for British officers to go about without their shoes on even in Africa. Anyway, why me? Why not one of you chaps?"

"Because I'm sure it would embarrass them much more to have an English Captain rather than an ordinary Greek walking about barefooted in their jail. It just wouldn't do. The Red Cross might even hear about it and the Italians wouldn't like that at all. They're supposed to be civilized."

"Bah! What can the Red Cross do for poor bloody bastards captured in civilian clothes?" Frank remarked impatiently, but it was clear that he conceded some merit to my argument. In fact, try as he might, he could not hide his rising excitement.

"What I don't gather," he insisted with deliberate obtuseness, "is what this rigmarole will get us. At best I will exchange one pair of shoes for another."

"My hope is that they won't have any shoes themselves and that they will apply to the Bishop's charities," I answered. "Danae could have a hacksaw blade sewn inside each sole. The Italians could never tell the difference by the weight. They'd have to tear the things apart, and that's exactly what I trust they will not do since it is they who will be giving us the shoes."

"Might work," conceded Frank grudgingly. "I hate to part with these old things. But I suppose it's worth a try."

So we ripped the sole completely off Frank's left shoe, and worked the right one back and forth until the upper tore in half. When we had done with them, the shoes were past repair. The following day Frank went out to the parade ground wearing no shoes. He was as usual freshly shaven and from the ankles up looked almost absurdly smart and handsome in his creased trousers and his clean shirt with the collar turned up. As was our habit, we started pacing sedately up and down the muddy promenade, pretending to be engrossed in conversation.

"You know," Frank said, "this isn't half unpleasant. I haven't walked barefooted through the mud since I was a child. The feeling of the stuff oozing between your toes is quite agreeable, but pretty soon it's going to be beastly cold."

It took some time for the Italians to notice anything unusual, but after a while I saw the sentry on the watchtower by the gate trying by an elaborate pantomime to convey the news of Frank's bare feet to the sentry across the yard. Then one by one the others became aware that the English captain was walking barefooted in the mud. There were stares and nervous giggles and furtive whisperings behind our backs, but whenever we looked straight at any man, he would pretend he was engrossed in something else, or walk off whistling with his hands in his pockets.

When Danae came for her weekly visit, the guard who was escorting me to the barbed-wire cage asked me, after a good deal of hemming and hawing, why the Captain had taken off his shoes. "It's not a question of having taken them off, but of having none to put on," I replied snootily.

Danae noticed Frank's naked feet almost the very minute she was let into the cage. Distance and barbed wire notwithstanding, she had fallen head over heels in love with him—or rather with

the idea of the captive English officer—from the time she had first seen him pacing up and down the yard. Now she clapped her hand over her mouth and the tears started rolling down her sallow cheeks. "The poor boy. The poor boy," she kept repeating through her fingers. Her distress upset the guard and he turned away discreetly. I took the opportunity to whisper to Danae, "It's all a trick, but for God's sake keep on crying." I even had a chance to explain briefly what we expected of her.

When the guard searched me for contraband before letting me out of the cage he mumbled in my ear, "It isn't right for the Captain to walk about barefooted."

"Can't be helped," I replied curtly. "*Vae victis*—as you people say."

"It isn't proper," he insisted.

"Well what do you expect me to do?" I snapped, "give him my own? I'm not his keeper. It isn't any of my business if you let your prisoners go without shoes."

THE next day the Dog himself tried to browbeat me, but it was clear that his tantrum stemmed mostly from embarrassment. It was unheard of for an officer to walk about in public barefooted, he bellowed. It was bad for discipline. I told him that that was his problem.

"Isn't the Captain ashamed to disgrace his country and his rank by his behavior?" the Commandant shouted. I braced myself to receive a slap in the face and told him that I thought the shame was not on Frank but on those whose prisoner he was. "Civilized countries," I added, "do not let their prisoners go without shoes. Or is not Italy a signatory of the Geneva Convention?"

The Sergeant went purple in the face, but all he did was clench his fists and sputter. He was so taken aback he didn't even think to tell me that the Geneva Convention did not cover people charged with espionage. "I run a prison, not a shoe shop," he shouted. "Or do you think I ought to buy a pair out of my pay?"

"Oh, that?" I said offhandedly. "Of course, one doesn't expect the army to give its boots to prisoners. But doesn't the Church or the Red Cross usually deal with such matters?"

He said no more but I was almost sure that I had planted the seed. A few days later when Danae brought our food, we saw the Sergeant talking to her. When I was taken to see her, she was all smiles.

"It's worked," she whispered. "The Sergeant asked me for a pair of shoes from the charities."



He said I was to keep it secret. He said it was to come as a surprise. It will take a week to have the shoes made. He said I was to try and have them by Christmas Day. I have the blades. I will give them to the cobbler tonight. He is one of us."

Those seven days were torture for the Italians. They were going through agonies of pretense to keep the thing a secret from us. As the days passed, we started worrying that they would never make it. They didn't even trust each other to talk to us alone. Every time one of them approached us, a couple of others would come up to make quite sure that he wouldn't give anything away. The funniest thing of all was their determined effort to ignore Frank's muddy feet, which seemed to exert upon them an irresistible fascination. They did not dare so much as look down at the ground, with the result that they all went about with their noses in the air like so many chickens drinking. In the end the strain began to tell even on us.

At last the great day came. No sooner had Danae appeared than all the guards rushed out to meet her, even forgetting to lock the door behind them. The Sergeant practically grabbed the shoes out of her hands. Holding them high, he strode back toward Frank, followed by a procession of broadly grinning soldiers. A few paces away they stopped and the Dog advanced alone to hand the shoes to Frank with a hesitant little old-world bow.

"A Christmas present for the Captain," he said. My heart was beating fit to burst as Frank turned the precious, shiny things over and over in his hands as if he didn't know what to do with them. In fact they were not shoes at all but patent-leather, elastic-sided boots such as clerics wear. Obviously they had first been intended for the Bishop himself. They were the absurdest, most beautiful pair of boots we had ever seen.

Frank tried to look surprised as if he didn't understand what it was all about, but he was really quite moved and only managed to look sheepish. To my amazement, he seemed for a moment as if he were going to burst into tears. Then brusquely, to cover up his embarrassment, he stuck his hand straight out in front of him. The Sergeant was taken aback. He glanced inquiringly behind him at his compatriots. Encouraged by the grinning faces, he grabbed Frank's hand and shook it. Then all the others wanted to shake Frank's hand, and then, as an afterthought, Elia's and mine, so as not to hurt our feelings. Frank was taken into the cell to dry his feet, and reappeared wearing the Bishop's

new boots. The back-slapping and cheering and good will made the three of us feel very guilty.

Frank in particular appeared to be in a state of great inner turmoil. Suddenly he drew himself up at attention, blushing furiously, and shouted at me as if he were back in the orderly room.

"Ask the Sergeant," he snapped, "if I may be permitted to thank the girl who brought the boots."

My heart sank at the thought of thus pointedly reminding the Italians that the boots had come from a Greek source, but to protest at that point would have been even more dangerous. Besides, I realized what an effort it had cost Frank to ask the Dog for such a favor and could not bring myself to make things even more difficult.

But the Sergeant, in his expansive mood thought nothing of it. "But of course, of course," he said, winking knowingly when I had translated the request. "The Captain has not spoken to a *signorina* for a long time."

He led Frank to where Danae was still standing outside the wire, watching the excitement. Frank stuck his arm through the barbed wire and shook Danae's hand. "Thank you very much," he said. The poor girl went very pale; her lips started twitching, but she couldn't utter a word. Then she looked down at Frank's feet and began to cry quietly. She seemed much more moved at the thought that Frank was wearing shoes again than at the fact that we had pulled a beauty of a coup.

THAT night in the cell we were going over the escape plan once more. As was our custom I was recapitulating one by one the steps to be taken, so as to give Frank a chance to spot the weak points. Later I would do the same in Greek for Elia's benefit.

"We wait for a rainy Saturday night," I was saying. "After supper, when they've had their double wine ration, they start singing upstairs. At about 9:30, when they're well warmed up and the sentries outside have been on duty for three and a half hours and are getting tired and careless, we cut the inside bars."

"How long will it take?" asked Frank.

"Eight minutes more or less. A minute for each bar," I replied.

"You haven't taken into account that the blade will be getting more and more blunt."

"Oh yes I have," I replied, unable to prevent a certain note of self-satisfaction from creeping into my voice. After all, this was my baby, and I wasn't going to endanger it by some stupid



oversight like that. It was I who had thought up the trick for getting the blades, I who had made the hacksaw handle from the legs of our beds, and I who was going to see to it that the plan went like clockwork all the way through.

"Good man," said Frank, patting me on the head as one would a faithful dog. "What about the noise though? That other time it sounded as if we were killing a hundred pigs."

"There's no way of preventing it," I said. "We can only hope that the singing and the drumming of the rain on the roof will drown it. Elia will keep pouring olive oil over the blade. We have a whole bottle which Danae sent."

"All right, so by the time we've cut the inner bars it's about 9:40. Go on from there," Frank said.

"Then we light three matches in succession to signal Danae's man in the house across the way, and he lights one in acknowledgment. There's no danger of the light being seen by the sentries."

"What if the man doesn't answer? What if he isn't there?"

"We prop the bars back into place and hope the Dog doesn't come in and shake them till we have a chance to try again. If he does—which God forbid—we'll be in for a good beating."

"We must also warn Danae to clear out," Frank said.

"If we have a chance," I answered. "But don't you worry, her man will be there all right. He'll be staying in the house with the geranium for the next ten nights. At our signal he will crawl along that little ditch up to the outside fence and start cutting a hole in the wire opposite our window. He'll be just halfway between the two

sentries, about twenty-five yards from either of them; in the darkness and the rain I don't think there is much chance they'll either see or hear him; the light over the sentry boxes doesn't carry that far in the rain, and he'll cut the wire through a blanket to minimize the noise."

"I suppose he can run for it if they challenge him," Frank remarked.

"Anyway," I continued, "while he's cutting the wire we'll be sawing through the outside bars. Using both blades, it shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes if there are no interruptions. That will bring us to just a few minutes before the changing of the guard. Let's hope the sentries will be looking the other way for their replacements to arrive.

"We drop down to the ground one by one. The spot just under the window is in deep shadow. If they don't see us we start crawling toward the hole in the wire. If we are spotted there's bound to be a commotion before they start shooting. Then we get up and make a dash for it, hoping they won't be able to shoot straight in the rain. If anyone is hit badly the others go on. That is understood. Are we agreed thus far?"

There was a silence and then Frank said: "Not bad, not bad at all," which for him in fact meant "jolly good." "It has the great virtue of simplicity," he said.

"Once outside the fence we hit the side streets till we get out of town, and then hot-foot it as fast as we can to the place where the man has the boat hidden. With any luck, and if we row like mad, we ought to be close to the Turkish shore before daybreak," I concluded with a certain amount of pride.

"Where do we meet Danae?" Frank asked.

"Danae? Why should we meet Danae?"

"If she doesn't meet us right away there's a good chance she'll never find the boat."

"But, Frank, she's not coming with us to Turkey. There was never any question of that."

"Why not?" Frank asked.

"Well, in the first place she's got a paralytic mother to look after. She can't leave her."

"Can't we take the old woman along then?"

"Are you crazy or what? It's fifteen miles from here to the sea and we won't be able to use the roads. We'll have to go cross-country. Do you know what that means in the dark? Even we will have to go at a hell of a clip to make it soon enough so that we aren't caught on the water at dawn. We could never make it carrying a crippled woman."

Frank was silent for quite a while and I



ROBERT MEZFY

## LATE WINTER BIRTHDAY

THIS broken city, heaving a white breath  
As if in preparation for a truce.  
Gathers the sleeping folk, their flesh gone loose,  
About its frozen shoulders. In sleep or death,  
Their bodies are the start I waken with.  
I see my image totter and the bricks  
Of every hour infect the wind and freeze:  
My future down its crystals in my mouth.

The lamps go out as if they fear the dawn.  
I sit reading, watching beyond the sill  
Morning in naked indigo waken the snow.  
The combs forage. Somewhere, with measured  
steps,  
A lone black ball is beating what is gone  
In the splintered forest of my will.

watched him with mounting anxiety and exasperation. Slowly a stubborn, closed look came over his face. "Then it's out," he said with finality.

I gasped my disbelief. "Oh, for Christ's sake, Frank," I exploded. "What is all this nonsense? You're not going to wreck our best chance because the girl won't come along."

"You don't seem to understand," Frank said calmly as if he were explaining the facts of life to a child. "When we are gone they are bound to suspect that she helped us. They will get her right away."

"I am fully aware of that and so is she," I snapped. "And what, may I ask, has that to do with anything? So they'll put her in jail for the duration. So what? Danae undertook to do a job. She's got to take the risks. There's a war on, you know. Next thing I know, you'll tell me you don't want to escape so that the Dog won't lose his pension, because he gave you that pretty pair of boots for Christmas. Or is it because that poor girl thinks she is in love with you?"

The tip of Frank's nose started going white with anger. "I have always found sarcasm despicable," he said in that icy voice of his. "Whatever you may say, the fact remains that the price of our freedom would be the destruction of a friend, and a woman at that. I for one wish to have no part in such an odious exchange."

"Oh, come now, Frank," I said, trying to keep my own temper which was threatening to get out of control. "There's really no need for heroics. It's simply a question of economics."

"Economics be damned!" shouted Frank, his anger still rising. "and I'm not indulging in heroics. I will not leave a woman to take the consequences. I just won't do it."

"What I mean, Frank," I said, trying to be patient. "is that we are soldiers, and damned valuable soldiers at that. We can be of some use. She can't."

"Like hell she can't," interrupted Frank, nudging the Bishop's boots with his toe.

"That's not what I mean and you know it," I snapped. "What I mean is she's shot her bolt. We've got a lot more to offer. You in particular. Trained agents don't grow on trees."

"Much good the training did," Frank said, with a sad little gesture which encompassed the cell, and the barred window, and the three little heaps of our pitiful possessions. His anger seemed to have vanished and to have been replaced by a childish, almost pathetic, stubbornness which alarmed me far more.

"Frank, I hate to say this, but you know what will happen to us if we don't get out of here soon. I just don't like the idea of being stood up against a wall and shot full of holes. I've got a thing about it. You may not mind, but you should also think of Elia and me."

"All right, you two can go without me. I never said you shouldn't," he retorted, sounding more than ever like a stubborn little boy.

"Don't be idiotic," I said, feeling moved and exasperated at the same time. I hated missing such an opportunity to escape, but to go without Frank was unthinkable.

"You've hardly even exchanged a word with the girl," I said. "For all you know, what she longs for most in the world is to sacrifice herself for you."

"Sorry old man," Frank repeated sadly. "I just can't do it. But don't you worry. There'll be other chances."

I knew that it was no good pressing him any more and I was heartbroken. Half an hour before, freedom had seemed within our grasp: now the gray days stretched again before us with the specter of a bare and bloody wall standing at the end. To my astonishment, when I told Elia, all he did was shrug his shoulders and say, "I always said the English were crazy." Then he returned to memorizing the label on an empty bottle of Italian brilliantine which he had found in the courtyard that afternoon.

# AN EXERCISE IN SELF-EDUCATION

## *Writing the "Inside" Books, Part 2*

*An incomparable reporter sets forth—for the first time—his trade secrets . . . from note-taking to the best ways to ask questions, organize a book, and explore a continent.*

SO NOW we reach what these articles are supposed to be about—details of my methods of work, such as they are, while out in the field and writing at home. It seems to me that the first essence of journalism is *to know what you want to know*; the second, to find out who will tell you. My old friend the late Walter Duranty made a crack about a colleague once—"He thinks with his ears." Alas, the same thing is true of me. Another rule on a different level is: *Never take notes on both sides of the same sheet of paper*. I will try to explain the importance of this later.

First as to preparation: I have always tried to know at least a little about a place I am going to visit, so that I will not strike it altogether cold. On the other hand, it is also important *not to know too much*—there is such a thing as being too familiar with a subject, in which case you lose freshness and the capacity for surprise. I try, as a rule, to work out lists of questions I want to ask and people to see long in advance. These lists arise out of two sources: (a) reading; (b) being briefed by friends, acquaintances, or authorities.

Mostly I read material from newspapers and magazines. I don't read books much until after the trip is over or in some cases not until I have finished writing about a subject—probably because I don't want to be influenced—but it is

often necessary to fill gaps. I do carefully read clippings. These come out of an amateurish morgue I have kept for more than thirty years. I subscribe to about thirty American and British newspapers and magazines, mark them, have them clipped, classify them by subject, and file them away in our basement. I have never counted, but I certainly must have several hundred thousand clippings in all. Maintaining this morgue has become a kind of weird hobby. For many years I did the actual clipping and filing myself, and I am startled half out of my skin from time to time by discovering some unexpected treasure. When I began work on *Inside U. S. A.* I found that I had clippings from the *London Times* and other European newspapers marked and meticulously ticketed "North Carolina—Labor" or "Mormons—Social Patterns" which dated back to 1926 and even earlier. Back in the neolithic past of the middle 'twenties, it seems, I was systematically assembling material for books that I had no idea that I would ever write, in a pattern that did not even begin to become clear until *Inside Europe* ten years later.

As to people, I try to get advance briefing before we start out on any trip. This process has become more elaborate with the years. When I set out for Asia in 1937 I had exactly three letters of introduction. But nowadays I am apt to be overweighted. What I do first, before leaving New York, is assemble a list of names of people to see. For instance, when I was getting ready for the trip to Russia I must have talked to at least fifty Russian experts in New York and London.

Also I got into the habit of sending out letters before our departure. As an example—I still



shudder slightly to think of this—I wrote to all forty-eight Governors when I was about to embark on *U. S. A.*, explaining my mission and asking three questions which I thought were artful: (1) How does your state differ from every other state? (2) What does your state contribute to the Union as a whole? (3) What led you yourself into public life, and what do you think is your chief accomplishment? Out of forty-eight Governors, forty-seven replied. This procedure reached its most piquant development on the Russian trip in 1956. In New York I assembled a list of some forty Soviet citizens I hoped to call on—not so much politicians as heads of universities, directors of institutes, museum people, scientists, editors, writers. I wrote each a letter enclosing a brief biographical statement about myself and my wife, and expressing the hope that we could meet in Moscow. Then when I reached London I had these letters and statements translated into *Russian*, and sent them out again. Finally, when we actually arrived in Moscow, we sent the same letters out once more. Probably I would have had just as good a trip if I had not made such an exhaustive preparation, but it was fun. Only three of our forty Russians replied, but a dozen of those whom we subsequently met mentioned that they had received our communications. I even had visiting cards printed in Russian while we were still in London, because I wasn't sure we could have this done in Moscow.

On a trip, friends continually pass you on to other friends. You meet a banker in Dallas who tells you that an absolute must in the Northwest is another banker in Spokane. Something that takes a fantastic amount of time is making appointments in advance, as I mentioned in my previous article. For a long time I was perplexed by the problem of describing myself. If I simply sent a wire asking for a meeting without explaining who I was, I felt that I was being intolerably

vain in assuming that people would know me, but, on the other hand, if I stated my identity in a telegram, this might seem intolerably pretentious. I had to draw a line between two modesties, mock and real. From Denver I remember that I telegraphed Alf M. Landon in Topeka, my next stop, with the words, "Am Author Inside Europe, etc. Can I See You Topeka Friday." Mr. Landon's reply was swift and to the point, "We are not hicks in Kansas and know perfectly well who you are. Come to dinner six o'clock."

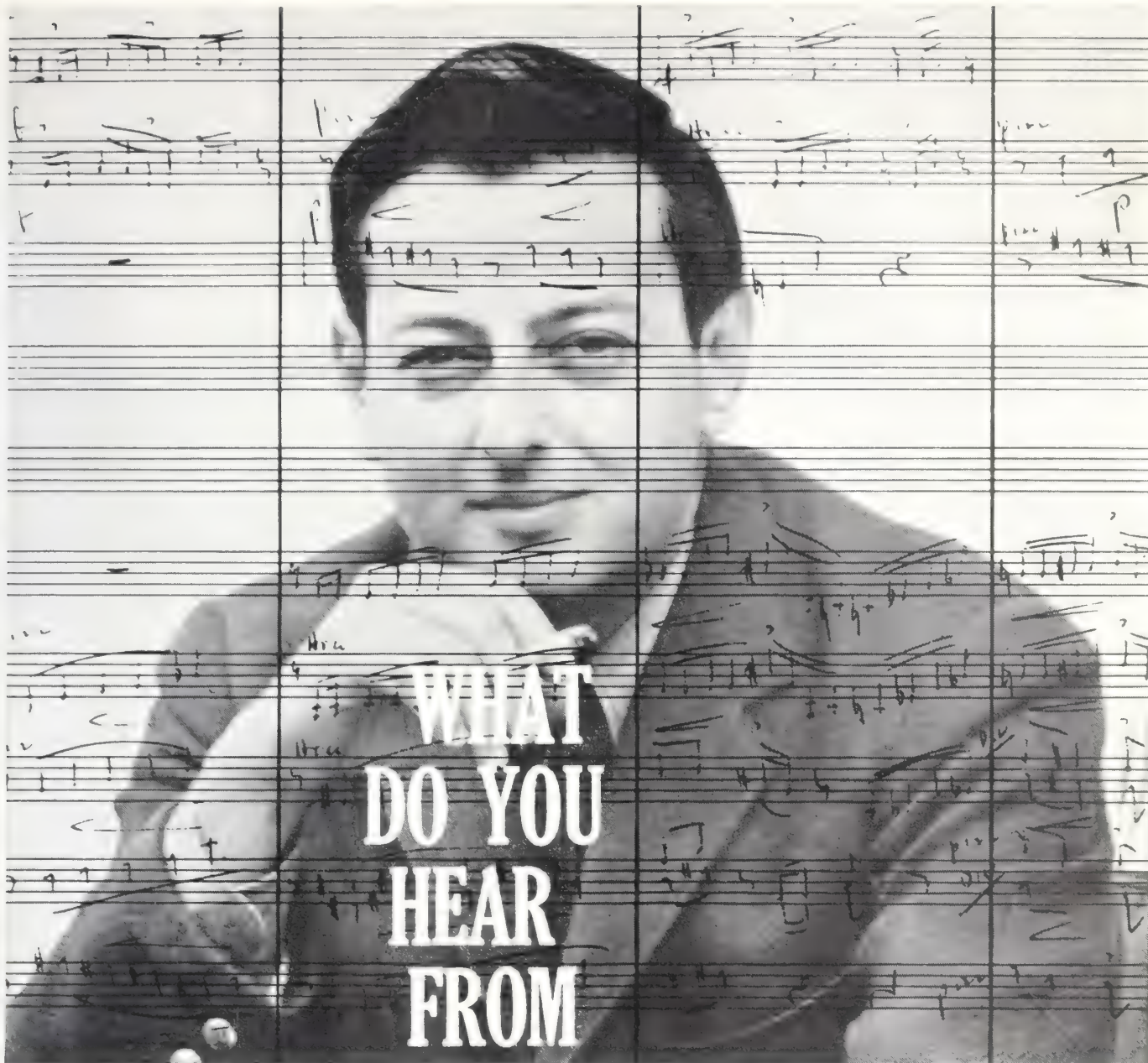
#### THE BRUTAL SCHEDULE

THE next brutal step is planning an itinerary. I have already alluded to some of our adventures in logistics. The business of hiring a car for a trip in the Congo, or arranging to fly to Samarkand, can kill a whole day. The principal problem as a rule is the careful allotment of time. Take *U. S. A.* I had 150 cities in forty-eight states to visit and I had to work out, at least tentatively, how much time I would spend in each because when I did the trip, during the war in 1944-45, transportation was murderously hard to get, and hotel rooms had to be reserved long in advance. Or take *Africa*—a continent where, as I once wrote, airplanes run every other Tuesday. Should Cairo get eleven days and Addis Ababa seven? How much for Mozambique? In those days a traveler would often have to decide between spending two days in a certain city, not enough, or ten, too much, because of crazily eccentric communications. The first law of travel was, instantly on arrival in a town, to lay out lines for getting out.

Obviously, no matter how carefully we plotted our arrangements, we could not fix all of an itinerary months ahead. It was necessary to leave loopholes. I must say, though, that in general we kept to schedule pretty closely. We had to. Otherwise the temptation would have been to stretch every trip by months. Let me tell a small anecdote having to do with *Inside U. S. A.* I was having a splendid time in Rhode Island, a state I had never visited before. Then it dawned on me that if I stayed any longer and gave a week or ten days to Rhode Island, the smallest state, what would I do with Texas? What with California? I decided to get out of Rhode Island at once, and swore to myself that, no matter what, I would not return. Rhode Island was done with. Some time later I had lunch with the late Robert E. Sherwood. He was writing *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, but, after months of strenuous effort, he had not been able to get beyond Hop-

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To date, John Gunther's six "Inside" books have been about Europe, Asia, Latin America, the U.S.A., Africa, and Russia. Next month, there will be a new one: "Inside Europe Today." He has also written "The Troubled Midnight," "Death Be Not Proud," "Taken at the Flood: The Life of Albert D. Lasker," and other books. Born in Chicago, Mr. Gunther was graduated from the University of Chicago and went to Europe as a reporter for the Chicago "Daily News" during the years of the rise of Hitler and Mussolini. His books have been translated into twenty-nine languages.



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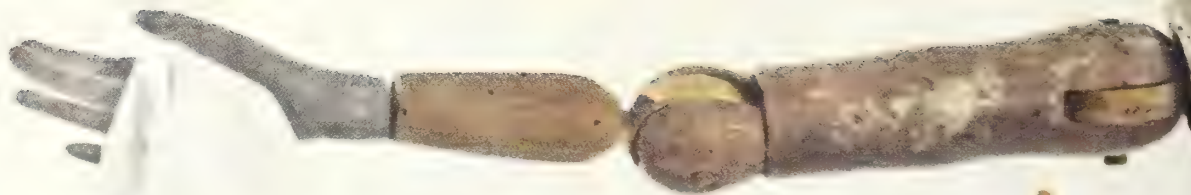
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(a)



(b)



(c)



(d)



(e)

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America's Rural Electric Systems are outstanding examples of free enterprise. More than 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> million shareholders have accepted the obligation of supplying themselves with electricity. No other business in the United States is owned by so many individuals. • Necessity forced these rural folks into the electric business. Established electric utilities shunned the job of serving these widely scattered rural users as unprofitable. As a result, the people organized into non-profit groups—usually cooperatives—borrowed money from the Rural Electrification Administration, and built their own electric systems. • Since 1935, nearly 1,000 locally-owned rural electrics have repaid almost \$1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> billion in principal and interest on over \$3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> billion REA loans. Today, they're busy increasing the capacity of their 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> million miles of line to keep pace with the sky-rocketing demand for electric power in rural areas . . . a job that promises to be as costly as building the original lines. • A finer example of private enterprise—one owned and operated by 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> million people who need and use its service—would be hard to find.



## AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

kins' youth—he was still miles away from F.D.R. I told him my Rhode Island story. Mr. Sherwood as a result determined then and there to plunge forthwith into the real body of his work. For years we had this little episode between us, and I suppose that he must have mentioned it to me later at least a hundred times.

The structure of our trips did not change much once they were established; what did change, little by little, was the structure of the books that came out of them. For instance I made multitudinous drafts of the chapter structure of *Inside U. S. A.*, and they all started with New York. Then one day in Butte, Montana, it suddenly occurred to me that the organization of the book would be much more effective if I used California as a springboard instead. Similarly I had assumed for months that *Inside Africa* would begin with Egypt. I had no idea until midway through the trip that I would shift to Morocco, and do something I had never done in an *Inside* book before—divide the whole into two parts, and make a long jump between the British dependencies on the eastern coast and the Union of South Africa.

Sometimes logistics are beyond the writer's control. I tried hard to get a Soviet visa several times between 1947 and 1956, but never succeeded. In those days the Russians, after demanding that you produce an autobiography in quadruplicate and putting you through various other laborious procedures, seldom—if ever—formally rejected an application for a visa. All that happened was that you never got it. No word, yes or no, ever came. Once, though, I gained prestige by being actually *refused* a visa—unprecedented honor! Five months after my application I received a reply from Moscow—indirectly—to the effect that Mr. Vishinsky did not think that a visit to the Soviet Union by me would be “opportune.” This was in 1948, and the visa did not finally come through until 1956.

My wife and I are hoping to get visas for Red China now—early in 1961. The applications went in eighteen months ago, since when silence from Peiping has been frigid and complete.

#### A PEDANT AT HEART

THE next point is how to get raw material, our notes. These are the stuff out of which books are made. Of course, I also assembled an enormous bulk of printed documentary matter, handouts, and we always bought books and pamphlets in quantity. How to ship all this cargo home safely—in particular the precious,

irreplaceable longhand notes—became a serious problem, which we solved in a variety of ways. Some of it we kept with us, and toward the end of the Africa trip, as an example, our overweight charge on baggage was equal to a fare. Alas, I have always been a fantastically heavy—as well as nervous—traveler.

I have never used a tape recorder or other mechanical device. I write my notes longhand on small scratch pads, not a very scientific method. The ideal is to be able to write notes during the actual course of a conversation, but sometimes this isn't possible. There are people who dry up at the sight of a pencil. Moreover we usually do a great deal of news gathering at parties—lunches, dinners, whatnot—and it really is impossible to take notes during a formal dinner party. So I would try to brace myself to remember what went on and scribble a few key words as reminders when we got home, before bed. Once at a party in Tokyo I was so fascinated by something complicated my host told me that I excused myself after coffee and went calmly to the powder-room where I managed to put a few words down on the back of an envelope. If you do not take notes at once after a talk, you are in trouble. As an example, in Khartoum or Bonn, if you see eight or ten people during the course of a day who represent every possible shade of political thought—half the excitement of journalism is weighing one source of information against another—it will be virtually impossible to separate one opinion from another if you wait till nightfall before writing them down. Or you may be too tired out to remember anything at all. Sometimes, while interviewing somebody worthless, I have even caught myself jotting down notes from the conversation of somebody else whom I saw previously. “Yes, yes!” I have been known to mutter to Mr. X, “how interesting!” while secretly scribbling down the words of Mr. Y.

I wish I had a better memory and that all this hocus-pocus weren't necessary. But, just as I can think only with my fingers while actually at a typewriter, I cannot remember anything accurately unless I write it down.

I don't want this article to sound didactic, but I have picked up some minor theories about note-taking. One thing is never, never, never, to ask a man his own first name, job, or title. These the interviewer should know beforehand. Again, it is moderately important to define carefully just what “off the record” means. There are plenty of people who are disappointed if the interviewer, in an effort to protect *them*, volun-



teers that the talk will be off the record—they want to be quoted but hate to admit it. One thing I have found out is that almost any person will talk freely—such is human frailty—if you ask him the measure of his own accomplishment. One trick question is to ask a man what he believes in most; I have collected a nicely diverse anthology of answers to this. In general, if a person is superior, he will enjoy being talked up to or argued with, although there is always the danger of letting an interview degenerate into a conversation. The job of an interviewer is to get information, not to show himself off. If a man evades, try to show him that you know something of his own subject, even if it isn't much. Finally I have found that the last two or three minutes of an interview are always the best. Your victim is so glad that the ordeal is almost over that he loosens up.

Group meetings, besides being great fun, can be immensely valuable. In Houston, Bogotá, Columbus, Moscow, Tiflis, Capetown, amiable friends assembled groups for me to meet. Getting knowledgeable individuals to talk against each other is a good technique. Throw in some simple question like, "Who runs this place?" or, "What are the chief issues here?" and hope strenuously for acute disagreement—then enlightenment really comes. The walls will shake. Of course a great deal depends on the mood of the interviewer, particularly his state of exhilaration or fatigue. I remember two or three people whom I looked forward to meeting for months, and with whom I wanted to be at my best: I was a miserable failure each time—both too eager and too tired to get off the ground.

Above all, I would repeat to anybody interested in journalism, "Write it down *in full!*" I have just been skimming through some notes I made fifteen years ago. One says, "Silliman Evans and the other J.G." and another is, "For goodness sake don't forget that Duranty story about the nickel mine." Of course I haven't the faintest idea today what it was that Evans or Duranty told me.

After a trip comes the terrifying and electric moment when, home at last, you open the envelopes of notes that you have carefully shipped ahead. Are any missing? Are they decipherable? Do they still hold value? I clip everything apart—which is why notes should never be taken on both sides of the paper—into thousands of little snippets to be carefully subdivided. For a chapter on the Sudan, as an example. I will make thirty, forty, fifty small piles of scissored longhand scraps—classified into Nile, politics, history, per-

sonalities, Gordon College, relations with Egypt, British attitudes, civil service, animals, Fuzzy-Wuzzies, what not. One big pile is always "Not-Using" and another is "Future Reference," which is likely to mean the same thing. Another is "Sources." In cutting the notes apart I try hard to make a notation of who told me what. All this is drudgery. I have come near to yelling aloud in desperation when, having finished eviscerating one notebook, then another, then another, I find that there are still odd bits of paper to lay into careful formation. But somebody, I think Logan Pearsall Smith, once said that the true test of a person's love for his vocation was his love for the drudgery it involves. And of course I suppose that I am a pedant at heart.

At last, when work on the notes is done, it is time to write.

#### DRAFTS ONE THROUGH FOUR

**M**OSTLY I slog everything out on a typewriter triple space. I have never been able to get beyond using one finger, and my typewriting is probably the most illiterate in the history of Western civilization. Sometimes when I am having trouble with a chapter I write a few pages in longhand, because this demands more concentration, at least from me. Unfortunately, the longhand is all but illegible. I have tried to dictate, but have never mastered the art. There are however a few dictated passages in *Inside Russia Today*.

At about the time I was writing *Africa*, some twenty years late, my writing habits at last became organized. I work in a pleasant room full of books on the top floor of an old brownstone in Manhattan—if such details are of any interest. I sleep late, and seldom am posted at my desk, which is offensively littered, until around 10:30 or 11:00 in the morning. One secret of life is to skip lunch. I mean social lunches, business lunches, or lunches out. With time out for a quick sandwich in the kitchen, I try to work straight through till 3:30 or 4:00. Then I have tea and take a nap. Sometimes, of course, afternoon hours are lost on errands and nuisances. At about 6:00, people usually drop in for a drink, or we go out to some party or other. If I am working against a deadline (self-imposed), as I often am, or have achieved a really nice saturation, I work after dinner too if we are not tied up socially. Toward the end of every book it has been essential for me to work at night, which is hard on one's family. Finishing *Africa*, I was up

till well after midnight for weeks, and, when we were closing the last interminable gaps, my wife and secretary worked into the small hours too.

The key to sustained writing is concentration, saturation; the trick is to *get your subconscious to work for you*. I write while I sleep. The hard job is to build up the charge that carries you through. Any time when I am working and do not reach out for odd bits of paper several times a day, no matter where I am, and scribble on them, I know that my work is not going well. Usually too I keep a pad of paper on the bed table.

Another secret is pace. For me the way to achieve pace is to cut, cut, cut. In the most extraordinary way, which I cannot explain, what is cut from a book somehow stays with it. Of course there can be such a thing as too much cutting; this rubs the bloom off. Also paragraphing is of the utmost importance. Sometimes it is effective to combine two different themes in the same paragraph; I know no device better calculated to keep the reader's nose to the page.

I never write a book in sequence. This may seem odd, but there is a reason behind it. I like to do a trial run, to pick out a chapter almost at random and write it as a test of length and mood. I began *Inside U. S. A.* with New England and *Inside Africa* with Nigeria. This can lead to difficulties—for instance I had to write the Nigerian section three different times, because events kept putting me out of date—but to do so is valuable because it gives you proportion. When I had finished the first draft of Nigeria, I found to my dismay that I had written 20,000 words on this—at that time—relatively unimportant country. If I dealt with all forty African countries on the same scale my book was obviously going to be longer than the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and would take me until the year 2000 to complete. So, much chastened, I pared Nigeria to the bone and proceeded to adjacent realms.

Again, writing chapters out of sequence is useful in order to peg out the whole route, so to speak. It may seem idiotic to begin with Chapter 17, then go back to 5, jump ahead to 33, and return to 9, but this gives you landmarks. I have always found it easier to think in terms of filling gaps than to plow straight ahead. After writing a few sample chapters I usually write the last chapter, then the first. One reason why I like to do the *last* chapter early is that it compels me to organize my material carefully; another is that it is written while I am comparatively fresh.

So many books falter or fail toward the end.

I write almost everything three times. This is a curse: I just happen to be one of those wretched creatures who can never get anything right on a first attempt. First I do an insanely hurried rough draft. If I have organized my notes properly I can type out ten pages, say 2,000 words, in about three hours. Then this must be revised—often rewritten. My experience is that revision takes as long as the original writing, perhaps longer. If it took me three hours to write a section, it will take three or four to revise it. Sometimes hardly a word of the original script survives. Much of this new, second draft is in longhand as a rule, superimposed on the typed draft. My good friend and secretary, Alice Furlaud, then types all this out and makes a clean copy. Then I go over this again and make almost as many corrections and emendations as on the first draft. This, if we have time, is typed once more, and again I go over it. Draft No. 3 does not need so much work as No. 2; and it goes to the printer. But then I do a great deal of work on proofs—almost enough to warrant the galley proofs being called Draft No. 4. A book never seems real to me until it is in type. My publisher says, not altogether with approval, that I am the most expensive writer he has ever had to work with. After galley proofs I usually say quits. Either the book is being published so quickly that there is no time for work on page proofs, or I am so stale on the project that I never want to look at it again.

#### TO SPELL AWOLOWO

THIS is not quite all. Somewhere along the line comes checking. This is a trying procedure. As I work through Drafts 1 and 2, I keep sheets of different colored paper on the desk marked "Check," "Permissions," "Quotes," "Sources," "Libel," "Map," and "Index," on which I jot down relevant details. Usually the "Check" page will contain forty or fifty items per chapter, mostly in the realm of how to spell Awolowo or is such-and-such a date correct. On the "Map" page I write down place names which I think the cartographer might miss; the "Libel" page has queries for our lawyer; and the "Index" page contains items which I hope the indexer will watch for carefully. The worst job—and the one I like best—is the "Sources" page. I try to acknowledge major quotations in footnotes as the book proceeds, but also I list subordinate sources separately.

Finally comes one more chore. We type four



or five copies of the first draft which are sent to other people for correction or checking. In the case of *U. S. A.* one copy went to Cass Canfield of Harper & Brothers; a second to a historian whom Harper's employed to read the work for accuracy; a third, chapter by chapter, to friends and acquaintances whom I had met on my trip in watchtowers throughout the country. All these manuscripts then come back with multitudinous suggestions, and I go through them chapter by chapter carefully and incorporate the necessary changes in my own last draft.

One inconvenience through all of this is that we are always in a hurry. I am in constant terror that somebody in my dramatis personae will die off. Then there are mechanical complications. Naturally, we always wanted to submit a book to the Book-of-the-Month Club as far in advance as possible. (All six *Insides*, as well as three other of my books, have been Book-of-the-Month Club choices in one category or other.) In some cases, since the Book-of-the-Month chooses its selections many months ahead of publication, we had to hand in material long before a book was completed. For instance, twenty-three chapters (if my memory is correct) of *Inside U. S. A.* were set, bound in proof form, and sent out in advance, which entailed a fantastic amount of extra work both for Harper's and for me. Parts of *Africa* and *Russia* were submitted in the form of laboriously typed manuscript.

The most trying circumstance I can remember about any of my books had to do with the conclusion of *Inside Africa*. For various reasons I decided to write the four South African chapters last. These, it happens, lie directly in the middle of the book. As a rule we go to press chapter by chapter. The problem with *Africa* was that the tightness of the manufacturing schedule became such that there was no leeway at all. The book had to be paginated at once, but this could not be done beyond the middle until the four South African chapters were in type. On June 17, 1955, I got a memo from Canfield saying that the first of these would have to be delivered on June 20, the second on June 27, the third on July 5, and the fourth on July 8 by noon. We were working in terms of hours. Then I was asked to go to the actual plant where the book was being printed, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, to read proof as the manuscript was being set.

Moreover, Harper's had to know in advance the length of the last of the four chapters within *me hundred words*. I will never forget the happy frenzy of those weeks. My wife, my secretary, and

I sweated it out all day and then into the night meeting each successive weekly deadline. Then at the end we had to count the words of the last chapter to see if it met the estimate I had turned in, 3,700 words. It was a shade too long. I pared it to size, but, because of last-minute revision, pared too much! This is the reason why there is a blank page, I hope not too conspicuous, on the other side of a chart on page 555 of *Inside Africa*.

Perhaps the reader will ask what, in the last analysis, determines *what* I write. The only answer that I can think of is that I write for myself, to satisfy my own multiple and voracious curiosities. In other words my work is a kind of exercise in self-education at the public's expense. I can only hope that the public has received a fair bargain. When I say that I write for myself I don't mean to be egregious; all I am trying to convey is that I myself am a good average guinea pig, and if something interests me I am fairly sure it will also interest the general reader. I am not an egghead; nor am I a peasant. I belong neither to the right nor the left, though I am more left than right. I belong to no party or pressure group. What I hate most is oppression or injustice, and what I like best is reason. What I believe in most is the record.

My colleague the late Raymond Clapper once said, "Never underestimate a reader's intelligence; never overestimate what he knows." I always try to be readable (and this depends on pace, clarity, and euphony), but I do not believe in being too simple. It is a good thing to try to make the reader reach up. On the other hand he has an absolute right to have terms defined; I try hard never to use a word or a phrase, from *apartheid* to Common Market, without doing my best to explain exactly what it means.

AND so, getting on toward sixty. I have twenty-five years, a quarter-century, of *Insides* behind me. I have never ceased being astonished that the six have done so well. I have received far more praise from critics than I deserve. All I can say further is that I still hope extremely to do some more. I have just finished a small *Inside Europe Today* and I am torn at the moment between doing the Middle East or Australia and New Zealand next, if China is not possible. Already I am fussing with maps and assembling notes. Meantime, the old joke turns out to be true. In this reminiscence, which I didn't think would occupy more than a dozen pages, my *Insides* certainly have been coming out.

By GEORGE SOULE

Drawings by Bill Berry



## THE CHICKEN EXPLOSION

*The peaceable hen and the peppery cockerel aren't yet totally automated, but it's a near thing. Efficiency in the poultry business threatens to glut us with fowl.*

**I**N THE barnyard of the family farm, chickens used to scratch for worms and catch grasshoppers, mother hens hatched out fluffy yellow chicks, and the rooster crowed triumphantly at dawn. Nowadays the dressed chicken in the supermarket, neatly packed in its fiberboard tray, never saw a barnyard, or even its own mother. The denizens of such chicken yards as still exist never reach the market. The broilers and fryers sold to consumers come from a multi-million-dollar manufacturing industry utilizing the latest developments of genetics, scientific nutrition, and mechanized mass production. The industry has increased the output more than fifty-fold since 1929. This inordinate increase of production, as Veblen might have called it, has brought the price per pound down to less than one-third of the 1929 level, and the industry has fallen into the quagmire of "overproduction" and "excess capacity."

Six specialized stages in the productive process,

each carried on in a separate establishment, now replace the work done on the old family farm. The first stage is occupied by the breeder of mother hens. He employs highly trained geneticists in producing chicks which will grow into mother hens as perfectly designed as possible to lay eggs which will become chickens approved as table delicacies. A totally different breed is designed to lay table eggs. One such firm, Arbor Acres in Glastonbury, Connecticut, advertises itself as "the world's largest breeder of meat-type females." Its output supplies about 65 per cent of the broiler mothers in the United States. It maintains branches in numerous states and several foreign countries, to which it ships day-old chicks by jet plane. The progeny of these future ideal mothers are predestined by genes to have a nice balance of such characteristics as attractive white skin, an abundance of tender white meat, rapidity of growth, and resistance to the many diseases which attack poultry. Young cocks designed to become potent fathers of the table chickens are bred by other firms.

The second stage is the management of flocks to produce fertilized eggs, which will hatch out broiler chicks. That such management may require skill and insight was suggested in a recent article by a poultry psychologist, in a trade maga-



zine. Young cockerels, it advised, should be kept on an open range rather than in chicken houses, in the interest of virility; but care must be taken to prevent them from killing each other. As they approach maturity, cockerels should be introduced into the mating shed before the hens are admitted; this will make them feel more at home. The hens should be brought in just before either sex attains maturity, so that each cockerel may have a chance to pick out his favorites in the late adolescent stage. Apparently the anthropomorphism with which this article was tinged was not deliberate.

In the third stage the fertilized eggs are incubated in hatcheries turning out broiler chicks a hundred thousand or more at a time. A bank of great steel incubators in the hatchery is reminiscent of the boiler room of an ocean liner. The face of an incubator bristles with dials and instruments having to do with heat, humidity, and the like. It contains a door through which a man can enter to a center aisle, on each side of which a long series of egg trays extends from floor to ceiling. The eggs in the trays are automatically turned from side to side at regular intervals, just as a mother hen turns eggs on which she is sitting. Newly hatched chicks are sprayed with antibiotic and debeaked by machinery—they don't have to scratch for food any more—then packed in cartons each containing 102 chicks and delivered to a nearby growing establishment.

A fourth stage is the chicken feed mill, which grinds corn and mixes it to order with some twelve scientifically determined ingredients, including soybean meal, fish meal, vitamins, antibiotics, and other medications. Mixing is controlled by one man at an instrument panel; the mixed feed falls into a bulk delivery truck, which deposits it in a bulk feed bin at the growing shed. Feed mills furnish not only feed but also chicks and other supplies to growers; they occupy the strongest and best financed stage of the industry. They are, in any growing

region, relatively few in number. Some are branches of national grain milling companies. They either own or are closely affiliated with hatcheries; some own laying flocks and growing flocks. In recent years virtually all broiler growers not owned by a mill operate under a contract according to which the mill retains ownership of the growing birds, supervises the operations of the grower, sells the "finished live birds," and divides—according to contract terms with the grower—any proceeds of sales, after the supplies furnished have been accounted for.

#### ONE HUMAN COUPLE

THE growing shed (fifth stage) holds about 10,000 birds at a time; one square foot or less of floor space is allowed for each bird. The average life of the broiler from egg to execution is about nine weeks—the faster he (or she) grows, the more tender it is, and the less it costs to feed. With all its modern equipment a growing shed can easily be tended by a man and his wife, including disposal of the litter—a valuable by-product.

When the birds are "ready" they are assembled by expert "catchers," who must take care not to bruise them, and packed in crates for delivery to the processing plant, or sixth stage. Here the birds are killed, mechanically defeathered, and hung feet up on an overhead conveyer which might be called a "disassembly line." As the birds pass by the workers, each performs a special job until at the end the product is automatically chilled, weighed, graded, and made ready for packing. Federal inspectors, watching the line, cull out birds unfit for consumption; this protection, now required by law, incidentally makes it impossible for any chicken to be delivered direct from a farmer to a meat market. The law applies literally only to interstate commerce, but processing plants—where the inspection must be made—do not wish themselves to be confined to any one state.

Mass production here as elsewhere has made possible greatly increased production and lowered prices. Sales of broilers in the United States grew from 90 million pounds in 1934 to 4,700 million pounds in 1957. In 1921 the live-weight price of chicken in farm markets was \$1.15 a pound; of course the retail price was considerably higher. In 1929, when Herbert Hoover had recently promised "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage," chicken was still a luxury at 55 cents a pound live-weight and unprepared for sale. Toward the end of 1960, the

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*George Soule, author of many books about the world's economy including "The Shape of the Future," is a former editor of "The New Republic." For material on which this article is based, he drew on a report made under the Management Research Program of the Small Business Administration: "Vertical Integration in the Broiler Industry on the Delmarva Peninsula and Its Effect on Small Business," by George Soule, Martha V. Taber, and Others." Chestertown, Md., Washington College, 1961.*

price of broilers live-weight was vibrating between 16 and 17 cents a pound—about the same as the lowest level touched in the depressed 1930s, although wholesale prices of processed foods in general were more than twice as high as during the depression.

It might seem that this is a Horatio Algerish story of triumph for technology employed by capitalism in a competitive market. Yet an undertone of regret may already have been felt by readers brought up on "The Little Red Hen," readers who may be appalled by the fate of fluffy yellow chicks in a man-made brave new world. Human beings engaged in the enterprise have been caught up in the machine, too. Just as in the early days of the industrial revolution in manufacture, power-driven machinery extinguished independent artisans engaged in handicrafts, so now the pressure for speed, quantity, and low cost has squeezed out the independent family farm, the local butcher, the crossroads feed dealer, and even independent businessmen who recently owned and managed small establishments in broiler production.

On the Delmarva Peninsula (east of Chesapeake Bay), which supplies many of the broilers sold in the heavily populated Northeastern and Middle Atlantic states, a large part of the finished live birds marketed are sold by thirteen firms (principally feed mills) to twelve processors. Barely ten years ago this market was served by several hundred producers.

#### THE MIDDLE-AGE SQUEEZE

**O**VER the whole industry has spread a shadow of middle age such as often clouds bright prospects of "growth" industries after an initial boom. Apparently a point has been reached beyond which a further increase of output does not yield larger sales revenue. Producers are caught in a squeeze between falling sale prices and costs which are difficult to reduce further. Government price supports sustain corn and soybeans, the chief ingredients of feed; taxes, wages, transportation costs rise. Unless output of broilers is limited in some way which might skirt perilously near the edge of anti-trust laws,



it can be limited only by the disappearance of those competitors with the higher costs, inadequate financing, or weaker market positions.

Unfortunately for the industry, there is some limit to the amount of chicken any one person will eat in a year. As that limit is approached, the main hope for expansion of sales at any price, however low, is increase in the number of eaters. This industry, having set off an explosion in chicken population, looks forward wistfully to the explosion of the human population to solve the problem.

Henry George, who disagreed with Malthus about the limits of the food supply, wrote in *Progress and Poverty*, "Both the jayhawk and the man eat chickens, but the more jayhawks, the fewer chickens, while the more men, the more chickens." But neither Malthus nor George considered the relation of population to standing room. The fact that each healthy, well-fed broiler needs but one square foot of space does not imply that a man so cribbed, cabined, and confined, no matter how soft and tender, will eat enough chicken to support the breeders. It does not even imply that men will endure such a fate. Or does it?\*

\* See "Doomsday: Friday, 13 November, A.D. 2026" by Heinz von Foerster, Patricia M. Mora, and Lawrence W. Amiot, in *Science*, Nov. 4, 1960. These authors estimate, on the basis of population figures over the past two thousand years, that in year 2026 (or within five years more or less) the number of human beings will become infinite. "Our great-great-grandchildren," they conclude, "will not starve to death. They will be squeezed to death."



# HOW TO RUN A SMALL FOUNDATION

*It may be more blessed to give than  
to receive, but finding the right ways  
and means to spend money wisely requires  
a skill quite different from your  
old reliable Judgment About People.*

FOR the man who has everything, a foundation, even a very small one, may be the answer. Untrammelled by the mathematics of profit and loss, he is free to dispense the foundation's bounty, within the usually broad limits of its charter and of the statutes exempting "charitable, educational, and scientific" organizations from income tax. What money can accomplish, he can accomplish.

Yet the man who undertakes to distribute other people's money (or even his own) without the necessity of a cash return soon rediscovers why it is more blessed to give than to receive. Certain difficulties are inherent in his new occupation—or avocation, as the case may be. For one thing, it has no quantitative objective such as money, votes, or published pages of scholarly, footnoted articles. Unrestricted freedom of choice can be quite disturbing. Happily, he can turn for illumination to the rapidly mounting experience of others in the administration of small and middle-sized private foundations.

There are now some 11,000 private foundations scattered over the landscape according to the Foundation Library Center (whose count excludes some of the 50,000 other tax-exempt organizations which call themselves foundations). The six giants, Ford, Rockefeller, Duke, Hartford, Carnegie, and Kellogg, with assets over \$200 million each, block the rest of the field almost completely from public view.

Suppose an eccentric, childless relative leaves you in charge of, say, \$12 million, the income to be spent—in the words of the federal tax law for "charitable, scientific, and educational purposes, . . . no substantial part for propaganda intended to influence legislation." The will names three trustees, of whom you happen to be the one who will expend the most time and temper.

After the initial shock has passed, your first impulse may be to regard the new foundation (which has by now been incorporated, with a suitable name and an unwieldy seal that doesn't quite fit into any desk drawer) as a way to perpetuate the donor's own pet charities. This inclination is encouraged by the former objects of his bounty, even the most casual, who are not reticent to press their claims in perpetuity.

But even if you satisfy the halfway reasonable requests of the local community chest, the two churches where the generous benefactor occasionally used to set foot, the college whose reunions he sedulously avoided, and the old men's home that got his cast-off suits, you will still not exhaust the foundation's current income, which pours in with inexorable plenitude. Several of these institutions offer a way out. Their capital expansion programs could comfortably consume your foundation's whole income and capital. But you instinctively reject the prospect of becoming a major prop for a temple of religion or learning in which your late friend had only the most fleeting interest, and you very likely have none.

At this point, whether you realize it or not, you have learned the First Lesson: Your resources could easily be used up by turning them over to a far-sighted prospective donee. But this is not what your late friend wanted you and your fellow trustees to do with his fortune. He may have wisely provided that the entire sum should be

disbursed within a certain number of years after his death. But for at least that period he did not intend you to turn over your responsibilities to the trustees of another institution, however reputable or wise. He could have willed his money to the general endowment fund of his university or to build a new field house to satisfy the athletic association's edifice complex without bothering to set up a foundation. Since he did take the trouble, you are obliged to look about for other ways to spend the money.

There seems, as yet, no cause for despair. You need not look far. Piled up on your desk are letters, prospectuses, and brochures (others you have craftily passed on to your fellow trustees for "evaluation" or "study"). They range from promising to absurd, from slick through pathetic to tragic. They began coming when the birth of your foundation was noted in the latest supplement of Rich's *American Foundations and Their Fields*. And you will soon be so surfeited with applications that you will reach eagerly for the gas bill or the trial subscription offer to the (plastic) Dish-of-the-Month-Club.

#### NARROWING THE FIELD

**W**HY not simply select the most likely of these assorted applications and pay out the foundation's money as fast as it comes in? You may decide to try this system for a while; some foundations have never got beyond it. But its limitations soon become apparent. To begin with, the job of "evaluating" or "studying" an application is a formidable one. Does the West Egg Boys' Club really need new baseball uniforms, and is it false economy not to get nylon-reinforced pants-seats? How much should it cost to prepare an analytical concordance to the funeral orations of Bossuet and how badly is it needed? How many depth interviews will provide an adequate sample of the self-image of the New York City cab-driver, as compared with his image of his passenger's image of himself?

The bona fides of an applicant can be checked, in part, by his "exemption letter" from the U. S. Treasury, or his listing in its directory of exempt organizations. But some long-established charities have never bothered to qualify with the Internal Revenue authorities. Nor does the Treasury's blessing—in the form of tax exemption—guarantee that an organization's funds are in fact being put to proper use. The Treasury has not suggested what the unhappy donor can do if he finds that money given away, for an ostensibly charitable purpose, is now being used

to buy bad whiskey or to preach rebellion. But the Treasury's position is clear: Be Careful. And even without this admonition, you will want to know that the prospective recipients are not only honest but reasonably intelligent spenders.

Suppose then, that you decide to devote all your daylight hours, plus the long winter evenings, to studying and evaluating miscellaneous applications. And suppose you hire an airplane to visit all the out-of-the-way prospective donees.

Still the system proves to be uneconomical and even dangerous. An institution as well as a man can be destroyed by money unwisely given. And you begin to suspect that only minuscule improvements in human welfare will result from your foundation's expenditures. You find that the general level of applications is abysmally low. And even if you eliminate the bottom 25 per cent of cranks and fools, the remaining profile is a kind of Dead Sea, without a mountain in sight, and few decent hills. Busy men, it seems, have no time to engage in random fund-raising, and wise men have no inclination to do so.

After this exposure to the raw materials of philanthropy, you may well throw up your hands, and propose to your fellow trustees that the entire foundation income be used to buy CARE packages. At least hungry people would be fed. But why have a foundation to buy CARE packages? In fact, why have foundations at all?

At this point you may be led to consider the situation of foundations in the United States today. It became apparent early that the pattern of your late lamented friend's personal giving was inadequate for the foundation he created, because the foundation's annual income so far exceeded his annual charitable donations. Foundations, you discover, cannot be the lengthened shadows of individual philanthropists. Lengthened, indeed! Now you learn that all the charitable foundations in the United States account for only 4.5 per cent of charitable gifts every year. Americans spend more on chewing gum every year than foundations give away annually. Congress could shut the faucet on foundations, and the *level* of spending for charitable purposes would not be visibly lowered. Although even the small foundation has more money to spend than

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*Adam Yarmolinsky, a lawyer and consultant to a number of foundations, last year prepared a report for the Edgar Stern Family Fund called "The Recognition of Excellence." He served in the Air Force in World War II, was formerly secretary to the Fund for the Republic, and is now special assistant to the Secretary of Defense.*



the individual giver, there are many individuals while foundations are few and far between.

But the foundations, and particularly the big ones, have one unbeatable advantage over the individual giver: They can deal on terms of relative equality with organizations that come asking for money. An individual beset by national and local campaigns chooses among a bewildering array of causes of which few, if any, are within the range of his own experience. Even expertise would be of little avail to him. The campaigns are already packaged when they come to his attention, and he can do nothing to alter their contents. Frequently he can't even see through the gift wrapping.

The foundation, on the other hand, is expected to unwrap the packages offered by eager applicants, and to dicker over the contents. The Multiple Malady Institute, for instance, is not prepared to discuss its research program with an individual contributor. But it expects that a foundation grant will involve a full discussion with the foundation staff, and will probably involve some modification of its original plan in order to make the foundation's investment more productive. An experienced fund-raiser also knows that he can turn to the foundations for support of experimental projects not sufficiently developed for public appeals.

Here is the foundation's opportunity. This is what is meant by "seed money," "leverage," and "pilot projects." But in order to exploit this opportunity, you must limit yourself. To have more than a random chance of success in experiments, a foundation must have more than a random acquaintance with the field involved.

The responsibilities of the professional philanthropist bring him as close to the ideal of the Renaissance man as the distance between the Medici and the Rockefellers permits. But he cannot operate with equal competence across the entire spectrum of foundation activity today. The foundation officer who reviews an application for funds to conduct studies in comparative constitutional law need not be a constitutional lawyer nor a comparative law expert. But he needs time to find out what other research has been done or is projected in the field, the capacities of the people applying, and what the project can contribute. It takes a fresh mind to risk an experiment; and it takes some background, laboriously acquired, to distinguish experimentation from mere doodling.

A large foundation can and must diversify its interests: The Ford Foundation has eight major divisions, the Rockefeller Foundation five, and

each division operates a number of changing programs. But the small or middle-sized foundation cannot afford the professional staff needed for these operations.

Reflections such as these may stimulate you to give organized philanthropy a second chance. You choose one or perhaps two or three major fields of interest for your foundation, and announce that future grants will be limited to those fields (except for seven terminal grants to organizations that the foundation has been supporting, three continuing obligations inherited from your late friend, and two favorite charities of your fellow trustees).

Once these ground rules are established, you are relieved of writing lengthy answers to a mass of applications. ("We have admired the handsome artist's conception of the proposed School of Thaumaturgy, but we are still awaiting more detailed information on the proposed course of study, with special reference to the laboratory requirements.") And as your fields of interest become known, there are more responsible, if not exciting applications in your incoming mail.

#### THE OZYMANDIAS COMPLEX

**W**HAT remains is a mass of other people's ideas, most of them disappointing. And then at a board meeting a usually silent trustee asks the fateful question: "What are we in the Grump Foundation doing to Leave a Mark?"

With this first manifestation of the Ozymandias complex a dangerous period sets in for you. The next question from someone (perhaps you) is bound to be: "Why don't we Do Something about War?" Or Depressions? Or Overpopulation? Or Measles? "And," emboldened by his own daring, the speaker adds: "Let's do the job ourselves. After all, we've got the money."

A period of unprecedented activity follows. The man with a favorite problem usually has a favorite approach to it (and perhaps even, in the back of his mind, a favorite solution). He is galvanized by the prospect of unlimited millions (or even hundreds of thousands) at his disposal. People are hired to Think about the Problem. Perhaps not the best people, since they are occupied with their own thoughts, but Good People, or Name People at any rate. Their excellence is enhanced with all the paraphernalia of research assistants, grubbers, and sub-grubbers. Conferences are scheduled. Brochures are prepared. And everyone joins in the fun.

About this time, your foundation stands a

better-than-even chance of becoming Embroiled in Controversy. Even the most innocent projects are not immune from attack. It may be charged that the Grump Memorial Laboratory is to be used for experiments in vivisection, that the Grump Maternity Home harbors unwed mothers, or that the first occupant of the Grump chair in comparative philology (who was not selected by the foundation trustees but by the university concerned) was once a member of an organization on the Attorney General's list. These revelations may offend the sensibilities of a powerful member of Congress (or a powerful bloc of constituents). The foundation can now expect that its tax-exempt status will be called into question, publicly in Congress, or privately to the Internal Revenue Service, or in both ways.

The trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Fund once set down this honorable credo:

"Subjects of a controversial nature cannot be avoided if the program is to concern itself with the more important aspects of modern social life."

These are brave words. But the record of foundation grants has been more cautious, even at some sacrifice of principle. Particularly in the smoky atmosphere of the middle 'fifties, medical research, for instance, has been a more comfortable object of benevolence than the psychological motivations of race prejudice. Assuming however that you and your associates have a stubborn interest in one or another controversial field, the possibilities of trouble can be minimized—or maximized—by the way you work in that field.

Here foundations can learn something from the universities, which have had long experience as centers of controversy. They have developed an effective first line of defense. When a professor at the University of Texas announces that there are more millionaires in Oklahoma, or a scholar at the University of Florida proclaims the superiority of California oranges, the university can point out that it is not in the business of drawing conclusions about incomes or orange culture. Its job is merely to judge the *ability* of experts in these specialties. This defense is not bullet-proof, particularly under fire by a state legislative appropriations committee. But private colleges and universities (which are in about the same relation to the public purse as foundations) have used this argument to divert attacks from the subject matter of academic research to the people involved.

Even the most violent present-day Know-nothings have not suggested denying tax-exempt

university funds to scholars engaged in social-science research. Yet this is what a Congressional committee has proposed doing to foundation-sponsored research. (The same committee said it would be less concerned if results of the research could be determined in advance.)

The universities have learned, through long experience, that the best way to support controversial work is to dissociate themselves from its results. By the same token, a foundation is simply asking for trouble when it lays claim to the results of the work it supports.

#### UNLEASHING THE CREATIVE IMPULSE

**A**FTER your foundation weathers or escapes the storms of controversy, you can assess the results of the heroic phase of your enterprise. Almost inevitably you will be led to three observations:

(1) The problem has not been solved, and, indeed, looks more complicated now than it did at first.

(2) It is doubtful whether the problem can be solved with money alone, at least in the quantities your foundation has available; but money is all you have to offer.

(3) A number of very talented people have got started on the problem. Some of them could continue and attract others of the same caliber, if they had some free funds at their disposal.

The lesson is clear: You and the foundation must concentrate on people rather than on projects. For the first few weeks after your decision is confirmed by an admiring board, you are wreathed in a beatific (but humble) smile. You're done with changing the world. You don't need to decide which definitive solution for urban sprawl (or adolescent slouch) is *the* definitive solution. You don't even need to decide which of the definitive inter-disciplinary longitudinal study proposals is *the* definitive inter-disciplinary longitudinal study proposal. Leave that to Ford and Carnegie. All you will do is help individual scholars and artists to realize their individual potential. And all you must have in order to do it, you suppose, is Judgment About People. This gift of course cannot be acquired, but you have always suspected you had it.

The mood may last through the first round of grant applications under the new dispensation. It may even persist until you sit down to prepare the next docket of recommendations for the board. But sooner or later awkward facts obstruct your vision of yourself as the unworldly



scholar's guide, philosopher, and friend whose name will grace a thousand dedicatory pages.

To begin with, the brilliant young physicist who has just completed a remarkable thesis in astrophysics doesn't come to you for help; he is off to the Institute for Advanced Study. The Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist will spend a year at Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship. And the editor-in-chief of the law review is trying to decide between the near-certainty of a Supreme Court clerkship, if he nods to the dean, or a year's study abroad. All the obvious best bets are covered; the golden boys don't need your money.

Of course there are applicants, once you announce that funds are available. They are honest and diligent, but their mediocrity forces the question: How much difference can it make if their books are written?

Then there is the quiet boy who wants to spend three years re-thinking the New Federalism. Is he a young Lincoln, or just another silent Cal? Does the persuasive cultural anthropologist really have an idea worth pursuing in Pago Pago? Because a man can talk history so that it comes alive, can he write it accurately and wisely?

These are tough questions to try out on your dependable old Judgment About People. You have to admit that a Good Man may not be a good bio-statistician—or a good novelist. Again you need the judgments of other people, and this limits you to the fields where you are expert enough to pick your judges. You are not looking for yes-or-no judgments, but rather an "I think he might" or "I doubt he could." You must not only build up a roster of judges, but also learn their limitations, and apply the right corrective factor to their judgments.

This process is a good deal more difficult than the untrammelled exercise of Judgment About People. And there are added complications. The scholar to whom you are about to make a research grant confides that his greatest lack is not funds or time; there is no common medium in which people in his field can publish their findings. This lack also inhibits growth in the field, because young scholars do not think of it as a possible area of specialization. You conclude that probably the best way to help this man and his colleagues is by a modest grant to launch a learned journal.

Scholars characteristically describe each other in a revealing phrase: "He is interested in . . . Indic philology, or the behavior of twins, or the Administration of Millard Fillmore." This kind of description is unique to scholarship. One does

not say of a corporation lawyer that he is interested in corporations, nor of an ear, nose, and throat man that he is interested in tonsils. In the world of affairs, problems are brought to the man who has prepared himself to deal with them; the scholar is free to pursue his interests, and what help you can give him is only incidental. This paradigm is by no means perfect: when the scholar's interests have immediate practical importance, he too is pursued. And here you may find opportunities to help, by offering to scholars who are particularly surrounded by temptations to work on other people's problems, extra incentives to follow their own inclinations. The offers must be generous ones, with no strings attached. But the results can be proportionately rewarding.

Another scholar may want to expose himself to the life of action; a political scientist, for instance, may need to observe the political process at first hand. Your role may be to make the necessary arrangements for him. The solution may not be a direct grant to the scholar, but a planning grant to the right organization.

Or you may find that specialists working in various parts of the country urgently need a chance to meet, with leisure to explore one another's ideas, uninterrupted by other demands. You can arrange this, but it takes some juggling, and your job will be not only to supply the funds but to locate the juggler.

#### WHERE YOU FIND THEM

UP TO now we've been assuming that your clients are all scholars; not so at all. The man you help must be a student, in the sense that his concern is with the unknown. But he may be a journalist interested in pursuing the reasons behind the news more deeply than his employer's pocketbook will permit; a schoolteacher with a new way of reaching children who don't measure up to their abilities; a city planner with a new idea for getting at the conditions that breed delinquency in city slums; or a young artist looking for an audience. You must help them where you can find them.

All these activities demand a good deal more than Judgment About People—although that kind of judgment is still indispensable. But as you add to your repertory of supporting roles, as guide, philosopher, and friend, cook, chauffeur, and butler, in a drama in which someone else must always play the lead, you can bask in the satisfactory feeling that you are beginning to learn your trade.

Ruth and Edward Brecher

# The Happiest Creatures on Earth?

*By working directly on the brain, scientists  
are developing a new kind of "reward,"  
more seductive than food, money, or sex . . .  
which may lead to undreamed-of  
power to control human behavior.*

IN THE psychological laboratory of Dr. James Olds at the University of Michigan, a rat presses a lever. This turns on a mild electric current which courses through an electrode to stimulate a carefully selected region in the rat's own brain.

Just what sensation the rat gets no one knows, of course. But Dr. Olds's rats certainly behave as if they loved it. No other reward in the rat world compares with it. Though food and water are readily available, famished or parched rats will press the lever rather than eat or drink. Even a female rat in heat cannot distract a male from the happy pursuit of this electrical delight.

In other laboratories, cats, dogs, dolphins, and monkeys stimulate their own brains in the same way. And at several medical centers human patients report pleasant emotions when corresponding regions of their brains are electrically stimulated. (Applied to other brain regions, the current can evoke displeasure, fear, even terror.)

These discoveries have implications far beyond their impact on psychological theory: they may point the way to new methods of treating human illnesses; military applications have been explored. The possible social consequences are incalculable. These vistas have opened up only

within the past decade although the underlying technique is not new.

During the 1930s and 1940s a Swiss investigator, Dr. W. R. Hess, developed the basic methods of electrical brain stimulation (ESB) to a high level of precision; other psychologists and physiologists throughout the world thereafter found it a remarkably effective way to explore brain structure and functions.

At Yale in 1953, for example, Drs. José M. R. Delgado, Warren E. Roberts, and Neal E. Miller implanted sixty-six electrodes in the brains of six laboratory animals. Reactions differed greatly according to which electrode transmitted the current. When it was routed through some, the results were commonplace—the animals merely turned their heads, circled, pawed, licked, or gave no response whatever. But stimulation through other electrodes evoked "a fearlike response, characterized by hissing, opening the mouth, showing the teeth, flattening the ear, accompanied by well-oriented, co-ordinated efforts to escape. . . . Usually docile animals became aggressive, trying to bite and scratch. . . . Pupillary dilatation and other autonomic reactions, such as defecation and urination, were often observed. . . ." The animals learned to escape this unpleasant stimulation either by manipulating a wheel or by jumping through an escape hatch. No matter how hungry, they would keep away from food if they knew the current would be turned on when they approached it.

At the 1953 meetings of the American Psychological Association, motion pictures of these experiments were shown. Among those who saw them was Dr. Olds, then a budding psychologist, working under Dr. Donald O. Hebb at McGill in Montreal. Another fledgling psychologist, Dr. Peter Milner, had just taught Dr. Olds how to use ESB—how, for example, to insert an electrode carefully into the brain of an anesthetized rat. Each electrode consisted of two very fine hair-like wires, insulated so that the current when applied would stimulate only the brain area near the tip. The effect depended primarily upon where the tip was lodged. A fraction of a millimeter shift in the site might make a significant difference in the animal's response.

Dr. Olds was so fascinated by this ESB work that he often spent Sundays in the laboratory "playing around" with the rats. On one such occasion, he noticed an animal behaving quite differently from those in the Yale film. When its brain was stimulated it neither bared its teeth, defecated, nor urinated in terror. Instead it raised its head, sniffed daintily—and kept



coming back to the same corner of the experimental table for additional doses of ESB.

Soon Drs. Olds and Milner could make the rat go wherever they wanted merely by turning on the current when it headed in the desired direction. They concluded that ESB could serve not only as punishment but as a welcome reward; both effects could be used to control behavior. Very likely earlier ESB researchers had evoked—but failed to observe—such pleasurable reactions. Dr. Olds himself was nonplused that first Sunday morning. “Scarcely believing what I saw,” he says, “I tried in the next few weeks and months to get other rats to do the same.”

He has been at it ever since, with notable success, at McGill, at the University of California, and since 1957 at the University of Michigan. His work suggests that—for rats at least—ESB is the reward that exceeds all others.

#### PLEASURE WITHOUT SATIETY

ONE standard laboratory device for measuring the strength of motives is the “Skinner box,” which has a pedal-like lever at one end. Each time an animal presses the lever, he receives a reward—usually a pellet of food. An automatic mechanism records the number of times per hour the lever is pressed, and this rate is a measure of the animal’s hunger. For instance, a famished rat may press the lever for fifteen minutes at the rate of 100 per hour before it is sated by the food so earned.

To measure the strength of the ESB reward, Dr. Olds substitutes a half-second of brain stimulation for the food pellet. To get another half-second dose, the rat must release the lever and press again. Thus the rat rather than the experimenter controls the stimulus. Under these conditions, a rat with a properly placed electrode will stimulate itself continuously hour after hour—many hundreds of times each hour. Some electrode placements cause a rat to press the lever every half-second or oftener—7,000 or 8,000 times an hour, until it falls exhausted. When it awakens, it neither eats nor drinks but starts pressing the lever again, at the same rate.

Another measuring device is a long obstacle box bisected by an electrified grid which delivers a painful electric shock to the animal’s paws. The hungrier the rat, the more severe the shock it will endure in order to reach food. A sufficiently painful shock will deter even the hungriest rat. But it takes a shock twice or three times as strong to keep him away from an ESB reward.

Experimenters have shown that this reward

effect is not a mere laboratory curiosity but is directly related to such natural drives as hunger, thirst, and sex. For example, with an electrode in a brain region controlling sexual function, a rat may stimulate itself 2,000 times an hour. If it is then castrated, the rate gradually slows down as the level of sex hormones in its blood stream falls off. Within two weeks the rat loses all interest in the lever. But if sex hormones are later injected it starts pressing the lever again.

In several important ways reactions to ESB differ from most physiological responses. For instance, we eat until we are satisfied and then “can’t eat another mouthful.” Satiation similarly results when an electrode is placed in certain regions. But rats with an electrode in other reward regions seem *never* to get too much.

In one experiment a monkey stimulated itself 200,000 times in a single day. In another, at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C., researchers organized an ESB marathon. Day after day, week after week, rats pressed the levers, pausing only occasionally for fifteen-second snacks and sips, or brief naps. After twenty-one days, says Dr. Joseph V. Brady, the laboratory’s director, “the rats were still going strong, but the rest of us were exhausted.”

Were these rats ESB addicts—in the sense that they needed an additional dose to counteract the unpleasant aftereffects of the previous one? Apparently not. After six or eight months of continuous self-stimulation, Dr. Olds’s rats look younger, healthier, more vigorous, and more alert than litter mates who have led ordinary lives. Between sessions the ESB rats behave normally. They exhibit no “withdrawal symptoms” when deprived of their accustomed stimulation. Nor do they, like the alcohol or narcotics habitué, have to keep increasing their dose to maintain the effect. The same mild current—usually measuring only a few volts and a few thousandths of an ampere—evokes the same response after many months.

Several researchers have been patiently mapping out, cubic millimeter by cubic millimeter, the precise regions where the reward and punishment phenomena can be evoked. The brain consists of three major systems. At the core is the brain-stem, very similar in man and in ani-

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*Ruth and Edward Brecher are a husband-wife team of writers on scientific and sociological topics, with a special interest in the social implications of science. They have been following ESB research for the past five years.*

mals far down the evolutionary scale; it is the site of quite primitive neurological functions. The outermost layer is the cerebral cortex, seat of the "higher thought processes," vastly more developed in man and the higher apes than in lower animals. In between, forming a border or "limbus" around the brain-stem and therefore called the "limbic system," is a complex collection of brain structures essentially similar in man and other mammals but not in sub-mammalian species. This system, recent research indicates, is the site of emotional control over behavior and of the reward and punishment effects.

Within the limbic system is a small organ called the hypothalamus. Here reward and punishment regions are interlarded with or overlap closely packed regions that control eating, drinking, sex, lactation, sweating, shivering, panting, heart rate, sleep, hormone secretions, and other physiological functions and emotional responses. When one hypothalamic region is stimulated, a rat will eat almost continuously and grow enormously fat. Stimulation of a nearby region will suppress appetite altogether. This close-knit structure of the hypothalamus leads to intriguing speculations. For example, oral, sex, and reward regions are close together or overlap. Does this suggest a physiological basis for the "oral eroticism" of Freudian fame? Could sadism or masochism be caused by some minute disorder in the contiguous regions concerned with reward, punishment, and sex? Further experiments may or may not confirm such speculations.

One effect of ESB is its ability to suppress anxiety. This has been demonstrated by Dr. Brady at Walter Reed. An animal in a Skinner box receives food pellets as a reward for pressing the lever. Then from time to time a loud buzzer is sounded for three minutes—after which a painful shock is delivered to the animal's paws. Soon the animal comes to associate the sound with the shock and stops pressing the lever as the buzzing begins. This is a typical anxiety response. But when the reward is ESB instead of food, the animal goes on unconcernedly pressing the lever despite the warning buzzer and inevitable painful shock. In this capacity to suppress anxiety ESB resembles the mythical drug *soma*, used in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* to enslave mankind.

Of equal interest are experiments conducted by Dr. Delgado and his associates at Yale with a cageful of monkeys. As is their custom, the monkeys establish a "society" of their own, with a status hierarchy. The most aggressive becomes the "boss"; the others cower at his approach.

Then Dr. Delgado stimulates the boss monkey in a brain region where taming effects are produced. Promptly the boss loses his aggressiveness and behaves with unaccustomed meekness. The other monkeys—as well as human observers—soon note that, in Madison Avenue parlance, he is projecting an altered image. As a result, the whole social structure of the monkey colony shifts. The stimulated monkey is no longer boss; another takes over and rules the colony. When the current is turned off, the original boss resumes his accustomed role and the group readjusts. This experiment suggests that sociologists may find ESB an extremely useful tool. Its applicability to the human brain has, in fact, already been established.

#### MAKING PAIN BEARABLE

**H**UMAN brains are stimulated only if benefit to the particular patient can be expected. When conservative treatment of a brain condition fails, for example, a surgeon may decide to remove abnormal tissue. ESB in such cases can be a valuable prelude to surgery. The surgeon must make sure that he will not cut into any regions which serve essential functions. Electrodes implanted temporarily throughout the area of interest and activated one at a time help him map his surgical strategy.

In other cases, ESB may be tried as a less drastic substitute for a radical brain operation such as lobotomy (an incision which severs certain nerve fibers in the frontal lobe). This is sometimes performed when all else has failed to relieve mental disorders and also to control intractable pain. Lobotomy is an irreversible procedure which may permanently destroy important functions. ESB, in contrast, causes little or no brain damage, although there is of course an inherent risk in any procedure which involves opening up the cranial cavity.

ESB has been used medically by groups headed by Dr. Wilder Penfield at Montreal Neurological Institute; Dr. Robert G. Heath at Tulane; Dr. Delgado at Yale; Drs. Sidney Mervin and George Hayes at Walter Reed; Dr. Reginald F. Bickford at the Mayo Clinic and Dr. Carl W. Sem-Jacobsen both there and at the Gaustad Mental Hospital in Oslo, Norway.

Dr. Penfield's work dates back to the 1940s when he stimulated the outermost layer of the brain—the cerebral cortex—of many hundreds of fully conscious patients. They reported experiencing a wide range of sounds, smells, visions, hallucinations, memories, dreamlike states, and



*déjà-vu* feelings—even the detailed recall of whole scenes from the distant past. But these effects were curiously devoid of emotion. Neither pleasure, joy, anger, fear, nor rage was felt.

Very different results were reported, however, by subsequent researchers who ventured to implant electrodes more deeply in the limbic system. Dr. Heath at Tulane, for example, began stimulating such regions in 1950. The effect on pain-ridden patients he says "is quite startling. They get immediate relief . . . say they feel good. They smile, brighten up, change their facial expressions. . . . The effect is immediate, as soon as the current hits. It is a repeatable thing. You can stimulate over and over again."

In contrast, Dr. Heath points out, "lobotomy patients still have pain, but don't care about it. Our stimulation patients say they don't have pain. . . . We feel it is a disappearance of pain rather than a lack of concern about it."

Dr. Sem-Jacobsen and his associates have implanted some 6,000 electrodes in the brains of 120 human patients as an essential prelude to surgery. With the electrode in some reward regions, "the patients get euphoric, laughing out loud and enjoying themselves actively. There are other pleasure areas where the patients enjoy themselves passively." An element of sexual pleasure is occasionally noted or there may be "a feeling of ease and relaxation," of "joy with smiling," or just "great satisfaction." Dr. Sem-

Jacobsen adds that neither patients nor scientists seem to have a vocabulary adequate to describe or differentiate all the nuances of these feelings.

Some terminal cancer patients have been kept reasonably comfortable by ESB for many months, without addiction effects. The patients enjoy their daily ESB experience and are tranquil in the interim. Though narcotics are available to them they use them only sparingly. Nor is it necessary to increase the strength of current as the months roll by. ESB, however, is the "treatment of choice" for only a few patients under special circumstances including continuous hospitalization.

Punishment regions are never stimulated deliberately but are occasionally hit by accident. Dr. Sem-Jacobsen divides the negative effects in humans roughly into five groups: "anxiety," "restlessness," "depression," "fright," and "horror."

The complex relationships between ESB and chemical agents—such as the tranquilizers and "psychic energizers"—are being studied by several researchers. Dr. Miller and his group at Yale, for example, lodge an electrode in a rat's reward region and measure the minimum current which will make the rat press the lever. Then the rat gets a dose of a drug often used to treat human depression. The effect is to lower the threshold of the reward effect. A current so weak that it ordinarily has no effect will

## MERCHANT OF RIO by Elizabeth Chesley

we had seen, wandering down the zebra-striped walk  
of Our Lady of Copacabana, where lovers stroll  
through the warm endless afternoon, in idle talk,  
his great house sprawled behind its guardian wall;  
he had been told, you said, by some sharp-witted seer,  
doubtless with a lover in the building made,  
that when his house was finished he would die.

So for two decades he had made  
gallery on gallery, useless tier on tier,  
endlessly building, destroying, building again,  
yet in the end although the hammers rang  
like drum-beats to the saws' whining song,  
Death found him out, in that unfinished place.

We smiled and passed, scorning such foolish ways,  
and you moved on from girl to girl, and I  
never quite finished the poems I had made.

Not that either of us was in the least afraid.

make the drug-treated rat press the lever repeatedly.

In other experiments, researchers seem to have discovered why one of the well-known tranquilizers sometimes deepens the depression of patients already depressed. This drug raises the threshold of the reward effect. A current ordinarily strong enough to make a rat press the lever has no effect at all after the drug has been administered.

With his wife, Dr. Olds has run a series of experiments in which drugs are substituted for ESB. Instead of an electrode a tiny pipette is implanted in a reward region of the rat's brain. Each time the rat presses the lever, it receives a minute drug injection. The rat responds to this chemical reward as it would to ESB, pressing the lever several hundred times an hour. Such research is valuable in locating the precise site of a drug's action within the brain and in casting light on how each drug achieves its effects. Newly synthesized chemicals can be screened for their potential action on reward and punishment centers; chemicals likely to achieve ESB-like effects when swallowed or injected can be identified. In the treatment of depression and other mental illnesses, such goals are benign indeed. But this new tool also raises ethical questions, as a recent experiment suggests.

Impressed by the practical possibilities of ESB, one far-sighted corporation launched an ESB project of its own, in the hope of securing a research and development contract from the Defense Department. A corporate "top secret" lid was clamped on the project; hence the facts which follow have not been confirmed by the corporation, but we have reason to believe they are accurate.

The experimental subject was a donkey wearing a collar laden with a prism, a photoelectric eye, a make-break switch, a battery, and a miniaturized, transistorized circuit for sending an ESB current through an electrode lodged in a reward area of the donkey's brain. When sunlight struck the prism at precisely the right angle, the photoelectric eye activated the switch which turned on the current and administered the ESB reward. If the donkey veered in either direction or stood still, the switch turned the current off again. Thus accoutered, the joyful donkey trotted straight ahead, up hill, down dale, even across a mountain, neither straying nor lagging, to its predestined goal—a substation some five miles away. There the prism was reversed—whereupon the donkey retraced its arduous course over the mountain and back to its starting place.

When moving pictures of "Project Donkey" were shown at the Pentagon last year as part of a contract application, the audience reaction was mixed. One nonmilitary viewer—a scientist—is said to have murmured:

"There, but for the grace of God, go I."\*

#### CAN IT CONTROL HUMAN BEHAVIOR?

WE NEED not feel sorry for the donkey; it was no doubt enjoying a delightful ESB experience as it jogged along. But the thought of a human being subjected to this kind of external control—reduced to the status of an automaton for someone else's benefit—is shocking to the conscience of anyone adhering to democratic or to Judaeo-Christian ethical traditions. As Professor F. S. C. Northrop of the Yale Law School reminded us, the heart of the matter is Immanuel Kant's "categorical imperative": *no man must ever be used as a mere pawn to serve another man's ends. Nor is the ethical objection evaded when a man is thus degraded "with his own consent," or "for the good of all mankind."*

The practical likelihood that ESB itself will ever be misused to enslave individuals or whole populations is exceedingly small. As a method of behavioral control, it is far too crude, requiring invasion of the cranial cavity and a heavy investment of skilled time to control a single individual. But ESB is nevertheless a striking example of a whole class of new behavioral control techniques.

*Hypnosis* is of course the prototype. Like ESB, it is not as yet directly adaptable to mass use. But the quasi-hypnotic techniques of the rabble rouser or lynch-mob leader suggest its possibilities. Reduced to a reliable science through further laboratory research, mass hypnosis might go far.

*Isolation and sensory deprivation* also produce amazing results in subjugating the human ego, for such purposes as brain-washing. Experiments in this area are currently under way.

*Psychically active drugs* are the most convenient method yet suggested for reducing men to pawns. One well-known drug seems to act on the same reward regions as ESB; users report

\* So far as we could determine, none of the scientists whose work we have been describing took part in "Operation Donkey." At least one refused an invitation to participate. A spokesman informs us that the corporation is not currently engaged in ESB research, which suggests that the contract application may have been turned down.



that "all the bells of Heaven ring." Perhaps fortunately, this drug causes addiction and has degenerative side effects. However, a great effort is currently being made to develop equally potent substances free of such built-in limitations.

Beyond these known possibilities, others may already be secretly under investigation, here or abroad or both. In the course of our own inquiries we were asked: "Have you been cleared for access to classified data?"

#### SHOULD WE KEEP STILL?

THE hazard, let us stress, is *not* that behavioral scientists will misuse these techniques for personal ends. Like physicians, our psychologists adhere to a professional code of ethics in which the Kantian imperative is implicit. Existing law, moreover, makes abuse of ESB, hypnosis, drugs, sensory deprivation, or the like by an individual scientist a tort and perhaps also a crime. As we trust our physicians with poisons, narcotics, and scalpels, so we can safely trust behavioral scientists in their professional roles.

The real hazard arises when behavioral control techniques are taken over by others—for example, by national governments. As Dr. Carl R. Rogers, University of Wisconsin clinical psychologist, has cogently warned his colleagues:

To hope that the power which is being made available by the behavioral sciences will be exercised by the scientists, or by a benevolent group, seems to me to be a hope little supported by either recent or distant history. It seems far more likely that behavioral scientists, holding their present attitudes, will be in the position of the German rocket scientists specializing in guided missiles. First, they worked devotedly for Hitler to destroy the U. S. S. R. and the United States. Now, depending on who captured them, they work devotedly for the U. S. S. R. in the interest of destroying the United States, or devotedly for the United States in the interest of destroying the U. S. S. R. If behavioral scientists are concerned solely with advancing their science, it seems most probable that they will serve the purpose of whatever group has the power.

The new behavioral controls may prove far more tempting to those in power than such traditional devices as imprisonment, the rack, or the thumbscrew. Altruistic, benevolent leaders who would shrink from applying torture, or from dropping an H-bomb, might without qualms use the "pain-free" devices for what they deem the good of mankind—to steal a lap on an enemy

or to lead their own followers into a land flowing with milk, honey, and ESB-like rewards.

It is thus high time, we believe, for laymen to ask: How are these new behavioral controls likely to affect mankind? Shall we permit their use at all? If so, which uses shall we permit and which shall we prohibit? How shall misuse be defined and prevented or punished? And what body—national or international—should make such decisions? During the early period of nuclear research, such questions were asked too seldom and too late.

At Yale, a symposium on Heaven, Hell, and Electrical Stimulation of the Brain has already been held, with a theologian and philosopher as well as scientists participating. Further conferences should be scheduled. The foundations—including Ford, Carnegie, and Rockefeller—which have been supporting ESB research might similarly support inquiries into the ethical implications of such scientific advances. The problem should also go on the agenda of the President's Science Advisory Committee—and behavioral scientists should be added to that committee.

Several of the scientists we consulted urged that these ethical problems not even be mentioned in an article for lay readers. Scientists, they point out, are already under exasperating fire from antivivisectionists, antifluoridationists, and antiscientific obscurantists of many brands who may gain aid and comfort from any new "attack on science." We are convinced, in contrast, that only good can come of open discussion. Fear and hatred of science have long existed among us; they have been intensified since Hiroshima, and cannot be merely shushed. The best way to build fuller confidence in science and scientists is to bring the hazards of misuse out into the open, determine their limits, explain the codes of ethics to which scientists already adhere, and modernize these codes to curb misuse by others—up to and including national governments.

It is in the political area, we suspect, that this issue must ultimately be faced. Even twenty years ago, our national leaders had relatively modest powers. The H-bomb gave them in addition the power to destroy a large part of mankind, and the Cold War gave them an incentive to develop this power to the fullest. The new methods of controlling behavior now emerging from the laboratory may soon add an awe-inspiring power to enslave us all with our own engineered consent. "Project Donkey" is an omen we ignore at our peril.

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

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### Kennedy's Seven Rules for Handling the Press

*The new White House press secretary won't shape high policy, as Jim Hagerty sometimes did . . . he is not merchandising as many personal tidbits . . . but he does seem likely to put out a lot more solid information about the public's business.*

WASHINGTON—The White House press office under James Hagerty in the Eisenhower Administration was in tone rather like an Army orderly room heavily managed with a heavily conscious efficiency.

The same office under Pierre Salinger in the Kennedy Administration has some of the flavor, if not the appearance, of a newspaper city room. There is an air of cheerful litter, of that carelessly effective *élan* which accompanies any enterprise that remains essentially light-hearted, however aware it may be of man's manifold trials upon this Earth. (Much the same things could be said of the whole of the White House, including the new President's private office.)

Hagerty, a blockish, often scowling middle-aged man, was a kind of born top sergeant. His brow was only rarely sicklied o'er with the pale cast of any thought much deeper than his fierce loyalty to Mr. Eisenhower. Nor was that brow much fur-

rowed by any notion much broader than his brilliantly operable plans for pouring out superficial information about his Administration. He did not issue much information which really mattered a great deal. One could readily find out what Mr. E had for breakfast; but one who sought to engage Mr. Hagerty for philosophical guidance on Administration policy was not likely to repeat the attempt.

Hagerty was effective at his own level; he was immensely able as a technician and as a headline grabber for his amiable boss. And as an organizer, a master of the complicated press logistics which White House work requires, he was superb. But he tended through the years—and especially after the first of Mr. Eisenhower's serious illnesses—to confuse both his proper function and his proper status.

On many occasions, well known to some of the Washington press corps, Hagerty was not only supplying information but also seemed to be making some of the policies of government. He was an information officer, yes; but also he was much more than that. He was capable of ordering Cabinet officers about rather brusquely at times. He plainly regarded himself as a significant, partisan Republican politician. A man, in short, of many parts—some of which were passing strange to

many of us who clung to the old notion that an information officer's sole job was to inform.

I say all this as a preface to a final point about Hagerty and preparatory also to making a personal disclosure which in the circumstances it seems only fair to make. The point is this: Hagerty, in my view, informed the press both too much and too little. And he assumed powers which were not rightfully his, though I never thought, and don't think now, that he did so for wrong motives or for any other reason except that his chief at times almost forced too much into his hands. And the personal disclosure is this: I myself, for reasons which I was never able to learn, fell out with Jim Hagerty about three years before his long White House term ended—or rather, he fell out with me. What is said here about him, therefore, does come from a man who might be supposed to be less than a fair judge. I can only say that to the best of my belief and intention there is in fact no unfairness here.

#### THE OTHER BOY PRODIGY

AT all events, the new man in the White House—and the new information policy of the White House—provide the most arresting contrasts. Pierre Salinger is an elderly party of thirty-five; a roundish, rather bounc-ing, five-foot-nine-inch 183-pounder who smokes vast, vaporious cigars, trailing everywhere a suggestion of a thoroughly filled smoke-filled room. In appearance he would seem more at home in a musical night club than at Hagerty's old stamping grounds, the golf links.

No less hearty and earthy than Hagerty, he is also more sensitive to many things—including the responsibilities of an information officer. Hagerty's devotion to Eisenhower was both profound and solemn. Salinger's devotion to Kennedy is deep but far from solemn; gaiety keeps breaking into his view of his boss. They are, in one sense, two of a kind. Kennedy is a political prodigy to have reached the White House at forty-three. Salinger has been a prodigy—at piano playing; in the Navy, as commander of a sub-chaser off Okinawa before his eighteenth birthday; as an *enfant terrible*

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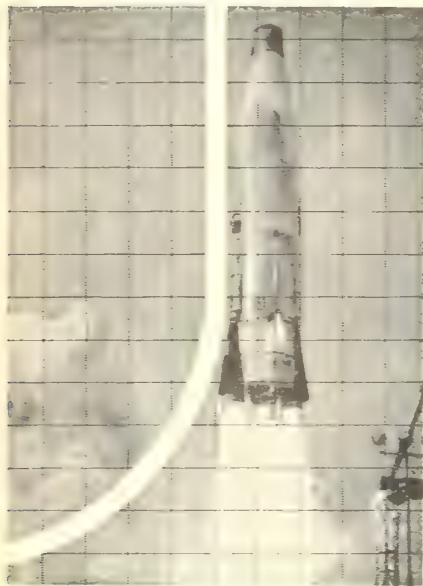
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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

on newspapers and magazines—since not long after his appearance on this earth.

Far more important than these personal details is the great change at the White House concerning "the public's right to know." Now, I am aware that my profession sometimes speaks rather pompously of this right, and that mere shop talk in this area is principally of interest to us practitioners. But this is no mere shop talk. What is on foot at the White House in regard to public information has intimate significance to every citizen. For information policy, in its higher forms, reflects the whole character of the Presidency in its relationship to the people. It is a true national concern, of a high order.

The general shape of the new policy comes to this: There will be more information, and yet less, under Salinger's plans and under the processes decreed by President Kennedy, who, as the saying goes, used to be a newspaperman himself. (Recently, upon his election to the National Press Club, this bulletin was posted on the notice board: "John F. Kennedy, a former newspaperman now in politics, was approved for membership.")

The ingredients of the new policy can be broadly defined as follows:

1. There will be a great deal more centralization of high information—on foreign and military policy, and the more sensitive of the basic domestic policies. In one sense, there even will be a great deal more White House "control." Cabinet officers are encouraged to hold more press conferences than in the Eisenhower Administration. But they are under plain notice that the White House wishes them to stick to their own Departmental subjects—the Secretary of Agriculture to agriculture, and not China; the Secretary of Labor to labor and not what the President ought to do about civil rights.

To all this there is one exception: After the President has laid down a high policy, any Cabinet officer is free to comment upon it, or to extrapolate it, so long as he does not contradict the President in any significant way.

2. The military will be firmly kept in line with the policies laid down by their civilian superiors—as under

the Constitution they ought to be. They will not be "gagged" before Congressional bodies when their opinions are asked, even if their opinions are not those of the Administration. They will be expected, however, to remain loyal to Administration military policies, or at any rate silent about them, in their voluntary expressions at public meetings and to the press.

3. Salinger himself, and the whole vast White House and other governmental apparatus under him, will at no point attempt to make, to propose, or to alter any substantive policy, save of course information policy.

4. Salinger intends to see to it that all serious inquiries about what the government is doing are answered seriously. He does not propose, as Hagerty did, to give press briefings himself on subjects (say foreign conferences) on which his own personal knowledge may be small. In such instances he intends to select a qualified expert from the field involved—from the State Department, for illustration—when it comes to telling the press what happened in high diplomatic meetings.

5. The White House press conferences, both the old-fashioned ones with the reporters and the new-fangled ones on live television, will continue without restriction.

Nobody will be limited in his questions, not even the occasional determined lady reporter who may demand of the President why he has not appointed that Federal Marshal in El Paso, Texas. In other words, there will be no rule of relevancy, nor will questions be restricted to those dealing with national or world concerns. (I think this latter decision is a pity; but there it is.)

6. While every effort will be made for the fullest possible disclosure of the President's public acts and plans and attitudes, there will be a candid stop on his private life and that of his family. When the President is going anywhere on any public business, the White House reporters will be alerted, as usual. But when the President goes out to see a private friend, or has a private friend in to the White House, there will be no bulletins in the press lounge.

7. Salinger (and the President himself) have promised to give ear



PUBLIC & PERSONAL

to any complaint from any press quarter and to grant any redress requested for any refusal of public information outside of validly "classified" material bearing directly on national safety.

At the same time Salinger (and, again, the President also) have a lively hostility to the bureaucratic habit of stamping nearly all information—especially if it happens to be embarrassing—with the label "secret." Many such labels have already fallen; many more will do so. The President himself has ratified Salinger's pledge that "secret" will never be used, with White House knowledge or authority, to cover up mere bungling or Administration mistakes.

Now of course it would be naïve to suppose that such a dodge will never be successfully applied. But there is, so far as I can judge, a genuine determination at the White House that these occasions will be frowned upon and punished, if and as they come to White House attention.

COOL BUT NOT BAFLED

MR. KENNEDY, who "used to be a newspaperman himself"—and really was, though he is better known as an author of books and though his taste is more for books than for newspapers—has a curiously effective relationship, so far at least, with the press, mainly through Salinger.

The President fully realizes that if most of the newspaper publishers opposed him in the campaign, most of the working reporters didn't. His attitude to reporters is a simple one. Not so much desperately fond of them (the President is no hypocrite; he is an essentially cool man and does not try to hide it), he is nevertheless completely aware of them and of their problems. He does not joust and jest freely with them as Harry Truman did. He does not smilingly and affectionately patronize them, as Franklin D. Roosevelt did. He does not look at them in that exasperated, frustrated, and puzzled way that Mr. Eisenhower often did.

He just looks at the press intently, correctly, helpfully usually—but in an impersonal way which is beyond doubt the best way to all who recognize that a press conference is for



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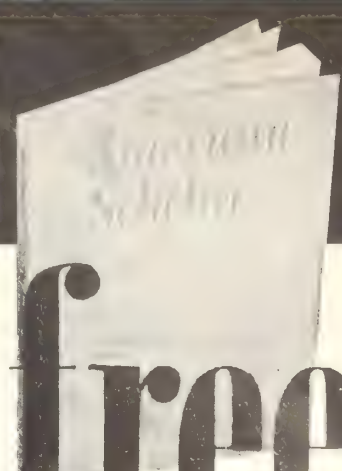
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*For an announcement of the contents of the regular May issue, see page 28.*

eliciting information. It is no social occasion, no occasion for publicizing a supposedly pally relationship with the President of the United States—and no occasion for seeking public debates with him in the presumed interest of "the public's right to know." (The public has no particular right to know what some reporter thinks—at that moment—of what the President thinks. The public couldn't care less. The growth in recent years of what might be called mere authority-baiting by people who are supposed to be reporters and not forensic stars has troubled me—and a good many other old-fashioned journalists—for years. I incline to the opinion that it has been encouraged by the Mr. District Attorney techniques which mar some otherwise excellent TV panel shows.)

But to return to Mr. Pierre Salinger, as the embodiment of the new White House information policy. Is it good, bad, or middling? My present opinion (which has not been lightly formed, but which could, of course, be altered by events) is that it is on the whole a very good policy.

As a political writer I have never been comfortable about excessive preoccupation with what legitimately is private in the White House—a preoccupation particularly characteristic of the Hagerty tenure. I have no interest whatever in President Kennedy's menu at dinner or in any purely private conversation he may have. I don't believe in, and never did believe in, the practice of some military officers who like to issue vast and dangerous personal manifestoes on world conditions or American purposes. It is my view that on matters closely touching on war or peace, this country properly has only one spokesman—the President.

And, I never did believe in the "right" of a reporter to ferret out any truly sensitive information which involves justified military secrets, such as new weapons and the like. I believe a journalist is—an American, too; and as a war correspondent I learned the entire legitimacy of certain "stops" on the free flow of news. Though it is a cliché to say it, the fact does remain that we are in a Cold War. Personally I think the Kennedy White House ought to put an end to leaks of

purely military information of various kinds where the public's interest in its own survival is a good deal higher than "the public's right to know."

There were, by the way, far too many such leaks in the Eisenhower Administration—just as there was far too little information on high military policy. Both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Salinger have served in combat and my instinct is that they are going to handle this business in the right way.

It also seems right and proper to me that no subordinate official should be allowed to speculate or "guess" (as Adlai E. Stevenson unhappily did at the UN on a question dealing with Presidential intentions toward Khrushchev) about what the President might do or say in an area of policy so high as, say, a Summit meeting.

Thus, the forecast is that the Salinger regime is likely to be a good one, for the press and for "the public's right to know." It has the virtues of candor (as in the stop on details of the President's private life) and of essential openness in the great forum at the top, the White House press conference. And it has the considerable strength of Pierre Salinger, his easy accessibility, his sound decision to leave policy-making to the President, and his undoubted progress bias. While I always thought Hagerty liked the press, I also thought that he tried overly to *make use* of it. That is partly what a White House press officer is for, of course; but that is by no means all he is for. Since the press and broadcasting are the people's only means of continuous access to the mind and actions of the President, he must not become the private property of his spokesman.

So, I believe that, on balance, the press—and through it, the people—are off to a sound start with Pierre Salinger in the White House. No one, however, ought in this uncertain world to end on a note of unqualified optimism. Salinger will need to be very careful about two things: (1) that those "top secret" stamps do not shortly come out again to fall upon military-diplomatic information to which the people are entitled; (2) that a perfectly justified silence about the

President's private life is not carried, even unconsciously, to the point where Presidential meetings of legitimate public or partisan interest are screened off.

#### NO "PRIVATE LIFE?"

THE point here, of course, is that even to speak of a President's "private life" is to run the risk of being misleading; a President *has* practically no private life. Suppose Mr. Kennedy one evening decides that he would like to have a good dinner and a good, purely personal conversation with, say, Nelson Rockefeller. When two personages in high public life meet, for whatever private intention, a public interest inescapably enters the room and sits down with them, whether or not they will it so. A good rule of thumb, it seems to me, might be this: When Mr. Kennedy sees any private person, that is strictly his own business. But when he meets any public person, for whatever purpose, this is also the public's business, at least to the extent that the public should be informed of that meeting and allowed, through the press, to try to find out what of a public nature, if anything, went on.

This is a tricky sea which Salinger, the ex-ensign off Okinawa, will have to learn to navigate with the most delicate skill.

SAMUEL MENASHE

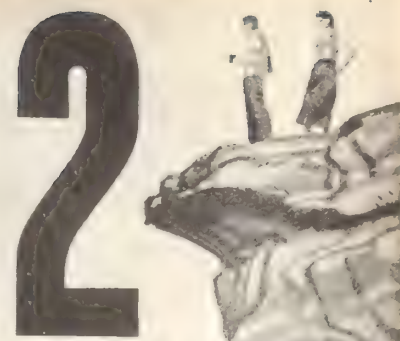
## TWO POEMS

### *Sudden Shadow*

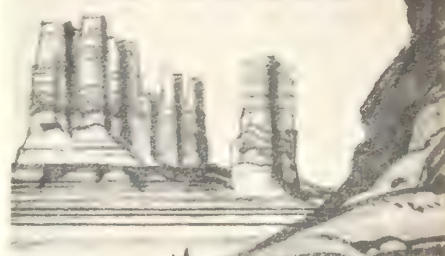
Crow I scorn you  
Caw everywhere  
You'll not subdue  
This blue air

### *Pastoral*

The maternal hill  
Where lambs graze  
Lies ample and still  
In its own haze



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# the new BOOKS

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

## Reno Roundup . . . Norfolk Cottage . . . and Points Between

Mr. Pryce-Jones, ex-editor of London's *"The Times Literary Supplement,"* has written *"The New Books"* for March and April. In May Robert L. Heilbroner, author of *"The Future of History,"* will review recent books on the economics of underdeveloped countries.

I M A G I N E that most novels start as a blur in the novelist's mind: an atmosphere, perhaps, or a sensation which at first is indefinable. After that, the process of writing is rather like picking a way through thick mist. Figures loom up ahead. Sometimes they dissolve again, sometimes they walk toward one another and stand at last in clear outline. At best the sun comes through, and the mist melts in order to reveal recognizable men and women going about recognizable business.

The trouble is, however, that it is very hard to know by instinct what other people are up to. They walk along the street looking harassed or beatific or plain dumb, but at the same time they keep their secret. It is the unveiling of that secret which is the novelist's task. In other words, he has to think up a tale which will define his original inkling. He has to act as the sun acts on mist, bringing clarity to an opaque landscape, and finally warming its inhabitants into life. The novel then succeeds or fails in proportion to his skill in making a concrete definition of his own first imagining.

Now, this is all right in the classical novel. So long as there is a story to tell, the novelist's problem is simply one of invention: he is a kind of staff officer, planning a raid on reality with the help of an intelligence service, of good supply lines, and a fund of natural resource. But ever since the time of Henry James novelists have shied away from the direct telling of a story. They try to suspend their fictions in an atmosphere so dense that it can hide the absence of plot. If they possess a poetic gift, such as that displayed by Virginia Woolf in *The Waves*, their experiments may turn out satisfying. Again, the language and the construction of *Ulysses* are ex-

amples which can never be repeated; yet through their use Joyce effected a marriage between realism and poetry which changed the history of the modern novel. Where trouble begins is in realistic fiction which makes no use of poetry yet cannot forbear to experiment with construction. For then the reader's attention is likely to be distracted from the plain telling of a story, without any adequate compensation except an oppressive symbolism or a self-conscious artfulness. These, it strikes me, are the faults which mar both John Dos Passos' *Midcentury* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95), and *The Misfits* (Viking, \$3.95) by Arthur Miller.

*Midcentury* is a kind of collage. Dos Passos has written a chronicle rather than a novel. He sets fact beside fiction, sticks extracts from newspapers beside some pretty prosy prose poetry, follows four interwoven sets of events, and submits the whole as what his publishers call "a tapestry that is America at midcentury." It is significant that acknowledgment is made to *Esquire*, *Time*, *The Reader's Digest*, *This Week*, and *The National Review*, in which such sections of the book as a profile of James Dean or of Mrs. Roosevelt have been published.

I do not complain that the book is dull, though 500 pages seem excessive for what they contain. On the contrary, it is extremely readable, and it shows throughout a generous interest in the lives of ordinary working people. But it is overweighted with sociological overtones, with details about labor conditions which bog the momentum of these tales in a tract-like waste. It is hard to feel closely involved in the lives of imaginary characters who run on like this:

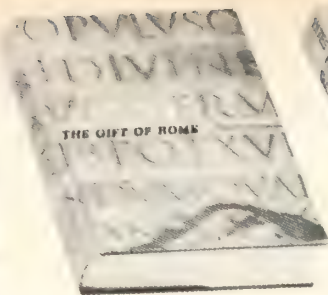
Our answer was to be general strike like in Seattle the year before.

If we could tie up the railroads we would win. The Brotherhoods were dead set against it but the gandywalkers and yardworkers and maintenance men knew that if the interests got away with wage-cuts in the lumber industry their pay envelopes would be the next to suffer. Too damn many hungry men walking the tracks.

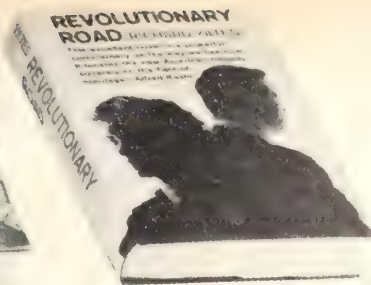
"Fellow workers we have an open and shut case," shouted Paul Jones in his high tense voice. "This is our chance to educate the scissorbills through the whole Northwest."



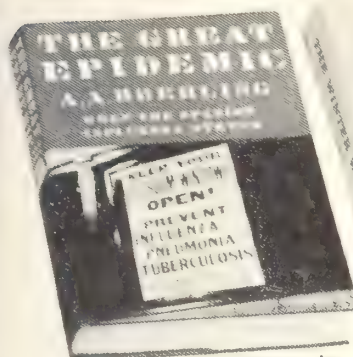
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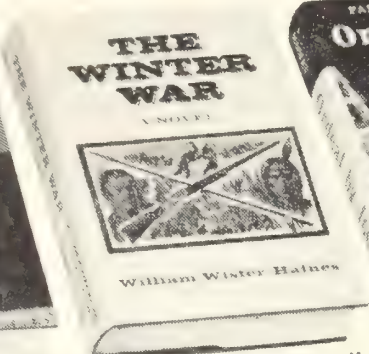
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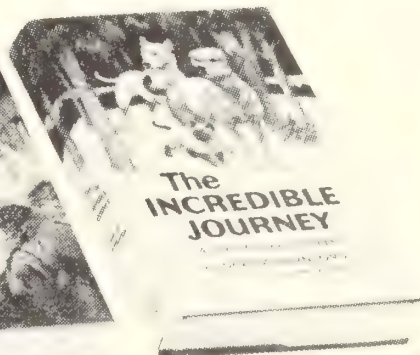
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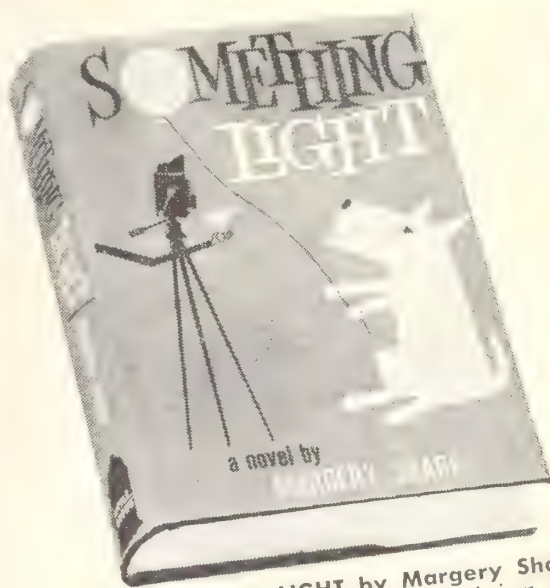
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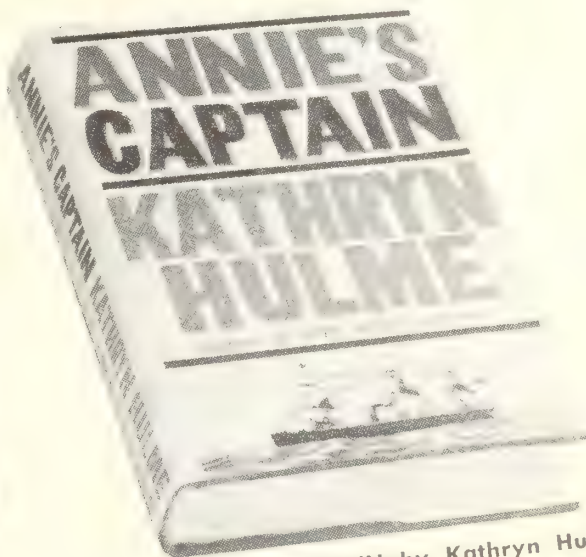
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After a few score pages of such extremely basic prose, this reader felt not so much transported as slunted. At first hearing, it sounds an attractive idea to paste up selected facets of fact and fiction in order to create a panorama of modern life. But there is no umbilical cord to nourish the different sections of the book as it evolves.

Arthur Miller has given himself a still harder task in *The Misfits*. It is written throughout in the historic present, and it is established, so far as technique goes, halfway between a straightforward novel and a film script. Like the film based upon it, it is heavy with symbolism. "Gay nods, indicating the sky before them: 'Just head for that big star straight on. The highway's under it: take us right home'." Home to bed, home to disillusion, home to a symbol at each turn of the road. The book is set in and around Reno, and its climax is a roundup of mustangs to be sold for horse meat. They too are misfits, as are the humans in the story. There are fine images scattered on these pages, but somehow the total effect is one of an annotation rather than a work of art.

To sum up, it seems to me that there is more loss than gain in both these books from the writers' determination to strike out a fresh line. Mr. Dos Passos has overcomplicated his approach, and Mr. Miller oversimplified. Had either of them written a straightforward novel its deficiencies would have been obvious; as it is, the technical innovations are not arresting enough to compel our interest in characters who do not aspire to much above the ordinary natural functions of eating, drinking rather too much, and sleeping with one another in a puzzled sort of way.

#### SATIRE, HEAVY AND LIGHT

HAVING said so much, I turn to a very straightforward novel indeed: Wilfred Sheed's *A Middle Class Education* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.75) and like it no better. This is a university novel, opening at a lesser Oxford college, proceeding to New York, and finally returning to England. The first point which Mr. Sheed makes clear is that he is an excellent writer; whether he is also a novelist I am less sure. His hero, John Chote, is no common bore; he is unremitting, noisy, and jocose. True, it is some thirty years since I myself was an Oxford undergraduate; but such experience as I have of Oxford life since 1930 makes me unwilling to believe that, even in a college as disastrous as the imaginary one in which Mr. Sheed sets his book, life can be quite so dire as he makes out.

I suspect that his talent will one day emerge as that of a travel writer or essayist. He has plenty to say, but it would come better directly from himself than expounded in implausible conversations between characters in a novel. They talk their way through nearly 500 pages, they dabble in love, lust, and disillusion, but

somehow they never achieve that wildfire brilliance which alone can make undergraduate conversation bearable in fiction. Much the best part of the book is that describing John Chote's relationship with his underprivileged family, and much the worst is a heavily loaded sentence accounting of his stay in the United States.

For the last twenty-five years R. K. Norman has steadily been building himself a reputation as an outstanding novelist. Graham Greene was among his earliest and warmest supporters, and he has been praised by a galaxy of responsible critics. *The Man-Eater of Malgudi* (Viking, \$5.95) is a compelling book set in Southern India. It deals with the tribulations of a printer, Nataraj, at the hands of a taxidermist, Vasu. Not, perhaps, a promising theme, thus coldly set down, but in Mr. Narayan's flexible, amused, and amusing prose the tale undulates and glitters like a sari. We are shown India through sharp but affectionate eyes. Nataraj is not a very good printer and certainly not a successful one. He greatly prefers that the local printing work should be given to his friend and rival next door, and in his relaxed state of semi-permanent stesha he is fair game for the power-loving and destructive Vasu. Vasu moves into the house, he fills it with women, he virtually kidnaps Nataraj, who is at last stung to action by learning that Vasu plans to shoot a temple elephant which Nataraj had befriended. "Has it occurred to you," he asks, "how much more an elephant is worth dead? You don't have to feed it in the first place. . . . I already have an order for the legs mounted as umbrella stands, and each hair on its tail can be sold for twelve annas for rings and bangles, most women fancy it. Not for us to question their taste."

Even so, had it not been for Vasu's timely but unexpected death Nataraj would have been unable to thwart his plans. The unheroic hero is an essential figure in the modern novels of all countries, but set against an Indian background Nataraj's dilemmas seem delightfully fresh. Mr. Narayan's use of language helps. He can be demurely witty in the European tradition, but he also uses a local tang which is wholly charming. In the last ten years the English language has been enriched by writers from the Caribbean, from Poland, from India. They have transplanted their own idioms, their idiosyncratic points of view—and none have done so with more conspicuous success than Mr. Narayan.

The element of fancy in *The Man-Eater of Malgudi* might, with less skill, have turned fatally to whimsy. In Ernst Juenger's *The Glass Bees* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.75) there is also a fanciful strain; but here it is less genial than sinister. Here Juenger will be remembered for his magnificent allegorical novel, *On the Marble Cliffs*, which was taken, when it appeared, as an implicit condemnation of Nazism. He also published a volume of journals written during the



## THE NEW BOOKS

German occupation of Paris which can still give a good deal of malicious pleasure. For as a senior officer as well as a distinguished writer, Herr Juenger was in a position to meet any Parisians who were willing to hobnob with him, so that the interest of his book lies in seeing just how numerous and just how cozy were the Franco-German social occasions which alleviated the tedium of war.

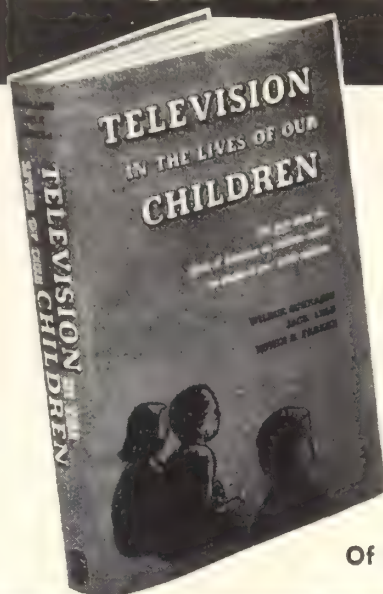
*The Glass Bees* has been extremely well translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Mayer. It is also an allegory, if an inconclusive one. The glass bees of the title are automata made by a certain Zapparoni. They are observed by the narrator, an ex-cavalry officer who has fallen on hard times and who aspires to a job at the hands of Zapparoni, a multimillionaire and a maker of robots for every conceivable purpose. What ensues is somewhat heavily Germanic: loaded with philosophical implications, Herr Juenger's parable deals with the importance of maintaining human values in a technological world. But it is a disquieting and impressive parable all the same.

### ODDLY CHOSEN PEOPLE

JUENGER is typical of Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany at its best: a soldier, a thinker, to some extent a liberal, but essentially a survival from the past. He has no connection whatever with a man like Bertolt Brecht, seven of whose plays have now been assembled by Eric Bentley, who has himself translated five of them. *Seven Plays by Bertolt Brecht* (Grove, \$8.50) is a memorial to twenty-five years of playwriting by a Communist who has established himself as the leading playwright on the Continent of Europe and one of the most powerful modern influences.

At the time of his death, some three years ago, there was a great deal of discussion about Brecht's real position in German politics. He had joined the Communist party after the first war, chiefly out of disgust at the experience of what seemed to him the cynical conduct of national and military leaders in wartime. The Nazi years drove him into exile. He lived and worked, without wide recognition, in the United States, and in the last decade of his life returned to East Germany where he

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was given every facility by the government to set up what became perhaps the most striking theatrical ensemble in Europe. His attitude to Communism was not unlike that of Picasso: he used it so far as it served his purpose but never abdicated the right to think for himself. His purpose was to see his own plays performed as well as possible, and there have been those who saw in his Communist allegiance no more than a piece of time-serving as cynical as any which he had condemned.

It is too early to pass any final verdict on Brecht's motives. What remains is his work, for which Mr. Bentley has performed a splendid service. For although much talked about, it has neither been sufficiently acted nor read outside Germany. Other writers for the stage invoke it without sufficient knowledge to justify their invocations—of recent creative geniuses perhaps only Freud has had so many misconceptions wished upon him by unscholarly disciples who have never taken the trouble to go to the original texts. Now there is no excuse: Mr. Bentley's versions, plus his notes, put most of the evidence into a single volume, omitting only those aspects of Brecht which show him to have been a fascinating theorist and also one of the best of modern German poets.

"Galileo" is probably the easiest Brecht play to serve as introduction to his work: it also tells a good deal about the man himself. He is a curiously fugacious writer who totally refuses to make any use of time-honored stage conventions in order to convey a plot or a message. He jots down his plays with as close as possible an approximation to the movement of real life. Real life is often inexplicit and incoherent: very well, why should the theatre tidy up the loose ends of reality? Real life enunciates themes, but seldom wraps them up in a neatly constructed plot.

Then Brecht will not improve on real life. One early play has been running off-Broadway under a title different from Mr. Bentley's, "In the Jungle of Cities." It deals with a theme perfectly recognizable in the world of reality: a love-hate relationship between two people. Perhaps the people seem oddly chosen: a Malay lumber merchant and a young man from the prairies, rotting away

in the Chicago of 1912. And why not? Brecht might retort. Do unlikely meetings never occur? Do causes lead to *necessary* events? Is it not legitimate to make a play out of a set of convulsions not linked together by factitious theatrical logic but springing from the fact that two people apparently trying to destroy one another are also bound together by invisible ties? By enunciating a theme—and in this particular play there are other themes as well—but refusing to force a conclusion upon it, Brecht is making his audience do as much of the work as his actors. He aims at a kind of co-operative theatre, in which the play has to be suggestive enough to catch up into itself and its action writer, players, and spectators alike, each making a private contribution to the whole.

## ORDINARY PEOPLE

IT is arguable that without Brecht the modern theatre everywhere would be different. He would, for instance, have approved an introductory note to *The Wesker Trilogy* (Random House, \$4.50) in which Mr. Wesker states: "My people are not caricatures. They are real (though fiction), and if they are portrayed as caricatures the point of all these plays will be lost. The picture I have drawn is a harsh one, yet my tone is not one of disgust. . . . I am at one with these people: it is only that I am annoyed, with them and myself."

The plays in question belong together. They were first performed separately in England, and last summer in sequence. Much the best of them is "Roots," which made Mr. Wesker's reputation, at the age of twenty-seven, as one of the most talented playwrights of the day.

He has a wonderful ear for the speech of ordinary people. An East Ender from a poor quarter of London, he has set "Roots" in Norfolk, in a lonely cottage. Its theme is summed up in the final speech of Beatie, a young woman who has been discovering herself through the stresses of family life. "We want the third-rate—We got it! We got it! . . . D'you hear that? D'you hear it? Did you listen to me? I'm talking. Jenny, Frankie, Mother—I'm not quoting no more. . . . I can feel it's happened,

## THE NEW BOOKS

I'm beginning, on my own two feet—I'm beginning. . . ." Mr. Wesker is a clear-eyed Socialist. As he says, he is annoyed with people and with himself. His characters try to live their Socialism—that is the theme of the final play, "I'm Talking about Jerusalem"—and because they are human they fail. The trilogy deals with family life, with politics, with individuals at grips with social pressures and with their own hearts. I am not convinced that—"Roots" apart—it is wholly successful. A short play of Mr. Wesker's, "The Kitchen," seems to me to hold out a far higher promise of future mastery. But it is among the few sustained achievements in the modern theatre which is likely to be remembered in twenty years' time.

### RECOLLECTIONS

ON January 17, 1942, an obscure old man of eighty-four died in an Essex village. He had lived alone forty years, communicating only with his brother and with an elderly widow who cared for them both. Raleigh Trevelyan, author of *A Hermit Disclosed* (Longmans, Green, \$6), was still at school at that time, but the chance discovery of a bundle of old papers concerning the hermit's younger years set him on a quest the end of which is this present book. An extraordinary story is unfolded: not the whole story, maybe, since no one is ever likely to complete the gaps in Jimmy Mason's lonely and haunted life. But those who enjoy the process of piecing together tiny scraps of information until gradually a recognizable mosaic is created will be held by this absorbing narration.

Two other books deserve mention. The first is autobiographical. Diana Holman-Hunt, in *My Grandmothers and I* (Norton, \$3.95), has written a brilliantly amusing account of a childhood in the 1920s, partly spent in rich surroundings with one set of relations, and partly with the eccentric widow of Holman Hunt, the Pre-Raphaelite painter. She has managed to recreate both atmospheres in a spirit of affection utterly without either archness or self-pity, although the circumstances of her life might well have given rise to each. Starved by one grandmother or politely bullied by the other,



## ARTHUR KOESTLER

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One of the most important writers of our time (*Darkness at Noon*, *Dialogue With Death*, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, *The Sleepwalkers*) has now recorded his recent pilgrimage to the East, where he hoped to find a cure for the spiritual ills of the modern Western world. What he discovered instead may prove somewhat shocking—but always illuminating—to anyone who has ever been curious about the practices of Zen or Yoga. \$3.95

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adored by both and understood by neither, she kept a level head; and now, going back on it all, has achieved a book not only funny and touching but also a primer of family life which suggests that daily existence can be far more agreeable among Mr. Wesker's overcrowded cottage folk than in the big houses with a limousine at the door.

Albert Camus was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1957. In the remaining years of a tragically abbreviated life he published the third volume of *Actuelles*, a collection of essays and reflections on topics of the previous fifteen years, and he chose for translation into English twenty-three from the whole. **Resistance, Rebellion, and Death** (Knopf, \$4) hereby justifies his title to be called the conscience of his generation. Events in Algeria, Spain, Hungary, and France awaken a passionately serious view of the world: the view of an active humanist with every Christian quality except faith. He had much of Pascal in him; much, too, of Péguy and Bernanos. These papers erect a memorial to his thought as lasting as the plays and novels which created his fame.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*The Double Axe*, by Lauren R. Stevens.

This strange family saga in the hands of many of Mr. Stevens' contemporaries would have become a great sprawling tome, hundreds of pages long. Instead, in a scant 250 small pages and with an admirable economy he has told the thirty-year story of Henry and Pasiphy Sawyer, rebels from their middle-class, money-grubbing society. In the early 1930s they had, under strange circumstances, self-consciously followed Thoreau and bought a farm on the St. John River near a tiny village in the heart of the Maine wilderness. The rest of their legend and that of their five children is told in a kind of shorthand, a weaving of time and

symbols often more effective—though it demands something of the reader as poetry does—than many pages of exposition and explanation. The double axe is, of course, this farmer-forester's delight as well as his weapon against the world. With it he also injures something that he loves, and in using it he approaches death. One feels that the author is saying, as well, that Henry's way of life and his stubborn determination to cling to it, on the one side so good, has, like the axe, its sharp other side in its effect on his wife and children. The book is occasionally cloudy in its intent and it won't be everybody's dish, but it is an unusual first novel, mature in concept and performance, by a young Princeton graduate. It is a worthy first Maxwell Perkins Commemorative Prize Novel. Scribner, \$3.95

*A Winter's Tale*, by Jon Godden.

Miss Godden is past master of the short, dramatic novel. Indeed each of hers has been a kind of tour de force, a concentrated, tense, often violent story usually set in some remote or exotic place where the characters are isolated and there is no distraction from the intensity of her narrative. She tidily observes her unities. There was the lonely *House by the Sea*; the stargazer's attic in an Indian city in *The City and the Wave*; the island in the Ganges in *The Seven Islands*; and now a completely snowbound house in remote hills of the English countryside. There are almost always animals involved in her stories too, and here it is a beautiful young Alsatian bitch, Sylvie, who is the real tragic-heroine. It is an eerie tale of a hermit (though worldly) novelist and playwright called Jerome, and his man, Peter, who looks after him, his orchids, and his Sylvie. What happens when a young actress, infatuated with Jerome, breaks into their solitude just as the snow begins to fall makes wildly exciting reading, especially in this winter of isolating snows. Besides all else it is a wonderfully unsentimental, discerning interpretation of a dog's instinct, intelligence, and affection. Knopf, \$3.95

*Knife Edge*, by Donald McKenzie.

A Canadian gentleman, professional gambler on the Riviera, gets

involved with a beautiful and mysterious woman and another man. There's robbery on a large scale, man hunt, and madness, with death threatening at every turn. Never a dull moment and the characters are sufficiently credible to keep one caring just enough.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

**Revolutionary Road**, by Richard Yates.

There has been a lot of talk about a book called *The Split-level Trap* (reviewed here last month) and if ever there was a novel which would seem to illustrate its point—the psychoses and tensions brought on in young families by suburban living—this is it. It begins with the failure of the Laurel Players' first attempt at amateur production, goes through several unimpassioned extramarital relationships, and ends, of course, in tragedy about which by this time the reader cares not a whit. And as for the trap being split-level, what the book actually proves is that all the misery began far away and long ago, when the husband and wife were very young, and not in suburbia at all. Which makes one wonder about the whole business. This is a very serious, almost clinical book, and the qualities it lacks to make a good novel, it seems to me, are humor, and especially heart.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75

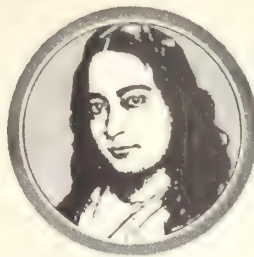
#### NON-FICTION

**Tibet is My Country: The Autobiography of Thubten Jigme Norbu, Brother of the Dalai Lama.** As told to Heinrich Harrer.

There can be few countries so remote and unknown to the rest of the world as Tibet, and surely few so dramatically mountainous and beautiful. In this autobiography the elder brother of the Dalai Lama with great simplicity tells what it was like to grow up in the mountain village of Tengster in Amdo province, the son of a peasant, happy in the affectionate world of a large family. His accounts of it are charming. Then suddenly one comes on a sentence surprising to Western eyes:

For a good many years my parents had known that I was the reincarnation of the famous monk Tagster, and that therefore when I was eight

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*Foreword by*  
**JOHN FISCHER**

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### BOOKS IN BRIEF

I would not go to school in Balangsta with the other children, but enter the monastery of Kumbum and take over the benefice of Tagster Labrang.

From then on, although he says he cannot go into the nature of their religion—"the religion of Buddha"—he gives vivid accounts of life at the monastery of Kumbum, of his religious education and its practices, some of them athletically exhausting, to say the least. Later, of course, comes the extraordinary identification (I use the word advisedly) of his younger brother as the Dalai Lama; the change in the family life; the slow change in the relationship with China; his decision to flee the country; and the final unhappy events which caused his brother and all his family and retinue also to escape. There are nineteen story-book illustrations in color, and, blessedly, a map. The book suffers from too many translations—from Tibetan tape recordings into a German book, back to Tibetan for checking, and finally into English. I assume it is this that results in a certain stiffness of style, but the subject matter has a richness which permeates and transcends the layers of language. Mr. Harrer is the author of *Seven Years in Tibet*. Dutton, \$5

**The New Politics: America and the End of the Postwar World**, by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff.

The authors of "A New Start in Foreign Policy," which examined America's foreign policy since World War II in our January issue, here document its thesis from events of the past and enlarge it for the future. A concise, thoughtfully written discussion of decisions that face us in the next few years.

Coward-McCann, \$4

**The Travels of Mark Twain**, edited and with an introduction by Charles Neider.

Samuel Clemens started traveling in 1873 when he was eighteen years old, and from then until his last trip to Bermuda in 1910, traveling was a large part of his life. Here in one volume is a collection of pieces which he wrote and published about his journeyings—some excerpts so familiar as to be almost classics, some much less so but all unfailingly fresh and delightful. There are

pieces about this country, about his trip round the world, Europe, Asia, Australia, the Holy Land, Africa, and a final section on Islands—the Sandwich Islands (now Hawaii), Fiji, and Ceylon.

Anecdotal, full of people, of his astute observation, wit, and humor, this is the perfect book for traveler or stay-at-home and for anybody's bedside. Coward-McCann, \$7.50

**Kalahari** by Jens Bjørne.

Even if you have read (perhaps especially if you have) with as much pleasure as I did *The Lost World of the Kalahari* by Laurens van der Post (Morrow, 1958) and Elizabeth Marshall Thomas' *The Harmless People* (Knopf, 1959) and William Mulvihill's *The Sands of Kalahari* (Putnam, 1960), you will still want to read this new book by a distinguished Danish adventurer and natural historian. It is like revisiting this frightening but magic country and the friendly Bushmen, "the oldest race on earth," with a new friend and seeing the same things differently through his eyes. The photographs, many of them in color, heighten the sense of pleasure and recognition. If these hungry, hard-working, but gay little people who have learned to live where there is almost no visible food or water, without horticulture of any kind, are now to be made soft and dependent and finally extinct through the encroachments of civilization it won't be because many dedicated people haven't tried to save them.

Hill and Wang, \$4.50

**Porte Crayon: The Life of David Hunter Strother, Writer of the Old South**, by Cecil D. Eby, Jr.

Chapel Hill, \$5

**Frederic Remington's Own West**, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington, edited and with an introduction by Harold McCracken.

Dial, \$7.50

During the last half of the nineteenth century *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* was fortunate in having among its reporter-artists two who were most distinguished, one chronicling what is now called the Old South, the other the Old West. David Hunter Strother (Porte Crayon) was from Virginia and his drawings interpreted and reflected



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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

the South though he was an officer in the Union forces. Frederic Remington, although an Easterner and a Yale graduate, went West at eighteen in 1880 and from then on sent back his famous articles and illustrations which inspired Theodore Roosevelt to write to him: "Somehow you get close not only to the plainsman and the soldier, but to the half-breed and the Indian in the same way Kipling does to the British Tommy. . . ." Fifty articles and 115 pictures are reproduced here.

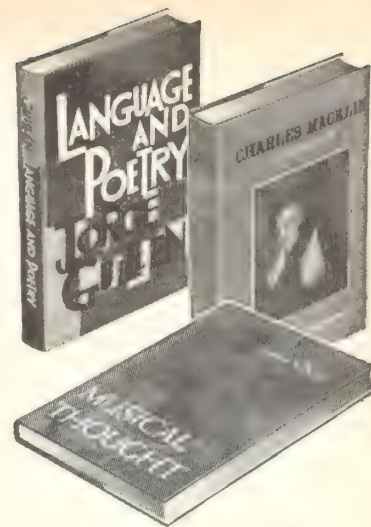
Porte Crayon on the other hand, wrote and drew his pictures nearer the middle of the century and it is as a chronicler of human nature in the Civil War and the highways and byways of the Old South that he is particularly known. In his turn he has been compared to Washington Irving and Mark Twain in their reflection of a wise regionalism, and this biography and another book, *The Old South Illustrated* by Porte Crayon, also edited by Mr. Eby, a Professor at Washington and Lee, go far to put him in proper distinguished perspective in the history of journalism and illustration.

## FORECAST

### Politics and Foreign Affairs

New appointees in the State Department are not to be without guidance from the publishers. Hannah Arendt, the well-known political philosopher who came to this country from Germany in 1941, has *Between Past and Future: Six Exercises in Political Thought* coming from Viking in April and from Harcourt Brace in the same month will come *Germany Between Two Worlds*, a "critical history of postwar Germany" by Gerald Freund. In May Harcourt is publishing Solomon F. Bloom's *Europe and America: The Western World in Modern Times*, an integration of the histories of Europe and America from the eighteenth century to the present, with forty-seven maps and 104 photographs; and Holt, Rinehart and Winston are publishing studies of the leaders of eighteen new nations in *Builders of Emerging Nations*, by Vera Micheles Dean, editor of the Foreign Policy Association.

In June from Random House comes a book which from its de-



## JORGE GUILLÉN

### Language and Poetry

SOME POETS OF SPAIN

*Foreword by Archibald MacLeish.* One of Spain's finest contemporary poets makes a provocative investigation into the language and forms of poetry, as demonstrated in the work of his country's greatest writers—from the 13th Century to Federico García Lorca. \$5.50

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— STANLEY YOUNG,  
*N. Y. Times Book Review.*  
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scription will supplement Gerald Freund's mentioned above, *The New Germany and the Old Nazis*, by T. H. Tetens, an authority on geopolitics and Pan-Germanism who has served on several government missions. For later in the year the same publisher is announcing with excitement a book on Communist China by Edgar Snow, who has recently been issued a visa to that country and whose past books in that part of the world make his new one an event. And for June the Book of the Month has chosen what will surely be a must for anyone who wants to understand the events of the next few years, *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*, by George F. Kennan, former United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union and new Ambassador to Yugoslavia (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

### A Special Exchange

*The following exchange of letters is published here because it especially concerns book readers and reviewers. The points of view are doubly interesting since Miss Hardwick—in this case the reviewer—is also a novelist, and Mr. West, who speaks here as the novelist, is also well known as a critic.—THE EDITORS*

To the Editor:

I must object to the unpleasant and offensive attack on my personal character which formed part of Miss Elizabeth Hardwick's literary essay in the January *Harper's*. As a critic this lady has an unquestionable right to print her honest opinion of the books submitted to her for review, and if she found my novel, *The Trend Is Up*, silly, sentimental, banal, ill-written and ill-considered I have no objection whatever to her saying so. But however strong her feelings about the book may be she has no right whatever to reach out beyond it to attack me as an individual. Her review suggested that I was actuated by corrupt and mercenary motives both in choosing my subject matter and in writing of it as I do in *The Trend Is Up*. Her unmistakable implication was that I was personally venal and without artistic integrity. I hope that Miss Hardwick will have the grace to withdraw these unpleasant and libel-

ous insinuations and to offer me an apology for having made them.

Anthony West

I cannot sign an apology for my review of Anthony West's novel *The Trend Is Up*. Profound linguistic and philosophical problems, of which I do not feel myself the master, lie beneath the surface of every aesthetic judgment. I certainly never mean to be personally offensive to anyone and yet, in all truth, I would not wish to say that the subjective element is utterly absent in critical discourse. Books are written by persons, and so are book reviews; both are also read and interpreted by persons. And what indeed is meant by the common phrase, "in my opinion"? Some philosophers have thought that "in my opinion" really is meant to stand for "in the opinion of all reasonable men able to judge." I do not know, even though I give some thought to these problems when I utter judgments of my own. For the present, I have usually had to rely upon the common practice among reviewer and reviewed of assuming good faith on both sides and by that assumption indicating awareness of the deep and vexing complications of aesthetic argument.

Elizabeth Hardwick

I am afraid I don't understand what, if anything, Miss Hardwick means by her note. Neither my letter nor my draft apology called on her to modify her opinion of my novel in any way. I asked her to apologize for saying that I included some of its contents for mercenary considerations of a degraded character: to be exact, Miss Hardwick accused me of having salted the book with sexy stuff to boost its sales. If I had done this it would mean that I had little integrity as a person and none as a writer. There is no way I can refute this very offensive allegation, since there is no way in which anyone can produce impartial evidence as to the nature of his motives. In my opinion making charges of a personal nature against which there can be no defense is a cowardly and contemptible game. I am truly sorry to find that Miss Hardwick thinks playing it is a legitimate part of literary criticism.

Anthony West

# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## COPLAND NOW

*The new "Grand Old Man" keeps his standing in the avant-garde . . . but his place in musical history may depend on something else.*

The sixtieth birthday of Aaron Copland—he was born in Brooklyn on November 14, 1900—has inevitably set off a round of anniversary celebrations. Copland has turned into the GOM of American music. But unlike most Grand Old Men, he does not blather. Sharply intelligent, urbane, an advanced composer himself, articulate, he has been for many years the ideal spokesman for American music. The record companies naturally are taking cognizance of the occasion. One of the more concrete tributes has come from Columbia, with a pair of discs of seldom-heard Copland works. ("Seldom-heard" is, of course, relative.) One of those discs contains the **Piano Variations** (1930) and the **Piano Fantasy** (1957), played by William Masselos (ML 5568, monaural; MS 6168, stereophonic). The other is devoted to his "play opera," **The Second Hurricane** (1937), with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, backed by soloists and chorus of the High School of Music and Art (ML 5581, monaural; MS 6181, stereophonic).

These discs make one think, and they illustrate the curious career of the composer. One segment of his work is greatly admired by musicians and scorned by the public. Another segment is greatly admired by the public and rather deprecated by musicians. The piano works played so brilliantly by Masselos are representative of the first class; "The Second Hurricane" of the latter.

When Copland came back from France in 1924, after having been one of Nadia Boulanger's first Amer-

ican students, he had forged a very individual style. His idiom was completely "contemporary," but it avoided the clichés then in fashion—the clichés of neo-classicism (Stravinsky), polytonality (Milhaud), or dodecaphonism (Schoenberg). His style, in such works as the "Piano Variations," the "Piano Quartet," and the "Sextet," was sparse, bleak, and highly dissonant. Melodies were strongly defined, but they were not melodies in the orthodox sense. The Copland melodic lines sprang around in strange leaps. And the Copland rhythms were complicated, dexterous, and handled in virtuoso manner. Here obviously was an uncompromising young composer who had something individual to say, and who said it with enormous force. It was not pretty music he composed; but it was music that set its mark on the following generation of Americans.

Copland went along in this style for about ten years. He was much discussed, and his technique was a subject of awe among the professionals. But even though he got his share of performances, the public never warmed much to his atonal, complicated, and quite difficult music. The "Piano Variations" heard in the new Columbia disc is typical of this period of Copland's writing. It is long, sparse, angular, and—to ears weaned on the nineteenth century—completely unmelodic. To many listeners it will sound like clumps of notes hit at random. Repeated listenings help bring out the ground plan of the work (and the liner annotation contains a fine analysis that will help), but under no conditions could this be called lovable music. It never really has had public acceptance.

Then came a remarkable shift. All of a sudden Copland began composing musical best-sellers, written in an orthodox tonal style that was

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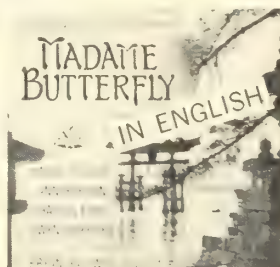


Starring Franco Corelli, the sensational young Italian tenor making his first U.S. appearances at the Met this season.

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### Hits on His Hands

This is the Copland who is popular here and abroad. In Europe, for one professional who knows the "Sextet" or "Piano Variations," there are a hundred who know "Rodeo" or "Appalachian Spring." Copland's middle period is a strongly nationalistic one. Being Copland, he did bring his own personality to the music. But gone were the austerities and the pile-up of dissonance. Instead were racy tunes, often built on American folk melodies and harmonized with great sophistication. Some of his colleagues privately thought that he had sold out. Nothing succeeds like success, however, and Copland began to find himself with hit after hit on his hands.

"The Second Hurricane," which dates from 1937, is one of the lesser works of this period, and is not heard often these days. Copland composed it as a play opera for high-school students. The libretto was written by Edwin Denby, and tells the story of a group of teen-age children caught in a hurricane, sharing misfortunes in common, and learning how to work together. What militates against its success is a combination of factors—a rather embarrassing libretto, and an equally embarrassing writing-down on the composer's part. It is a very contrived score. Copland is nothing if not an intellectual, and this kind of attempted popularization simply is not in his blood. Goodness knows that some of his other popular scores are calculated enough; but at least a work like "Appalachian Spring" has such cleverness and finesse that it can be enjoyed for its craft alone. "The Second Hurricane" is far too Rover-Boyish to rank high as a work of art, and it is one of its composer's few real mistakes.

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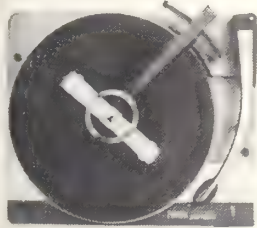


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few differences. It was ushered in by the "Third Symphony," a purely abstract work that avoided the titillating folk atmosphere so characteristic of his popular scores. Perhaps Copland felt that he had exploited the folk world far enough; perhaps he felt that he was becoming known only as a purveyor of musical lollipops. Whatever the reason, he once more began to turn his attention to music of severity and fierce intellectual concentration.

"The Piano Fantasy," composed about four years ago, reflects Copland's interest in the twelve-tone school. It is not strict twelve-tone music, and it uses ten instead of the twelve notes of the scale to form a "row." These ten notes are put through almost every conceivable device; and Copland has given himself plenty of time to do so. The work runs about a half-hour long.

As in the earlier "Variations," the piano writing is disjunct. The solo instrument is treated percussively, and dissonance is piled upon dissonance. Copland has become abstract once more, with a vengeance. In many respects, the "Fantasy" is a lexicon of avant-garde workmanship, and professionals are hypnotized with the work.

Not the public, though. It takes an audience of specialists to sit through this fearsomely complicated piece of writing. The "Fantasy" may be a technical tour de force; but pianists who have played it to regulation audiences find their listeners' attention wandering very soon. Restlessness sets in; then the audience breaks into titters. The music is just too grim, too relentless, too disso-

nant, too intellectual, too determined to show the world that Copland can do other things besides American potpourris.

#### *What Future?*

What about Copland's eventual place? The guess here is that he will primarily be remembered as an influence. With all of his technique, with all of his undisputed originality, his music has tended to date. He was the bright young thing of the 'twenties, and he reflects the period only too well. His experiments with jazz, as in the early "Piano Concerto," cannot be heard with much comfort these days. Often, one feels—rightly or wrongly—Copland used jazz devices not because he felt strongly about them, but because he felt that for an American composer it was *The Thing to Do*. In his recent music, twelve-tone flirtations or no, he simply harks back to what he was doing before his nationalistic period.

The irony will probably be that Copland, if he is remembered at all, will be remembered by works he may privately loathe by now—"Appalachian Spring" and others of that genre. For those seem to have worked their way strongly into the repertoire, whereas the abstract Copland of the "Fantasy" and "Variations" simply has no public appeal at all. Greatness in art and public appeal are, of course, not necessarily synonymous; and it may be that Copland is addressing himself to a future generation. But how future? Thirty years have passed since the "Variations" were composed. How much longer must we wait?

## AND ALSO . . .

**Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat.** Sviatoslav Richter and Chicago Symphony conducted by Erich Leinsdorf (Victor LM 2466; \*LSC 2466).

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# JAZZ notes

*Eric Larrabee*

MR. R & MR. B

Offhand, I cannot think of a less likely combination than that represented by the recent Columbia record which brings together Dave Brubeck, the bespectacled pianist of tense-fingered intellect, with the venerable and authoritative blues-shouter, Jimmy Rushing. Mr. Brubeck embodies a strain in jazz that is thoughtful, collegiate, and suitable for *Time* cover stories, but is sometimes denied its credentials as "swinging." Mr. Rushing is one of the authentic voices, out of the true past by way of the Count Basie band, with a husky rasp that is rarely mistaken or mistakable.

To match Rushing with Brubeck is to add body to a certain dryness, but also to challenge by comparison. At one hearing, they complement one another. From the first notes of the opening track there is an apparent buoyant drive that means either Brubeck in good form—or Brubeck enlivened, as others have been before him, by the infectious Rushing sureness and verve. Later listening, on the other hand, may suggest that the very presence of an unreflective force like Mr. Rushing's could make Brubeck sound somewhat tame, or else vulnerable because of what are otherwise his virtues—a nervous muscularity that can descend, at worst, to piano-pounding, yet rise, on occasion, to its own cumulative excitement.

Mr. Rushing, that is, sounds livelier on his many other sides where there are Basie veterans to back him, while Brubeck—at least to one listener who admires without wholly capitulating to his admirers—is better represented by his ventures into classicism than into "traditional" jazz. The main thing wrong with this argument is that it fails to do justice to their new record. I'm glad they tried it, against the better judgment that might otherwise have prevailed.

**Brubeck and Rushing.** The Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Jimmy Rushing. Columbia CL 1553.

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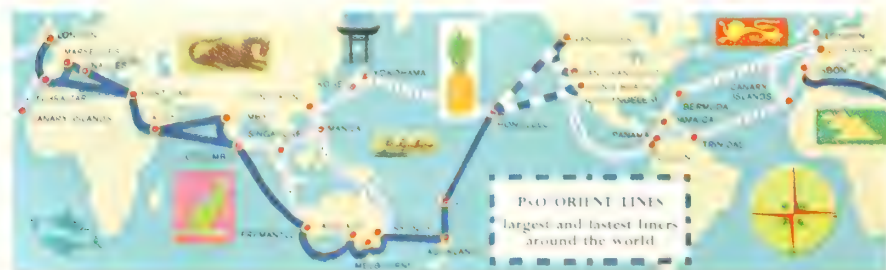
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# Harper's MAGAZINE

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VOL. 222 NO. 132  
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ARTICLES

- 29 The Kingdom of Silence. *Anonymous*  
38 Everything's Up-to-date in Texas . . . But Me,  
*Russell Lynes*  
43 A Cure for Bewitchment. *Herbert Passin*  
46 Apocalypse, *Norman O. Brown*  
Introductory Comment, *Benjamin Nelson*  
50 The Pitchman, *Long John Nebel*  
55 Ernest Bevin: Comfortable Friend, Formidable  
Adversary, *Dean Acheson*  
73 America's Wandering Scholars, *Richard M. Gummere Jr.*  
78 Which Scientists Win Nobel Prizes? *George W. Gray*

FICTION

- 63 The Polarizing Force, *May Dikeman*

VERSE

- 33 Naming the Colors, *Eric Pfeiffer*  
53 The Danaids, *Palmer Boxie*  
77 As I Step Over A Puddle . . . , *James Wright*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters  
12 The Easy Chair—A BETTER WAY WITH PRESS CONFERENCES,  
*Philip M. Wagner*  
23 After Hours, *Henry H. Saylor and James L. McPherson*  
83 Public & Personal—THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN FROM  
KANSAS CITY, *William S. White*  
88 The New Books, *Robert L. Heilbroner*  
98 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*  
102 Music in the Round, *Discus*  
104 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

- 105 The Mood of the Russian People: Articles by  
*Richard Pipes, Markoosha Fischer, Patricia Blake,*  
*David Burg, A. Zr., Alfred Kazin, Priscilla Johnson,*  
*Richard Brain*

COVER: JANET HALVERSON; MARC RIBOUD (MAGNUM)

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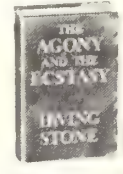
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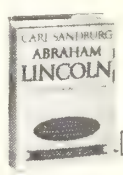
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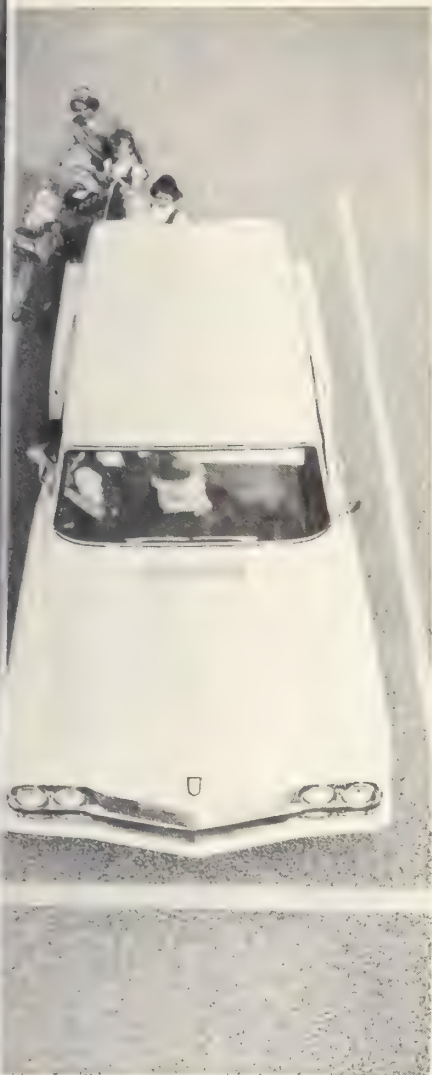
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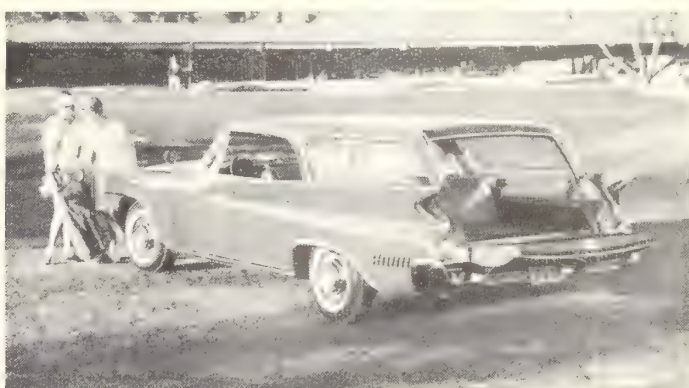


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# LETTERS

## *The Testers' Dilemma*

TO THE EDITORS:

Your issue of March 1961 featured a lengthy article with the inflammatory and unsupported title, "The Tyranny of Multiple-choice Tests," by Banesh Hoffmann. In the article he attacked objective tests and challenged me, as president of Educational Testing Service, to reply. For *Harper's* to print such an attack and challenge without any apparent check on the validity of the "evidence" Mr. Hoffmann presents and then to refuse to provide adequate space to set the record straight, as you have done, can only be termed irresponsible journalism. Lest your readers conclude that there is nothing to be said in response to Mr. Hoffmann, however, I shall do what I can in the brief letter allotted me here.

Mr. Hoffmann has asked for a defense of three test questions which were prepared in 1951 and which, for the record, have never been used in a final test. A full statement explaining the reasonableness and efficiency of each question has been prepared and is available on request from Educational Testing Service. I hope *Harper's* readers will write to me directly for copies.

Mr. Hoffmann has also proposed the formation of a committee of commanding intellectual stature to "investigate testing." Those of us involved in testing welcome "investigations" by any competent individual or group at any time. We live by choice in a glass house; our work is constantly under the scrutiny of teachers, scholars, and committees of specialists in all fields. Through their efforts, multiple-choice tests have been improved steadily over the past forty years and understanding of their uses and limitations has spread widely among knowledgeable persons. By contrast, flailing attacks like Mr. Hoffmann's serve only to confuse important issues.

We have in the past welcomed criticisms from Mr. Hoffmann, with whom we have spent many patient hours in conference and correspondence. As is evident in his article, however, for a scientist, Mr. Hoffmann dismisses evidence with amazing ease—when the subject lies outside his own field. His method is to ferret out questions which he thinks would appear ambiguous to the exceptional student, and then assume that all potential geniuses will see

them his way, score poorly, and be lost to society. He has never presented evidence to support his thesis. All our evidence is to the contrary. Quite the reverse, tests have frequently identified the brilliant student not otherwise recognized.

Multiple-choice tests with as many as 100 questions permit wide sampling of subject matter and qualities of student thinking. If a student should misinterpret one question or even several, his over-all score would not be seriously affected. Furthermore, each question is prepared by a committee of leading scholars and teachers in the field and can be tried out in advance. If any ambiguity exists (e.g., if, in fact, it is tripping up a number of the top students) it is eliminated or revised according to the judgment of the committee.

No one is more anxious to improve present tests than those who are responsible for them, and no one recognizes their subtle problems more keenly. As John Gardner writes in his recent book, *Excellence*, "Anyone attacking the usefulness of tests must suggest workable alternatives." Mr. Hoffmann never does.

HENRY CHAUNCEY, Pres.  
Educational Testing Service  
Princeton, N.J.

We need more Banesh Hoffmanns to keep the test constructors alert and humble. But we also need to maintain our perspective and balance. . . . As for his comments on the National Merit Scholarship Program, he is delightfully confused and misinformed. The preliminary screening test used in the Merit Program is completely revised and improved each year, as is the technical manual.

We use two tests, prepared by different testing agencies. But we also use students' school records, records of accomplishments outside the classroom, and the judgments of school officials. Finally, all of this information is evaluated not by a machine (although some persons believe it should be), but by experienced, skilled educators who make the actual selection of the National Merit Scholars. As to the Merit Scholars themselves, and their degree of success, Dr. Hoffmann exhibits ignorance both of able youth and of the system of higher education in this country. He apparently believes that every Merit Scholar should conform at once by obtaining all A grades in the college of his choice and in the curriculum he has elected, both unwisely chosen in some cases. . . .

Yet make no mistake about it, the academic performance of the total group of Merit Scholars is amazing. What other selection techniques have done as effective a job? . . . If others can devise more effective ways we shall be among the first to adopt the new procedures. Dr. Hoffmann might well ponder the classic remark of Bruce Bairnsfather's Old Bill to his complaining companion in a shell hole: "If you can find a better 'ole, 'op to it."

JOHN M. STALNAKER, Pres.  
National Merit Scholarship Corp.  
Evanston, Ill.

Professor Hoffmann's thoughtful and revealing essay omits one poignant fact. At the very moment when many of us are coming to realize the shortcomings of multiple-choice questions, we are obliged to construct them ourselves—simply to survive—for the hordes of students rushing into our classrooms!

ROY P. FAIRFIELD  
Assoc. Prof. of Government  
Ohio University  
Athens, O.

Professor Hoffmann may recognize here what may be called the devil theory of numbers. Almost any profession or group or object can be made to seem sinister by demonstrating how pervasive or ubiquitous it has become (who stands at the center of the national soap ring?). It is silly to suggest that educational test publishing has grown because it is unchecked. . . .

The sample test item that is cited is badly worded and confusing. . . . This is one of tens of thousands of test items that my firm has published. We readily accept criticism and we do change test items when they are proven faulty. Publishing tests is *publishing*: it is not infallible but it is seriously professional. We do not force tests on anyone; we do not misrepresent them. Schools and industry buy our tests because these are one of many educational instruments that serve a demonstrably sound purpose in a society whose aim it is to educate tens of millions of its citizens. If this be tyranny, what is freedom?

WILLIAM JOVANOVIICH, Pres.  
Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.  
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Hoffmann is not alone in protesting against the tyranny of the multiple-choice examination. Even some psychologists would like to join forces with him. But Dr. Hoffmann weakens his barrage by concentrating firepower on the ant hill of individual questions that may have been sloppily or ungrammatically worded. The fundamental question he raised still remains—shall we permit the odd-ball genius to be screened out simply because he is a statistical misfit or



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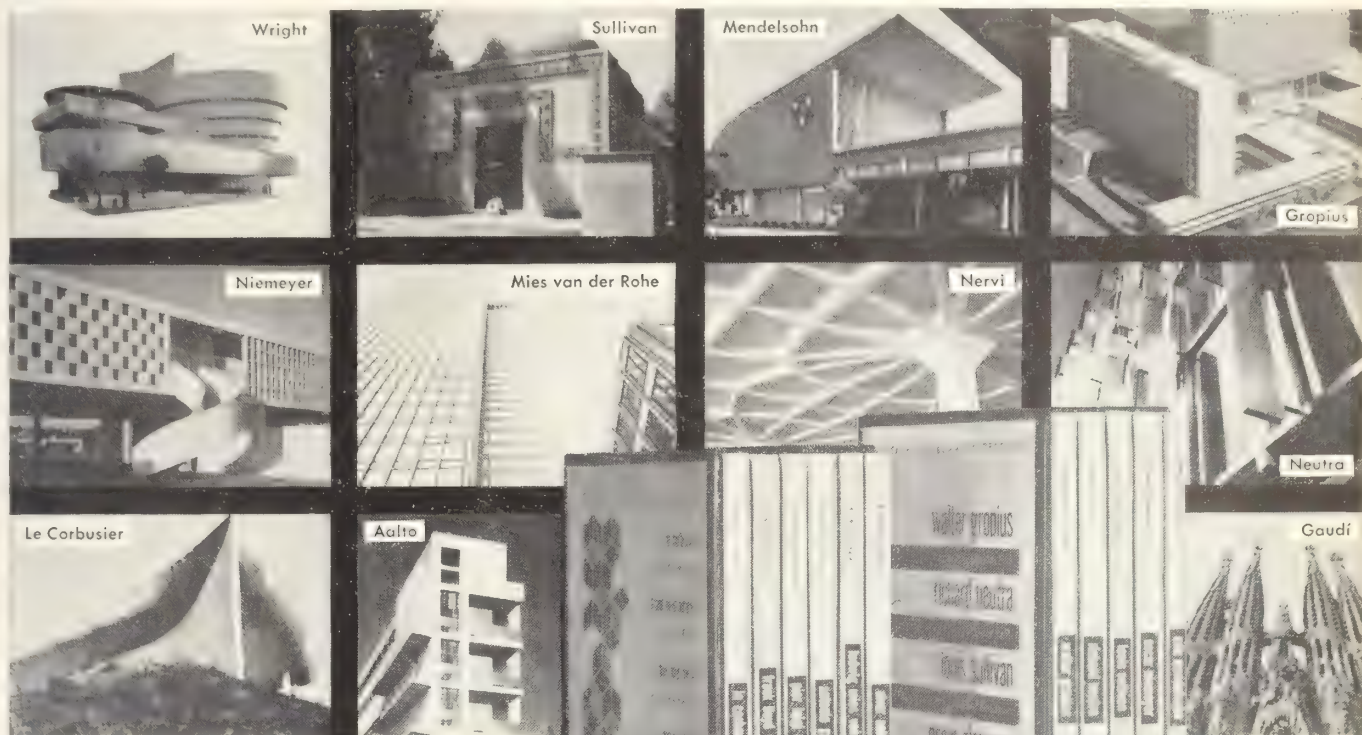
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because the tests were not designed to include him in the list of the chosen? . . .

PHINEAS KADUSHIN  
Irvington, N.J.

Let us have "a completely independent board of eminent educators and scholars," preferably dentists, examine Dr. Hoffmann. And if they should find so much as one or two cavities in any of Dr. Hoffmann's teeth, let's eliminate as rapidly as possible Dr. Hoffmann. We would give him, of course, a chance to defend his defects, but he must defend them "specifically." He cannot argue that he is in good health otherwise or protest that a cavity in his tooth is only one slight flaw in his total structure. He must stand or fall on his defense of the specific criticism we have leveled at him. We will not trouble ourselves as to what we should use to replace Dr. Hoffmann. Thoughts as to the value he might have to his wife and family are inconsequential. Our only concern will be to eradicate a man with a flaw. . . .

CAMERON FISCHER  
Assoc. Prof. of Psychology  
Dir. of Testing and Counseling  
Georgia State College  
Atlanta, Ga.

*As we go to press, the letters coming in from our readers are four to one in favor of Dr. Hoffmann.*—THE EDITORS

### Sunstroke

TO THE EDITORS:

I am alarmed by Howard Gossage's apparent adherence [in "The Golden Twig," March] to the Ptolemaic conception of the relative motion of the bodies in our solar system. . . . "To this day our senses testify that the earth circles the sun rather than the other way around," he writes. . . . My senses testify that the sun circles the earth, but I nevertheless yield to the overwhelming evidence in support of the Copernican conception that the earth circles the sun. If Mr. Gossage really believes what he has written he is indeed a museum piece among scholars.

STEPHEN G. BISHOP  
Grad. Student in Physics  
Brown University  
Providence, R.I.

### Good Neighbor

TO THE EDITORS:

Neither in Hugh MacLennan's "'Anti-Americanism' in Canada" [Easy Chair, March] nor in John Fischer's rejoinder did I detect a clear-eyed appeal to reason. Both favor some system of protecting Canada from American business en-

croachment. Does it not occur to them that Canada's problem is the result of separation from the United States? If men were more rational and less emotional, the solution would lie not in further cleavage but in closer union. . . . Because if we scratched the artificial border from the map by admitting ten new states to the Union, aggressive and enterprising Canadians would move into a wide new world. Instead of intensifying the barrier through import and investment controls, they should be trying to knock it down altogether. Most likely they would retain their Canadian identity in the same way as the American South, and for about as long, or until it became nonsense. By the rule of reason Canada's ultimate destiny is to rejoin the North American continent.

WILLIAM LAAS  
Long Island City, N.Y.

What about those American businessmen who have gone to work and make their homes in Canada? Many of them feel that they are neither fish nor fowl—no longer really American, nor quite Canadian. Perhaps a little diplomatic pressure and judicious propagandizing for them to become Canadian citizens might help.

MARIAN WARREN  
Drexel Hill, Pa.

### Feather River

TO THE EDITORS:

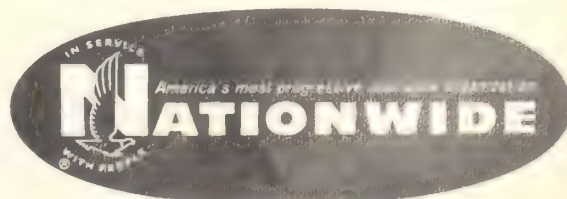
Sydney Kossen's remarks about the Feather River Project ["California's \$2 Billion Thirst," March] appear to have emanated from an overexuberant boosterism perhaps better suited to the California of half a century ago. In defending the F.R.P. Mr. Kossen threatens us with the specter of a collapse in the real-estate boom (which would have certain desirable qualities since large quantities of our extremely fertile farm land is being lost to subdivisions) and we are presumably expected to tremble at the grim prospect of not exceeding New York in human population (a defense which isn't deserving of further comment).

Mr. Kossen attempts to create an atmosphere of an impending water crisis in California but he greatly exaggerates the true condition. The state has ample time to plan ahead and then spend to accommodate to future water needs. I suggest two lines to be investigated before a major financial outlay is made for the F.R.P.: (1) Develop at once a program of water-use education that would teach Californians to properly use their presently developed water resource and to penalize those who prove difficult to educate. The water waste in this state is astonishing and should not be tolerated. (2) Give financial support to



**Enemy** Not Anivar Urbina, small citizen of Honduras. But the enemy is there all around him—malnutrition, disease, the intense despair of poverty. Anivar and millions like him face the Enemy from the day they are born to the quick twilight of their lives. They need help now—above all, help to help themselves. They need food, tools, books, medicines and technical know-how. By any standard they know, we have these things in abundance. Whether it be in Honduras, Africa, India, or even in our own country, this abundance *must* be shared. If we Americans help this child and others like him defeat the Enemy, he will never forget us; if we ignore him, or try to bribe him, he will never forgive us. *Which will it be?*

*P.S. Employees and agents of Nationwide voluntarily have been sponsoring special self-help programs in four Central American countries in cooperation with CARE. More than \$150,000 has been raised in the last 18 months to provide the people of these countries with the tools for better education, medical care, agriculture, housing and other basic needs.*





# YOUR SHARE

"It is with books as with men," wrote Voltaire; "a very small number play a very great part."

Take our economy, for example. It is a free-enterprise economy that is dependent for its prosperity on a continuing flow of capital for expansion and development. And that capital comes from people buying shares of stock in American business.

Share-ownership has been increasing by leaps and bounds during the past decade, but there are still only about 13,000,000 Americans out of 180,000,000 who own common stocks. As Voltaire said, "a very small number play a very great part."

America needs more capital to keep its economy healthy. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, it costs close to \$20,000 to provide a job in industry—\$20,000 in capital outlay to employ just one man. Is it any wonder that our economy needs constant transfusions of the capital that is its life-blood? Economists predict that industry will need some \$500 billion in new capital during the next decade.

Where will it all come from? There was a time when America's capital came largely from hundreds of people with millions of dollars. But in recent years, more and more investment capital has come from millions of investors with hundreds of dollars—and the trend will undoubtedly continue.

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## LETTERS

desalinization research. The economic production of sweet water from salt water is not just an "intriguing dream" as Mr. Kossen suggests but a technical achievement almost within our grasp.

It was a shame that the people of California had to go to the polls last fall possessed with so little information about the F.R.P. I am guilty along with others for not having spoken out in time. There is, however, some hope of bringing about a reappraisal of the F.R.P. scheme although Mr. Kossen's article does not enhance that hope.

CHARLES F. BENNETT, JR.  
Asst. Prof. of Geography  
University of California  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

Professor Bennett obviously is one of a sizable minority that voted against the Feather River Project bonds last November and remains unconvinced that the majority decision was right.

As for the urgency of the program, which he insists does not exist, I should like to note a report by the U.S. Senate Select Committee on National Water Resources. Last January, speaking of Southern California, it said: "This region has already run out of water."

He says the California real-estate boom will sweep before it some of the most productive farm land. The F.R.P. is not promoting a change in land use so much as it is bringing arid land into use for agriculture. Millions of acres now untilled will be preserved for or brought into farm use. He seems to deplore the population explosion in this state. Even if migration from the East were halted, Californians would continue to increase in number due to causes totally independent of the Water Plan.

State engineers say desalinization in water-deficient areas is an impractical approach, particularly in agricultural Kern County, for the wells there already are overdrafting 260 billion gallons a year. And if a cheap method of desalting sea water is developed, the aqueducts still will be needed to transport the water, as pointed out in my article.

He is absolutely correct about the wasteful use of imported water in his area. Americans eat too much, too, and they waste a lot of food they don't eat. Unfortunately, this is the American way in a rising economy. SYDNEY KOSSEN  
San Francisco, Calif.

I am greatly disturbed by the article "California's \$2 Billion Thirst." The writer has misrepresented labor's opposition to the water bonds, failed to analyze how the so-called two-price system would be killed in actual operation, neglected to examine California's alleged water needs, and omitted any mention

that the bill won by a scant 150,000 votes out of over six million cast. . . .

Let me comment further on how the so-called two-price system is killed in a contract the state signed last November with the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California. This contract "contains" the two-price principle but states that for purposes of administration it shall be assumed that all present water supplies of the district are being applied to the holdings over 160 acres. The district already has large supplies from other sources—enough water so that the effect of this assumption is to emasculate the two-price system.

GEORGE BALLIS, Editor  
Valley Labor Citizen  
Fresno, Calif.

## Timken and the Truth

### TO THE EDITORS:

While I agree with the spirit of David Spitz's article on "The Timken Edition of Lenin" [March], I think he is not exactly correct in choosing his villains—in this case soulless corporation executives and newspaper editors. Certainly the latter category can stand with college professors in their determination to ascertain truth as it concerns news.

I suggest that the real villain, the author of the misquotation of Lenin, was a zealous advertising copywriter. There is little chance that either the executives of the Timken Roller Bearing Co. or the editor of the Columbus *Dispatch* have more than a passing knowledge of Lenin's writings. Can you really blame the *Dispatch* editor for everything that the newspaper's advertisers assert in their paid advertisements? The real test—and Mr. Spitz's article did not reveal this—is whether or not the advertisement continued to appear after the error was called to the attention of the executives and editors concerned.

JOHN ENMERICH  
Managing Editor  
McComb Enterprise-Journal  
McComb, Miss.

## Luck o' the Irish

### TO THE EDITORS:

I am delighted to see that you have sunk to the level of "My Dear Irish Doctors" [Harriet Hughes Crowley, March]. My friends have long been bored to tears with the account of my Argentine gall-bladder operation, but now that you have opened your pages to such entertaining and enlightening material I see thousands of fresh victims awaiting me. . . .

MRS. GENE S. KUPFERSCHMID  
Newton Centre, Mass.





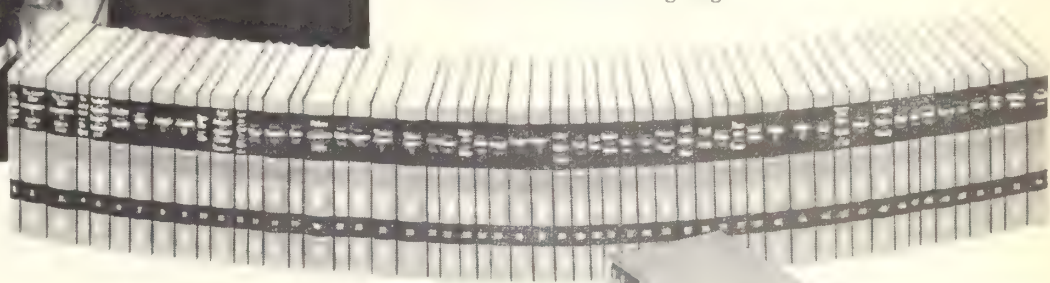
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United States Representative to the United Nations  
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PHILIP M. WAGNER

# THE EASY CHAIR

## A Better Way with Press Conferences

*The guest in the Easy Chair this month is the Editor of the Baltimore SUN. Mr. Wagner takes in national politics from the Sunpapers office just fifty minutes' driving from executive Washington.*

THE press conference was once no more than a method of pacifying reporters en masse by doling out some information. Part of the information was news that they could use, the rest background designed either to help them or to nourish their psyches. The public officer who called the press conference, whether the President or some lesser being, dominated the proceeding and controlled the output.

But the wide-open press conference of today (at which anything may be asked, all questions are expected to be answered somehow, and nothing is withheld from the record) is a very different thing. It has become an adversary proceeding. That is to say, the person who calls it no longer dominates. He may and often does bend it to his own advantage. But it has become a contest, a public spectacle, a matching of wits in which he has allowed himself to be shrunk down to the role of an adverse witness. Anyone with experience as an adverse witness in court or before a Congressional committee knows what that means: it means that the odds are likely to be adverse, too.

This evolution was pushed ahead another step in January by the new President, when he decided that his first two press conferences should be televised "live." That decision raises a question—which even newspapermen are asking—whether the thing hasn't gone too far. To put the question at its bluntest: Do the President of the United States and his principal collaborators (the Secretaries of State, Defense, and Treasury, and a few others) have a duty, or even the moral right, to engage in a quiz contest in which a wrong answer would unfavorably affect not only their own authority but the interests of the United States, of the grand alliance, and of the free world generally?

While my wife and I were following the new

President's first televised press performance, she put the matter very well, I thought, when she exclaimed: "Thank Heaven, they're allowing him to use notes!" The thing about her exclamation that chilled me was the implied suggestion that "they" might *not* allow the President of the United States to use notes—that dependence on trots, cribs, or special briefing might somehow be made to seem like poor gamesmanship.

Farther down the scale, the question just raised loses its relevance. In respect to our domestic affairs, the evolution of the press conference has at least partly plugged a gap in our political arrangements. It serves the same purpose, more or less, that is served in the British system by the Question Period. The British institution differs in that questions are submitted in advance and in writing, answers are carefully prepared after consultation, and subsequent discussion is held to the question. This is a good way of testing the government on some doubtful question of administration or policy: with us, the press conference can do roughly the same thing. Something like the cranberry crisis, which rocked the country just before Thanksgiving in 1959, brings forth a clamor which in turn brings forth a press conference by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. He briefs himself in a hurry, as do the reporters. Secretary and reporters face each other as adversaries, and the session is directed to the cranberry question and that alone. The Secretary is thus required to answer to the people, which is the way things should be. Or at the prodding of two or three energetic reporters this same Secretary may consent another time to a *tour d'horizon* of his department. If he handles himself well, he is the gainer; if he is tripped up and sent sprawling, he is the loser, but still the public has been instructed. There is something of the New England town meeting, as well as the Question Period, about this. Very wholesome—and no one thinks of slopping over into the affairs of other departments. The Secretary of This is not expected to know about That.

We need more of such press conferences. The trouble is that the very scale of government prohibits proper exploitation of an effective device.

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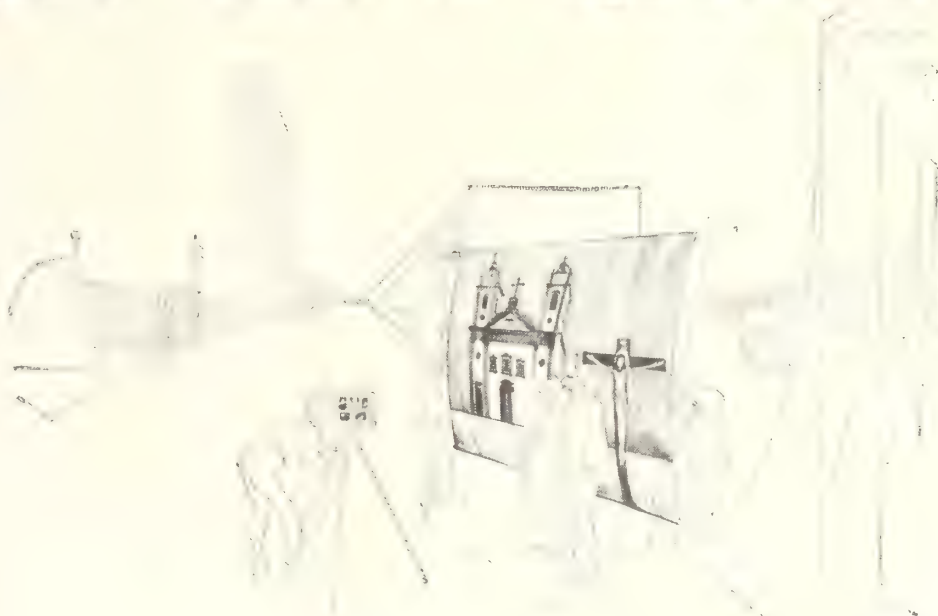
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Too much depends on the individual reporter, who gets small encouragement from his home office for his pains. In simple self-interest members of the Washington press corps tend to look down on second-string press conferences when they can follow the big story that everyone else is following and get a bigger play and hence more personal glory. And this makes evasion easy for administrators who find press conferences awkward or frightening. Failure by the papers to push constantly for press conferences of this type is a big factor in easing the altogether too easy transition from Big Government into irresponsible government.

THE virtue of the wide-open press conference comes into question only when the top of the executive heap is involved. There is no telling, these days, how or when domestic affairs may impinge on foreign. Up there in the policy-making stratosphere, the business of government has become one vast omelet in which wage rates in the steel industry are scrambled with the problem of gold outflow, a strike in Los Angeles involves the missile gap, and the beet-sugar lobby can flavor our policy toward Cuba. Up there, moreover, every public utterance counts, no matter how tentative or impetuous. By the nation's and the world's opinion these men are granted only the narrowest margin of tolerance in what they say, and they have a clear duty to themselves and their country to guard their tongues. The open press conference is an instrument, manned by experienced technicians, for loosening those tongues. They should be wary of it.

In its wide-open form, the top-level press conference is still a comparative novelty. Not until Mr. Eisenhower came along had any of our Presidents been willing to expose themselves to the hazards of it. Woodrow Wilson met regularly with the press at first, but at arm's length. He found even this awkward though sometimes helpful, and his press conferences ended with the beginning of the first world war. President Harding permitted limited quotation in the beginning, until he made his historic blunder over the Japanese Four Power Treaty. After that he held himself to questions submitted in advance in writing and accepted very few of them. Presidents Coolidge and Hoover were positively misanthropic about the press (understandably enough, considering what the generality of the working press thought about them).

President (F. D.) Roosevelt, his own best public relations counselor, was quick to realize the immense value, to him, of the manipulated press conference. Within these meetings he achieved an effect of the greatest freedom and informality, while never for a moment losing control. He was lavish with confidential judgments and information—off the record. He was still more lavish with background, which might be used

by reporters on their own responsibility but could not be attributed to him. Trial balloons and certain types of information could even be attributed to "the White House," though not to the President. He allowed no direct quotations whatever except when he judged quotations to be to his clear advantage. There was nothing off-the-cuff about quotations emerging from a Roosevelt press conference; they were coldly calculated pronouncements. And the information which could be used without attribution to the President was even more welcome to the reporters than the rare quotations. It made them "insiders." It endowed them with the gift of insight and the power of prophecy.

Mr. Truman followed a somewhat parallel practice, but unevenly and with far less virtuosity. Nor did he keep anything like Rooseveltian control over his immediate lieutenants. Secretary Acheson's celebrated lapse at that National Press Club press conference in 1950, when he failed to place South Korea within the perimeter of our Far Eastern defense, would not have happened in Roosevelt's day.

IT remained for Mr. Eisenhower, with that absence of cunning which endeared him to so many and was the despair of many others, to throw off all the protections. He was the first President to release the transcripts for full quotation, the first to permit uncensored reproduction by film. These were unprecedented gestures. They seem to have been based on the belief that the mind and personality of the President are the public's property, and on a faith that due allowance would be made by press and public for the errors of fact and the tentative dicta—and the defective syntax—which are likely to creep into impromptu replies to questions ranging across the whole field of public affairs. One thing that the President failed to take account of was that by putting himself completely on the record he denied himself the intimacy with the working press, the mutually beneficial interchanges which Roosevelt had cultivated so fruitfully. His effort to build a relationship of complete candor had the paradoxical effect of placing a barrier between him and the press, a barrier that progressively hardened the already-existing hostility of most of the Washington press corps.

Mr. Eisenhower was wrong, too, in expecting that allowances would be made for the predictable gaucheries of impromptu delivery. No such allowances were made. The Eisenhower press conferences produced a rich harvest of published distortions, ambiguities, and dead-pan ridicule which damaged his reputation in ways that could have been avoided by a more restrictive policy. Beyond question, this reduced—how much is a matter of dispute—Mr. Eisenhower's utility as leader of the grand alliance. His way of responding was not to reimpose press restrictions;



## "FRENCH-SCHMENCH IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME"

Describing it simply, the scene above is a happy one for all concerned. A gathering of gourmets is about to realize the pure joy that comes from partaking of an epicurean masterpiece. The unseen proprietor of this elegant establishment will derive his pleasure from the outrageous check. But most important, we are privileged to see a truly happy man, a *Maître D's Maître D'*, a paragon of Parisian perfection, performing his duties in the classic French tradition.

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Despondent was the word for young Demetrios the day he presented himself to the Berlitz school in New York, not too long ago. Falteringly he proclaimed that he had to speak another language "right

away" or all was lost. He was told that he could begin English lessons at once. "Not English," was his agitated reply, "French." He went on to explain that he was an "A Number 1" waiter in one of America's great French restaurants. His boss had suddenly given him an ultimatum, "Learn French or look for another job." Demetrios liked the job and felt that it could lead to bigger things, but alas, when it came to speaking French, compared to him, even Parkyakarkus sounded like Charles de Gaulle.

The solution was simple. One of the local Berlitz instructors taught him gourmet French—the language of the waiters, the customers and the menu. Demetrios kept his job and, as you can see from the above, is well on his way to gastronomic glory.

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it was to cut down the frequency of his meetings with newsmen. Because in the beginning his intention had been to give more, he wound up giving less, while still not controlling the output. This cut off a prime source of public enlightenment and in turn invited criticism.

In practice no allowances could be made, even if there had been the will, because a President is never an ordinary mortal no matter how mortal he may feel. He can never be judged, or expect to be judged, with the tolerance which is the plain man's due. He is an institution. He is oracular, whether he means to be or not, and even more so abroad than at home. A flubbed sentence, entrapment by a catch question, an indication of some failure of understanding or of liaison between him and his lieutenants, the smallest mistake of fact: all these can cause consequences far beyond his expectation. They did cause such consequences. President Eisenhower's error of judgment in supposing that he would be treated like a human being was compounded, moreover, by the fact that his principal lieutenants felt compelled to follow his example—or risk the curled lip of the press corps.

They got the curled lip anyway, for their performances. An exception must be made, of course, in the case of John Foster Dulles, a press-conference virtuoso. No one who ever sat in on one of his conferences can forget the relish with which he scooped up a really stiff question—the gleam in his eye, the sardonic smile, the way he chewed the question and rolled it around on his tongue before answering, and the superb style of his answer when it came out. For Mr. Dulles, the press conference was an art form even down to the use of the calculated slip. Nine times out of ten his shockers were meant to be shockers and meant to produce an effect not always evident to his questioners. On the tenth time he approached the problem of self-extraction much as a chess master examines an ingenious obstacle to his strategy.

But Mr. Dulles was unique. For the others, the example of Mr. Eisenhower was an uncomfortable burden which they carried badly. The explosions of Secretary Charles E.

(“Engine Charlie”) Wilson were harmful to himself, to the morale of the Defense Department, and to his Administration's posture both at home and abroad. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey on the theme of “a depression that will make your hair curl” managed to throw into doubt the basic philosophy of his administration as it affected both domestic and foreign affairs. In his maiden press conference as Secretary of Defense, Gates unintentionally raised a false and needless controversy over the relative weight to be given to “capability” and “intent” in intelligence estimates. The evasions of Secretary of State Herter, struggling to perform an uncongenial task, had the effect of making a capable and devoted public servant look like a ninny. And so it went.

IT is time, I think, to recognize that at or near the top the value of the open press conference is highly questionable, except to lovers of factitious news stories, and involves risks out of all proportion to any conceivable gains. Some of my press colleagues who make a fetish of “the people's right to know” do not agree. But one thinks of other seductive innovations in popular government that have lost much of their luster when put to the test: proportional representation, referendum and recall, the primary system, and that state of bliss once thought to flow automatically from public ownership of the means of production. The open press conference is a proper candidate for that list. Looking back over eight years of experience with it, one finds hardly an occasion when a really important constructive purpose was served that could not have been better served in some other way. As a vehicle for important announcements, a press conference is no better, for example, than an announcement *tout court*. It may be worse, for interest may easily be diverted from an announcement by subsequent questioning on other topics. The record in the eight Eisenhower years was pretty consistently a record of false alarms, synthetic controversies leading nowhere, and embarrassments large and small that in these times are increasingly likely to involve the nation along with the immediate vic-

tim. This is sensation and public entertainment bought at too high a cost.

The wonder is that the new Administration has not so far tumbled to this. One had thought that the mishandling of the Quemoy-Matsu question in the television debate between Candidate Kennedy and Candidate Nixon would be sufficient warning. In the second of those debates—and they were essentially press conferences—both found themselves lured into positions that they would never have taken had they not been engaged in an “I-dare-you-to-answer” game, a quiz show, under the scrutiny of millions of voters. Each subsequently had the awkward problem of drawing back to the careful ambiguity of the Administration's position on those islands without seeming to contradict himself. Neither proved quite able to dismiss the subject. A false issue clouded the campaign from then on, an issue without profit to the public and injurious to the conduct of our foreign policy.

IN spite of this clear warning, the new Administration adopted a press conference policy more open even than that of its predecessor. This produced one immediate and glaring contradiction, since the new Administration also showed itself determined to “co-ordinate,” *i.e.*, control, the formal utterances of admirals and Cabinet members, and the flow of information generally, for the purpose of maintaining some degree of consistency in policy. That determination makes sense. Yet there is no way of “co-ordinating” in advance what a Cabinet member—or the President himself—may say when confronted with and perhaps rattled by a barrage of questions in an unrestricted press conference. Replies in such cases are launched instantly on the wings of the mass media and can never be retrieved for review and censorship.

First sorties of the new Administration into this dangerous territory of the press conference have displayed a high order of expertise and gained public applause. But a record that is 99 per cent perfect can be ruined by a one per cent flaw—if the flaw involves a crucial part. And it is no good saying that any innate superiority and quick-wittedness of the





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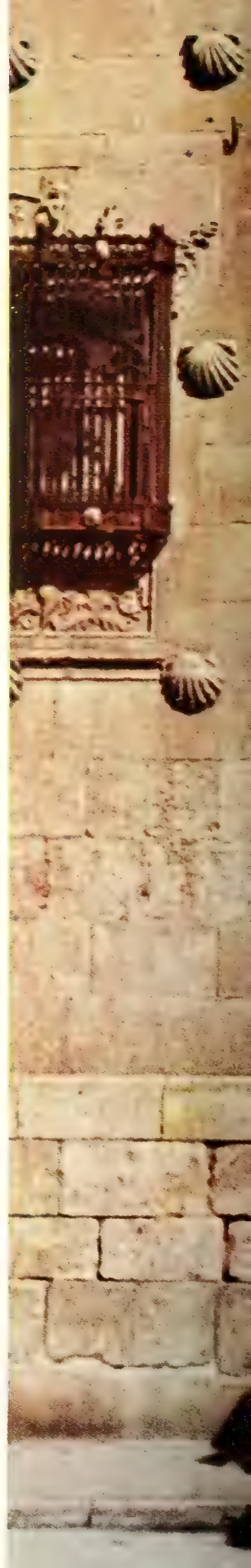
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## THE EASY CHAIR

new crowd make it proof against the hazards that so frequently damaged its predecessors. For one thing, the new crowd has had the initial advantages of a sympathetic press: the will to trip up, to embarrass, to make things difficult, has been almost entirely absent so far. For another, a new Administration has very little to defend in the course of its first few months. It still deals mainly in promises, and the need to defend and justify itself lies in the future.

Even so, there have been little warnings, little clouds casting telltale shadows. In his first televised press conference, President Kennedy made two misstatements, both utterly trivial and unimportant yet indicators of fallibility nevertheless. Subsequently he has made others, all trivial so far. Misstatements will not always and necessarily be trivial. And Mr. Adlai Stevenson in his first press conference as leader of the United Nations delegation made a blunder that was rather more than trivial when he offered the opinion (on his own) that President Kennedy would be delighted to see Mr. Khrushchev if Mr. Khrushchev should come over for the spring meeting of the General Assembly. That blunder required and got a White House "clarification" the same afternoon, lest Mr. Khrushchev mistake it for a left-handed invitation to come on over.

THERE are better ways of accomplishing the purpose that the open press conference is supposed to accomplish—ways that bring out as much if not more and better information without the attendant dangers. Good proof of this is the fact that many of our ablest Washington reporters scorn press conferences and avoid them: they rely on their private and personal sources. The private conversation between a responsible official and a trusted reporter is and always has been the source of much of our most significant and solid national news. Such interviews are always exposed to the charge (by less competent and perhaps less aggressive newspapermen) of favoritism. What of it?

A device of great value, which was used with peculiar skill and effect by Mr. Dulles but is widely used throughout the federal establish-

ment, is the group briefing. It disposes of the charge of favoritism, it broadens the discussion, it gives participants the opportunity to check against one another's impressions, and at the same time it warns them all that what they publish is also subject to check. It is thus self-enforcing as to accuracy.

We had a good illustration of the latter point in the serio-comic "missile gap" briefing that Secretary McNamara gave to a group of senior Pentagon correspondents in early February, shortly after becoming Secretary of Defense. A half-dozen of these reporters blossomed out the following morning with stories, attributed merely to "Pentagon sources," that on the evidence of preliminary studies no such thing as a "missile gap" exists. It was politically naïve of the new Secretary to put this out, and there was a prompt White House denial. The denial that any such tentative conclusion had been reached was reduced to rubbish by the mere fact that a half-dozen thoroughly responsible men, rather than a single confidant, could vouch for the circumstances surrounding the briefing and what they published. The same episode also gave the new President his first real taste of the potential awkwardness of the open press conference. He was tackled on the question in a press conference the next day. His efforts at explanation were less than successful, and by inference they contradicted some of the missile-gap statements that he had made in the course of the campaign. His explanation likewise produced some jumbled syntax that would have done credit to Mr. Eisenhower at his most confusing.

IF we assume—what is undoubtedly true—that high-level press conferences are here to stay, there are still some ways of guarding against their worst consequences. One way is to make a much freer use of the "no comment" device. In his first press conference, Secretary of State Rusk was almost comically defensive on this point, explaining to the assemblage that in the beginning his lack of familiarity with many of the details of his job might compel him to turn aside questions much more frequently than he preferred. But

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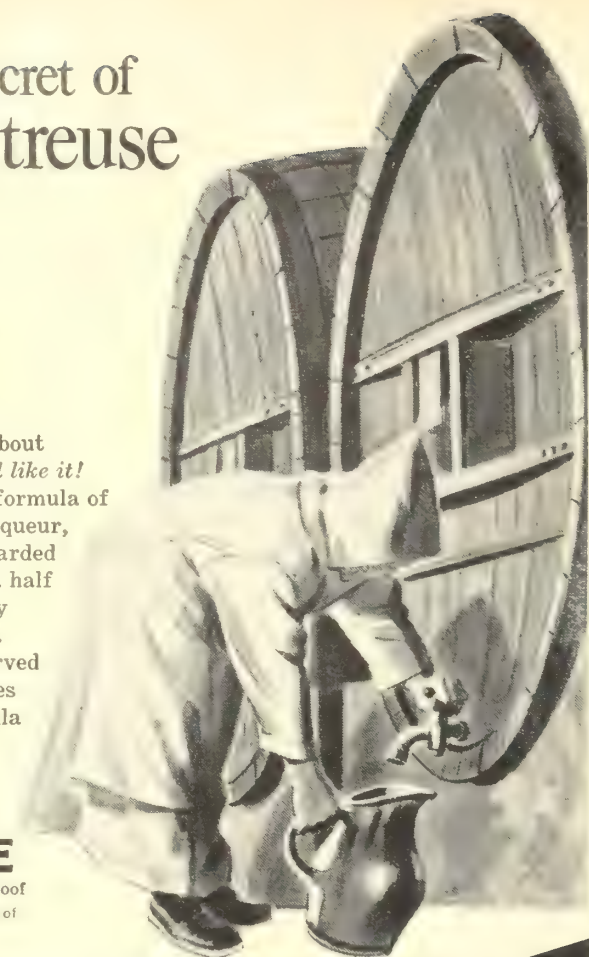


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### THE EASY CHAIR

why should he have apologized? No consideration of honor, bravado, or false pride, no fancied duty to the public, justifies a President or any of his principal lieutenants in attempting to give an answer unless he knows well what he wishes to say and is convinced of the wisdom of saying it. Silence is the best course for them when in doubt or caught by surprise.

A second means of protection—and at the same time of improving the quality of communication to the public—would be to narrow press conferences to a single subject or group of subjects. When a lesser secretary holds a press conference on the cranberry crisis, he limits it to cranberries. How much more important in the case of the President, or of anyone involved in policy in so broad a field as foreign affairs, that boundaries be attached to a day's discussion! If a matter is important enough to require Presidential utterance, it is important that the President be well briefed in advance; and he can never be well briefed on everything.

A third protection would be a return to the restricted press conference of one of the kinds practiced before the Eisenhower innovation. These are apt to produce more searching questions and sharper answers, and they allow a degree of give-and-take and follow-up which is out of the question in public spectacles. The President reserves the right, then, to devise his own gradation of what reporters call attribution: attribution to anonymous rumor or to "a White House spokesman," the permitted indirect quotation, and on occasion the direct quotation.

A President stands or falls by his works and his utterances. It is of the first importance that every Presidential utterance be well considered. Impromptu answers that he may give in the course of public cross-examination are well enough so long as his luck holds and his wit and knowledge are equal to the immediate occasion. But it is vanity on the part of any public official to suppose that his wit will always be equally well honed, that he carries sufficient knowledge in his head to cope with any demand on it, and that his luck will always hold.

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## EXIGENCIES OF EIGHTY

**W**E HEAR much of the extension of human life brought about by the progress of the medical profession and the public health standards. There is much to be said to the credit of those who have lengthened the span beyond the traditional three score and ten years. There is something also to be said on the debit side. Will you follow me while I say some of it?

The age of four score years brings its own problems—not so much in the field of bodily health, I find, as in the category of services. Take the doctor himself, since he has had much to do with the situation. My family doctor, one of that vanishing breed of general practitioners, died some years ago. Having no bodily ailments for some time thereafter, my wife and I were slow in searching out one who might succeed him. When found, the new family doctor had not the time to assimilate our medical and surgical backgrounds before he too reached a good old age, and died. By the time we had made a third choice the details of our past history seemed rather vague, even in our own minds. Telling him the history of his new patients was a bit casual. He made his own examinations, and gave us clean bills of health. A year or two passed before I had occasion to call upon him, when I was told that on advice of *his* doctor he had retired to the country for several months' rest, after which it was hoped that he would be able to return to a more leisurely

practice. Well, perhaps we didn't need a doctor anyway.

In the field of dentistry our experience was much the same. Our grand old dentist—with both his M.D. and D.D.S. degree certificates fading behind the glass of their old-fashioned frames—was apparently going well into his nineties when he had a fall and hurt his spine. In our next choice we were fortunate in selecting a man who has not insisted upon taking out all the fillings wrought by his predecessor and starting afresh. Long may he live!

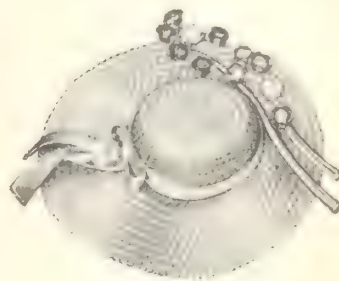
My own experience with oculists has had less interruption. My old doctor—he is perhaps twenty years my junior—has been seeing me at five-month intervals for four or five years, watching the slow development of cataracts. Apparently he has given up the prospect of an operation, for, gently but unmistakably, he has turned me over to his son—also a skilled oculist—whose hand may be steadier than his father's when my need arises, if he should live that long.

My barber's state of health gives me real concern. Frank agrees that he is not as young as he was, and confesses that his feet hurt him. When the day comes when the barber shop answers my phone call for an appointment with the news that Frank is no longer here, then life is going to be very hard indeed. I simply cannot spare the two or three years it would take to establish the proper rapport with a new barber.

• But my chief claim is that we mature folk are not well served in

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## AFTER HOURS

our material needs as well as in personal services. Shoes, for example. For years I found no difficulty in buying decent shoes of one of the nationally distributed brands. Not in the last five or ten years! Taking a leaf out of Detroit's book, the shoe manufacturer uses pierced leather trimmings as Detroit uses chromium strips. It is seemingly impossible for him to resist two-tone effects or to leave off his perforated overlays.

The custom tailor still exists, but I am uneasy about mine. His retail haberdashery branch has expanded into three stores, and I suspect that the original core of custom tailoring may soon become merely a department of alterations. The day seems all too near when I shall have to argue with another man as to the merits of buttons over zippers, or that cuffs on trousers are merely a crude effort to disguise improper length.

Hats give me less trouble, particularly now that the silk hat is rarely worn even at public functions. One looks back with acute nostalgia to the days when one had his hard hunting hat, silk topper, and opera hat made in London and fitted while still warm.

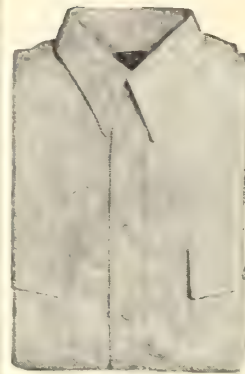
Shirts do not constitute a major problem. I am speaking, of course, of the shirt that is worn where it was designed to be worn—under coat and tucked into the trousers. The recent epidemic of the Hawaiian type, the so-called shirt flown as a balloon-jib, makes one wonder that the Island was granted statehood. We miss the custom shirtmaker, tempting us with a bolt of fine fabric—was it main-sock?—and his ability to give us the kind of collar and cuffs we like on shirt material of our own choosing, with sleeve lengths to agree with the kind of cuffs one picks for the occasion, rather than submit to the standard 32- or 33-inch length.

My mind was at rest in the matter of my watchmaker until, having dropped my watch on the floor, I dropped myself in to see him a few days ago. His little shop is on an upper floor of an outdated office building.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked. "The building is to come down to make room for a big theatre."

"Then where will you be?"

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## AFTER HOURS

"At home in the country, with my work table and tools with me. I'll take care of a few old customers, but it will really be retirement."

Well, at least I shall not have to make friends with a new watch-maker; that's a blessing.

—Henry H. Saylor

## A SCIENCE LECTURE FOR ANY OCCASION

**W**HAT is inside the atom? Quite a lot. Before fission became so fashionable, however, that question was seldom asked aloud. The view prevailing in classical, semi-classical, and even scientific circles was that the atom was but a small and unitarian Greek participle.

Life was certainly simpler for the physicist of old. He never worried about splitting atoms, but contented himself, as you will recall, with four major tasks: 1. making a lever (rule of physical levity); 2. making an arch (rule of Archimedes); 3. making ends meet by cutting corners (Occam's razor); and 4. dropping stones out of a tower (they always fell).

Progress is unstoppable, however, and we now know that the atom contains a host of things (most of them highly nervous and unstable) that are not very easy to remember. Moreover, in order to get at the pure atom it is necessary to sift through the rarer gases—Xenophon, Bellerophon, Klepton, Argyle, etc.—and remove from them such impurities as alpha bits (rare), perfect pitch (an ingredient of rare imperfect pitch-blends), and isotherms (common). Only then can the modern student set to work memorizing and distinguishing between: accusotrons (positive charges), notrons (negative charges), ironic spheres (orbiting charges), posturons, Grammar Rays, croutons (isolated by von Suppe), igneutons, and absurdities (or epipsychidions).

Both the General Field Theory (General Field pointed out that Everything Correlates) and the Special Theory of Relativity (blood is thicker than water) contribute something to our understanding of the Atomic Riddle. But for purposes of popular consumption it is advisable to leave such matters to experts and to concentrate on the more familiar and traditional laws, such as the

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various (numbered) Laws of Thermodynamics.

Although these laws contradict one another, in accordance with the Law of Exclusive Muddle, it is a fortunate circumstance that, except in cases of exclusive metal, you never need more than one of these laws at a time. The rule against overlapping and duplication of physical laws is known as the Law of Least Effort. Let me refresh your memory.

There are Six Major Laws of Thermodynamics:

1. Waste not, want not—The Law of Conservation of Matter.
2. You only get out of things what you put into them—The Law of Supply and Demand.
3. Things are equal to each other, or to other things (a boy for every girl; a push for every pull; a fair day's pay for a fair day's work)—The Law of Compensation.
4. Some things are constant—The Law of Inertia.
5. Some things are variables—The Law of Motion.
6. Some things are serious—The Law of Gravity. (Does not apply to Comic Rays.)

Let us assume that we have memorized all that. The big job remains. We must split the atom. And then we must theorize about it. Or vice versa. Although the well-equipped home laboratory has grown more expensive, a moderately expensive starter set would surely include:

1. a textbook in soiled geometry
2. several reams of graph paper
3. a vacuum
4. denatured alcohol (since nature abhors the vacuum already provided)
5. prisms
6. waves of light
7. inert material
8. a small amount of ert material
9. a Bunsen burner
10. a half-dozen or so (burnable) Bunsens
11. a Leyden jar (for cocktails)
12. a sink or Disposal
13. an oven equipped with peep-holes (isinglass), iron bars (isobars), and tongs (isogrips).

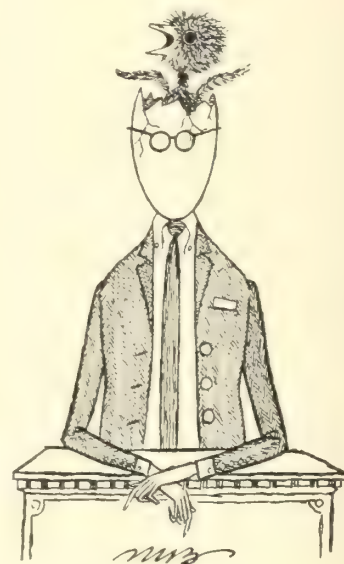
With this equipment the do-it-yourself physicist should be able to reproduce a few of the effects that we shall mention, but it won't be easy.

Now. To split the atom, as you

know, one must ordinarily wait about for a cloudy day in one's chamber. However, when atmospheric conditions are just right for this "cloudychamber effect" and when retroactive bullets are fired at each other inside the chamber, one is almost certain to observe a genuine Unclear Reaction.

First, the atoms begin to bounce around—the Ping-pong ball stage. And to split up—the hot, or popcorn ball stage. Only then are they popped into the oven or cyclorama for rougher treatment.

Convection is applied with tremendous force (using the isobars and isogrips) from the isotop downwards. The atoms must on no account be allowed to spread out like cookies on a cooky sheet, however. It is necessary to keep them bound closely together into an atomic pile. This is fairly easy to do once the so-called chain-reaction comes into binding effect.



It is at this stage—the critical pile or heap of critical stage—that Energy Is Released. Need I remind you that the unforgettable formula for this process is, of course,  $E = mc^2$ ? But what does the formula mean? It means that:

Energy is released when the whole mass of atoms is perfectly squared off by means of a constant.

The handiest and most useful constant, or Absolutely Sure Thing, is our old Arcadian standby,  $2\pi r$ , which has a mathematical value of about 25,000 miles, give or take a little (allowing for slight flattening



# AFTER HOURS

and the poles, defective calipers, and a certain amount of joggling while measurements are taken.

Now if  $E = mc^2$

then  $E = 25000 \frac{\text{square m's}}{360}$

and  $E' = 69.441^\circ$  (square degrees)

This is a convenient formula for calculating the temperature that must be maintained in any (square) oven in order to bring the average atom to a boil. Confirmation of these calculations may be found in Boil's Law, which states, unforgettably:

Compression plus friction equals volume minus function (except for small light constants).

Hence entropy.

This is all the intelligent layman needs to know about splitting atoms, and we could hardly pursue this subject much further without presupposing a thorough knowledge of the Heidelberg principle of Interminability (the Quorum Theory). We can only mention here the most interesting of the current researches now being conducted on the very frontiers of science: the effort, as yet unavailing, to *remove every scrap of electricity from the atom and see what is left*.

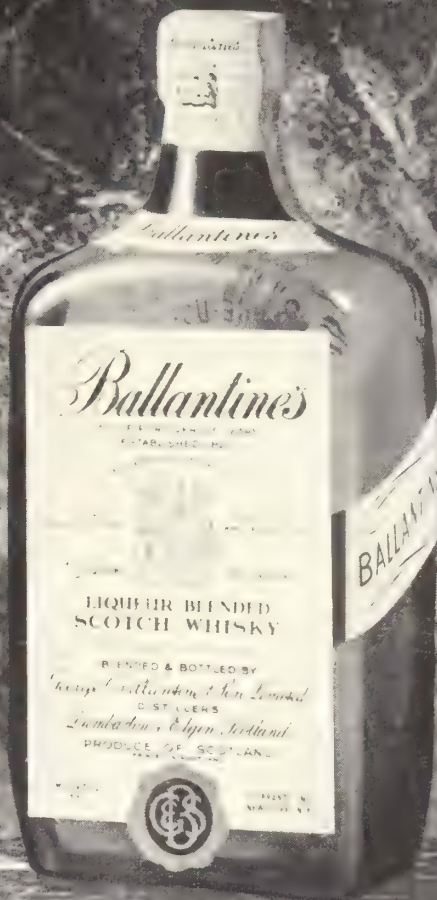
What would happen? The generally accepted current theory (the AC-DC Theory) is that, because space is curved, a round timeless nothing (antimatter) would flow via the negative inductance (anti-ohm) back into the evacuated cloudychamber (antspace) and mix there with residues from the bombarded antinomians (fallout) to form a new and unchargeable substance (antipasto). This is a very exciting prospect.

A few final and inevitable remarks about fallout. All of us, scientists, nonscientists, and the mugwump readers of C. P. Snow, have a stake in the Disposal of Radioactive Waste. Some small amounts are now being buried at sea, but the greatest amount of waste is still going into a critical stockpile of unsafe devices. If this keeps up there won't be room in this old Dump for us people. The notions of a safe device (sponsored by the manufacturers), a safe period (sponsored by the Church), and a clean bomb (sponsored by advocates of massive detergence), all show that Science has a long way to go.

—James L. McPherson

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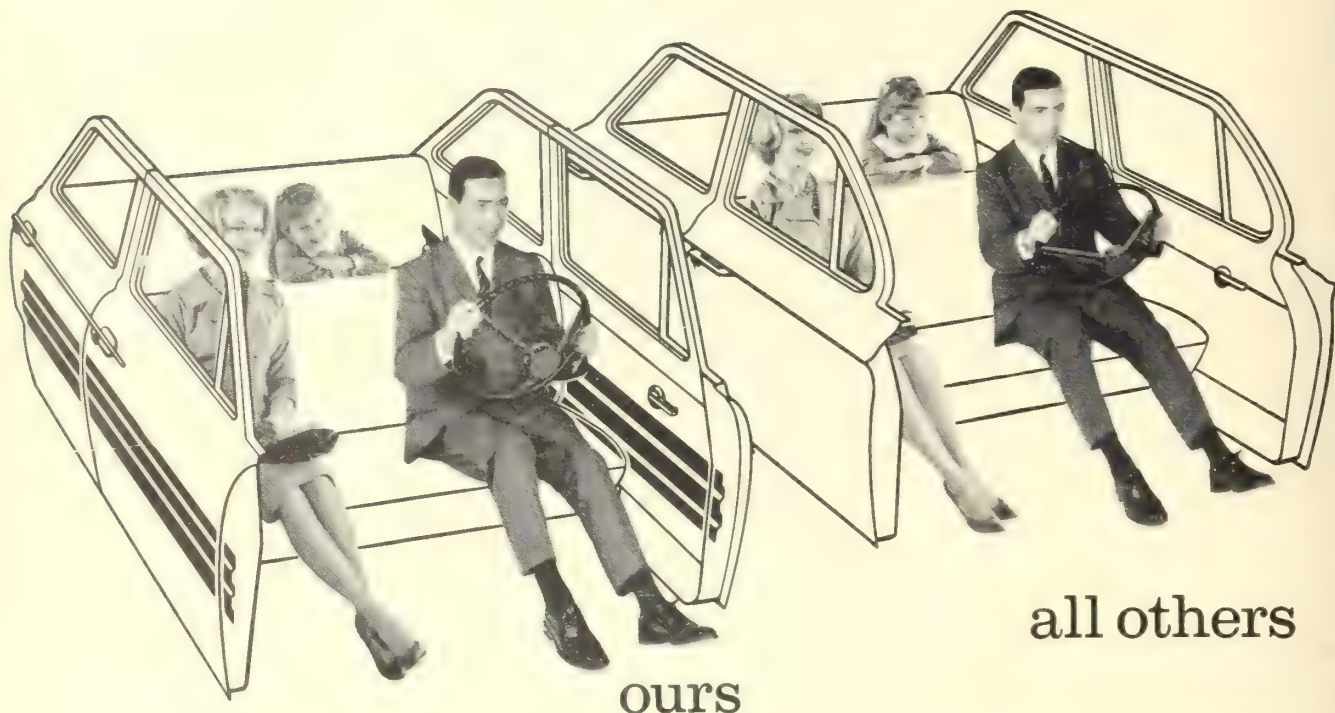
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## THE KINGDOM OF SILENCE

### *The Truth about Africa's Most Oppressed Colony*

*Bordering on the Congo, Portuguese Angola is one of the most brutally-ruled colonies in the world. It has now become one of the most explosive. However, because of the rigid censorship imposed by the Portuguese colonial government, it remains one of the least known. The author of this article is an American businessman who has been working and traveling throughout Angola for nearly fifteen years, visiting areas in the interior which have long been closed to foreign correspondents. Recently retired, he is now able to report with comparative impunity on the appalling conditions of near-slavery in the colony—and on the need for a fresh American policy toward its rulers. To avoid reprisals against his informants and himself, he must remain anonymous.—THE EDITORS*

NOT many hours out of Luanda, our jeep bumped over the dusty red surface of the road threading the jungle-covered hills of Angola. Here an occasional coffee or palm-oil plantation interrupted the forested slopes while farther ahead was the plateau with its sisal and cotton fields. Although it was very hot, three of us were crowded uncomfortably into the front seat. The comparative space and comfort of the back were enjoyed by a single occupant, but he was a *preto* or "black" and it would not do for a white man to share the seat with him on an extended journey. Africans always ride in the back, a custom not restricted to the Portuguese territories. This particular African, like the great majority of his fellow natives, was illiterate and unwashed; he was without shoes and dressed in the "uniform" worn by most of

the male *pretos* in Angola: a pair of dirty shorts and a singlet. Riding in the front with me were the white Portuguese driver and my business companion, a *fazendeiro* or plantation owner.

Ahead of us a cloud of dust signaled the approach of another vehicle and as it neared I saw that it was a command car occupied by three men in uniform. In front with the white driver was a man whose insignia denoted an official of some rank. Behind them, stiffly erect, sat an African "sepoy" or native soldier, his rifle held upright.

"What good luck!" my companion, the *fazendeiro*, exclaimed as he flagged down the other car with a wave of his hand. "Just the man I wanted to see. . . . This is the *chefe de posto*," he warned me in an aside as we got out. "Be polite."



*chefe de posto* before, and knew that it was both wise and advantageous to be polite. For in the Portuguese colonial system, the *chefe de posto* is the supreme ruler of the administrative district or *posto* which he superintends, the last link in the chain of colonial authority extending downward from the center of government at Lisbon. Under the absolute control of this man were perhaps fifteen thousand natives, living in villages scattered over an area the size of Rhode Island. To them, as to the rest of the four million Africans in the other 288 *postos* of Angola, the *chefe* was judge and jury, prosecutor and punisher, tax collector and road builder and, not least, the supplier of forced labor to enterprises throughout the colony and overseas.

We met in the center of the road. "Your Excellency," my friend began, "I had planned to call on you tomorrow to pay my respects and to ask a favor. The market is good and I am expanding my plantation. I shall need at least five hundred more *pretos* to start the clearing and cultivation."

His Excellency, a short, olive-skinned man with neat mustache and immaculate uniform, reflected for a moment. "Five hundred head? In how much time?"

"Oh, two weeks, if possible."

"It will be a little difficult," the *chefe* replied, "we have shipped so many out of the district this year. Can you use some women?"

"No, no," my friend replied. "I use only men on my properties. Mixing men and women causes too much trouble."

"Very well," said the *chefe*, "I believe it can be arranged . . . but there are some details . . ." He gave me a swift glance and my friend supplemented it with a dismissing nod. I retired to a discreet distance until the transaction was completed.

In a few minutes we were again on our way. My companion was happy. "An excellent arrangement!" he exclaimed. "I got them for two hundred escudos a head, a real bargain, and I'm sure he'll deliver on time!"

As we bounced along the road I reflected that the bargain was indeed a good one. The five hundred so-called "contract laborers," or *contratados*, would be forcibly rounded up and delivered to my friend's plantation. They would provide him with their labor for a period of two years at the purchase price of six dollars per head. This would average out to a labor cost per man of about one cent a day. On top of this initial cost, the *fazendeiro* would have to pay a wage of between six and nine cents per

day, to satisfy the legal requirement that contract laborers be paid. Part of this wage would be withheld until the end of the contract and then be paid out to the *chefes de posto* of the natives' districts, who might or might not distribute it to the village chiefs for payment to the individual laborers on their return home. The remainder of the wage would go to the laborer directly, to be spent in part on "luxury" goods sold by his employer. The five hundred new workers would live under guard in barracks at a compound on the plantation, where they would prepare their own meals with manioc flour and dried fish supplied by the employer. I estimated that the total daily cost per man could not possibly exceed fifteen cents.

Except for the laborers themselves, it was an altogether satisfactory arrangement. The employer obtained at low cost a labor force that could not strike or run away and for whose welfare he had only a transient concern, and the *chefe* received a bribe of some \$3,000—a nice supplement to his small government salary.

#### ARE THE AZORES WORTH IT?

THE foregoing is one of many experiences I have had with the practice of forced labor in Angola over the past fifteen years. It is an eyewitness account, the kind of story that the ubiquitous secret police of the Salazar regime are most anxious to suppress. It says much for their effectiveness that, in the thirty-two years of the Salazar dictatorship, only one correspondent has been able to make anything more than a superficial study of conditions in the colony. This was the report by Basil Davidson, published in *Harper's* in 1951, which confirmed previous fragmentary accounts of the continued ruthless exploitation of a backward people by an authoritarian regime.

Forced labor, Davidson reported, still formed the backbone of the economy. Thousands of men and women were taken from their homes every month without their consent and set to work on private and public enterprises, in many cases hundreds of miles from their native villages and even across the sea; there was the mass illiteracy of four million human beings, living in poverty and disease and faced with the threat of flogging or the penal camp for the slightest show of resistance; there were child labor, a growing color bar, and administrative graft and corruption.

Davidson's account was, of course, immediately denied and summarily rejected by the Portuguese authorities, as has been every other criticism of

their colonial policy since David Livingstone a century earlier revealed the existence of the slave trade in Mozambique and Angola years after its legal abolition. Even now the only reports coming from Angola and Mozambique, from Portuguese Guinea and the island of São Tomé, are official ones dealing with the production of coffee, sisal, and other commodities. Rumors of uprisings and of secret trials in Angola and elsewhere are promptly suppressed or denied. Press censorship and border control are strictly enforced. The forced-labor system simply does not exist.

For example, Senhor Nogueira, speaking last November as the Portuguese representative on the Trusteeship Committee of the UN General Assembly: "Some had affirmed" he said, "without any evidence whatsoever—for it would be necessary for them to forge the evidence had they been required to furnish it—that the Portuguese government practiced forced labor." He rejected categorically "that base propagandistic slander."

Mr. Nogueira was asserting once again his country's standard position that conditions in Portugal's colonies were her "internal affair." This defense was reiterated by Portugal this spring when Liberia, speaking for the African nations, urged the Security Council to take up the situation in Angola and warned that the "unenfranchised and almost forgotten inhabitants of this vast area cannot wait for an eternity before achieving the freedom which their brethren to the north have already won."

An article in the Charter specifically requires colonial powers to submit annual reports on the social, economic, and educational progress in non-self-governing territories, so as to insure that the peoples of such territories may eventually find their way to freedom. As the owner of the largest colonial empire in the world, Portugal would reasonably be expected to have to comply with this provision. But, just prior to her entrance into the UN in 1955, Premier Salazar revised the Portuguese Constitution, redefining the colonies as "overseas provinces" of Metropolitan Portugal. By means of this juridical fiction, the Portuguese territories suddenly were not colonies at all, but Portugal's "internal affair." Thus, the empire continues to be—as the Burmese delegate to the UN put it—"the Kingdom of Silence," unaccountable to the world. Of course, by every historic definition of the word, the overseas provinces are colonies: there is no self-government in any of them, and every law and policy derives from Lisbon.

In the face of growing opposition from the

newly independent nations, and from other nations as well, the United States has long supported, or at least condoned, the overseas policies of Portugal. We have had a solid, practical reason for doing this—our important military and air base on the Azores, one of Portugal's island possessions. And so we have publicly ignored the reports of her repressive colonial practices, preferring instead to provide her with large monetary credits for the development of her overseas territories. Since 1956, we have—with the assistance of our Western Allies—consistently fought all attempts by the Afro-Asian bloc to force Portugal to report on conditions in the colonies in accordance with the UN Charter. After the collapse of the summit conference in May 1960, President Eisenhower visited President Salazar in Lisbon and stated that the United States and Portugal "have worked together without a single difference of opinion." He was reported to have listened "sympathetically" to Premier Salazar's exposition of Portugal's "civilizing mission" in Africa.

Unfortunately for us and for our prestige, the Trusteeship Committee of the UN Assembly decided last November that they could respect neither Senhor Nogueira's protestations nor the overriding urgency of our own military requirements. With a single abstention, all of the newly formed nations in the Afro-Asian bloc, supported by ten of our Latin American neighbors and several of the noncolonial Western nations, voted to censure Portugal for her failure to submit information on her colonies. Our own representative declared that we abstained from voting in order not to "alienate friends."

After this major diplomatic defeat, we must ask ourselves whether the cultivation of our friendship with Portugal for the sake of a military base will not effectively alienate many more potential friends throughout the world.\* The Soviet Union and her satellites have been quick to charge that our attitude toward Portugal and her colonial practices demonstrates the "colonialistic and imperialistic policies" of the United States, and their polemics are not lost on the leaders and peoples of the new Afro-Asian

\* On March 15, 1961, as this article was going to press, the U.S. dramatically reversed its stand in the UN and voted with Liberia, Ceylon, the United Arab Republic, and the Soviet Union in favor of an inquiry by the Security Council into the situation in Angola. However, because the six other members (France, Britain, Turkey, Ecuador, Chile, and China) abstained, the Council did not act. On March 23, the General Assembly voted, 79 to 2, to place the Angolan question on the agenda.—*The Editors*



nations. Willful blindness toward conditions in Portuguese colonies can only undermine our relations with former colonial countries throughout the world. Are the Azores worth it?

It is these considerations that have prompted me to describe some of my experiences in Angola. I have visited the colony many times and have often gone into the interior, that "terra incognita" of which John Gunther speaks, because fortunately I belong to a group that is granted visas for the asking. The authorities often deny entry to correspondents and to other people with an inquiring turn of mind, such as those in the International Labor Organization and other branches of the United Nations; but they welcome anyone whose label is "business." After all, businessmen, whether engaged in the marketing of cotton or palm oil, the building of roads and dams, the sale of farm and factory machinery, or the importation of beer and Pepsi-Cola, do not usually write about their experiences; and for that matter, one suspects that a good many are favorably impressed by the large supply of cheap labor to be had virtually for the asking.

#### STICKING TO BUSINESS

I LEARNED early, however, that even someone with the "business" label must be discreet in Angola. Many years ago, I returned after some weeks in the interior to the relative comfort of what was then Luanda's only acceptable hotel. That evening I had dinner with a Belgian importer, a new arrival in the colony, and I talked for a while about the conditions I had just seen. The next morning I was awakened early by the telephone. It was a Portuguese businessman with whose firm I was then connected.

"Can I see you immediately?"

"At your office?"

"No, no, better at my home."

When I arrived there I found my friend in an agitated state. "Look," he said, "I've just had a visit from the police. You're lucky that the company has some influence here or you'd be leaving on the morning plane. You were talking in public last night about things that aren't mentioned here. Don't think you aren't being watched and listened to. They shipped another fellow to Leopoldville only a couple of weeks ago for talking too much."

As I was leaving, he gave me another bit of advice. "Always leave your luggage unlocked when you are out of your room. If you have anything you don't want the police to see, burn

it." From that time forth, I became a passive observer, asking few questions beyond what were necessary in my business, and proffering no advice. Probably that is why I have lasted so long and been welcomed back to Angola so often. I stuck to my business.

The mistake of Henrique Malta Galvão, the insurrectionist who took over the *Santa Maria* cruise ship last January, was that he did not stick to his. As Colonial Inspector and Deputy for Angola, he submitted a report to his superiors denouncing the forced labor and official corruption in that colony. He found himself sentenced for "treason" to sixteen years' imprisonment. Many other Portuguese have suffered for the same cause, and they are still in prison. The system of forced labor, as James Duffy says in his recent Harvard University Press book, *Portuguese Africa*, is "the cornerstone of Portuguese native policy" and it does no good to protest.

Today the Department of Native Affairs in the capital of Luanda handles much of the forced-labor traffic in the colony. Every year, it receives thousands of applications for workers from a multitude of business enterprises and individuals. In 1954, Basil Davidson reported that the Department's files listed 379,000 natives as "contract workers," not including those others transported to the plantation islands of São Tomé and Príncipe or those shipped from the Cape Verde islands for work in Angola. Once the Department has approved an application, it is turned over to licensed labor recruiters who round up the natives in their villages and ship them off.

From my own experience with Portuguese officialdom, I doubt that anyone actually knows the true number of forced laborers "contracted" annually. For one thing, not all of the labor is processed by the Department of Native Affairs. The smaller landowners and businessmen complain that the Department gives preferential treatment to large enterprises and to the government agencies, and they find there is too much red tape involved in the Department's procedures. It is much easier to obtain workers for projects in the interior by going directly to the local *chefe de posto*, who will be satisfied with a relatively small, illegal payoff.

By law, the *chefe de posto* in each district is merely required to indicate to the recruiter what men and women are presently available. But in case of difficulty, the power of the *chefe* and of his armed sepoy is always at the recruiter's disposal. An unwilling native can "run," but he cannot run out of his own district, because his

native passbook or *caderneta*, which every male *preto* is obliged to carry, must bear the "visa" of the *chefe* before he can leave. And there are severe penalties for resistance.

It is said that prospective recruits normally do not run. But I have been in areas where they did run and where the local *chefe* apparently had his problems. On one occasion I had been traveling by jeep in the jungle country of northern Angola, accompanied by a Portuguese driver and three Africans. We were seeking an elusive turn-off to a small plantation and were obliged to ask for directions. Ahead of us on the trail we saw a native village, a cluster of huts in a clearing, and as we approached I could see men and women passing back and forth about their daily affairs. But by the time our jeep had pulled to a halt in the clearing, no living thing was in sight except a few goats and chickens and one very old woman who sat mute in front of a hut. We were aware that dozens of eyes were watching us from the bush, but no one would come when we called.

I asked the driver what it signified. "Oh, it's nothing," he laughed, "they just think you're a recruitment officer and that these *pretos* in the

back are sepoys. One white man in a topee looks like any other. Don't worry, we'll come to a village before long that has been raided already." In time, we found a village where the people did not run.

#### WINE ON SATURDAY

THE Portuguese, of course, have constructed a legal defense of their labor system. They point to statutes and to a provision in their constitution which expressly forbids forced labor and grants the native "freedom of contract." According to law, it is only in cases where the "public interest" is involved that labor may be requisitioned, and such requisitioning must be done by the government, operating through the *chefes de posto*. Under this heading falls the forced labor on roads, which is done without benefit of wages. Most of the local road work in a given district is performed by women, who are taken from native villages nearby. It is a common thing in the interior to pass gangs consisting of twenty or thirty women of all ages, some in pregnancy, raising and letting fall their mattocks in unison as they clean ditches or repair the roads. For major government projects, men and boys are customarily recruited, often spending six months or a year many miles away from home.

All other labor is termed "free" and is divided into two categories: the so-called "voluntary worker" or *voluntário*, who applies for work directly to an employer, generally in the area where he lives; and the "contract worker" or *contratado*, who is recruited (says the law) under complete freedom of contract, with the co-operation of the *chefe de posto*, for labor either outside or within his district. Both the *voluntário* and the *contratado* must be paid for their services.

The law forbids the employment of children under fourteen and the shipment of women outside their own district unless they are accompanied by a male relative; and it limits the length of contract, which now generally does not exceed one year. It also requires that, in the case of the *contratado*, the employer fulfill certain conditions regarding food, housing, and medical care; and it forbids dispensing alcoholic beverages.

But the Portuguese themselves sometimes acknowledge that these laws are nothing more than a façade. Not many years ago, a Portuguese colonial expert, d'Almeida Saldanha, wrote: "It is useless to intrude these precepts (freedom of labor) into the constitution of the country, or even to publish them again, because foreigners

#### ERIC PFEIFFER

### NAMING THE COLORS

WHEN the aide had succeeded in leading the madman out of his room, one could see that he was clearly drawn to the window where he stared at the sun seemingly without pain when no one could.

He said, I have been quite unable recently to concentrate, as though my thoughts were cut apart, like confetti thrown to the wind for whatever whim it has, beyond control.

He said it, without conviction that the said would be understood, even heard; he stared beyond what the eye, the ordinary eye, could see where black and red were dominant colors.

He never said just what he saw. He was led quietly back to his room. He was smiling, he was quite articulate, calling the doctors by their right names, naming the basic colors.



are convinced that although our laws are excellent (and they are not always that), the better they are, the less we carry them out." The catch is that there is always another law—in this case a regulation that the passbook of every male African must show that he has worked for at least six months in the preceding twelve or that he is now working. If he cannot satisfy these requirements—and often the fact of his having worked is not indicated in his passbook—he is liable to forced labor. He has no other choice except flogging, jail, or shipment to the penal colony of Baía dos Tigres.

Apologists for the forced-labor system say that it is only through the "dignity of labor" that the African will become educated and civilized, and will in time be able to enter the community as a "black Portuguese citizen." This idea has been repeatedly expressed in every native-labor code enacted since the Regulation of 1899, which set the pattern for all subsequent laws, and it serves to ease the consciences of many Portuguese who are sincerely concerned at growing criticism of their country's colonial practices. The concept was set forth concisely in the report by the committee formed to make recommendations for the 1899 Regulation: "The state . . . should have no scruples in *obliging* and, if necessary, *forcing* these rude Negroes in Africa . . . to work . . . to acquire through work the happiest means of existence. . . ." (The italics are the committee's.)

I have had many opportunities to observe how the forced-labor system educates and civilizes the rude African. I remember spending some days at a great plantation, owned, but rarely visited, by a prosperous gentleman living in Lisbon. The work force consisted of 2,500 *contratados*, recruited in batches from many parts of the colony. They formed an all-male community of men and boys, distributed for safety in five widely separated compounds about the plantation, each compound holding five hundred workers.

On Saturday evening, when the long work week was over and the laborers had returned to their barracks, I sat with the manager and his wife after dinner on the broad porch of the plantation house. From there, we could see the dim campfires of one of the native compounds, some half-mile away. At about nine o'clock I heard a vague, distant murmur, something like the hum of bees or the noise of water falling at a distance. The sound increased almost imperceptibly over the course of an hour, until at last it was not a murmur but a universal savage shout pressing in on us from all sides, inter-

mingled with the sound of drums and punctuated by frenzied screams. No longer able to contain my curiosity, I asked the manager what it signified.

"It is the wine," he said. "They have been drinking for several hours now and it is beginning to take hold of them. You had better get used to the racket. It will go on all night."

He told me that every Saturday the trucks brought barrels of wine to each compound, enough to supply the workers with all they could drink. "Do you realize," he said, "that we purchase the entire production of four vineyards in Portugal solely for this purpose? It's a big business."

I asked if I could take the jeep and run down to one of the compounds to watch what was going on. "I wouldn't recommend it," he said. "You see, when they are drunk they are dangerous. We have guards posted, of course, but still anything might happen."

The clamor continued all night. I awakened several times to hear it, and in fact it was not until about noon on Sunday that it began to diminish. The last sounds died out at three o'clock that afternoon. It seemed that the last of the revelers were now in a drunken sleep that would remain unbroken until they were summoned to labor on the following morning.

#### DANGER TO THE STATE

SINCE this method of "civilizing" the native is the accepted policy in the colony, it is not surprising that more conventional education has been neglected over the years. The principle laid down by the Royal Commissioner for Mozambique at the turn of the century is as applicable today as it was then. Formal education was nonsense, he declared. "What we have to do in order to educate and civilize the *indigena* [native] is to develop in a practical way his aptitudes for manual labor and take advantage of him for the exploitation of the province." From the outset, the Portuguese government entrusted the education of the native peoples to the Catholic Church, but the help which it has given the Church in this undertaking has been woefully inadequate. In later years the authorities also have reluctantly accepted the entry of Protestant missions, though these receive no governmental support.

According to James Duffy, the illiteracy rate among the Africans in Portugal's colonies in 1950 was 99 per cent. The dedicated Catholic and Protestant missionaries have been faced with

an insurmountable task. In 1957, there were about 150 missions scattered throughout Angola, serving the population in an area one-sixth the size of the United States. If these missions were uniformly dispersed across the colony—which they are not—each would be obliged to serve an area somewhat larger in size than the state of Delaware.

On one of my journeys I was hospitably put up for several nights at a mission run by two Catholic priests. This center of education and medical care was the only one within a distance of a hundred miles by road. The head of the mission and his fellow priest, with the help of three Africans trained at the mission, taught forty day-students, boys ranging in age from six to ten years, in the four-year "rudimentary" or "adaptive" course especially designed for the education of the native.

The "rudimentary course" is distinct from and inferior to the primary schooling afforded the white and "assimilated" Africans in the larger towns. At this mission children were taught the elements of Portuguese language and history, together with some basic principles of hygiene. There was no instruction in the native language or in the history and traditions of the African peoples. In addition to education, the priests did what little they could to dispense medical aid, though their training, facilities, and supplies were limited. "The best doctors we have in this area for the serious cases," the senior priest told me, "are the witch doctors."

The most gifted native child has little opportunity to go beyond the "rudimentary" education offered by these missions, even if he is one of the few—less than 4 per cent—who complete the full four years of instruction. Many difficulties are placed in his way. First, he must leave his native district and go where there are primary schools, generally in the larger towns. Once there, if he can pass the entrance examination and has proficiency in Portuguese, he may enter the third year of the five-year primary course, provided there is room for him. There are fees to pay and some provision must be made for his support. But if his father happens to be a "free laborer" or *voluntário*, his average daily pay before the head tax will not exceed thirty cents, scarcely enough to support a child away at school. Assuming, though, that the child can attend the primary course, he must have completed seven years of education before the age of fourteen in order to be admitted to the *liceu* or secondary school. It is not surprising, then, to learn that, as Krishna Menon remarked last November in

the United Nations, there were only 737 Africans attending the primary schools of Angola in 1950; and that the number of natives in high school is negligible. A very few Africans have succeeded in overcoming all barriers and gone on to universities in Portugal, but some of these, after completion of their education, are restrained by the police from returning to the colony. An educated native is regarded as a possible danger to the state.

I cannot speak of medical facilities in Angola, because except for those few small infirmaries I have seen at some of the larger plantations and at missions, I have never come across any hospitals or other medical centers on my travels in the interior. I have been to areas, however, where people were sick and dying without medical attention. In the deep interior I once visited a small village and found a young woman stretched upon the sand outside her hut, so ill that she could hardly move or speak. My Portuguese companions showed no interest in her case, but I did make a casual inquiry, only to learn that the nearest medical aid was a hundred miles distant. She was there in the morning when we arrived, we lunched within twenty feet of her prostrate body and she was still in the same position when we resumed our journey at about six o'clock that evening. I have heard that there is one doctor for every eighty thousand people in Angola, and that the World Health Organization estimates an infant mortality rate exceeding 40 per cent, but exact figures are hard to obtain.

#### THE ABSOLUTE BARRIER

THE Portuguese claim to be proud of their traditions of racial tolerance. The educated mulatto, they say, is widely accepted as an equal. Ever since the Moorish invasions of Iberia and the mass importations of slaves into Portugal during the fifteenth century, racial mixing has been acknowledged as a reality of life, and its products are, generally speaking, not discriminated against.

My own experience has been, however, that there is a clear-cut limit to this tolerance. The colonial populations are classified legally into two groups: the *indigenas*, or the unenlightened peoples of the Negro race, who have no legal status under Portuguese law, can own no real property and are subject to all the abuses I've described; and the *não-indigenas*, comprising whites and those people of African ancestry who by reason of education and upbringing are culturally separate from the mass of native peoples.



It is only this second group which enjoys the rights and privileges of Portuguese citizenship, and it is only within this group that there exists a tolerance between white and Negro.

The easiest way for a person of African ancestry to become a *não-indígena* is for him to have a white father who agrees to acknowledge, support, and educate him. Some people achieve acceptable status in this way. But many more do not. In the native quarters of the larger towns you can find thousands of fatherless mulatto children roaming the streets. It has also been possible, during the past thirty years or so, for an African to become a Portuguese citizen by his own efforts. If he has succeeded in obtaining an education or has accomplished something in public service or business enterprise, he may apply for the status of *assimilado*, or "assimilated native." If his application is granted, he becomes a Portuguese citizen and receives an identity card, the *bilhete de identidade*. But in the thirty years of this system's existence, less than one per cent of the African population in Angola has been assimilated in this way. At the present rate, it would take some four thousand years for all of the native population to achieve Portuguese citizenship as *assimilados*.

While white Portuguese will in most cases accept the educated and assimilated African as one of themselves, they have erected an absolute color bar against the *indígenas* in all forms of intercourse except sexual. Not long ago I had the experience of trying to arrange service for two of my *pretos* at a little restaurant in one of the small towns of the interior. After traveling for several hours in a pouring rain, we pulled up at the restaurant in the early evening. The two barefooted native men in the back of the truck, dressed only in singlets and shorts, were cold, wet, and hungry. Despite prolonged argument, I could not gain admittance for them, and since I would not eat without first seeing them served, the impasse seemed to be complete. A compromise, however, was finally reached. No dinner could be served them, but they could have rolls and drink. A table was set up outside under the awning and there my two timid *pretos* sat, as stiff and expressionless as dolls, eating a dry roll apiece and holding a bottle of cola.

This occurred in a small interior town. In the port cities of Luanda and Lobito, I would never dream of attempting to introduce an *indígena* into one of the hotel dining-rooms of the white quarter; and I am sure that no native, if he could find suitable clothing, would dare to enter by himself. For any native in the interior

to assume a posture other than that of the timid servant would be unthinkable.

During recent years I have noticed an increasing deterioration in the attitude of the whites even toward the mulatto and assimilated African, a change brought about by the great influx of Portuguese colonists since the early 1940s. The Portuguese peasant or worker is himself often illiterate and, like the native, the product of an exploitative economic system, accustomed to a standard of living that is the lowest in Western Europe. In Angola he comes into direct competition with the native for the available manual and semiskilled labor. And this competition is one-sided, since the white Portuguese has rights and privileges denied to the African.

In the uneven struggle, the *indígena* and the *assimilado* are being forced downward by this reduction in economic opportunities. On my most recent visit to Luanda, I saw not one person of African descent in any of the larger dining-rooms and hotels although in former days mulattoes could sometimes be found in the better restaurants. Even the native waiters and maids formerly employed by the hotels have now been replaced by whites.

#### WOMEN WHO RUN

WHAT a colonial writer said of Angola in 1903 still holds true: "The Portuguese colonist considers the native a beast of burden, an agricultural machine with no rights or privileges." Even in the Belgian Congo I have not seen such callous treatment. Once in the high country of the Upper Zambezi I was traveling with some Portuguese companions in a pickup truck. It was raining and the five scantily clad *pretos* in the back were wet and cold. After dark, we pulled into the muddy yard of the *chefe de posto*, knowing that we would find there the customary administrative hospitality. A couple of brandies and a meal quickly prepared by the servants proved welcome. During this time I had been thinking of the *pretos* outside in the rain. "What of them?" Their case was dismissed with a wave of the hand. "They can get under the truck if they wish." And when we came out that was where they were, lying in the mud, cold and unfed, with a five-hour journey before them.

And I sometimes think of a scene in the lobby of a small hotel on the coast. Close to where I was sitting, there stood a tiny Negro girl, perhaps six years of age, whose job it was to rock a white baby in its carriage. Nearby was her young

mistress, a child of eight, playing with a doll. For a moment I diverted the little servant girl's attention by asking her a question and for that moment she ceased rocking the carriage. Instantly her young white mistress stepped over and, doll in hand, slapped the Negro girl hard across the face. There was no protest and no word spoken. The little servant simply resumed the duty to which she had been assigned.

It is a depressing experience to travel from, say, one of the British West Coast colonies or former colonies to Angola. It is like moving suddenly from day into night. In the place of the British-ruled native, with his refreshing independence of spirit and self-respect nurtured by a native tradition and the rule of law, one encounters the drably dressed, servile, dirty, and unsmiling *indigena*. I should say that what marks the Angolan native off from any other group of Africans I have met is his aspect of fear, timidity, underlying anxiety, and hopelessness. I have been waited on at table by natives so frightened of a rebuke that they served the soup at arm's length and spilled the wine on the tablecloth. And traveling by car through the back country, I have never passed a woman on the road who did not run from me on sight, and I have passed many.

#### MORE NEWS FROM ANGOLA

THESE people are the product of an environment that has endured four centuries of slavery and forced labor, of a native authority and tribal custom broken by despotic administrative control, of swift punishment for recalcitrance or resistance. Where no man is secure in his own home, he is insecure everywhere. One has only to visit the *senzala*, the native quarter of Luanda, where 120,000 people live in filth, poverty, and depravity or to watch the daily early-morning sifting of garbage on the streets of Luanda, to realize the depths to which a rootless people can sink.

To me, it is depressing to see a child who cannot smile. Not long ago, I "adopted" a little eight-year-old boy for one day, making him my "assistant" in some routine tasks. He and some twenty other children, all under ten years of age, were part of a work gang engaged in digging ditches. These children were said to be *voluntários* or free-contract workers, paid at the rate of about one cent per hour for an eight-hour day, six days per week. During the day I did what I could to make this child smile; but kindness, little practical jokes, and, in the end, a ten-escudo

reward (equal to three days' pay) had no effect. When on the following day I passed him at his work in a ditch, he gave no sign of having known me.

My friends have often asked me whether the people of Angola may some day rise successfully against their masters. I have always answered that it is impossible to conceive how a disintegrated society such as this one, spied upon by informants, subject to ruthless police action and the control of armed sepoys, and lacking the leadership of an educated elite, could possess enough cohesion to support an organized revolt. Yet we know that there have recently been reports of violent uprisings in Angola and the other colonies, and that some revolutionary groups, such as the União dos Populações, are attempting to organize the people.

It is true, as the Portuguese say, that white men have been safe in Angola. I would have had no fear of visiting alone any village in the interior and ordering the people about precisely as I pleased. But this state of affairs could continue only so long as the people felt that their subjugation was complete and there was no way out. In this time of change perhaps some of the Portuguese authorities are thinking back to what happened when, during the first world war, certain German expeditionary forces crossed the frontiers of Angola and Mozambique. To the natives the appearance of foreign soldiers seemed to mean that there was a possibility of freedom. As one Portuguese historian put it, the government found that it could not count on the natives for support because "wherever the Germans went, native revolts against Portuguese authority followed." And now, once again, we hear of revolt in Angola—how long can it be suppressed?

The leaders of the newly formed nations, of Guinea and Ghana, Burma, Mali, India, and all the rest, know what colonialism is and they know too that it exists in its most exploitative form inside the Portuguese empire. They believe that in exchange for a military base we chose to overlook the plight of millions of native peoples and to support instead Premier Salazar's angry rejection of the UN censure resolution as the "abusive intervention by third parties in [Portugal's] internal affairs." If, as Allen Dulles says, the issue in this decade will be a struggle between the Communists and us for the friendship of the new former-colonial nations, the choice before us in Angola may involve jeopardizing the friendship of a single dictatorship in Western Europe—or antagonizing half the world.



RUSSELL LYNES

# Everything's Up-to-date in Texas . . . but Me

*A foreigner . . . from the U.S.A. . . .  
startles his hosts by admiring an old county  
courthouse instead of a new motel.*

WHEN you disembark at the Dallas airport, which is called Love Field, you walk the distance of a par-five hole before you get to the place where your luggage is delivered to you by automation. At one point in the long yellow corridor there is a slight rise in the floor (maybe there's an oil well underneath), and just before you reach that point a moving sidewalk is provided for travelers who aren't in a hurry. I wasn't in a hurry, and I had never seen a moving sidewalk before, so I got on it. Twenty feet or so before it ended there was a sign. It said, "Start Walking Here." "Start Walking Here" is a suitable introduction to Texas. It is a reminder that nobody walks in Texas and so one has to be told when to use his feet. You aren't allowed to drive a Cadillac in an airport corridor, or ride a horse either, though in five days in Texas (one of them spent on a ranch) I didn't see anyone on a horse.

My ostensible reason for being in Texas was to give a lecture at the University of Texas in Austin and another for the University Club of Speech Arts at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. My real reason for being there was to satisfy my curiosity about a section of the country where Culture is said to be second only to oil and well ahead of cattle as the most important local preoccupation. It did not surprise me in the least, therefore, when I heard a very prosperous and culturally minded gentleman of business say that the Dallas Theatre Center, more commonly known as the Frank Lloyd Wright

theatre (Wright's name sticks like honey to anything he builds), had brought more publicity to Dallas than anything in the city. "In Europe when I say I'm from Dallas," he said, "they always ask me about the Wright theatre."

The kind of culture in Texas that I was looking for was not just today's. I was, I confess, less interested in what Texas culture is like now than in what it used to be like seventy-five years ago, a time when culture everywhere in America was gaudier and in some respects less self-conscious than it is today. I saw both sorts, though, and essentially there is very little difference between what went on then and what goes on now. "What they don't understand here," an Englishwoman now living in Dallas said to me, "is that money can't do everything." It sounded very like the pronouncements of Mrs. Trollope in Ohio in the 1830s and of any of the other two hundred and fifty-odd Englishmen who visited America in the last century and went home to write books about American society. It wouldn't have been said so often if there weren't some truth in it. Another woman said to me in Austin, "Texans have a terrible inferiority complex. They're terribly touchy." She came from California to Texas by way of New York. I found myself saying, "You mean they're almost as touchy as Americans."

One has that feeling, not just because of one's own provincialism but because Texans exploit it. In Texas you are never allowed for a minute to forget that you are in Texas, the sovereign state with a history that you are constantly reminded is the history of Texas and not the history of part of the United States. On the floor of the entrance hall of the Capitol building in Austin in handsome terrazzo is a circular pattern made of the six flags under which Texas has lived—

each equally important—the flags of Spain, Mexico, France, the United States, the Confederacy, and Texas. One can't help feeling that Texas isn't at all sure it has settled down to being just one of the fifty states. Highway signs are cutouts in the shape of the state. Road signs remind you, "Throwing Trash on Highway Prohibited—State Law." I don't remember ever having seen an Ohio flag or a Vermont flag flying; but Texans fly the Texas flag at the drop of a Stetson.

#### ROLLING THE BRIM

THE state has a costume, of course, though it is by no means universally worn. Women in Texas, like women everywhere, are more cosmopolitan in their tastes than men, though boots and jeans and Stetsons are the occasional costume of many teen-age girls, as well as boys. The sombrero is, of course, the common Texas badge of citizenship and I was told that each section of the state has its own peculiar manner of rolling the brim and denting the crown. The sombrero makes sense in Texas, to be sure, though it was more a rain-scoop than sunbonnet while I was there. But the Texan wears it out of Texas primarily so that you'll know him for what he is.

But cultural chauvinism is something else again. Culturally, Texans are in the import business, not the export business. Their local pride seems to be not in what they create but in what they can attract and having attracted it, how they can put their stamp on it. One of the things I most wanted to see on my brief visit ("What right has he to write about Texas after being there five days?" The answer is, "None") was Texas houses and, secondarily, public buildings. There is no art, I believe, that reveals so succinctly the aspirations of a place and its inhabitants as architecture—the kinds of houses that people build as stage settings for themselves and the kinds of public monuments by which they wish to advertise their communities to the world. I was extremely fortunate to be driven to Austin and San Antonio and Fort Worth and Dallas by a distinguished architect, Harwell Hamilton Harris, and his wife, who is an architectural historian, and so was enabled to see under the most agreeable auspices things I could never have found by myself. The buildings I saw might have been anywhere in America with a plus (or some people might say minus) factor that was peculiarly Texan.

*Ante bellum* is not a phrase one hears in my

part of the world. Which war? But in Texas—as in the South elsewhere, of course—it summons up the ancient past, not just a century ago, but the past of Greece and Rome, of temples with tall columns and ornate capitals, of citizens and slaves, of Caesars made of cotton. The Greek revival house that was everywhere in America in the 1840s was almost everywhere in Texas a few decades later. The best I saw was in Austin, some of it small and modest and discreet, some of it towering like the Governor's palace with a two-story colonnade of which Zeus might have been proud. The lineage of these houses, out of the Parthenon by Louisiana, was less strange than those of the miniature palaces that followed them—out of Queen Anne by almost any sire you could name from the Bosphorus to the J. L. Mott Iron Works of New York.

Queen Anne, the inappropriately named style of house so popular in the 1870s and 1880s, with its spindled porches and balconies, its Elizabethan chimneys, and corner towers, hit Texas like a twister. In many respects it could not have been better suited to the Texas temperament. It was meant to be built tall and not squat, and Texans, as Mr. Harris pointed out to me, liked to see their buildings rise skyward above the plains. Furthermore, it was a style that lent itself to whim and extravagance, to playfulness and exploitation, and the Texans went to town. For pleasant fantasy I have rarely seen a house that compares with the YMCA headquarters in Austin. It is built of Austin stone, a pale golden limestone, and is ornamented with iron porches and balconies of the utmost lacy intricacy painted a somewhat paler color than the stone. There are other houses in Austin that would have made Queen Anne blush, perhaps, but there is about them a kind of hospitable look—porches that must be pleasant places to sit, rooms that must be tall enough to be cool, balconies that must catch whatever breeze may stir, but above all a kind of exuberance that combines Northern extravagance with a Southern twang.

On the way from Austin to San Antonio in a town called Luling we passed a little house with a very fancy spindled porch; on one end of

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*Russell Lynes, managing editor of "Harper's," keeps an eye peeled for the social and architectural background of his next book, which will be called "The Domesticated Americans." His earlier books include "The Tastemakers," "Snobs," "A Surfeit of Honey," and "Cadwallader." Now a New Yorker, Mr. Lynes grew up in a rectory in Great Barrington, Massachusetts.*





PHOTOGRAPH: HARWELL HARRIS

"It's just lucky they haven't the money to build a new headquarters or they'd tear it down," said an architectural historian of the YMCA building in Austin.



the porch roof was firmly planted a small onion dome straight out of Moscow.

"Some carpenter around here," Harwell Harris observed, "knew how to build onion domes; there are lots of them." It strikes one as odder to find on buildings in Texas the characteristic dome of a Greek Orthodox church than the characteristic columns of a pagan temple, though I don't know why it should.

Texans, I think, are a little more embarrassed by their nineteenth-century extravagances than many other parts of the country, and they have been conscientious about trying to sweep them under the carpet. Granted that a high-ceilinged, four-story house is expensive to air-condition, but, I was told, "You should have seen Austin five years ago." Victorian houses have been coming down to make way for ranch houses on half-acre lots . . . not the kind of ranch house one associates with Texas but the kind one sees in the suburbs of Chicago, Baltimore, and New York, low little boxes with picture windows and a dab of wrought-iron ornament. Curiously, the breezeway (or as it is called in Texas the "dog-trot") so popular in New England ranch houses is nowhere in evidence in the new Texas ranch houses. (The ranch house and the houses on the two cattle ranches I visited bore no relation to each other in any respect. I found this confusing at first until I remembered that the ranch house as we know it today is a California contribution to civilization, and in California four acres of strawberries make a ranch. The ranches I visited near Dallas were relatively small ones. One was 7,500 acres, the other 15,000.)

Some day, I suspect, Texas is going to be sorry that it has bulldozed its delightful houses of the 1880s out of existence. They aren't quite old enough yet to be considered historical, and by the time they are, it will be too late. Some proud Texan who cares about Texas history and who has some cash and some imagination ought to consult Mrs. Harris and hire a good architectural photographer with an eye for the original, the unique, and the lively to get these buildings on film before many more of them disappear and he should get the University Press in Austin to publish a book of them. When I got back from Texas

"It looks its best with 10,000 people in it," the architect, Harwell Hamilton Harris, said of this room at the left which he designed for the Trade Mart in Dallas.

PHOTOGRAPH: WALTER DELIMA MEYERS



I looked in that delightful picture book, *The Gingerbread Age*, by John Maass, published just a few years ago, to see what Texas buildings were there. There were only two. They were good ones, but by no means as interesting or characteristic as fifty that I saw. Probably there are only forty-nine left this week of the fifty that were there last week.

Not the least among the buildings that surely ought to be preserved, if not in fact at least on film, are the old county courthouses. In Kaufman, a town about fifty miles from Dallas, I was surprised to drive into the courthouse square and find a brand-new modern glass, stone, and steel courthouse, all very spiffy, and rather lonely in its surroundings of two-story commercial "blocks." (A single building, not a group of buildings, is a block even if it's only twenty-five feet wide.) Characteristically the county courthouse rises above the rest of the town square like the cathedral in a town in France, a commanding, almost invariably square symmetrical structure with cupolas on its four corners, columns by its four entrances, and some sort of center tower on top . . . scarcely functional but spiritually as tidy a reflection of nineteenth-century aspirations and political blarney as you could want.

County courthouses once must have been the best pork barrels in Texas (maybe they still are) and many a contractor and county official must have made his pile out of them. The one in Hillsboro, about halfway between Dallas and Austin, built of a golden stone, with elaborate Corinthian columns starting at the second story, is a gem of its kind. I recommend that anyone driving that way pause and take a look. Courthouses are ideal buildings for the lazy sight-seer. If you've seen one side, you've seen all four sides, though you might miss the inevitable Civil War monument unless you drive around the square.

The tone of voice of Texas culture today is not very different from that of its courthouse architecture, though the look of it is, of course, entirely different. As you drive north out of San Antonio at night, up a river of neon and motels, of gas stations and restaurants, you see the same kind of blistering honky-tonk that you do on the

"Characteristically, the county courthouse rises above the town . . . like the cathedral in a town in France." This one at the right is in Hillsboro.

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID BARROW



PHOTOGRAPH: EZRA STOLLER ASSOCIATES

Philip Johnson of New York designed the new Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth. It cost \$2 million. Beyond it at the left is the Fort Worth Art Center.





Florida Gulf Coast or the main highways of New Jersey near New York. On one restaurant there is a blue neon sign with script letters a couple of feet high which reads, "Is Everything Alright?" No, I thought, everything is not all right, but the spelling like the roadside architecture was just enough not all right to be all wrong. The new brand of "modernistic" is more in evidence in Texas, along with some twenty-four-carat "modern," than I've seen it anywhere. It makes the monotony of glass curtain walls on Park Avenue in New York look old hat, which it is, but it also makes it look rather restful, which it isn't.

From Austin to Dallas we drove by way of Fort Worth so that we could look at the new Amon Carter Museum of Western Art. Philip Johnson designed it and it opened in February with a party to which some eighty notables of the New York art and architecture world were flown by special plane. You cross a river (one of the branches of the Trinity River, to be precise) to get to the museum from downtown Fort Worth, and you find yourself in a cluster of buildings which sums up cultural Texas about as neatly as you could want. As you drive to the Carter Museum you pass on your left a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome, intended, I was told, for the purpose of staging opera, but now mostly used in the summer for musical comedy and operetta. Next to it is a long, low wooden structure built for Billy Rose, a Texas-scale hot-spot. Beyond that, still on the left, is what used to be called the Cow Palace, and is now the Will Rogers tower, coliseum, and auditorium. Beyond that is the Fort Worth Art Center, designed by Herbert Bayer, who once was a member of the faculty at the Bauhaus in Dessau when Gropius was its master. As you would expect, it has a definite Bauhaus, "functionalist" look, already curiously out-of-date.

Johnson's little two-million-dollar museum is extremely elegant in this company. It is spare without in any sense being stark. Across its façade are wide, nearly flat arches (which taper at the bases) almost the height of the two-story building. Behind them a curtain wall of an almost amber glass is held together by bronze vertical strips. The building is made of shell-stone, a Texas product, creamy in color and irregular of surface because of the shells in it, a beautiful material that I had also seen in Austin in a delightful house designed by Harwell Harris for Dr. Thomas Mabry Cranfill of the university faculty.

In Mr. Johnson's jewel box, looking somewhat surprised, are paintings of the Old West by

Frederic Remington and his contemporaries, and sculpture depicting the all-but-extinct cowboys of Texas' more romantic days. I was told, (though I also heard it denied) that the term "Western Art" is to be broadly interpreted to mean the art of the Western World, and that sooner or later the Amon Carter Museum could be expected to have something of almost everything, and be a center for the distribution of traveling exhibitions.

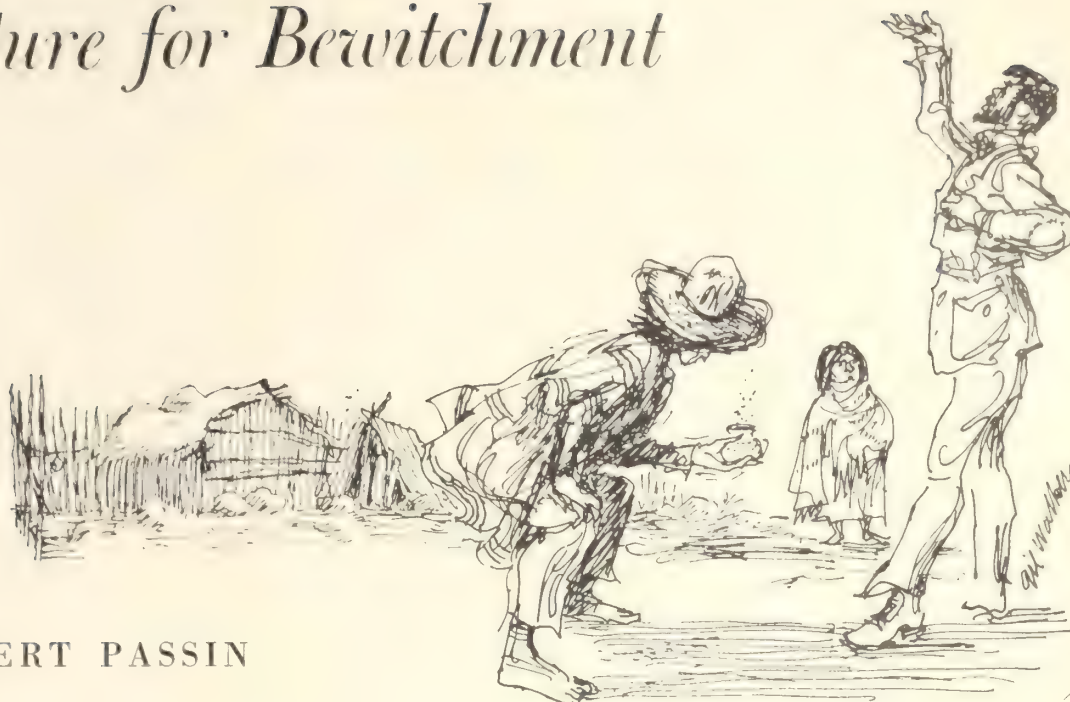
On the way from Fort Worth to Dallas we stopped to visit the Cross Roads Restaurant, just off the new freeway that joins the two cities. We hadn't intended to eat there, but merely to have a look at the building which incorporates the "concrete umbrellas" invented by Felix Candela of Mexico. They are examples of a method of making a very thin reinforced-concrete ceiling out of three-dimensional letter "Y"s that sprout from the floor in graceful curves to form a series of shallow domes. They made a very large room look both its size and intimate at the same time. There is no adequate way to describe the effect; you'll have to take my word for it. We did stay to eat the Sunday night buffet. Excellent.

A little bit of everything, and all of it on a scale suitable to the next-to-biggest state in the Union: experimental theatre popping in Dallas and Houston; a remarkably handsome room at the Dallas Trade Mart that its architect, Mr. Harris, said looked its best with 10,000 people in it; fashionably modern architecture everywhere; air conditioning rearranging the climate not just in buildings but in courtyards and automobiles; the past eradicated by the bulldozer and the future built by cow-money and oil wells. It reminds one of East Coast America seventy-five and a hundred years ago when all eyes were turned to Europe for the word on culture, when everything that was good in the arts was assumed to come from abroad, when taste was dictated from Paris and London along with manners and fashions, but morals and politics were strictly local affairs.

What Texans managed to do to those nineteenth-century fashions was remarkable indeed. What it is managing to do to today's fashions, it seemed to me, was not to endow them with exuberance but with self-consciousness. But then, who knows? Today's "self-conscious society," as Eric Larrabee has called it, may look like the Golden Age a few decades hence.

On the way down the yellow airport corridor to my plane back to New York I avoided the moving sidewalk. After four days in the Land of Oz, I was glad to have my feet on solid earth again.

# A Cure for Bewitchment



HERBERT PASSIN

*Memories of a hangover . . . plus a pinch of Freud . . . forge an unexpected bond between an Indian chief and a young anthropologist.*

THE anthropologist, no less than the American Army, must be possessed of a doctrine of "immediate action." My own, which I applied with rather overwhelming success among the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico, depended upon two items: "Porgy and Bess" and Alka-Seltzer. My performance was certainly not up to Broadway standard, and my audience was small—consisting of a local chief, whom I shall call "Pepe," several of his wives, and a few stray urchins. I performed without benefit of elaborate stage props, chorus, and orchestra.

In the fall of 1940 I had been skirmishing for some months with the Tarahumara Indians in what began to look like a vain effort to wrest some few small nuggets of anthropological information from their grudging bosoms. The Tarahumara Indians, as is known by practically nobody, are a sturdy tribe of 50,000 who inhabit the less habitable portions of the central spine of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the southwestern part of Chihuahua and adjacent areas of Durango.

If nature is somewhat less than freehanded with this tribe, the neighboring Mexicans are

downright unfriendly. In spite of these and many other handicaps, which should properly be chronicled in some technical anthropological journal, they somehow manage to keep up a truly awesome fleetness and endurance in running which is legend in that part of the world. Men, women, and children of all ages and conditions run at the slightest provocation, and they have only the most withering scorn for the poor stranger who, like myself, finds himself hard put to it to manage the half-mile. In all the time I was there—and for the whole month after the harvest was in, there were races every day—I never saw a race under sixteen miles, and I have seen a relay that went, to the best rough approximation, about 250 miles.

For some weeks I had been trying to get the Indians to tell me something about sorcery and magic, but I could not even get anybody to admit that there was such a thing. My most skillful questions, based upon the best techniques of anthropological field work and the most up-to-date ploys of psychoanalysis and nondirective interviewing, invariably turned up a blank stare or the neatly-turned statement: "Oh, *that*. We don't have any of that around here. But those fellows over there, over in Tónachi, they're always running around bewitching people." Or if not Tónachi, or Sisoguichi, or Chínipas, then it was the pagans, a group of gnomelike forest folk who are distinguished from their fellow Indians by



their resistance to the authority of the Catholic Church. In any case it was never "us," the implication being that "we" were too civilized for that sort of thing.

I even made a thirty-mile trip to Tónachi to see if, however wildly improbable, there was something to the story that Tónachi was full of it while "we" were pure. But there again, I was told with just as straight a face and just as direct and untroubled a look: "We don't have any of that here." On the contrary, if I would look more carefully in my own village, I would find that sorcery was practically of epidemic proportions. The only specific thing they told me was that Pepe, the chief, who was my most obstinate noninformer back home, should be watched as one of the main sorcerers.

ONE day as I sat in my hut dispiritedly debating whether to admit once and for all my irretrievable loss of face or to have another try at it, Pepe walked in. The day was bitterly cold, with a wind howling down from the rim of the mesa on which we lived and flinging itself against my little hut. The wind pierced the smoky interior as he opened the door, wearing a seedy sombrero and a blanket wrapped around his aldermanic body. The flames stirred in my twin fire pit, and smoke poured determinedly into the room. It took a real effort for me to greet him in a friendly manner. He grunted at me noncommittally and then sat down silently, small sparkling eyes fixed in what I took to be amused scorn.

In long silence, he said, "I understand that you have very powerful medicine in your country." I caught my breath and debated what answer to give him. There was something behind this, I scented. "Yesss," I drawled slowly, saying no more because I felt that I had just obtained some advantage that would soon reveal itself. "Is that true?" he asked. "Yes, we do have powerful medicine in my country," I replied.

His eyes on me unwaveringly, he said in businesslike tones, "I'm sick. Can you help me with your medicine?" For a panicky moment I thought of the world of human ailments beyond the reach of my simple first-aid kit—cancer, tuberculosis, ulcers, heart trouble—and hesitated. As doubtfully as I could, I said, "I might. What's wrong with you?" He then detailed a list of complaints that shaped up in my mind as the familiar repertoire of ailments that certain patent medicines claim to cure: overindulgence, hyperacidity, neuralgic twinges, muscular aches and pains resulting from a cold.

A wild impulse seized me, sure as instinct, and in a serious voice that scarcely concealed my enthusiasm, I said to him: "Pepe, it may be that I can help you. As you know, the medicines of my country are powerful. But if you do not tell me the truth, the medicine will surely not work. Is this a natural illness, or is it something special?"

Pepe sized me up for an eternity and then said slowly, "I'll tell you the truth. I am bewitched." At that moment I realized that the rock of silence had suddenly cracked open before me, and that if I could work this fissure properly, I should be able to enter the land of magic and sorcery so long denied me. Concealing my excitement, I asked him, "Who is bewitching you, Pepe, and why?"

Whereupon Pepe broke forth into a torrent of explanation, self-justification, and curses, the richest lode of anthropological ore I had struck in a long time.

In substance, he explained that certain good-for-nothings known to both of us, who had fallen upon hard times, had been asking him for grain and other food to tide them over. Now it was the custom of the tribe that one could not refuse a request of this kind if it was at all possible to meet it. The penalty for unreasonable refusal was bewitchment. Since Pepe was the chief and the richest man in those parts, whenever times were hard everybody descended upon him for help. He was a poor man, he wailed. He could not help them. But the scoundrels had set on him and bewitched him. To my insistent prodding, which he now took to be in the line of medical rather than of anthropological business, he opened up avenue after avenue of information, so that I finally learned that our little community was torn with sorcery and mutual recriminations, that in his lifetime every death that had taken place could be laid to malevolent sorcery, and that further, in most cases, the sorcerer could be named.

After I had luxuriated for some hours in this outpouring, Pepe began to press me for help. Drawing upon psychoanalytic texts dimly recalled, I boldly spot-diagnosed his case as one of guilt feelings, or possibly slight cold symptoms aggravated by guilt feelings, and set

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out confidently on my medical career. Although my pharmacopoeia consisted of little more than Alka-Seltzer and aspirin, my confidence was swelled by a sure anthropological instinct that I was on the right track and by a reckless, if ill-formed, faith in Freud. I also recalled that certain similar symptoms of my own—overindulgence, twinges of conscience, hyperacidity—had been cured in the past by the same remedy.

In any event, with little hesitation, I picked up my vial of Alka-Seltzer and with Pepe set out for his ranch, an ample compound of several buildings about a mile from my hut. We walked across the rocky fields in silence, for the feeling seemed to lie between us that the time for talk was over. Now that Pepe had given his all, it was up to me to show my stuff. I spent the time thinking happily of new ways to turn this bonanza of information to good account in my future inquiries. For the de-witching procedure itself, I had decided upon a policy of simple dignity, although I had no clear idea of what that might be.

When we arrived at his compound, Pepe looked at me expectantly. Applying what I fondly hoped was a hypnotic look, I ordered him solemnly to sit down. "A bowl of warm water," I ordered. Pepe grunted something, and from behind a stockaded fence one of his five wives leaped to her feet and ran inside. In a moment, she came out with a gourd of warm water. Another wife followed her, and several blanket-clad children stood around curiously. I decided to play by ear.

Pepe took the gourd casually and looked down at it with flushed face. I opened my vial with exaggerated gestures, removed two Alka-Seltzers, and waved my hand for a few seconds. Pepe followed my movements not with his eyes but with his whole head, and when it looked as if he might burst from impatience, or possibly terror of this unknown powerful medicine, I plopped them into the gourd. Everybody watched, and Pepe stared into the gourd. As I stood there debating what to do next, I saw Pepe squirming, feeling the bottom of the gourd, his eyes opening wider and wider. "It boils without a fire," he growled ominously. By the sounds of agitation among the women and children, I knew that the power of the medicine of my country had been established far beyond my wildest expectations.

As Pepe watched the slow bubbles rise, I felt that some decisive gesture still remained to be performed. But what would impress the Tarahumara Indians? I had not the slightest idea, for all of Pepe's talk had failed to touch upon

the actual magical procedure. I knew that some tribes make passes, some utter mystical abracadabra, some dance, some sing. But what did the Tarahumara do? Realizing that I had only seconds before the Alka-Seltzer fizzed out for the appropriate dramatic gesture, I suddenly stepped back and bellowed out in my deepest voice the only words that came to my agitated mind in that instant: "It Ain't Necessarily So." I alternately chanted and screamed verse after verse with arms outstretched, shuffling a loose-jointed parody of a dance as Pepe turned paler and paler. I as suddenly stopped and with outstretched arm commanded, "Drink!" Pepe's eyes rolled back, the women clutched their blouses in terror, and he drained the bowl with trembling hands. As he finished, a sob grated deep inside of him, he lifted his wet face glistening from the fluid, and then ducked his head into his blanket, swaying from side to side and muttering rapidly. After a few minutes of what began to look like an hysteric seizure, he lifted his face, now dry and self-possessed, and I ordered, again with outstretched arm, "Go to sleep!" He rose and, shaking off with dignity the tenderly-offered arms of the two wives, walked into his house.

THE next morning, Pepe arrived at my hut smiling broadly to inform me that he was cured. In the euphoric atmosphere of our doctor-patient relationship, he submitted cheerfully to my most impertinent questions from then on. However, a week or so later, he dropped in on me looking very peaked and discouraged, and reported that he was again being bewitched, this time by a different group of scoundrels. Again I cured him with my "powerful" medicine, but this time he was cool and casual about the procedure and seemed to regard my vocalizing of "It Ain't Necessarily So" as very much less menacing than the first time.

In the course of time, Pepe came to use so much of my Alka-Seltzer that I began to be seriously alarmed at the depletion of the reserve for my own personal needs, since I found that I too was occasionally victim of the same "bewitchment" symptoms after a hard night of drinking or a long day on the trail. When he asked me for help again, I finally gave him two Alka-Seltzers, two aspirins, and two sleeping tablets. Apparently, this time he slept so long—almost twenty-four hours—that he was somewhat alarmed, and he never again came for help. But by then I had all the information I needed and with my pharmacopoeia about gone, I retired discreetly from the medical profession.



# APOCALYPSE

## *The Place of Mystery in the Life of the Mind*

by Norman O. Brown

### **Introductory Comment by Benjamin Nelson**

IT IS hardly likely that a more controversial Phi Beta Kappa Oration has ever been delivered on an American campus than the following statement made by Professor Norman O. Brown to the Columbia University Chapter toward the close of the last academic year. The only comparable declaration in the 184 years since the founding of the honorary fraternity is the historic address by Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The American Scholar," spoken at Harvard College in 1837. As tempting as it would be to compare and contrast these two statements in these pages, I must forgo the pleasure and concentrate upon Professor Brown's *Summons to a New Beginning*.

To read Professor Brown's pages as literal prose would be to neglect their expressive purpose. A brilliant young classicist of Wesleyan University, Professor Brown has for some years now been engaged in dredging below the surfaces of the mind and culture of contemporary man. In the manner of Freud—with whose writings he has wrestled in his much discussed book entitled *Life Against Death*—Professor Brown wishes to "awaken man from his slumbers." Unlike Freud, however, who placed his faith in the "small voice of reason," Norman Brown assumes the stance of the mystic and the prophet: he laments our present plight, he reveals our brighter future, and adjures us to follow him in taking the first steps out of the darkness of our own devising into the path of grace.

If we falter as we read his glowing words, the blame is not altogether his. We are, indeed, unmindful of our possibilities and ignorant of our first natures. Professor Brown finds decisive proof of this in the fact that we have become deaf to the music of the luminous visionaries and tortured ecstasies from Dionysius to D. H. Lawrence, who suffered both in the flesh and the spirit so that their fellow men might be restored to the Eternal Life they had heedlessly abdicated.

We will not understand Professor Brown if we fail to recognize in him a latter-day poet who aspires to be a legislator of mankind. Plato, the mystics of both East and West, the Theosophist cabalists of the Florentine Academy, George Fox, William Blake, the New England Transcendentalists, and above all Nietzsche are his spiritual ancestors. Emulating, indeed going beyond Emerson, he calls upon all of us to discard the reasonings and to shed the rationalizations which have brought us to our present impasse.

Convinced of the importance of Norman Brown's oration, I still cannot agree with his view that the ills of contemporary man and society are due to the malicious and foolish workings of man's reason. H. G. Wells was surely not at the peak of his power when he wrote that *mind was at the end of its tether*. Nor would I agree that the way out of the present juncture is through Dionysian frenzy, Orphic mystery, or the "no-mind" of Zen Buddhism, as Professor Brown suggests. The Greeks, from whom Professor Brown has learned so much, were perhaps more correct than he supposes, when they emphasized man's need both for Love (Eros) and Reason (Logos).

There is no denying that the American scholar and the American college need today—as they will need tomorrow—to dedicate themselves anew to the unending quest of spiritual creativity. In the midst of our massive organizations of teaching and research we are prone to forget that the "letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." Professor Brown is evidently horrified by the "routinization of the imaginative" which occurs in the contemporary academy and in the world at large and this is one of the most valuable themes of his message. But does he present truly the relation between vision and technique? In his world, time ceases to run, space vanishes, history ends, as men turn in final commitment to the quest of salvation. Paradox and dilemma and tragic ambiguity do not seem to becloud his horizons. Once the soul made newly active becomes aflame with love, he supposes, there is inextinguishable illumination, and the complex

tangles of history and the actual conflicts of interest dissolve forevermore.

I see little basis for these assumptions. So long as men inhabit their earthly abodes, I think they will need knowledge, skill, patience, and even cunning to moderate the antagonisms and untangle the knots which their human condition and all-too-human differences spawn. As much as I applaud Professor Brown's integrity of purpose, I frankly feel that the uncritical adoption of his teachings would involve risk to many of our most precious if unspectacular achievements. For many of us who shared—and still share—the agonies of the present century, the very foundations of society and culture are too pre-

carious to allow for the abandonment of logic, learning, experience, method, ingenuity, art, wisdom, and even wit. The melioration of social and political problems requires realism and prudence at least as much as mystical withdrawal. Love must have a mind as well as heart if it is to avail man here below. "Commissar" and "Yogi," "Square" and "Beat" do not exhaust the alternatives.

This, at least, is one dissenting, if sympathetic, reaction to the oration that follows. But readers must encounter its challenge—its poetry as well as its prose—for themselves. We dare not let voices such as Professor Brown's go unheard.

Columbia University  
May 31, 1960

I DIDN'T know whether I should appear before you—there is a time to show and a time to hide; there is a time to speak, and also a time to be silent. What time is it? It is fifteen years since H. G. Wells said Mind was at the End of its Tether—with a frightful queerness come into life: there is no way out or around or through, he said; it is the end. It is because I think mind is at the end of its tether that I would be silent. It is because I think there is a way out—a way down and out—the title of Mr. John Senior's new book on the occult tradition in literature—that I will speak.

Mind at the end of its tether: I can guess what some of you are thinking—his mind is at the end of its tether—and this could be; it scares me but it deters me not. The alternative to mind is certainly madness. Our greatest blessings, says Socrates in the *Phaedrus*, come to us by way of madness—provided, he adds, that the madness comes from the god. Our real choice is between holy and unholy madness: open your eyes and look around you—madness is in the saddle anyhow. Freud is the measure of our unholy madness, as Nietzsche is the prophet of the holy madness, of Dionysus, the mad truth. Dionysus has returned to his native Thebes; mind—at the end of its tether—is another Pentheus, up a tree. Resisting madness can be the maddest way of being mad.

And there is a way out—the blessed madness of the maenad and the bacchant: "Blessed is he who has the good fortune to know the mysteries of the gods, who sanctifies his life and initiates

his soul, a bacchant on the mountains, in holy purifications." It is possible to be mad and to be unblest; but it is not possible to get the blessing without the madness; it is not possible to get the illuminations without the derangement. Derangement is disorder: the Dionysian faith is that order as we have known it is crippling, and for cripples; that what is past is prologue; that we can throw away our crutches and discover the supernatural power of walking; that human history goes from man to superman.

No superman I: I come to you not as one who has supernatural powers, but as one who seeks for them, and who has some notions which way to go to find them.

Sometimes—most times—I think that the way down and out leads out of the university, out of the academy. But perhaps it is rather that we should recover the academy of earlier days—the Academy of Plato in Athens, the Academy of Ficino in Florence, Ficino who says, "The spirit of the god Dionysus was believed by the ancient theologians and Platonists to be the ecstasy and abandon of disencumbered minds, when partly by innate love, partly at the instigation of the god, they transgress the natural limits of intelligence and are miraculously transformed into the beloved god himself: where, inebriated by a certain new draft of nectar and by an immeasurable joy, they rage, as it were, in a bacchic frenzy. In the drunkenness of this Dionysian wine, our Dionysius (the Areopagite) expresses his exultation. He pours forth enigmas, he sings in dithyrambs. To penetrate the profundity of his meanings, to imitate his quasi-Orphic manner of speech, we too require the divine fury."

At any rate the point is first of all to find again the mysteries. By which I do not mean simply the



## APOCALYPSE

wonder—that sense of wonder which is  
ed the source of all true philosophy—by

I mean secret and occult; therefore un-  
publishable; therefore outside the university as  
we know it; but not outside Plato's Academy, or  
Ficino's.

Why are mysteries unpublishable? First be-  
cause they cannot be put into words, at least not  
the kind of words which earned you your Phi  
Beta Kappa keys. Mysteries display themselves  
in words only if they can remain concealed: this  
is poetry, isn't it? We must return to the old  
doctrine of the Platonists and Neo-Platonists,  
that poetry is veiled truth: as Dionysus is the  
god who is both manifest and hidden; and as  
John Donne declared, with the Pillar of Fire  
goes the Pillar of Cloud. This is also the new  
doctrine of Ezra Pound, who says: "Prose is not  
education but the outer courts of the same.  
Beyond its doors are the mysteries. Eleusis.  
Things not to be spoken of save in secret. The  
mysteries self-defended, the mysteries that cannot  
be revealed. Fools can only profane them. The  
dull can neither penetrate the secretum nor  
divulge it to others." The mystic academies,  
whether Plato's or Ficino's, knew the limitations  
of words and drove us on beyond them, to go  
over, to go under, to the learned ignorance, in  
which God is better honored and loved by silence  
than by words, and better seen by closing the  
eyes to images than by opening them.

And second, mysteries are unpublishable be-  
cause only some can see them, not all. Mysteries  
are intrinsically esoteric, and as such an offense  
to democracy: is not publicity a democratic

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*Dr. Norman O. Brown, Seney Professor of  
Classics at Wesleyan University, was born in  
Mexico, educated at Oxford and the University of  
Wisconsin, and served with the OSS during World  
War II. In 1957, while a grant from the Fund  
for the Advancement of Education, he undertook a  
study of the irrational in human nature. The result  
was his book "Life Against Death," which Lionel  
Trilling called "A contribution to moral—and by  
implication, political—thought which cannot be  
overestimated."*

*Dr. Benjamin Nelson, who provides introduc-  
tory comment with Professor Brown's consent, is  
professor of history and sociology at the State  
University of New York at Oyster Bay, and author  
of "Freud and the Twentieth Century" and "The  
Ideas of Freud." He is general editor of the "Li-  
brary of Religion and Culture" and advisory editor  
of "Psychoanalysis and the Psychoanalytic Review."*

principle? Publication makes it republican—a  
thing of the people. The mystic academies  
were eastern and aristocratic, self-consciously  
separate from the profane vulgar. Democratic  
resentment denies that there can be anything  
that can't be seen by everybody: in the demo-  
cratic academy truth is subject to public verifica-  
tion; truth is what any fool can see. This is what  
is meant by the so-called scientific method: so-  
called science is the attempt to democratize  
knowledge—the attempt to substitute method for  
insight, mediocrity for genius by getting a stand-  
ard operating procedure. The great equalizers  
dispensed by the scientific method are the tools,  
those analytical tools. The miracle of genius is  
replaced by the standardized mechanism. But  
fools with tools are still fools, and don't let your  
Phi Beta Kappa key fool you. Tibetan prayer  
wheels are another way of arriving at the same  
result: the degeneration of mysticism into mech-  
anism—so that any fool can do it. Perhaps the  
advantage is with Tibet: for there the mechanism  
is external while the mind is left vacant; and  
vacancy is not the worst condition of the mind.  
And the resultant prayers make no futile claim to  
eternality or immortality; being non-existent,  
they do not have to be catalogued or stored.

The sociologist Simmel sees showing and hid-  
ing, secrecy and publicity, as two poles, like Yin  
and Yang, between which societies oscillate in  
their historical development. I sometimes think  
I see that civilizations originate in the disclosure  
of some mystery, some secret; and expand with  
the progressive publication of their secret; and  
end in exhaustion when there is no longer any  
secret, when the mystery has been divulged, that  
is to say profaned. The whole story is illustrated  
in the difference between ideogram and alphabet.  
The alphabet is indeed a democratic triumph;  
and the enigmatic ideogram, as Ezra Pound has  
taught us, is a piece of mystery, a piece of poetry,  
not yet profaned. And so there comes a time—  
I believe we are in such a time—when civiliza-  
tion has to be renewed by the discovery of new  
mysteries, by the undemocratic but sovereign  
power of the imagination, by the undemocratic  
power which makes poets the unacknowledged  
legislators of mankind, the power which makes  
all times new.

The power which makes all things new is  
magic. What our time needs is mystery: what  
our time needs is magic. Who would not say  
that only a miracle can save us? In Tibet the  
legion-granting institution is, or used to be, the  
College of Magic Ritual. It offers courses in such  
fields as clairvoyance and telepathy; also (atten-

tion physics majors) internal heat: internal heat is a yoga bestowing supernatural control over body temperature. Let me succumb for a moment to the fascination of the mysterious East and tell you of the examination procedure for the course in internal heat. Candidates assemble naked, in midwinter, at night, on a frozen Himalayan lake. Beside each one is placed a pile of wet frozen undershirts; the assignment is to wear, until they are dry, as many as possible of these undershirts before dawn. Where the power is real, the test is real, and the grading system dumfoundingly objective. I say no more. I say no more; Eastern Yoga does indeed demonstrate the existence of supernatural powers, but it does not have the particular power our Western society needs; or rather I think that each society has access only to its own proper powers; or rather each society will only get the kind of power it knows how to ask for.

THE Western consciousness has always asked for freedom: the human mind was born free, or at any rate born to be free, but everywhere it is in chains; and now at the end of its tether. It will take a miracle to free the human mind: because the chains are magical in the first place. We are in bondage to authority outside ourselves: most obviously—here in a great university it must be said—in bondage to the authority of books. There is a Transcendentalist anticipation of what I want to say in Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address on the American Scholar:

"The books of an older period will not fit this. Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is destroyed. Colleges are built on it. Meek young men grow up in libraries. Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and make a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul."

How far this university is from that ideal is the measure of the defeat of our American dream.

This bondage to books compels us not to see with our own eyes; compels us to see with the eyes of the dead, with dead eyes. Whitman, likewise in a Transcendentalist sermon, says, "You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor

feed on the specters in books." There is a hex on us, the specters in books, the authority of the past; and to exorcise these ghosts is the great work of magical self-liberation. Then the eyes of the spirit would become one with the eyes of the body, and god would be in us, not outside. God in us: *entheos*: enthusiasm; this is the essence of the holy madness. In the fire of the holy madness even books lose their gravity, and let themselves go up into the flame: "Properly," says Ezra Pound, "we should read for power. Man reading should be man intensely alive. The book should be a ball of light in one's hand."

I began with the name of Dionysus; let me be permitted to end with the name of Christ: for the power I seek is also Christian. Nietzsche indeed said the whole question was Dionysus versus Christ; but only the fool will take these as mutually exclusive opposites. There is a Dionysian Christianity, an apocalyptic Christianity, a Christianity of miracles and revelations. And there always have been some Christians for whom the age of miracle and revelation is not over; Christians who claim the spirit; enthusiasts. The power I look for is the power of enthusiasm; as condemned by John Locke; as possessed by George Fox, the Quaker; through whom the houses were shaken; who saw the channel of blood running down the streets of the city of Litchfield; to whom, as a matter of fact, was even given the magic internal heat—"The fire of the Lord was so in my feet, and all around me, that I did not matter to put on my shoes any more."

Read again the controversies of the seventeenth century and discover our choice: we are either in an age of miracles, says Hobbes, miracles which authenticate fresh revelations; or else we are in an age of reasoning from already received Scripture. Either miracle or Scripture. George Fox, who came up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God, so that all things were new, he being renewed to the state of Adam which he was in before he fell, sees that none can read Moses aright without Moses' spirit; none can read John's words aright, and with a true understanding of them, but in and with the same divine spirit by which John spake them, and by his burning shining light which is sent from God. Thus the authority of the past is swallowed up in new creation; the word is made flesh. We see with our own eyes and to see with our own eyes is second sight. To see with our own eyes is second sight.

Twofold Always. May God us keep  
From single vision and Newton's sleep.



LONG JOHN NEBEL



## THE PITCHMAN

*How are you fixed for snake oil? A master of "the pitch," who conducts a midnight-to-five radio show seven nights a week (WOR, New York) and a TV program to boot (Wednesday, 9:00 P.M., Channel 9, New York), lifts the lid on the supersalesman's time-honored techniques.*

FOR over half my life I have been a pitchman—if you accept a broad, generic definition of the term. From "pumpkin dates" (small towns) to radio microphone and TV screen, I have spent some thirty years doing the "vocal sell." Nowadays the props have been improved and the jargon refined; but the pitchman's approach has not altered measurably.

Of course, the product has changed. Most of the old-time medicine man's wares were concocted of simple herbs and they came—metaphorically and literally—from the same barrel or keg filled with "twenty-one botanical products." Some pitchmen preferred to peddle a liquid. This involved merely a supply of cheap bottles—regular and giant economy—and mixing your dry formula with water. Naturally, if you happened to be working the dry stuff you rapped the competitor who was pushing the liquid by telling the crowd

that it could get all the water it wanted from the well—so why pay for it? Besides, you were offering the pure product, the genuine concentrate.

The basis of the pitchman's art was, and is, his skill in attracting a crowd, known as "building a tip." Obviously, he does not start out by saying, "Friends, I have some medicine here that will do you a world of good. . . ." He appears to be making a political speech, propounding a new philosophy, or warning of the evils of sin before he sneaks into his pitch.

I remember one approach I used to use in my small-town days which was almost always a magnet for a couple of hundred honest, hard-working people hoping to get something for nothing—or almost nothing. It went like this:

"Neighbors, I imagine that a number of you older people remember my dear Daddy. You know, friends, it seems only a few weeks ago—although actually he has been dead a number of years now—that he said to me, 'Son, when you decide to settle down, don't forget North Over-shoe, because those are nice people there, good people, our kind of people.' My Daddy used to come to your fair town with four beautiful, white horses and his red, white, and gold carriage. Of course, I was just a youngster. How many of you people remember him?"

Invariably, a half-dozen hands would go up, though my Dad was never in the medicine business, and I had never been to North Overshoe before.

The supersalesmen of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century could out-orate Billy Sunday and William Jennings Bryan. One of the greatest of these wonder workers was Dr. Johnny Friendly. In fond memory, I can see him in action early on a summer evening. He stands on the rear platform of his coach—a frock-coated, silver-haired, mellow-voiced messiah of the open road. His voice booms as he points to a large box:

"In this box is a wondrous thing. A baby with two heads. And before I leave your lovely town your eyes will see this miracle. You will tell your children's children about it. . . . I am not here to sell you anything. No! I am here representing a well-known pharmacy house that wants you to try its product. It knows that if you try it once you'll buy it ever after. So I am in your fair town to practically give away merchandise. But first, I want you to be happy.

"I have in my hand an authentic U. S. silver dollar. Who wants to buy it for fifty cents? Oh, come now, someone must want a silver dollar for only fifty cents. You sir, right—and here you are. Now, I have four more, only four and . . . ah, madam, just one moment. I am not going to sell these for fifty cents—they are a quarter apiece! There you are, madam. You, son. And you, and you. Thank you.

"Now, friends, when I came into town I announced that I was going to present to the citizens of this charming community not three, but five genuine Jeriboam Jewels. I said not one would weigh under twenty-seven carats—well, friends, I'm sorry. I have checked my stock and I find that the twenty-seven-carat jewels are all gone. I am forced to give you the larger and more precious thirty-carat gems. But that's your good luck and my bad luck. Here is the blue variety, usually called the Immaculate Star of the East. This red one is the Imperial Southern Cross. The green one . . ."

Word by word, confidence by confidence, the master medicine man built his pitch. The good

doctor arranged the "jewels" across the front of the table to glitter in the flickering flares. He told humorous stories, but all eyes were on the glowing "gems." Finally he was ready to "turn the tip" (make the sale). This would be easy if there were a few "live ones" or "go-fers" in the crowd—people ready to go or spring for the merchandise. But in any event the turn must be made smoothly and with conviction.

"Now neighbors," Dr. Friendly would say, "the real reason for my being here. You older men who have felt rheumatic pain, listen closely. You ladies, not so young as you used to be, who know the hurt of arthritis, this is important to you. All you girls who don't feel so very good when the moon is high, and you young bucks who go stiff in the muscle after a day of heaving hay—you listen. This is for everyone who doesn't like pain or ache. Man, woman, or child—and to tell the truth, it's pretty great for horses, too. Mild as milk, strong as a tornado. What is it called? Imported Far East Chinese Salve! That's it. Imported Far East Chinese Salve. Expensive? You're darn right it's expensive. They don't give away stuff like this. No sir, they don't. This half-pound size is twelve-fifty. Hold it, friends, take it easy. I don't mean that it costs *you* twelve-fifty—I mean that it costs *me* twelve-fifty. I have to make a little to live on, don't I, friends? That is, it would cost me twelve-fifty—if I was selling it. But I am not selling it! I am making it available at cost. Not my cost, but the manufacturer's cost of seven dollars. You hear me, friends, seven dollars for a large half-pound of the world famous Imported Far East Chinese Salve. But I must extract from you one important promise. If I make available to several of you this valuable medicinal product, then you must in turn do me a favor. You must promise to be a walking, talking advertisement for Imported Far East Chinese Salve. You must tell one and all about its marvelous therapeutic powers.

"And finally, to show that I represent a company that thinks highly of its representatives—and that's what you must promise to be—to those who are the leading voices for Far East Chinese Salve in this territory I will give one genuine, more than thirty-carat Jeriboam Jewel! That is what I said and that is what I mean. To those who are the largest representatives of this product in this town, those who take the greatest number of jars, I will give away, absolutely free and with no hidden costs, one thirty-carat, genuine, authentic Jeriboam Jewel! Five for you, sir. Right. And three for you, young lady . . . eight over there . . . and . . .

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*By the time he was twenty, Chicago-born Long John Nebel had been with a circus, managed a piano store, danced professionally, and taken his band on the road. He crossed the country many times with one of the last medicine shows and later created a gigantic highway auction in New Jersey. He began in radio in 1955.*



"Only seven dollars a giant tin! Guaranteed to retain its prodigious power for many years. Carry it to your happy home, and know that you and your loved ones are protected. Take it now, tonight. Yes, now, dear friends . . . I may not pass this way again."



#### HIGH PITCH OR LOW

**I**N AND OUT of the towns and hamlets of America, up and down the byways of the land—Dr. Friendly and his fellow wandering minstrels sold their cure-alls to millions of gullible "marks." As life became mechanized, and roads paved, the brilliant-hued caravans vanished. But the medicine man did not disappear.

He is still on the road. Sometimes he is found working what is known as a "high pitch" from the back of a truck or trailer. Or he may travel by car, selling his wares from a plywood portable stand with six detachable pipe legs.

Possibly he has moved to New York or some other big city and is engaged in what is known as a "low pitch" out of a cigar box or pushcart. (There are not many of this breed today but during the depression they were everywhere.) He stands at a street corner or at a subway entrance and drops

"Razor blades. Special buy on blades." (Or shoe laces or styptic pencils.) Or he may just call your attention to the nine-dollar sunglasses which he is selling at the ridiculous price of thirty-nine cents. His rather unimaginative patter is called "grinding."

But the "low-pitch" operator can be the equal of the old-time medicine man in daring and ingenuity. He achieves needed mobility by toting his products in a "keister" (a suitcase of some sort) which he displays on a light portable table called a "tripes." This is what he might do if, for instance, he's "up city" (broke) and in need of "scratch" (money) to pay for a barrel of herbs or a new supply of boxes.

First of all, he must have stock—the best for his purpose being a few bars of yellow naphtha soap. I remember many years ago on Ninth Avenue in New York there was a place called Paddy's Market where you could buy a long bar of soap for about ten cents. It had no brand name. It was unwrapped, ordinary laundry soap. If you had a little more change left, you would go to a florist supply store and buy a roll of the metal foil used to wrap the stems of corsages. You then cut the bar of soap into small slivers. These little pieces, carefully packaged in tin foil, were your product.

What was it?

Well, you might decide to sell it as an eyeglass cleaner. This is fairly simple. You merely explain to people who are wearing glasses that when they come in from outdoors on a cold day, their glasses usually steam up uncomfortably. When they try to remove the condensation the glasses steam up again. "But if you use our Magic Eyeglass Cleaner, you will discover . . ." You peel back a little of the foil and stroke the front and the back of the "mark's" glasses with soap. Taking a fresh tissue, you wipe it off. Now you breathe on the glasses. Ordinarily, of course, they would steam up; but this time they don't because of the glycerine in the soap. It's a convincing little bit that always brings fifteen cents a package.

For a more artful kind of soap merchandising you go to a Chinese laundry and promote an old newspaper, to use for wrapping with the ends twisted like a candy wrapper. Now you go out on the street, "build a tin," and explain that this is an imported Chinese Corn Punk:

"And friends, let me just say this to you. If you have a corn that tells you in the morning what the weather's going to be like . . . or if you have a bunion that throbs like a toothache, so painful that you can't even stand the weight of a bedsheet on it . . . then I want you to listen to my story. Or if you have aches in the metatarsal arch, a callus on the ball or the heel of the foot, let me show you the Magic Imported Chinese Corn Punk."

At this point you peel the Chinese newspaper off the little stick, and you challenge anybody within the hearing of your voice:

"If you have a corn that aches at the present time, just remove your shoe, not your stocking, and within ten seconds, by the tick of your watch, I can assure you that if I rub just a little of this Magic Chinese Corn Punk on the outside of the stocking, it will penetrate right through the fabric, it will penetrate right through that corn,

get right down to the root, and stop that pain within ten seconds."

Usually someone will take you up. He slips off his shoe and you rub a little bit of Corn Punk on the toe. I have never seen this maneuver fail. He will announce within ten seconds that there is no pain. Then, of course, you start unloading the item at fifteen cents.

Sometimes—when things are really tough—an operator is forced to resort to what is called a "smut pitch" to get back in action. Here's the way this little larceny is executed. You go to the nearest cafeteria and pick up twenty-five or thirty paper napkins. Put them in your pocket and move on. Proceed to the nearest hotel with writing desks and stationery. Gather fifteen or twenty envelopes. Fill them with a couple of folded paper napkins. This gives the envelope body and assures anyone handling it there is something inside. Then seal the envelope, preferably with a little strip of colored Scotch Tape—this little extra seems to mean something to people.

Now go to a crowded section of the city. A spot like 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth

Avenues is ideal in New York. To collect a little crowd you take out a handkerchief and begin to handle it like a magician, swinging it back and forth, pulling it very slowly—as though you are about to perform a mystifying feat of legerdemain—through the circle of your thumb and forefinger. You never explain what you are doing, but chatter along:

"If you'll kindly keep your eye on the handkerchief, please observe that it only passes through the circle one way at a time and that . . . Will you step in just a little closer, a little closer there? Thank you. If you follow the exact route of the . . . where it is now quite obvious . . . in a little closer, please . . . and see, and listen carefully, please . . . and keep your eyes at all times on the . . . Come in a little, thank you, thank you."

Soon fifteen or maybe twenty men will gather around you. If you are lucky, a couple of women will also join them—you can make them the clincher.

"I am very sorry, ladies," you say, "but the discussion that I have in mind is strictly for the men. Thank you anyway for your valuable time,

## THE DANAIDS by Palmer Bovie

PROUST heard Our Ladies of the Switchboard connecting one soul  
With another, cutting them off, siphoning love  
From one liquid heart to another, eternally still  
Carriers of incomplete messages. But all women fill  
Things, wherever they are. Plenitude is the role  
Assigned them by fate. Originally sifted away  
From her sisters, Hypermnestra was splendidly false in her love  
And filled her life to the brim very quickly. Penelope's sway  
Was exercised over the time she needed while he was away,  
And she filled in those years waiting, and watching her son.  
Anonymous ancients conferred completeness on life,  
Swelling the spindles with wool when the bread was done,  
Piling wood under the food on the fire, remorselessly rife  
With dozens of daily assignments. And the middle-aged nun  
Went flowing about her business of keeping in tune  
With God for man's sake. The world was there to be filled  
With praise and abstention. So let me not fail to mention  
Our daughters of today, putting seeds in suburban gardens,  
Pouring money down leaky cash registers; sometimes quite thrilled  
To type out evaporative words, or answer the phone.  
Connecting one thing with another is adult adoration:  
Listening for the definite ring. First, dial tone,  
Then seven digitary clicks; then the ring your finger  
Fashioned. Now some passion. Is this Our Lady of the Perforation?  
I wanted to talk to you. I think it's about my salvation.



and, gentlemen, if you will please gather in as close as possible, because I don't want to talk too loud."

You lower your voice, and the crowd starts to "belly in" (to get in as close as possible). At this point, you look furtively around to the right, left, behind, and in front of you. If you want to strengthen this bit, you make a full turn to survey all possible lanes of approach. It is now impressively obvious that no one is watching except the men huddled around you. Dramatically you remove, from your pocket, one envelope, and you say:

"Gentlemen, I have in this envelope the type of pictures that every red-blooded man enjoys seeing. I cannot describe them in detail. If you are fortunate enough to get one of these envelopes, I want you to—immediately—put it into your inner pocket. When you get home, I want you to go to your room, pull down the shades, plug the keyhole, and then with just one small light, in the corner of the room, I want you to open up this envelope.

"Gentlemen, the type of pictures that you will see in this envelope . . . it will take ten cakes of ice to cool you off. Your hair will stand on end. Gentlemen, I've said enough. The price of these pictures is . . . hurry, gentlemen, I see someone coming . . . is one dollar. Thank you, sir. And another. *Please*, put it right in your pocket. Don't open it here. Here's one over here, and another for this gentleman. Remember, friends, they are the type of pictures that every red-blooded man wants, ten cakes of ice to cool you off. Yes, sir, thank you, and another one over here, thank you. *Please*, do not open them here, or, for that matter anywhere in public. Protect yourselves, protect me . . . take them home and open them in the privacy of your bedroom. Sorry, sir, but that's the last. . . . Gentlemen, I'll say thanks to you. And, gentlemen, when you get these home, and you open that envelope, gentlemen, I know that you'll say—"There was a young man on 42nd Street, tonight, and he *did* me—good!"

I should point out that the average pitchman wants no part of the "sunny pitch." He is forced into it to pick up a little "action money" to start operating again. And of course, every product has its particular slant, each place its unique requirements. Perhaps because I have been practicing the art for more than a quarter of a century I resent it when people equate pitchman with charlatan. He's a salesman—that's all—and most people nowadays have him in their living-rooms every night of the week.



#### THE SAME OLD MAGIC

**I**N THE old-time medicine show you started out by entertaining the crowd—perhaps with a monologue, a banjo player, a dancer, or even a whole cast of performers. Then the good doctor came on to explain the miraculous curative powers of his Old World Herb Tea which always contained fennel seed: "And I think most of you mothers out there remember when your doctor recommended fennel seed for the baby's colic. And then you all know the value of couch grass, particularly you men who . . ." And on he went down the list describing the wonderful ingredients of his product.

And what is the format today? The announcer presents the entertainers and you watch and enjoy. Then the medicine man appears and makes the pitch. He tells you about the acid in your stomach, your unhappy blood, or melancholy muscles—and then he offers you something that has special ingredients that work "almost like magic." He tells you this is a special offer ("I may not pass this way again") and he pushes the giant economy size. Basically this is the same medicine show that rolled around the country for many, many decades, in an exciting and colorful carriage, behind the great white horses, driven by "Dr. John Friendly" or "Professor Brown" or "Chief Granite Cloud."

And neighbors, if you think the last few pages have been interesting, well, then—just move in a little closer; just a little closer, please, and I'll reveal to you the wonders of . . .

The second of two articles by  
DEAN ACHESON

# ERNEST BEVIN

*comfortable friend, formidable adversary*

*In the Palais Rose or St. James's Palace, this former teamster of Bristol was a worthy—and lovable—guardian of British interests, and a stalwart ally in creating the Western command.*

BEFORE I met Ernest Bevin, two Secretaries of State I had served gave me differing impressions of him. Neither prepared me for his quality. Mr. Byrnes liked him; General Marshall did not. In the General's case, the trouble came, I later felt sure, from a misunderstanding. In December 1947, it became clear that Molotov was stalling the Conference of Foreign Ministers being held in London. The three Western Ministers agreed that at the beginning of the next session General Marshall would blast Molotov, and then, upon Bevin's motion, they would immediately adjourn the conference. The General fired the blast, but Bevin made no motion. So, after some confusion, the General had to make it. He felt that he had been let down and that Bevin was not reliable, a black mark in the General's scale of judgments.

After I came to know Bevin well, what had happened was as clear as day to me. Bevin was no split-second operator. He moved slowly; he was often distracted. He could easily miss a cue and in the resulting confusion not know how to pick it up again. To a soldier, trained to precision in maneuver, what was really clumsiness appeared deliberate. This was a misjudgment. Ernest Bevin was as honorable and loyal a colleague as one could wish.

But Bevin admired General Marshall. To him the Marshall Plan was—and rightly so—one of history's greatest acts of statesmanship. He told me that, as he finished reading the General's speech at Harvard in June 1947, Sir William

(now Lord) Strang, Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, came to him with the suggestion that he should instruct the British Embassy in Washington to inquire at the State Department what General Marshall meant.

"Bill," he said, "we know what he *said*. If you ask questions, you'll get answers you don't want. Our problem is what *we do*, not what *he meant*." And he began to act at once to establish the Paris Conference on European Recovery.

We met first in the spring of 1949—I had just been appointed Secretary of State and Bevin had been British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1945. The signing of the North Atlantic Treaty furnished the U. S. an opportunity for personal consultation and concurrence with the British and French Foreign Ministers on two matters of first importance. The first matter, too secret for cable communication, was the discussion with Stalin, then nearing a conclusion, about ending the Blockade of Berlin; the other, too complicated, was the creation of a federal German government by uniting the three Western Zones of Occupation. The Kremlin had been trying to make the former contingent upon our abandoning the latter.

Bevin and the French Foreign Minister, Schuman, at our invitation, came to Washington a few days before the larger gathering. Never were two men more unlike, or more congenial to work with. Bevin, short and too fat, suffered cruelly from attacks of angina, but continued to eat heartily and drink his whiskey sodas. His gait was the rolling one of a fat man; his clothes gave the impression of being enormous. His best feature was his eyes which, even behind heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles, lit up a face made undistinguished by an unusually broad and flat nose above full lips.

His quick temper could flash without warning,



and often seemingly by accident, but was defenseless against good humor. He did not bear grudges, was not sensitive in the sense of being touchy. He worked hard, understood the full significance of the Soviet aggressive policy of 1946, and respected and used the Foreign Office staff, which in turn adored him. One of the satisfactions of working with him was the knowledge that his standing with Prime Minister Attlee, the British public, and the Trades Union Congress was such that what Bevin said could be taken as British foreign policy.

Bevin was something new in the Foreign Office. He could hardly have been more different from his two immediate predecessors, Mr. Anthony Eden and the Earl of Halifax. Born in a remote village in West England, son of a domestic servant and an unknown father, he was an orphan at the age of eight, and left school at eleven. But his education by no means ended then.\* Forever reading and studying, in Baptist chapel and trade-union study groups, in the Bristol Socialist Society, he sought books and debate wherever they were available. He was a bakeshop boy at sixpence a week, van boy, waiter, horse-tram conductor, lunchroom operator, until he came to temporary rest as teamster for a mineral-water company. His dray took him into every street and alley in Bristol, where the poverty and misery of the working people and the ignorant indifference of the society around them were burned upon his heart and mind.

In the Bristol dock strike of 1910, Bevin met an attempt to use the unorganized carters to break the strike by organizing a carters' branch of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union. In the course of his career he fought unemployment, exploitation, employers, Communists, the British government itself in the General Strike of 1926, and Fascism in England, Germany, and Italy. He organized the vast Transport and General Workers' Union. In May 1940, upon the invitation of his former opponent in the General Strike, the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, Prime Minister of a nation fighting alone and sorely beset, he became Minister of Labour in the War Cabinet.

Soon after we met, we became "Ernie" and "me lad," an affectionate appellation I shared with Mike Pearson (the Honorable Lester B. Pearson, then Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, now Leader of the Opposition). He and I agreed that one could catch Bevin's mood from his intonation of the phrase. It could

be minatory, as in: "And don't think, me lad, that I'm not on to what ye're up to." Or warmly reassuring, as when in 1950 Republican legislators were urging my replacement: "Don't give it a thought, me lad. If those blokes don't want yer, there's plenty as does."

Our work together in Washington that spring laid a solid basis of trust and respect. Berlin raised no difficulties. Both Bevin and Schuman were relieved that the end of the Blockade crisis was in sight, saw at once the need for our secret negotiations, and approved the results we were working toward: the ending of all restrictions and counter-restrictions and, at Russian insistence, a Conference of Foreign Ministers to convene in Paris in May to consider German and Austrian questions.

Agreement on the creation and form of a West German government involved much harder problems. These chiefly related to the powers reserved by France, Britain, and the U.S. Should German action stand unless reversed, or should it require affirmative approval? Should it be subject to veto by any one of the three occupying powers, or should a majority be required? One can easily imagine the agitation which these questions could arouse in 1949, and the problems of prestige. They were amicably settled; but the trust and affection which grew out of our work together was not the product of a relaxed social and strifeless association.

#### TRAPPED BY NYMPHS

THE Conference of Foreign Ministers convened a few weeks later in Paris at the Palais Rose. This pink marble mansion on a street off the Champs Élysées, had been built for Anna Gould, then the Duchesse de Talleyrand-Périgord, and loaned to the French government. Its *fin de siècle* design and décor gave our wholly unreal meetings an incorrigible musical-comedy atmosphere. As we drove into its courtyard that first lovely May day and entered the rose marble hall, across which a wide double staircase rose to a mezzanine gallery, the Garde Républicaine's bugles and drums gave us flourishes and the Garde itself, in horsehair-plumed helmets, breastplates, white knee breeches, and high black boots, flashed its sabers in salute.

We met in what had been the dining-room around a large circular, green-felt-covered table. The seats of the American delegation faced three pairs of French windows looking out on a garden. In the weeks that followed, its green depths and shadows soothed and refreshed spirits tor-

\* Alan Bullock's *The Life and Times of Ernest Bevin*, Vol. 1, is my source for Bevin's early life.

tured by the excruciating boredom of hours of successive translations into two languages.

Above was a frescoed ceiling which took me back to my childhood. The fresco was of satyrs in hot pursuit of nymphs through clouds. In the center reclined a female figure, probably Aphrodite, an inattentive referee. In the Macdonough Opera House in Middletown, Connecticut, a similar though less provocative scene had been revealed to me as a child with the rise of the asbestos curtain. The Palais Rose fresco got Bevin into trouble at our closing meeting. All meetings were strictly limited to the delegations and their staffs. But the last one being purely formal, I yielded to the pleas of my wife, Mrs. Bevin, and Mrs. David Bruce, the wife of our Ambassador, to smuggle them in to see a sight they had so often heard described. After proceedings had started, they slipped through a small serving door into seats held for them in the back of the room. Bevin was well into a speech thanking the municipal authorities of Paris and all their branches for their services. He was succeeding admirably in communicating his own boredom to his audience.

As the ladies came in, I made the mistake of a small gesture of greeting—mistaken, because Ernie, whose back was to them, thought I was signaling him to look upward. This he had not done before, since his short, stout neck was not naturally adapted to star-gazing. The fresco burst on him as an original discovery. His speech was just expressing perfunctory appreciation of the facilities and hospitality of the Palais Rose, when the fresco opened new and unexpected opportunities. He seized them with Rabelaisian gusto. Both speaker and audience came to life; laughter spurred him to new effort. Matters were getting out of hand, and he could, later on, believe with some justification that I had led him into a trap. So I scribbled a note and tossed it across the table. "Ernie: Flo is right behind you." With hardly a pause and without turning around, he went on, "Well, as I was sayin', we thank especially, etc., etc."

After the meeting when tea was being served, I let him get as far as, "Where you take your wife is your business, but when it comes to takin' Flo . . ." I broke in, "By the way, she's beckoning to us now. Let's join them," and

moved off to anchor under the guns of the fort.

To know Mrs. Bevin (now Dame Florence Bevin) was to be devoted to her. There was no nonsense about her at all, and great natural dignity. She gave the impression of straightforward, uncomplicated honesty like the couple in Grant Wood's painting, "American Gothic," an impression which her long face and straight, bobbed, gray hair, curled up at the ends, reinforced. But there was nothing solemn about her, except her concern for Ernie and their daughter. Hers was a happy nature, joined with the gift of seeing through pretense, without malice, in delighted amusement.

#### WHY THEY WEAR FEATHERS

ONE evening in mid-June, when the conference was in its fourth weary week and the mousy issue of its mountainous labor was becoming daily more evident, the Foreign Ministers, High Commissioners, senior associates, and their ladies were due to dine with Schuman in great style at the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Office. The dinner was for eight o'clock in full evening dress. But the conference was no respecter of such frivolities. It had entered the stage of "secret" meetings, meetings limited to the Ministers, with one adviser each, and the interpreters. Secret meetings were a sure sign that, if the conference were to produce any result, high forceps would be required.

On the day of the dinner, the meeting began at three-thirty in the afternoon. At eight o'clock no end of the statements, counterstatements, and their infuriating translations seemed in sight. Schuman was unperturbed and unperturbable. A stream of messengers came to him and hastened off with scribbled notes. My heart ached for the chefs with their soups, fish, fowl, roasts, delicate vegetables and salads, each course with its appropriate wine to be cooled, or brought to room temperature, at the exact moment. It was easy to forget the dreary, repetitive talk and wonder whether a series of dinners were being cooked and who would eat those which flowered too soon, or—though it did not seem possible—too late.

At last the interminable meeting ended. We reassembled about ten o'clock at the Quai d'Orsay, and sat down a half-hour later. To my joy Mrs. Bevin was on my left. At once we made a conversational deal. We were too exhausted, hungry, and murderously inclined, we agreed, for most topics. Only fantasy of the purest gossamer would do. What should it be? She looked

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*Dean Acheson, Secretary of State from 1949 to 1953, now heads an advisory group on U.S. policy toward NATO. This record of his friendship with Ernest Bevin will be part of his forthcoming book, "Sketches from Life."*



across and down the long table and fastened on a lady toward the other end, dressed, as the expression goes, to the nines; of just what period was not too clear. "I know," she said, triumphantly. "Let's talk about why women like to wear feathers in their hair."

"But do they, really?" I asked. "Isn't it only when they're presented at court?"

"Not a bit of it. I've always longed to, but 'e (with a glance across the table at Ernie) won't let me."

"Why on earth not?" I asked. But the glance had had telepathic result.

"What're you two talkin' about?" Ernie broke in from his place opposite. "What won't I let 'er do? Fat chance of that!"

"Pay no attention to him," I said. "We oughtn't to encourage him to talk across the table and neglect those nice ladies beside him." (One of whom was my wife.)

"I think it's very bad manners," Flo added.

"You're puttin' 'er up to something," said Ernie.

"Flo," I went on, "I've been thinking about those feathers. Do you suppose your longing for them is some instinct inherited from a distant ancestor of ours beyond the veil of time, who was also an ancestor of the birds?"

"Oh, my God!" came from across the table.

"'E'll never let us alone," said Flo. "Talk to your neighbor and we'll go on later." This we did, watched suspiciously through dinner.

Next morning he came up to me before the CFM. "You and your damned birds," he said and went into the meeting room.

#### "COMFORTABLE FRIENDS"

THE conference encountered heavy weather from the start. The Russians plainly had no intention of making any agreement for German unity which would weaken their hold on the Eastern Zone. Any agreement at all which did not put all Germany under Soviet control would do this, since the Russians were hated and feared in East Germany, and the German Communists were despised as traitors. So the meetings were given over to propaganda statements and maneuvers, such as Vyshinsky's proposal to withdraw all troops from Germany in 1950 and to call a conference in Paris to write a peace treaty for Germany.

We soon discovered that the Russians had not wholly abandoned the blockade. The Military Governors reported from Berlin that traffic was still being impeded. Here, plainly, was a test of

resolution. Some within our own American group, of whom Foster Dulles was one, believed we should vigorously protest to Moscow about this, but not endanger the conference. I was delighted to find that neither Bevin nor Schuman shared this view. We three were agreed that the conference was conditioned on the immediate ending of the Blockade. If that condition was not met, the conference would end.

With the approval of our governments, we asked Vyshinsky to meet with us, informed him of the facts and our conclusions, and asked for his concurrence in instructions to the Commandants to get traffic moving in three days. At first he refused, but seeing that we were quite serious about ending the conference, reversed his position on the basis of new information. Though it took more than three days, traffic moved again.

"Comfortable," in the Elizabethan use, means reassuring. I felt then, as throughout our time together, what comfortable men I had to work with in the bluff English Labour leader and the retiring, ascetic Lorraine lawyer.

The conference ground to its end on June 20, 1949. Little was decided about Germany. We tried and failed to get a physical corridor from Helmstedt to Berlin. But a *modus vivendi* of sorts was worked out on trade and traffic with Berlin. Rather surprising progress was made on a treaty for an independent Austria. After many hundreds of sterile meetings by the deputies, the ice seemed to melt. We came within a stone's throw of the result finally achieved in 1955. But the northern night descended to undo our work, as I shall tell.

At six o'clock on Monday evening, June 20, the conference adjourned *sine die*. After a final glass of champagne and polite farewells around the buffet tables, we parted, Bevin for an early dinner and the boat-train for London. In the course of the inevitable press conference, word came that an emergency meeting of the CFM had been called by Schuman at the Quai d'Orsay within the hour, at the request of Vyshinsky. No reason had been given. This news broke up the press meeting. While we ate a hurried sandwich, we learned through our French friends that Gromyko, Vyshinsky's Deputy Foreign Minister, had telephoned him from Moscow after the adjournment and in most brutal language told him that his agreements on Austria had omitted an important provision and must be reopened.

Bevin and I reached the Quai d'Orsay together. On the way up the steps I gave him my report, which accorded with his. "Any ideas?" he asked.

"I'd tell him to go to hell."

"Me, too," he agreed.

In the Quai d'Orsay's glass-enclosed elevator, which shook and protested under our combined weight, Ernie asked, "Do you know our Labour song. 'The Red Flag'?" I had to confess ignorance. "The tune's the same as 'Maryland, My Maryland.' Y' know that, coming from there? Let's sing 'em together, as a sign of solidarity, as we Labour blokes say."

And so we did, robustly, arm-in-arm, walking through the sedate Second Empire anterooms, with the final bars at the very entrance of the meeting room.

We had barely a word with Schuman before Vyshinsky was in full voice, asserting that the protocol which he had signed failed to express his intention, and insisting on reopening the agreement. Bevin congratulated him on a new record. Soviet agreements were fragile things, but today's was the frailest yet. It had not even survived the day. However, he saw no reason to reopen the agreement or change our words. Schuman and I briefly agreed. The meeting adjourned. By midnight the lights of Paris and then London disappeared behind us as the *Independence* gained altitude on her course back home. I thought with affection of the "comfortable" and stalwart friends I had just left.

#### THANKS TO GEORGE III

BEVIN came back to Washington in the autumn of 1949, accompanied by Sir Stafford Cripps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a group of Treasury officials. He had a long agenda before him—Britain's serious financial troubles, talks with the French and us, a NATO Council Meeting, and the General Assembly of the United Nations—a heavy schedule for a man far from well.

I was interested to see him perform with Cripps. Bevin had told me that after the Labour victory in 1945 he had wanted, and rather expected, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had long been a student of national finance and its relation to Britain's national economy and international trade and financial position. His knowledge was respected; his claims were strong. The offer of the Foreign Office was a disappointment. But it was like him to accept the decision in good spirit and make the most of it.

It was like him, too, to study not only current international problems, but the history of his predecessors. He talked of them as of slightly older people whom he knew with affectionate

respect. In listening to him, one felt strongly the continuity and integrity of English history. He conferred a single title on each of them. It was "Old." "Last night," he said to me, "I was readin' some papers of Old Salisbury. Y' know 'e 'ad a lot of sense." "Old Palmerston," too, came in for frequent, and sometimes wistful, mention. One got the sense that, sitting at the familiar desk, under the portrait of George III, he felt himself surrounded by their benign shades, sympathizing with him in his worries, and saying to him, "Good man, Bevin! We know how it is."

With George III he was very companionable. When sherry was brought in before lunch, he would twist around to look up at the portrait. "Let's drink to 'im," he would say. "If 'e 'adn't been so stoopid, you wouldn't 'ave been strong enough to come to our rescue in the war, and after it with Marshall aid." His Majesty, I think, was not amused.

I thought again the following May of the flow of English history and how fitting it was for Bevin to take his place in it, when he gave a dinner and reception for the NATO Foreign Ministers at St. James's Palace. That Tudor setting was just right for Bevin in scale and taste. When, after dinner, the uniformed "toast-master" beat on the floor with his staff for quiet, and announced, "Your Grace, Your Excellencies, My Lords and Ladies, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Right Honorable Ernest Bevin," I could believe that a Tudor monarch could well have seen in the short powerful figure who rose to welcome us an instrument well fashioned to safeguard English interests.

Cripps I had known for some fifteen years. A barrister, at one time the leader of the bar, he brought his disciplined analytical mind to the Treasury with results which seemed painfully conservative and ascetic to some of his Labour colleagues, of whom Aneurin Bevan was one. The mention of the name tempts me to another digression. It is said that hearing someone repeat the cliché, "Nye Bevan is his own worst enemy," Ernie broke in emphatically, "Not while I'm alive."

Cripps and Bevin were a formidable team. We had anticipated their arrival with much speculation among State, Treasury, and Federal Reserve Board as to whether the British would want to discuss devaluation of the pound sterling and what our attitude should be. Financial people are curiously timid. Their attitude here, that even to discuss devaluation both incurred a commitment to underwrite the result and made



us accessory to a possible outbreak of financial hostilities, seemed to me sterile and negative. But the financiers were leading in these talks and their attitude colored our preparations.

When the moment arrived, Cripps and Bevin did not seek our advice about a decision to be made, but told us about a decision which had been made. To a very small group and, of course, in deepest secrecy, they told us that the value of the pound would be halved as soon as they had the necessary talks at the International Monetary Fund. This was promptly done.

Our talks, then, were on steps to be taken after devaluation, not about its wisdom. Stafford Cripps's patience was short and his temper quick. John Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, who chaired the meetings, seemed to exhaust the former and arouse the latter. Stafford would become waspish and often stung. Sometimes the whole hive swarmed angrily out. Here, as so often happens, Bevin, a quick-tempered man himself, took on a benevolent objectivity and became the peacemaker, using me as a sort of end man in his diversionary tactic.

But his contribution was more than to smooth a rough place. He seemed to have cornered the market for common sense. I have heard it said that Paul Hoffman, the Administrator of the Marshall Plan, missed his calling; that he should have been an evangelist. Both statements miss the truth. He didn't miss his calling, and he was and is an evangelist. At one of our meetings he was preaching to the British his doctrine of salvation by exports with all the passion of an economic Savonarola. The British were following, he said, the false course of exporting to soft-currency countries for high prices; and getting full employment, but no gold or dollars. They must take the harder road of reducing costs and exporting to the American dollar market.

Bevin mildly suggested that the British had tried this course in the 'twenties and their very success had got them the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act and lost them their American markets. Americans liked to talk about trade replacing aid, until imports began; then called for "peril points" and "escape clauses" against the competition of "cheap labor." When Hoffman attributed this talk to the days before the Enlightenment, Bevin was as well prepared as any lawyer with the history of increasing limitations put on each extension of the Trade Agreements Act, which, although first enacted fifteen years before, was still regarded as temporary commercial policy and extended only a few years, sometimes only a year, at a time. He spoke with

good nature, but great force; and he was right.

He gave us a good fright after we had moved to New York for the General Assembly of the United Nations. On our second evening there my wife and I took him to "South Pacific" with Ambassador-at-large and Mrs. Philip Jessup. Mrs. Bevin had gone off to visit friends in the country. As we sat in the front row, the orchestra recognized Ernie at once and the word went backstage. Pinza, Mary Martin, and the whole cast played to him. He enjoyed himself so obviously and so expansively that actors and audience caught his gaiety.

#### NO CONCESSIONS TO FLESH

OUR guards, including Scotland Yard Inspector "Big Ben" Macey, advised staying in our seats between the acts, which gave Bevin several hours of inactivity. After a tumultuous final curtain, with many calls, and much waving by and to him, we started to follow the departing audience up the aisle. The sudden demand on his heart brought on an attack. Inspector Macey took command in an instant. Ernie was stretched in the aisle with sweat pouring down his face. A towel soaked in ice water was brought to cool his face, nitroglycerine administered. The police emptied the theatre; but the crowd waited outside.

We waited in the back of the theatre, but not for long. The pain passed. Ernie soon joined us, with apologies for frightening everyone. As we came out of the theatre the crowd gave him a cheer and got a gay wave back.

"Where are we goin' now?" he asked when the cars moved off.

"We're going back to the hotel to see that you go to bed," I told him, not adding that his devoted private secretary, Roddie Barclay, and the hotel doctor were awaiting him.

"Then what are you goin' to do?" he persisted.

"Probably take the Jessups up to our apartment for a nightcap before we turn in."

"I thought so," he said triumphantly. "And I'm comin', too. You're not goin' to tuck me in. I need a drink more than any of you."

"It isn't good for him, is it?" I appealed to Inspector Macey. "He'd much better go to bed. Isn't that right, Inspector?"

"Well, sir," said "Big Ben" from the front seat, "I don't rightly know what's best for him. But I've a fair idea of what he's going to do."

And so he did. We went along to our apartment where Barclay and the doctor came to receive and give reassurance. Then gaining the

former as a recruit, we had an hour of animated discussion of the play. Bevin was indomitable and made no concessions to weaknesses of the flesh.

Later that same autumn I was to learn that failing health had in no way weakened his redoubtable temper. In November we met in Paris with Schuman; the subject, German steel production. At the end of the war severe decisions had been taken to insure against future German aggression by dismantling a large part of the German steel industry. As the Marshall Plan got under way, dismantling was revealed as a great impediment to industrial recovery in Europe. A study by George Humphrey, later President Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury, demonstrated the need for a reversal of policy.

By October dismantling had become an acute issue. The Bonn government was protesting against it. German labor was threatening to refuse to work at it. Most of the plants to be demolished were in the British Zone, so the British government bore the brunt of the criticism. While advocating modification of the policy, the British also insisted that German steel production should be strictly limited. The United States took a more liberal attitude. The French opposed any change of policy. Here was a tinderbox waiting for a spark.

Our High Commissioner to Germany, Mr. John J. McCloy, supplied it. As I said in my first article, Mr. McCloy is in the first rank of men with whom I have worked—a forthright man of tireless vitality. That October he spoke his mind several times. His mind accorded with that of his government, which, however, was not making its views public. These statements dismayed the French and infuriated Bevin.

The moment Schuman opened the meeting, Bevin let us have it with both barrels. His ex-coriolation of international negotiation by use of the press was a masterpiece of vituperation. Beating the air with both arms, he worked himself into a passion, which after our New York experience, filled me with concern for him. But he soon tired, and surprised us by coming to a sudden stop, and asking me what I had to say.

What, indeed? Schuman looked at me appealingly. Ernie was getting his breath for a second round. There was no defense and to attempt one would only make matters worse. The problem was to make forgiveness possible before asking for it. The key lay in Ernie's sense of humor. Then it was that my youth in a rectory and a church school came to my rescue.

"Monsieur le Président," I said to Schuman,

"all that I can reply to Mr. Bevin is written in an English book, *The Book of Common Prayer*: 'The remembrance of our sins is grievous unto us; the burden of them is intolerable.'"

Waving aside translation, Schuman eagerly interjected, "It is the same in the Catholic book." Ernie burst into laughter and threw up his arms in mock despair. "I wouldn't know," he said, "I'm only a bush Baptist."

"What in the world," I asked, "is a *bush Baptist*?"

"I don't know," he answered, "that's what they called us. Why don't you ask your President? 'E's probably one, too." I said that I would; and later did. (I find this postscript to a letter I wrote Bevin on November twenty-first after returning home: "The authority on Baptists, Mr. H.S.T., says that in the early days the mountain people went for the principles of the Baptists in a big way as they were regarded as a protest against the decadence of the cities. A 'bush Baptist' was a Baptist from the hills.")

But the storm had passed. Bevin good-naturedly accepted our contrite apologies.

The next day his tolerance of tiresome nagging was put to the test. While the difficulty over our High Commissioner's statements was fairly easily solved, the problem of German steel was much harder. We had set aside only two days for it, with the result that on the second day our sessions lasted from ten in the morning to four the next morning, with two ceremonial meals thrown in. This was a pretty rugged schedule for a man with Bevin's ailment. Luncheon was at the Quai d'Orsay—as elaborate as it was delicious, liberally sprinkled with wines. After lunch, Bevin, Schuman, and I were standing together when coffee and liqueurs were passed. Ernie took some brandy, then handed the glass to me to hold while he put sugar in a *demi-tasse*. I put the brandy back on the waiter's tray.

"Mr. Bevin has changed his mind," I said to the waiter. "He isn't going to have any brandy, and I don't think that he is going to have any coffee either." With that I took the coffee cup from him and returned it to the tray.

"Of all the insufferable . . .!" Ernie began. I turned to Schuman and asked him whether he could reserve one of those French hearses with black angels at the four corners, drawn by black-plumed horses, and driven by silk-hatted coachmen with caped overcoats.

Schuman said, "Yes, but why?"

"Mr. Bevin," I said, "is apparently thinking of giving a party at which he is likely to be the central figure, and he may need one of them."



And, by the way, have you a room with a couch where he could take a nap?"

"Damn it," snapped Ernie, "will you mind your own business."

"Surely," I answered. "As the saying goes, it's your own funeral. But I will go to it." Schuman added that that was true for him also—he would regret it, but he would go.

"Oh," said Bevin resignedly, "where's the couch?" Schuman took him to it. He stretched out and slept. Later, as the night of discussion and compromise wore on, I did not regret my officiousness: nor do I think, did he.

#### BASIC VALUES

WHEN I saw Bevin again in May 1950, he had failed perceptibly, weakened by a painful operation. One afternoon in his own office he keeled over onto the table, partly from exhaustion, partly from the sedatives he had to take. He was better in the autumn in New York for a NATO meeting and the UN General Assembly. Then he stood stalwartly by me in a most difficult time.

The course of Soviet policy and the military weakness of the NATO Allies were making plain the necessity for collective defense organization, strategy, and command in the defense of Europe. The attack on South Korea added urgency. The NATO meeting in May, with France in the forefront, had agreed upon the principle of collective defense. The Pentagon insisted on German participation as a first condition. The French as strongly opposed it. Bevin was strong for the purpose and doubtful of the method.

This is not the place to go into the history of the unified command and the common defense of Europe. That tangled skein is still being unwound. It is enough to say that the command was finally established in accordance with the State Department prescription, but not until the Pentagon's plan had been tried on and produced a Donnybrook, in which many heads were broken and tempers and time lost. During this trying experience Bevin held out a sympathetic and helping hand.

"Y've got the right idea, me lad," Ernie would say, "but—(with a chuckle)—you do go about it the hard way."

General Marshall, who became Secretary of Defense in the middle of the battle and joined me in New York, agreed that we should break off the effort and try another approach. With his invaluable help this was done, and the unified command was established in December 1950,

with General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander, and with German participation subject to further consideration.

Bevin had a deep mistrust of the Germans, but an even deeper one of the Soviet Union. And he understood power. He knew that choices had to be made, often choices between unpleasant alternatives, and he never was misled, as so many well-meaning people are, into believing that the necessity for choice can be transcended by a flight of eloquence. He profoundly believed that the possibility of life in freedom anywhere depended on the United States and the United Kingdom sticking together. Not that they could preserve freedom by themselves, or wanted to do so only for themselves; but he was sure that it couldn't be done anywhere, for long, if they drifted apart.

He knew too that, because our two countries were united on the basic values by which they lived, it did not necessarily follow that all their interests were identical. So, though he urged strongly that we act together in recognizing the Communist government of China at the end of 1949, he came to see that the problems and interests of our two governments were different and would not be served by parallel action. We could and did take different roads without irritation or strain.

In short, Bevin held strongly to certain principles, which for his time were as important as they were valid. They were not "a body of principle," rather separate convictions leaving room for interstitial flexibility and empirical operation. This capacity in a colleague is a great comfort in dealing with events which refuse to conform to patterns. He was firm about the main things and willing to improvise about lesser matters. I come back to the idea that he was a "comfortable" man to work with.

Unhappily, the time left to us was all too short. On March 9, 1951, he could go on no longer. "I stuck the job as long as I could," he wrote in answer to my note of regret when he resigned. A month later he was dead. I feel now, as I said then, that to work with him inevitably evoked deep affection, respect, and trust. It could not be otherwise, because of his indomitable courage, his simplicity and directness, his love of his country and his understanding of the grandeur of its contribution to the cause of human liberty, his humanity and knowledge of the struggles and aspirations of his fellowmen, his own warm affectionate good humor. He was a gallant gentleman, a great Englishman, a fighter for the freedom of all men.

# THE POLARIZING FORCE



A Story by MAY DIKEMAN

Drawings by Norma-Jean Koplin

SHE came whipping in like a breath of fresh air." I said later to my roommate.

My freshman advisee, Megsie Shrader, had come in in a fencing jacket and breeches. She put her elbow straight. She had to keep it straight because of her leather elbow guards, but it impressed me.

"Say, a fire, *how* divine," said Megsie, and took a stance on the hearth, bending her foil by the pommel and button.

Megsie was the ideal women's college physical type. She was a dark blonde who looked as if she looked like her father, with steel-blue eyes and a complexion of rather abraded freshness, and a massive but flat-chested build. "What I want to do is experiment a certain amount in all departments, working *toward* a very, very definite integration with my major field," Megsie explained.

"I sure wish I'd had your sound approach," I said.

Megsie spoke benignly of her family. "My sister just married *the* neatest boy," she said. "In their house, my sister blends Period and Modern so the effect is sensational. I don't know who but Tish could get away with a grandfather's clock on a cantilever staircase!" She added, "Mummy wrote me a going-away poem. The point of it

was, in the good old days youth wasn't like *this*, but the point of it was, well, thank the *Lord*! I mean, it stank by standards of anything Auden, but it was quite, quite cute of her."

Megsie also showed political circumspectness. She said she felt labor had gotten a certain amount decadent, and she could personally go along with co-existence, if you didn't take it at too much face value. Then, in leaving, she nodded at my Art Rental Library print, and said, "Listen, I'm mad for your Filippino Lippi."

I reminded Megsie of her rosin. "Oh thanks," she said. "We do have a quite, quite lousy *planche* in our gym, if you've ever noticed."

"Doesn't it stink," I said.

"She's terribly well-rounded," my roommate Muff agreed, although she had been trying to brood. My roommate was a Negro girl, and she tried to brood when anyone had said to her, "Doesn't joy just seem to be *born* in your people!"

A co-op residence hall always brought out anti-social tendencies, and so far everything had looked threatening. Pussy Ridgeley, our House President, who was reading D. H. Lawrence for Contemporary Prose Fiction, asked me, "Do you feel sex *adds* anything?" Enid Halpert, nailing a Help-Israel box on her door, said, through a



perennial drip. "I came here for sweeps and trends! Mrs. Mannheim makes the Fall of Rome precious!" Muff, my roommate, was an apocryphist, and to complicate this, she sometimes told the truth, because the faculty gave her *ex officio* information to show that they had no racial prejudice. "Mary-Vaughn's a dike," she told us. "They put her in the co-op to sublimate."

Healy House was a two-hundred-year-old barn, flimsily partitioned like a doll house (if you slammed a door, a window opened in the next room). It smelled of fireplaces, the exterminator's oil of peppermint, and wool socks drying on stretchers. All of us were worrying whether we could earn a living without suffering, avoid marrying people not the type we wanted to marry, have predominantly male children, a good sex life, and get to Europe. And distracting us from these basic worries were the problems of handling the faculty, our parents, and the people we were in love with at present. If we went to bed to escape, the Northern Express crossed the ceiling, and voices screeched through the walls, "Get him out of Tintern Abbey and he was an old lecher"; "You've still got to hand it to the Zemstvos"; "My married sister says it gets just like brushing your teeth"; and, "Marx would absolutely die today!"

But just as I had counted on, it was Megsie who warned us, "Would you keep it down to a dull roar, kids," in a fracas, or, "Louder and more bell-like," when the person we were maligning approached. Her baritone carried us in our after-dinner singing of "Samuel Hall" and "A Bold, Bad Man Was This Desperado." She also offered us wry, fatherly insights. She said to Pussy, "You're so interdenominational it amounts to rabid bigotry." She said to my roommate, "Muff, to have everybody and his brother making up to you for everything all minority groups in history have suffered is quite a load you're carrying, but if you don't quit telling these whoppers, they'll be saying to you, 'Isn't a vivid imagination just *born* in your people!'"

"You've had a terrific background in Abnormal," I said.

"I've picked up a few things," said Megsie.

SO MEGSIE'S announcement at our first House Meeting came as a blow to us. The twenty of us met around the fireplace, under a Brueghel's "Winter." All the girls appeared heavily bandaged, like second-degree burn victims, with scents bound around their pinpoints, and wearing quilted robes and slipper-socks. We



hardly recognized each other, but we passed our knitting back and forth to cast off as if ministering to the disabled.

"Kids," said Megsie. "Something very, very sad, and very, very lamentable." I admired her strong stress on the *lam* in *lamentable*. Holding a towel over one shoulder, her hair plastered in whirlpools around its bobby pins, Megsie looked like Julius Caesar. "Things are disappearing. Pussy's Yardley. Mary-Vaughn lost her father's dud hand grenade from World War I."

"I didn't say somebody *took* it!" said Mary-Vaughn. "It's no good to anyone, it's a dud hand grenade."

"My Yardley was *gone*, but somebody could have mistaken it for *their* Yardley," said Pussy.

Enid chortled something about greener in other people's Yardleys.

"I mean, the hand grenade had sentimental value to me!" said Mary-Vaughn.

"My Yardley can't begin to compare," said Pussy.

"It's too much dichotomy," said Enid. "Yardley and a hand grenade."

Megsie draped her towel in a toga and set her slipper-sock foot on the fender. "Well, it's compulsive," she explained. "But forget it, forget it, it was assy of me! I mean, I just was shattered at the bare idea, in such a really neat bunch of kids."

After the meeting, Mary-Vaughn started searching seriously for her hand grenade. We helped halfheartedly. "I'm not too mad for the idea of a hand grenade floating around," said Pussy. At about midnight, Mary-Vaughn got hysterical, and crawled into the kneehole of her desk. We told her we hated to leave her like this, but we had eight-fifteen classes. "We knew she was a *dike*, we didn't know she had weapons," said Muff.

The next day, Enid lost four dollars from

under her note-topic pad, and Pussy lost a carton of Camels. Before the end of the week, Mary-Vaughn's Dumbo elephant and three-pound fruitcake, Enid's sock-stretchers (the socks were off them, and hung carefully on the radiator), and Pussy's panda and Peruvian silver bracelet were gone, as well as more money and cigarettes, brownies and ballpoint pens.

ON A night when Megsie was in the library doing her note topic on why Rome fell, we held a somber meeting. "Let's face it," said Enid. "She's the best-adjusted girl on campus and she takes everything that's not nailed down." It was agreed that Muff and I had not been victims because, as usual, of Muff's ethnic origins, and my scholarship.

"She's a Robin Hood," said Enid.

"Also, we've got nothing worth taking," said Muff.

Pussy reported that she had taken up the problem with the Chaplain, and he had offered to come and lead a discussion on the Ethical Responsibilities of Personal Relationships in Academic Life, and to indicate to Megsie that he was always available to her, or to any student. "Why do chaplains always *indicate*?" asked Enid. "Is it some gentile thing you can't come out and *say* anything?" We voted on what after-dinner songs would pass for a chaplain, and agreed to cut "Bell-bottom Trousers." Pussy also wanted to cut "The Girl Who Gets a Little Kiss," but Muff said the Chaplain would take it as a compliment to be made to feel like one of the girls.

After telling us he had never eaten such a meal and didn't know how we girls did it, the Chaplain joined heartily in singing "A Bold, Bad Man Was This Desperado." Due to her honesty, Pussy made many Freudian slips, and gazing across the table at Megsie, sang, "A bold, bad girl was this desperado."

The Chaplain led a discreet discussion on the theme of the Tenth Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." "Does not coveting our neighbor's, or our roommate's property," asked the Chaplain, waving his demitasse, "imply a rejection of our roommate as an individual and ultimately, therefore, a rejection of God?" He spoke of sportsmanship, and worked around to fencing, asking Megsie if she could help him out with his terminology.

"I'll be glad to whip upstairs for my foil if it will help you," said Megsie. The Chaplain became very enthusiastic, and said maybe if we would excuse them just a moment, he could run

up with Megsie and perhaps she'd show him her equipment.

"*Rapport!*" Pussy telegraphed exultantly to the rest of us, as Megsie led the Chaplain toward her room, speaking of target and timing. "As you lunge, I parry," she told him. We rushed to Muff's and my room where we could hear across the bathroom. Megsie called, "On guard! Keep your fingernails up, Mr. Hudson."

"My fingernails up," said the Chaplain. "I'll be darned." The shadows of Megsie and the Chaplain pranced like courting storks on the pink floor of the john. "She wouldn't stab him, would she?" I asked. "Mr. Hudson can take care of himself," said Pussy.

"They've got a lot of eccentric grips," said Megsie. "But I object to the interference with the play of the thumb and first finger, which is the absolute basis of orthodox foils."

"Well, I can certainly see how you'd object to that," said the Chaplain. "Tell me something, Megsie. What about the code, or the rules, which a good fencer adheres to?"

"International Rules," said Megsie, carelessly. "And definitely you can't let your phrasing degenerate!" The Chaplain asked whether the tremendous alertness required didn't tend to get her tremendously keyed up. "On the contrary," said Megsie. "On guard is the normal position! You relax as you lunge. You've got eight parries. Sixteen, counting compound parries. If I'm ever at all tense, I just count my compound parries."

The Chaplain, less confidently now, asked if people actually shouted "*Touché!*" "Well," said Megsie, "of course you would want to acknowledge a good touch."

"I sure would," said the Chaplain.

After the Chaplain left, Megsie expressed appreciation to Pussy. "Listen, I think your Chaplain's really terribly good," she said. "He's got quite a feeling for foils. And also quite, quite cute." The next day, Pussy's blown-glass penguin, Enid's Help-Israel box, and Mary-Vaughn's wire armature for Sculpture 110 all disappeared.

We held another private meeting on what to do about Megsie. "Mainly we adore the clinical attitude as an escape," said Enid.

"The don't coddle them attitude was how Hitler came to power," said Pussy.

"'Poor Topsy, why do you steal?'" said Enid in a squeak.

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May Dikeman is a New Yorker, a Vassar graduate, a painter, and a mother. Her novel, "*The Pike*," was published by Appleton in 1955.



"To rehabilitate her, we've got to crack her," said Mary-Vaughn.

"It was the only thing wrong with her," said Pussy.

"A tragic flaw!" said Enid.

"She related well to co-op life," I said.

"She was crazy about the give and take," said Enid.

Pussy asked me if, as Megsie's junior adviser, I would try to find out if anything were disturbing her, such as the Freshmen Hygiene lecture on the Facts. "I had the most priceless misconception of the navel," said Pussy.

WHEN I went to Megsie's room, I was startled to find her in the dark. The radios in Healy House all played quietly as the stations signed off, and the Northern Express seemed to tear through the walls. I heard Enid scream, "I wouldn't marry a man who was a virgin," and Mary-Vaughn yelled, "Whose foul thing in the bathtub?"

"Is anything disturbing you, Megsie?" I asked.

"Mrs. Dalloway," said Megsie. "I don't get her motivations." As I turned on her desk lamp, Megsie winced and shut her eyes. Her face was very red. On her clothes horse, I saw Megsie's pants (embroidered "Tuesday") and bra, a size thirty-eight, A cup, hanging. The small size of the cup on such a large size bra seemed poignant to me, and I realized that I did not want to crack Megsie. However, I was prejudiced since Megsie had not robbed *me*, and I went on, "Magsie, do you feel Mrs. Dalloway is really your basic problem?"

"Not really," admitted Megsie, turning toward the wall. "Fichte frustrates me. He seems nebulous."

"What did you think of the Freshmen Hygiene lecture on the Facts?" I went on, conscientiously.

"It was a riot," said Megsie. "Mrs. Dalloway reminds me of Mummy a certain amount," she added. "Listen, I'd adore a real bull session with you. I just am feeling quite, quite lousy."

When I went back to my room, I found the others waiting. "What's the matter with you?" asked Muff.

"Magsie lost her insouciance tonight," I said.

"Don't make my heart bleed," said Enid. "I've lost sixteen dollars."

"My roomie idealized her as a cool criminal type," Muff apologized.

"Well, now she's pleading illness like somebody's damned mother," I said.

In the morning I was awakened by Pussy

asking me, since I had had the measles, if I would walk Megsie to the Infirmary. "She *was* sick," I told Muff. Mary-Vaughn asked me if I wanted help in case Megsie made a break for it. "How is she going to make a break for it in the Shakespeare Garden?" said Enid. "Crawl under the sundial?"

I found Megsie, her face a solid rash and her eyes shut, getting together her things (and other people's—I recognized Mary-Vaughn's slide-rule case and Pussy's toothbrush holder). Megsie had on tunic-style flannelette ski pajamas with a gay multicolor Life Saver pattern. Over them, she put on her camel's hair coat and a yellow wool scarf which I used to see on Pussy. "That's a pretty yellow scarf, Megsie," I said.

"Thanks," said Megsie. "Anything to protect my glands." She strode along vigorously as we crossed the Shakespeare Garden, saying "Excuse me!" when the cough got her. The Shakespeare Garden was predatorily green, with the hedges clipped into the shapes of occasional furniture, hassocks, hat racks, coffins, and thrones, and a grinning statue, Falstaff or Caliban, so that it looked like a cemetery for small monsters. I did not feel I should try to crack Megsie when she had the measles. We spoke of the sundial. We agreed it didn't look as if it were working. Then Megsie said, "It was assy of me not to turn myself in last night."

"Turn yourself in?" I asked.

"To the Infirmary!" said Megsie. "But I hated to leave my first really big job." I asked Megsie what big job, and she explained, "Head cook! I had the neatest menus all lined up."

As I left Megsie at the Infirmary, a Frank-Lloyd-Wright-style glass building reflecting the Shakespeare Garden, so that the stopped sundial seemed balanced on the Admitting Desk, with Caliban at the switchboard, she seemed to have something on her mind. "Listen," she said, "on my 'Cristabel' paper saying what I think was really on Lady Geraldine's stomach, do you think she'd accept it if I said I was more intrigued to have it left up to my imagination?"

"Well, spin it out at least ten pages," I said. I warned Megsie that Dr. Mosely had once diagnosed measles as pregnancy, and promised to bring her assignments and cigarettes.

When I got home, I said to Muff, "With her eyes shut, she didn't look so candid."

"Asleep, you look like a fiend," said Muff.

"In the Shakespeare Garden she said a lot of symbolic things," I said. "It reminded me how the day we met her she said her sister got away with a grandfather's clock on a cantilever stair-

case, and every time she liked something of ours, she'd say, 'I must get one of those'."

A note Megsie sent me, in a clean-cut, open handwriting, said, "Could you possibly get my laundry and *A Passage to India*? Also can you find out if I'm responsible for the Rise of the Bourgeoisie? Thanx loads. P.S. You are the only one who has not mentioned that the stealing has stopped since I've been in the Infirmary."

WITHOUT Megsie, the stealing stopped, and Healy House fell apart. Enid found masked anti-Semitism in the biology department, and Pussy pressed for Interfaith Corporate Communion at 7:00 A.M. Muff, who was monotone, joined the choir because someone had said to her, "Isn't music just *born* in your people!" We admitted we needed Megsie; but Megsie had not needed *us*, she had preferred everything we owned.

"She rejected us as individuals, as Mr. Hudson said," said Pussy.

"And we *adored* being rejected," said Muff.

"We envy such materialism," said Enid. Her head was in her sinus vaporizer, so that her voice honked from the ceiling beams. "Our attitude is, Be popular in our peer-group at any price; *stuff* we can always *get*! Her attitude was, Get the stuff, to hell with people! In a freshman, that's security."

"Crack Megsie, and it will do something to us all," I said.

"No man is an island," said Pussy. "Mr. Hudson always quotes that."

"For whom the bell cracks," said Enid.

When Megsie got back from the Infirmary, she got a call from the Office of the Dean, inquiring if she were now completely normal, in which case Dr. Mosely would drive her to a psychiatrist.

We gathered on the bicycle rack on the frozen Healy House lawn to see Megsie off. "Honestly," she said, "at this rate, how do they expect me to make up my Proto-Baroque?"

"She's cracking," whispered Mary-Vaughn.

Dr. Mosely's oxidized-purple Plymouth came up Healy Hill. Megsie stiffened and stuck both hands in her pockets. "Dr. Mosely, I know it's assy of me," she began. Dr. Mosely, who had been a prominent WAAC, stood at attention. "I've had this quirk since I was a kid."

"Ah!" said Dr. Mosely.

"Megsie, would you like me to get Mr. Hudson?" asked Pussy.

"Thanks, Pussy," said Megsie, "but I don't see what Mr. Hudson could do. Dr. Mosely, I've

tried to fight it. They thought I'd outgrow it. But one mile even in a *new* car. I toss my cookies."

Dr. Mosely turned and looked soberly at her Plymouth. "Do you upchuck, sister?" she asked, in a low voice. She sent us into the house for towels. We all helped pack Megsie in towels while Dr. Mosely rolled all the windows down.

"I'd hate to see a *dog* sick with Dr. Mosely," I said, as they drove off.

"Worse than this would happen to her if she were some kid from Forsythe Street," said Enid.

"Some marvelous *work's* being done on the Lower East Side," said Pussy.

"I *bet*!" said Enid. Every time Megsie left, the fight was on in Healy House.

Megsie got home the next night. I heard her call to Dr. Mosely, "I feel like a dog about your seat covers."



The next day Pussy got a message from the Office of the Dean that it had been recommended that Megsie go out with boys, and could we get her a date? "Find her the type guy who'd give her the shirt off his back," said Enid.

Pussy said she had a friend at Union Theological Seminary who might bring a friend, but she wondered if he should be told that this girl, who was such a fine person in so many ways, had a problem. "And to check his valuables," said Enid.

But before we could get a concrete date for Megsie, we got the word that Prexy was coming to dinner. "He wants to size her up on her home territory," Muff explained.

Prexy arrived on the appointed night in time for the hot apple juice in the living-room, but Megsie did not join us. Prexy had discovered an early Tudor laundry list which he read to us. "How priceless, Prexy," we repeated, as we asked each other who had last seen Megsie. Megsie still hadn't come when we went into the dining-room. I hung a napkin on the chair at Prexy's right.



"That type is craven at bottom," said Enid, but there was sorrow in her voice.

Megsie came in. Her dark-blond hair was fastened with a gold barrette lost by Pussy in the first week of college. She had on a pale-yellow cardigan which Mary-Vaughn had worked on her entire sophomore year, and had only blocked in September. The collar of her crisp piqué dickey was initialed E. L. H. As she took the napkin off the back of her chair, Pussy's Peruvian silver bracelet showed on her wrist.

Mary-Vaughn said, "I like that sweater." Pussy admired the bracelet and barrette. "Thanks," said Megsie, cheerfully. "I like them."

"She gave herself up in full uniform," Enid said afterwards. "She won't be coming back after Christmas." Muff assured us.

**B**UT in January, Megsie came back. She told me she had had a really neat vacation, but it was going to be good to knuckle down again and come to terms with the Pre-Raphaelites.

Then, on an opalescent, zero morning, Mrs. Shrader arrived. "She's a perfect plum dumping!" said Mary-Vaughn, who had seen her before she disappeared into Megsie's room.

Across the bathroom between our rooms, we heard Mrs. Shrader sobbing. "Haven't we given you *everything*?" she wailed.

"You've been *terrific*, Mummy!" Megsie sobbed, ferociously.

"Yet haven't we been sensible, haven't we avoided spoiling you?" Mrs. Shrader wept. "Didn't the *Times* speak of your fresh, wholesome charm at Tish's wedding?"

"I never touched her old sinus vaporizer!" Megsie suddenly roared, with a loud burst of tears.

"And why would you? You've always had a clean bill of health from the top E.N.T. man," sobbed Mrs. Shrader.

"I want to go to Mexico," howled Megsie.

"How can I hope to bring Daddy around to Mexico now?" said Mrs. Shrader. "I don't know if I can even bring Daddy around to the Virgin Islands now."

"I want to go to Mexico," yelled Megsie.

"Mexico, why Mexico?" whispered Mary-Vaughn.

"She feels for the plight of the peons," said Enid.

"We are crushed that she cracked, so we're being petty," said Muff.

"Who can sneer when their mother blubbers?" I cried. "She ran the gamut from the Chaplain

to the psychiatrist! She defeated the doctor and the Dean. She pulverized Prexy. We can never take that away from Megsie!"

Megsie said good-by to us by herself while her mother superintended her son-in-law's packing the car. She told us, "I want you all to know that I've been to a few *schools*. And I've gotten more out of this place, and out of you all, than anywhere I ever went." She gave us each her leather-elbow-guard handshake. We told Megsie that we would always think of her.

The Shraders had only been gone a few minutes when a black sedan with a local license came slowly up Healy Hill. In the black sedan were four men in gray fedoras and pinkish-gray trench coats. "It's the town police," said Muff. "She cleaned out Kresge, Lerner's, and Peck & Peck. The college gave her medieval sanctuary, and got her off in time."

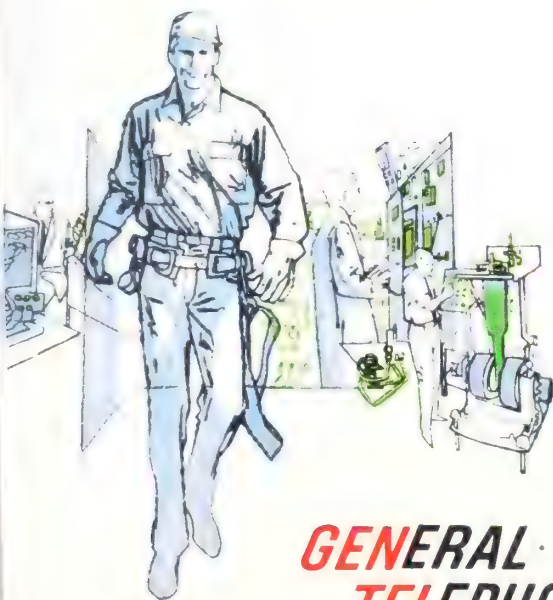
The black sedan slowed up in the miniature quad formed by the bicycle racks. The men in the fedoras and trench coats got out and stood there. "Drop a bag of water on them," said Enid. "They *could* just be here to dig us a new cesspool," I said, but the others yelled, "With hats?"

We got through the dormer windows out onto a railed platform like a long play pen above the eaves. Pussy's bath mat, in the shape of a huge green bunny, hung over it. I looked at the weathercock, apparently shot by the wrong end of an arrow, an American Primitive toy rooster for some American Primitive two-dimensional child, and knew it was wrong, like the sundial, driven by the unacademic elements. Beneath us the campus spread like a Christmas card, but the church spire was the Lucilla Kitchener Ball Hall of Chemistry, and the Community Church, Modern and all glass, looked like an aviary for eagles. At the tops of our lungs, we started to sing "*Gaudeamus Igitur*." In hoarse and terrible college girls' voices, raw with defiance and exultation, we sang, "*Post iucundam iuventutem. Post molestam senectutem*." We had been in college too long to remember any Latin, but the words *post molestam* fired us; we roared "*Post molestam!*" at the transfixed four men below. Probably we did not even look like girls, but spawn of turret gargoyles and vultures—we had our camel's hairs or senior gowns piled on over jeans, leotards, and red snuggies. None of us remembered any more words to the "*Gaudeamus*," but with one accord, if all in different keys, we burst into final tribute to academic sanctuary, to the insouciance of Megsie Shrader, shrieking,

"*Oh, a bold, bad girl was this desperado!*"



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# AMERICA'S WANDERING SCHOLARS

*Like divorce, college "transfer" seems—if not immoral inefficient. . . . But it exists and grows, and college administrations are trying to do something better than just denounce it.*

AMERICAN college students while away a lot of time on campus talking about transferring to other institutions. Apparently they are comforted by the thought that they could pack up and leave at any time—especially if this would disturb the faculty and administration (and sometimes their parents too). In the end a sizable number actually do transfer: today about one entering student in five is a transfer. Out of nearly a million "new" students this year, probably 200,000 are transfers.

These nomads make the academic establishment uncomfortable. They add to our load of paper work and financial worry, for we must refill their places. Also, they offend the moral sense of many who look on them as vagrants. But some of us admissions officers and teachers believe that the student who hits the academic road may be pursuing a sound educational goal.

This vast annual campus reshuffling has several causes. One of them operates even before college. During the admissions procedure, high-school seniors are encouraged to apply to several institutions; some apply in pardonable apprehension to as many as fifteen or twenty. Furthermore, they are often urged by their advisers to diversify these college choices—by location, by size, even by type. And the advisers urge this not only as

a precaution but sometimes also in hopes that the applicant may select with discrimination, in the manner of a Frenchman choosing a wine!

Note that the parents of these young people, if they went to college, almost all applied to one and only one—and got in. It was easy to stick to such a choice. Nowadays candidates and colleges, at admissions time, are made interchangeable, like industrial parts, and many a candidate finds his college by a sort of lottery. Frank Bowles, President of the College Board, described today's admissions procedure as "a system of improvisations in a condition of working obsolescence." Is not so mechanical—and yet chaotic—a process apt to breed the cool transfer student?

Authorities at some colleges suffering heavy transfer out—called "attrition"—say they lie awake nights worrying over the inconvenience of it. But their catalogues usually carry careful instructions to anyone at another college wishing to transfer—in. The faculties of Haverford and Harvard, among many institutions which are besieged by applicants for transfer, recently recommended that more of these be accepted. Some think a transfer is a better risk than a freshman. But do transfers actually improve after switching? Do they get what they want by transferring? How does their shuttling around affect the institutions involved?

In general, no one knows the answers to these questions; so try weighing for yourself the merits of a case or two.

After a couple of years at a West Coast university, a bright young fellow named Ted decides to come East. He can probably hold his scholarship in the process, for his grades are good. He is a political science major and a fine debater—in fact, visits to other colleges with the debating team seem to have got him thinking about transfer. So did some congenial Eastern students he ran into in Europe last summer. He would like to see more of New York City. Above all, he says he wants to try a small place where academic give-and-take may be more intimate. In the heart of an apple and dairy region within striking distance of Manhattan, he has found just such a college that will accept him.

From there, at the same time, another bright young man has arranged to transfer West, in order to sit at the feet of a certain eminent philosopher. Marty complains of the intimacy at his small hilltop college, where he says he now knows what everyone will say before they open their mouths. "And besides—out there they have Carnap."



Or consider a fellow named Jack. He wasn't doing well at engineering school. With a fine high-school record, strong scholastic aptitude, boundless energy, and a desire to learn, he still had a poor record at National Tech. What was the trouble? Simply that he wanted a liberal-arts education, while his parents insisted that he get a technical one. ("Be practical, Jack; it's a tough world.") In the end he was allowed to hunt for a liberal-arts college. He chose one least like his engineering school, majored in psychology, and now stands on the Honors List.

The parents of all these young men are upset, fearing their sons are aimless. But actually they are not so much drifters as seekers. The trouble is they are often seeking something that does not exist: a college such as we describe in our catalogues.

#### FALSE EXPECTATIONS

A COLLEGE catalogue is as conventional a document as the platform of a major political party, and for the same basic reason: to offend nobody. It contains useful facts about courses, faculty, facilities, degree requirements, admissions procedures, and expenses. It even attempts to state the official educational purpose without sounding like all the others. But few colleges among the two thousand in this country try in the catalogue or any other way to describe accurately that which most of all determines the quality of its education: the campus life.

A young woman went to a college in a small city. It was of good academic reputation, with a tradition of social and intellectual liberalism stemming from the religious group which sponsors it—all proudly asserted in the college catalogue. To her bitter surprise, she found student life dominated by reactionary fraternities. Her freshman year, for example, the college took a firm public stand against the oath to be required of students getting federal loans. But fraternities opposed the college's liberal stand, and persecuted Kathy and a few others who openly supported it. Once she was backed against the wall by a ring of students shouting, "Commie!"

Such discrepancies between what candidates are told before admission and what they find out afterwards may be the reason for many transfers. And their persistence (the word used in technical educational literature for not withdrawing for good) may be an example of what Dr. Samuel Johnson said about the woman who had married for the third time: "Sir, that is the triumph of hope over experience."

Two eminent critics of education defend the colleges for not drawing a more accurate picture of themselves. Professor David Riesman claims that since they are very complex and always changing, there is probably no one on (or off) most campuses able to describe them simply enough to be helpful. Also, he says, parents probably don't *want* to know what a college is really like; they merely want a plausible image of it with which to live comfortably and regale friends and relatives. Professor W. Max Wise, on the other hand, guesses that even if colleges had a clear picture of themselves, most would not publish it, for the perfectly honorable reason that they aim to turn into something better.

Meanwhile the students, as adolescents, themselves are growing like the mustard seed; and their growth makes a dramatic leap when they go to college. Fortunate for parents that this miracle takes place away from home! For the first thing the young people do with their new-found critical powers is to train them point-blank on something in the foreground. Of course, this is usually the very college that has helped them most to grow. No matter: the place seems dreadfully imperfect, especially by contrast with old illusions about it. There is nothing new about this; read the words of President Horace Mann of Antioch College in his Baccalaureate Sermon of 1857:

A college is a place where character is developed with fearful rapidity. Seeds which might never, or not for years, have germinated at home, spring into sudden vitality and shoot up with amazing luxuriance when brought within the active influence of numbers and of institutional excitements. This explains why a College government has a far more arduous task with each of its numerous pupils than a parent with each of his small number of children.

Of course, the students themselves often give explanations quite different from these. Love, money, curriculum, and boredom are frequent pretexts for transfer. To be nearer a girl or boy friend (often, to marry one), to spare a parent's pocketbook, to find more suitable courses, or to

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*Director of Admissions at Bard College, Richard M. Gummere Jr. has taught in elementary and secondary schools, has degrees from Harvard and Haverford, and is on his way to a Ph.D. at Columbia. His father was Dean of Admissions at Harvard. Mr. Gummere has four children, and his wife teaches ensemble music and painting.*

escape in genuine dismay the frustrations on any campus, the small army of transfers say they pack up and switch colleges. Obviously, such clear-cut reasons are sometimes crucial; but an admissions officer may catch a whiff of something deeper, probably unknown to the student.

#### THE COOL MOOD

**H**IGHER education in the United States is trying to change its focus from the developing of character to the training of intellect. This refocusing of purpose has produced a new attitude: students are growing more sophisticated.

The academic work at our earlier colleges was easy and quite unscholarly by today's standards. Their goal was to "make men," as Mark Hopkins of Williams College put it. In fact, this famous educator was proudly anti-intellectual and aimed to offer, first of all, hearty moral leadership. In those character-building days students transferred, but not often. We wanted young people then to remain bound in simple loyalty to each other and to a campus. I'm just old enough to have seen a Cane Rush. From opposite ends of a football field, the freshmen and the sophomores swarmed to possess a prize cane for which two of their leaders had begun to tussle at the fifty-yard line. To a small boy the *mêlée* was fascinating, if terrifying. To the collegians involved, it added another link in the chain of intense experiences tying them to Alma Mater.

Today the leading colleges, after a seventy-five-year struggle against the old collegiate tradition, are now devoted, at least officially, to "making *minds*." The faculty are offering much richer studies and demanding harder work; and the undergraduates are increasingly preoccupied with preparation for graduate school. So in many colleges students will not gather as of old to sing college songs, or deign to break a collarbone—or even soil their light-tan khakis—in a Cane Rush.

This cool mood has not yet pervaded the whole system, but it has made great headway since it began to infect a few advanced institutions just before World War I. No college has been completely transformed by it. Last fall I saw newly-arrived freshmen on one fine old campus wearing pale-blue beanies, presumably to mark them for at least mild hazing, just as in Grandfather's day. But the student backing for these Edwardian goings-on is half-hearted. The football at this and other Ivy League colleges is the despair of Old Grads and the amiable mockery of sports writers. I asked a sophomore to tell

me who goes to the rallies these days. "Quite frankly," he replied, "nobody I know has ever been near one." But he talked eagerly of his plan to "cover" the nearby art museum in order to enjoy his Humanities course more this year.

Even when I was a college student thirty years ago a Titan from the Class of 1902 clutched my lapels in tragic passion on the porch of a summer hotel as he begged me to explain why the old spirit had disappeared from campus. If still alive, what would he think of the students in an old, top-ranking men's college where two-thirds of the sophomore class, in a campus survey of 1959, said they had thought of transferring? One fifth said that they had even gone so far as to inquire into transfer possibilities. These cavalier young men would have been disowned by his generation, who would have offered you their right arm, torn off at the socket, rather than go to another college. Imagine their scorn for the sophomore who last year explained as follows why he had *not* thought of such a thing:

"My reason? Inertia, and a certain satisfaction with the place. I guess I like it."

But the student's detachment has not yet changed the conventional official view of transfer: it is unfavorable. To many deans and registrars this drifting still seems inefficient and even a little immoral. A student ought to attend only one college for his bachelor's degree: he should choose wisely and stay. Easy transfer might encourage irresponsibility; like marriage, college is an experience not to be entered into lightly. This pristine view of it was stated by a professor in a recent college newspaper: "In my day it did not occur to us, when unhappy, to withdraw from college to 'find ourselves.' We were inclined, rather, to stay put till we had made something out of ourselves worth finding."

Also, our unfavorable attitude toward transfer may stem from the old sectarianism in our colleges, most of which were founded by religious sects to protect the souls of young members. When religion lost its extreme fervor in the last century and football took its place as the focus of higher education, bitter gridiron rivalries helped perpetuate a sense of the exclusiveness of one's college. To go elsewhere still seemed like a sin. This attitude, well disguised, still may affect the parents' and faculty's view of transfer.

What, for example, is your own opinion of this case? A young man recently applied for his *sixth* transfer from one liberal-arts college to another. The admissions officer at College Number Six exerted himself to size this fellow up cautiously. But he turned out to be an other-



wise impeccable candidate: well recommended all around, not critical of the colleges left behind, grateful, in fact, for the learning he had acquired during each sojourn, and eager for the special advantages of the college of his newest choice. Would you admit him? Is he an academic tramp, selfishly, even neurotically exploiting the colleges, or is he a free citizen of the Republic of Learning using his passport for profitable travel?

He may have been led on by the same spirit of eclecticism which used to keep German students on the move. Abraham Flexner, the great educational administrator and critic, did not think much of U.S. higher education. He even thought the British pretty callow. But he greatly admired the German, and one feature of German universities that impressed him was the constant transferring on the part of the students. This is how he weighed the merits of this custom:

The loyalty which marks the Harvard man in the United States, the Oxford man in England, is unknown in Germany, except perhaps to the extent of a sentimental attachment to the university in which the student spent his first semester. There is no such thing as a Greifswald man, a Vienna man, a Berlin man. Unquestionably, this indifference is costly: it costs some of the personal and institutional attachments that add to the amenities of life in English-speaking countries. . . . None the less . . . intellectually the German gains far more than he loses through wandering. It has its disadvantages: for example, it enables an indifferent student to seek his degree wherever it is more easily obtained. But what is more important, it enables the able student to go where his subject is most vigorously prosecuted, and it stimulates the professor to do his best in order to attract the most competent students; for on the quality of his students depend the fame of seminar and laboratory and to some extent the professor's income.

Our own higher education today tends toward a German-style intellectualism and specialism. This tendency and the growing transfer movement are probably associated. If we depart still further from our old American collegiate emphasis on muscle and spirit and concentrate instead, like Flexner's Germans, on intellect, we may see an even greater wave of migrations.

Not much official attention has been paid to our transfers yet, probably because officialdom finds them embarrassing. Except for those from two-year colleges (less than a quarter of the whole group), their movement implies a criticism: of the place they have left, for not

satisfying them; of the place they go to next, for taking in academic flotsam. Yet they are found all through the higher-education system. They move from small to large institutions, from technical to liberal arts, from strict to free, from country to city, from separate to coed—or the other way. They exchange football for books, dungarees for bermudas, collegiate life for a part-time job, campus for home—or the reverse. One women's college in a provincial city may lose nearly half its student body per annum; a certain great university takes in as many transfers as freshmen; a small college, of high academic quality but isolated, eventually loses two-thirds of each entering class, but draws enough more from the transfer flow to weather along. Only a few stand like rocks unchanging in the rip of this tide. One of them, a stronghold of New England prudence, last September admitted *no* transfers.

#### ORLEANS, SALERNUM, TOLEDO

THE Junior Year Abroad has long been considered good for some students. Now a number of colleges are planning to suggest foreign study for all. May this not simply be the further burgeoning of the domestic transfer movement? According to the *New York Times*, the University of Kansas faculty are asking the legislature for funds to assist any of their liberal-arts students to go abroad for a year of study to count toward the degree. But if the legislators say no, which the *Times* hinted is likely, might not the faculty consider it nearly as good and far less expensive to urge students to take a year in a college in another part of the U.S.A.?

Perhaps modern young people would benefit from such systematic migration as much as the Wandering Scholars did in Aquinas' day, according to these words of a medieval monk, quoted in Paul Monroe's great *History of Education*:

The scholars are accustomed to wander throughout the whole world and visit all the cities; and their many studies bring them understanding. For in Paris they seek a knowledge of the liberal arts; of the ancient writers at Orléans; of medicine at Salernum; of the black art at Toledo.

Is our geographic mobility as a nation a permanent habit? If so, some academic mobility probably must go with it. If, in addition, transfer had educational value in itself, our wandering scholars could be a rich asset, not only bettering their own studies but cross-fertilizing the academic garden.



AS I STEP OVER A PUDDLE AT THE END OF WINTER,  
I THINK OF AN ANCIENT CHINESE GOVERNOR

By James Wright

Po Chu-i, balding old politician,  
Sick of new homes, sick for old homes, not even able  
To make anyone pay attention to disloyalty  
And irreverence, it is indeed hard to get oneself fired.  
How long does it take?  
The socks in my shoes are waterlogged  
Already today, but I can't even catch cold.  
What's the use? Sooner or later one even gets promoted  
For ineptitudes first-class.  
I think of you,  
Uneasily entering the gorges of the Yang-Tze,  
When you were being towed up the rapids  
Toward some political job or other  
In the city of Chungchou.  
You made it, I guess,  
By dark.

But it is 1960, it is almost Spring again,  
And the tall rocks of Minneapolis  
Build me my own black twilight  
Of bamboo ropes and waters.  
Where is Yuan Chen, the friend whom you loved?  
Where is the sea, that once solved the whole loneliness  
Of the Midwest? Where is Minneapolis? I can see nothing  
But the great terrible oak tree darkening with winter.  
Did you find the city of isolated men beyond mountains?  
Or have you been holding the end of a frayed rope  
For a thousand years?

Po Chu-i (A.D. 772-846) was one of the greatest of the T'ang poets. Like most of his contemporary poets, he worked for the government, and was often banished or sent to new posts on short notice. Yuan Chen, also a famous poet, was his closest friend.



GEORGE W. GRAY

# WHICH SCIENTISTS WIN NOBEL PRIZES?

*Because the juries are human and the rules odd . . . even California, which leads the current sweepstakes, has little cause to gloat.*

HALF the time and temper spent in arguing the question of America's so-called "lag" in science might be spared if we had a reliable yardstick of excellence. Actually, one useful, if limited, measure of comparative national prestige exists in the sixty-year record of the Nobel Prize awards in science. To the extent that the nation shares the glory of its individual stars, the United States actually is not doing badly. In 1960, in fact, this country went over the top in the accumulated total of science prizes awarded to various nations. Another great year for the U. S. was 1946, when we took all the science awards and the Peace Prize as well. But we came late to this achievement.

Thousands of scientists have engaged in physical, chemical, and biological research over the past sixty years, but only 215 of them won recognition from the Nobel Prize juries in Stockholm. Many were little known to the public at the time. The German physician Werner Forssmann, who received an award in 1956, said he felt like a village priest suddenly raised to the cardinalate. C. J. Davisson, a staff physicist at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, was astonished to find himself "transformed overnight from an exceedingly private person to something in the nature of a semipublic institution." At airports, convention halls, and other public places he was embarrassingly aware of being pointed out as "that Nobel Prize-winner," and everywhere he was met by an attitude of deference. Some of the chosen were

already known—the Curies, Rutherford, Einstein—but they too gained the added aura that impressed Forssmann and Davisson.

This power to impart prestige seems to be peculiarly a property of the three awards in science. I know of no instance in which receipt of the Nobel Prize for Literature transformed a little-known writer to "something in the nature of a semipublic institution"—although some of the choices have been exceedingly minor authors. Years ago the Oxford classicist Gilbert Murray, weighing the Nobel-winners in literature against those in science, noted that "this age is clearly better at science than at poetry." Regarding the Peace Prize, what impressed Murray most was "the number of times in which it could not be awarded at all." Last December it was not awarded—the seventeenth year when no one meriting the Prize for Peace was found—but the Prizes for Physics, for Chemistry, and for Physiology and Medicine were given, and two of them went to Americans. This event marked the arrival, at last, of American scientists at the top in terms of absolute winnings.

Alfred Nobel's will became operative in 1900 and the first awards were made in 1901. The Physics Prize of that year went to a German (Röntgen), the Chemistry Prize to a Dutchman (van't Hoff), the Physiology and Medicine Prize to another German (von Behring), the Literature Prize to a Frenchman (Sully-Prudhomme), and the Peace Prize was divided between a Swiss (Dunant) and a Frenchman (Passy). And so it went for several consecutive years. By 1906 German scientists held six Prizes, British four, French two, and Dutch two. America did win the Nobel Peace Committee's attention that year and it gave President Theodore Roosevelt the

1906 Prize for promoting the conference which ended the Japanese-Russian War. But honors had a way of seeking the colorful T. R., and to the author of "speak softly and carry a big stick" the award was just another in his collection of trophies. People took it for granted that the President of the United States would be the object of attention, and there was no great stir over his Nobel Prize for Peace.

#### MICHELSON TAKES FIRST

**T**HERE was a stir among scientists the following year when it became known that Albert Abraham Michelson was to receive the 1907 Prize for Physics. The news came quietly, with no advance fanfare. It occupied only a paragraph in the *New York Times*, datelined Washington, November 29:

The State Department has been advised by American Minister Graves at Stockholm that Prof. A. A. Michelson of Chicago is to be awarded the Nobel Prize for physicists. Dr. Michelson is the discoverer of a new method of determining the velocity of light.

The *Times* decided there was enough national interest in the Chicago man's success to put the tiny dispatch on the front page. Few who read it, except his colleagues in the physical sciences, realized what lay back of the award. Michelson was inventor of the interferometer, a wondrously exact instrument of optical measurement, and he had devised important improvements in the spectroscope. His most famous work was the attempt to measure the flight of the Earth through the ether of space. This was in the 1880s, when he was professor of physics at the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland and had as a near neighbor Edwin W. Morley, professor of chemistry at Western Reserve College. The two collaborated in the investigation, which became known as the Michelson-Morley Experiment. Their finding was negative—they were not able to detect any relative motion—but the result nevertheless was epochal. For it cast doubt

on the theory of the ether, was one of the results that set Einstein on his trail of relativity, and played a key part in the revolution of physics.

In 1890 Michelson transferred to Clark University and two years later to the University of Chicago, then in process of reorganization with Rockefeller millions. The conversion of this little Baptist college into the many-departmented university had already provided the local newspapers with several field days of excitement, and now—in 1907—the Nobel Prize! The *Chicago Tribune* wrote a four-deck heading over its story and printed the piece prominently with a two-column photograph of Michelson. For the Midwestern metropolis and its rising young university the Nobel Prize was another triumph.

Michelson went to Stockholm for the presentation. This is usually a brilliant ritual, with the king presiding and notables of the realm attending, held on December 10. But on the ninth the nation had been thrown into mourning by the death of King Oscar. The program planned for the Stockholm Concert Hall was called off, and the conferring of awards took place almost privately in a room of the Swedish Royal Academy of Science. Germany, France, and Great Britain shared the honors with the United States—the Chemistry Prize going to Eduard Buchner of the University of Berlin, the Physiology and Medicine Prize to Charles Laveran of the University of Paris, and the Literature Prize to Rudyard Kipling. The Peace Prize, which is administered separately by a Norwegian Nobel Committee, was presented to E. T. Monetta of Italy at a ceremony held the same day in Oslo. Michelson brought home a check for 139,000 Swedish crowns (good for about \$40,000 in the U. S.), a diploma citing his achievements that had won the award, and a gold medal bearing the image of Alfred Nobel.

#### THE STARS DON'T COUNT

**T**HOUGH Michelson was first to win, he was not the first American scientist to be considered. There were twelve nominees for the Physics Prize in 1901, and among them was the American astrophysicist W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory. The proposal of Campbell's name at least performed the useful service of determining whether or not the physics of the stars is physics under the terms of Nobel's will. The Swedes decided "No," and ever since a firm thumbs-down has been the official attitude toward students of starlight—though George Ellery Hale, Sir Arthur Eddington, and other

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*George W. Gray, who completed this article shortly before his death last December, was a leading science writer and, for twenty years, a member of the Rockefeller Foundation. Among his books were "The Advancing Front of Medicine" and "Frontiers of Flight." His last article in "Harper's" was "New Discoveries about the Birth, Life, and Death of the Sun and Other Stars"—published in March 1958.*



astrophysical worthies have been proposed over the years.

In 1902 Michelson's former neighbor of Cleveland days, his collaborator in the Michelson-Morley Experiment, was nominated for the Chemistry Prize. According to his biographer, Morley stood second in the voting and lost only to the great Emil Fischer of Berlin. Morley was an adept measurer of infinitesimal qualities and would have adorned the Nobel roll, but the nod from Stockholm was withheld in 1902 to go five years later to his younger colleague.

It was another five years before Michelson had a companion. This was Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, awarded the Physiology and Medicine Prize in 1912. Two years later Theodore W. Richards of Harvard received the Chemistry Prize. Workers in the United States now held one science prize in each of the three categories, but meanwhile workers in Europe had increased their leads. Another nine years passed before America scored again, with the award of the 1923 Physics Prize to Robert A. Millikan. This gave the United States a total of four—but by then Germany had  $19\frac{1}{2}$ , Great Britain  $9\frac{1}{2}$ , France  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , and The Netherlands 4.

The pace quickened. In the next decade-and-a-half U. S. scientists' winnings were  $6\frac{1}{2}$  prizes—while Germans gained nearly double that. Deutschland was still *über Alles*.

The tide turned in 1939. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California was named for the Physics Prize, Adolf Butenandt of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Biochemistry and Leonard Ruzicka of the Zurich Technical High School jointly for the Chemistry Prize, and Gerhard Domagk, another German, for the Physiology and Medicine Prize. On the face of it, Germany still seemed to be riding at the head of the procession. But Hitler, enraged by an earlier award of the Peace Prize to one of his political prisoners, ordered Butenandt and Domagk to renounce the proffered honors—and they obeyed.

Since then, scientists working in German institutions have won only two full prizes, one half-prize, and one third-of-a-prize. During the same period scientists in the United States have won twenty-three full prizes, one half-prize, and one third-of-a-prize. Except for 1940 to 1942, when awarding was suspended on account of the war, there has been only one year that brought no Nobel recognition to the United States. Several times Americans won two science prizes in a year, and once they were invited to Stockholm to receive all three. This was the memorable 1946. P. W. Bridgman (of Harvard) brought back the Physics Prize, H. J. Muller (of Indiana University) the Physiology and Medicine Prize, and J. B. Sumner (of Cornell) and J. H. Northrop and W. M. Stanley (both of the Rockefeller Institute) among them the Chemistry Prize. In addition, the Norwegian Nobel Committee selected two Americans, Emily G. Balch and John R. Mott, to receive the Peace Prize.

Despite their postwar decline in winnings, the Germans had accumulated such a backlog before the war that they held place at the top of the Nobel roster right up to 1960. It was last December's awards to two professors of the University of California—the Physics Prize to Donald A. Glaser and the Chemistry Prize to Willard F. Libby—that put the United States in the lead with a total of  $37\frac{1}{3}$  prizes. The score by nations is shown on this page.

The Score by Nations (1901-60)  
Nobel Prize-winnings by Scientists

	Scientists	Prizes
United States	61	$37\frac{1}{3}$
Germany	42	$35\frac{1}{2}$
Great Britain	36	$25\frac{1}{2}$
France	16	$11\frac{1}{2}$
Sweden	8	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Netherlands	8	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Switzerland	8	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Denmark	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Austria	6	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Italy	4	3
Russia	5	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Canada	3	2
Belgium	2	2
Czechoslovakia	1	1
Finland	1	1
Hungary	1	1
India	1	1
Japan	1	1
Argentina	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Australia	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Ireland	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Portugal	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Spain	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Total	215	157

#### THE PLACE AT THE TIME

**M**ANY of the winners are not native to the lands in which they lived at the time they received their awards. Michelson was born in Posen (under Prussian rule) and came to the United States as a boy. Carrel, an *émigré* from

France, was educated there and began work as a surgeon at the University of Lyons. Karl Landsteiner was not only born, educated, and launched upon his career in Austria, but he made his discovery of blood types at the University of Vienna. This was two decades before he came to the United States. Here, as a member of the Rockefeller Institute, he continued his study of blood groups and greatly enlarged the findings which, eight years later, won him a Nobel Prize. So, in listing the laureates, we identify Landsteiner, Carrel, and many other foreign-born and foreign-educated winners as of the United States. The criterion is *the place* in which the recipient is working *at the time* he is awarded the prize. Under this rule Britain has credit for the prize-winning of Max Born, Boris Chain, and Hans Krebs, although all were born and began their research careers in Germany; and France has credit for the prize-winning of the Polish-born Marie Curie and the Russian-born Elie Metchnikoff.

Every institution with which a laureate has had association shares to some degree in his honor. His birthplace and school, the college he attended as an undergraduate, the town he lived in—each shines by reflected glory. Last December the newspapers carried a story about Leonia, New Jersey, as having been the home town of three Nobel Prize men: Professors Urey, Fermi, and Libby lived in this suburb during their years of service with Columbia University. College publications sometimes list as their laureates former students who have won the award, faculty members to whom the award has come, and holders of the Nobel Prize who have joined their faculty since receiving the award elsewhere. This wholesale operation leads to confusion for the statistician, though there is a justification for each claim. On the whole, it seems best to apply the rule of *the place at the time* to institutions as well as to nations, although it occasionally appears to work a hardship.

Thus, Robert A. Millikan was a member of the physics department of the University of Chicago for more than a score of years. During this connection, working in Chicago laboratories with Chicago equipment, he performed the delicate oil-drop experiment with which he measured the electric charge on the electron. Later he resigned from Chicago, transferred to the California Institute of Technology, and had been in Pasadena only two years when Stockholm awarded the Physics Prize for his findings achieved at Chicago. Under the rule of *the place at the time*, Caltech got the distinction. There have been many oc-

currences of this kind. Indeed, the rule operated to the University of Chicago's advantage on one occasion. This was in 1927 when a share in the Physics Prize of that year was awarded to Chicago's Professor Arthur H. Compton for his discovery of the energy transformation now known as the Compton Effect, a finding he had made several years earlier during his professorship at Washington University, St. Louis.

Having both Michelson and Compton, Chicago was the first American university with two Nobel-winners on its staff. But this unique status did not last, and the palm for bringing Nobel awards to the United States passed to others. The  $37\frac{1}{3}$  prizes that have been received are distributed among twenty-four institutions, as shown in the adjoining list.

#### Nobel Prizes Won by U. S. Institutions

	Scientists	Prizes
University of California	8	6
Harvard University	8	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
California Institute of Technology	5	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Columbia University	6	3 $\frac{2}{3}$
Rockefeller Institute	6	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
University of Chicago	2	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stanford University	3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cornell University	2	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Institute for Advanced Study	2	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carnegie Institute of Technology	1	1
Washington University, St. Louis	3	1
Indiana University	1	1
General Electric Laboratories	1	1
Rockefeller Foundation	1	1
Rutgers University	1	1
Bell Telephone Laboratories	2	$\frac{5}{6}$
Mayo Clinic	2	$\frac{2}{3}$
New York University	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
University of Wisconsin	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
St. Louis University	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Beekman Instruments, Inc.	1	$\frac{1}{3}$
University of Illinois	1	$\frac{1}{3}$
University of Rochester	1	$\frac{1}{3}$
Western Reserve University	1	$\frac{1}{3}$
Total	61	37 $\frac{1}{3}$

Until last December Harvard headed this list, but California's gain of both the Physics and the Chemistry awards in 1960 was such a giant step that it gave the West Coast university the lead by a wide margin. Never before have two full prizes come to an institution in a single year.

It is also true that never before has there been a university so large as California, with a staff of 5,639 teachers and researchers distributed among five campuses widely spaced over the state.



Analysis of California's winnings shows that five of the six prizes went to one campus (Berkeley); and of these, four were received by members of one department, the Radiation Laboratory. Except for the chemistry department on the Berkeley campus and the chemistry department on the Los Angeles campus, other divisions of the immense university have had no luck with the Nobel electors—and California has yet to win its first Prize for Physiology and Medicine.

The per-capita test is applicable also to nations, of course. If the reckoning is made on that basis, Denmark (with a population ranging from 2,450,000 in 1900 to about 4,500,000 now) rates highest with its total of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  Nobel Prizes in science. When winnings are calculated thus, relative to the total population of the country, the United States drops to eighth place, following this sequence:

Denmark	one prize per	632,000 people
Switzerland		754,000
Sweden		837,000
Netherlands		1,216,000
Austria		1,504,000
Germany		1,781,000
Great Britain		1,822,000
United States		3,415,000

The figures above are derived from averages, whereas a strict accounting would require a calculation for each year in which a Nobel Prize was received by the country in question—but I doubt if this would change the order.

#### OUT OF LUCK

AS ONE notes the winners, it is impossible not to be reminded of the losers. When the Nobel Prizes were instituted, Yale had on its faculty the most creative thinker in chemistry that America has yet produced—J. Willard Gibbs. He has been called "the Newton of chemistry." In the book *Nobel, the Man and His Prizes* (edited by the Nobel Foundation and published in 1950) there is a chapter on the chemistry awards written by Arne Westgren, then chairman of the Swedish Royal Academy's Nobel Committee on Chemistry. "Gibbs unquestionably deserved to be awarded the Nobel Prize for his work on thermodynamics," Westgren writes. "But he was never nominated. The time was clearly not yet ripe for a true evaluation of his work. This is greatly to be regretted, as the name of J. W. Gibbs as the first or possibly the second on the list of Nobel Prize-winners for Chemistry would undoubtedly have been an honorable addition."

Yale lost again in 1917. Its professor of comparative anatomy, Ross G. Harrison, was among those nominated for the Physiology and Medicine Prize. Selection for this award is the responsibility of the Caroline Medical Institute in Stockholm, and its Nobel Committee recommended Harrison because of his successful use of tissue culture in the study of embryonic development. Then, strangely, the Caroline Institute decided to make no award for 1917. To be sure, that was a war year, but the Swedish Royal Academy of Science awarded the Physics Prize, the Swedish Academy (of Letters) the Literature Prize, and the Norwegian Nobel Committee the Peace Prize. Sixteen years later Harrison again was nominated, but this time the committee voted for Thomas Hunt Morgan of Caltech.

Although the prizes are restricted to three fields, the competition yearly grows more intense. Luck undoubtedly plays a part, as it does in discovery itself. The instances in which a discoverer or inventor stumbled on his finding by chance are legion, and whether or not he wins the vote of a Nobel Prize jury depends (1) on being nominated and (2) on the judgment of the very human men who make the selections. After all, it is a staggering task that Alfred Nobel bequeathed to his countrymen: to select from the laboratories and research chambers of the world the one achievement in physics, the one in chemistry, and the one in physiology or medicine which "shall have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind." It is understandable why so often a prize has been divided and conferred jointly on two and even three winners.

Whatever the role of luck may be—and regardless of the circumstances that astronomers, geologists, mathematicians, oceanographers, and specialists in dozens of other sciences are in eligible—the Nobel Prize remains the supreme accolade. It is, a university president declared in congratulating one of his faculty on winning, "the highest scholastic honor that the world has to offer a man or woman for intellectual attainments."

In 1959 Stanford University rejoiced in the receipt of an award by Arthur Kornberg, its professor of biochemistry. Kornberg is an alumnus of the College of the City of New York, and last year his fellow alumni had a medal struck bearing his image and the inscription "First Nobel Laureate of the City College." They presented the medal to Kornberg at a ceremony in December. It's the first time, to my knowledge, that a prize has been conferred to celebrate the winning of another prize.

# PUBLIC & PERSONAL



RONID NEWMAN

WILLIAM S. WHITE

## The Invisible Gentleman from Kansas City

*Too quiet to cow a headwaiter, too smart to take the limelight, too independent to wear any pressure group's collar . . . he has eased into the true power center of Congress.*

WASHINGTON—He is one of those public men—immensely, quietly useful to this country but nevertheless little known nationally and even less celebrated in the headlines—of whom it might be said that they also serve who *only* serve.

This man, a member of Congress named Richard Bolling, is infinitely more important in fact than dozens who are better known. He is a figure of significance at least as high as that of a great majority of the Cabinet. He has greater true power than at least three-quarters of the members of the Senate. They take the credit of publicity; he is content with the curious coin of unseen and uncelebrated achievement. He is the archetype of an odd kind of *doing* politician who is more nearly anonymous even than many not-senior civil servants, and less renowned, by far, than some party leaders who could not even carry his practice bat in the real game of political life.

It is for this reason (that he is an archetype) that I deal with Representative Richard Bolling (D-Mo.).

Few in Washington, or elsewhere, rush around bowing to the Bollings

of our public life. Few even in the government bureaucracy—which ought to know better, but doesn't—will break their backs to accommodate the Bollings. The Bollings are not, so to speak, desperately welcomed by headwaiters; nor are glittering hotel suites pressed by management upon them when they journey to the hinterlands. They are more likely to wind up in a room overlooking the laundry area. Their wives are not put under even minor siege by Washington hostesses.

They are the men almost nobody knows—nobody, that is, but the few who know where the substance of power lies in public affairs, and where the shadow. It is true, in general, that publicity and kudos form the life stream of political careers. Most men in national politics maintain programs for personal promotion: many have hired experts in public relations; others do the job through their own skilled personal techniques for getting into the papers.

But the Bollings of this world of national politics operate by actually flying from, rather than running toward, the front pages. Now I know that this statement flatly contradicts many stereotypes. For the notion of the shy politician—of the politician eager to forgo the warm blasts of public and press approval—seems as unlikely as that of the banker anxious not to make a good loan or the actress made truly happy only when

Mr. Walter Kerr does *not* mention her in his theatrical column.

All the same, the John Doe and Richard Roe Bollings do in fact operate from a conscious policy of reticence—not, of course, because they lack human vanity but simply because this is their method for success. From where they sit, you do not perform by taking the limelight; you get the job done by moving deliberately in semi-obscurity. Richard Bolling is a perfect case in point.

But first, *what* is he? Well, he is a deeply entrenched member of the House of Representatives from the Fifth Congressional District of Missouri. (When he was first elected in 1949, he had been a teacher, with an M.A. from the University of the South, and had served four years overseas in World War II.) His little Congressional bailiwick is all in Kansas City. It is shaped roughly like a holstered pistol, and has a bit of everything in the human sense—blue collar, white collar, and toney suburb where the split-levels are most grandly split—but not too much of anything. If all this were not the case, there would be no Bolling—or at any rate Bolling could not usefully function on Anonymous Avenue in Washington. For he would be forever in thrall to one or another economic or religious pressure group at home and so could not possibly perform as the distinctly *national* politician he now is.

As things stand, he cannot exactly tell the home folks to go to hell, nor, of course, would he wish to do so. Still he *can* give his attention to the inside realities of national government, because the diffused nature of his constituency makes it next to impossible for any large or elite part of it to put its collar upon him and make him what many a Congressman is—a mere messenger boy.

From this happily secure base he has for years been concentrating almost exclusively upon enterprises of *national* meaning, the large, complicated issues which ultimately make or break his party in a national election and which ultimately determine the whole tone and movement of government. And if his home base is unglamorous in the extreme—let's face it, Kansas City's many virtues do not include much purely romantic appeal—his Congressional base is equally pedestrian. Bolling's voice



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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

is never heard on the great public-affairs committees of the House, like Ways and Means or Judiciary. He does not peer wisely from the bench of the Committee on Foreign Affairs—nor yet of Military Affairs. He never announces a plan for the salvation of Berlin, for closing the missile gap (if same exists), or even for “doing something” about juvenile delinquency. He does not seek out the malefactors of industry and labor—or even the Communist spies. To my knowledge, he has never even brought forward a scheme for dealing with the Two Chinas.

### CLOAK-AND-DAGGER RULES

INSTEAD, he works down in the ill-lit pit of the House Committee on Rules, that dank, that fusty (and of late rather widely discussed) scene of underground intrigue and cloak-and-dagger assassination and counter-assassination which is the true home of power in the House. “Rules” is many debatable things—not every one of them bad. But one thing it is for sure and certain: It is the place of the payoff. It is the place where the highly publicized contentions of the purely legislative committees become small beer, indeed. For it is here that the true determination is made, in many moments-of-truth, as to what legislation is to get through the House in what form and to whose credit or blame.

Six years ago the then quite young Bolling (he will see his forty-fifth birthday in this month of May) was put upon “Rules” by Speaker Rayburn. His unstated mission was, as it has remained, to be “a Rayburn man,” meaning a chosen spokesman for The Old Man himself. But he was not to be, and is not, either a spineless clerk merely carrying chits to and from the boss, nor yet an Agent of the Lord so righteously “independent” as to carry private judgment beyond practical limits.

This is no easy mission, and the quickest way to foul it up hopelessly would have been for Bolling to begin throwing his weight around and “running to the newspapers” (a capital crime both to the hard-handed members on “Rules” and to The Old Man himself) when trouble loomed.

Bolling runs this job as an intelli-

gence operative for the House leadership, meaning Rayburn. But he accepts the responsibility not only for gathering the raw poop but also for evaluating it—and, when need be, acting upon it on his own motion and his own decisions. He is an occupational, professional anticipator of difficulties: a smoother-out of ruffled feelings; an estimator of the human weaknesses and strengths of other Democrats; a worker of small and sometimes large miracles who cannot possibly function under the lights without destroying his usefulness.

He is a determined, persistent (and wholly polite) antagonist of those few Southerners who are truly Dixiecrats. He is a frequent ally of the moderate Southerners. He is a pained but understanding friend of the ultra or professional liberals, who cause him that cool distress—because of their profound and incorruptible incapacity to get anything useful done—which they cause in any man who interprets politics as a science of performance rather than a technique of posturing.

### AN HONEST BROKER

MUCH of his time is spent in trying to canalize off in a harmless way the frenetic exertions of the ultras. (He speaks of them with amiable regret as men “full of the wish of self-destruction.”) Thus, he encouraged the organization of the so-called Study Group of House Liberals, some of whom are really liberal but some of whom are only doctrinaire. He did not, however, *join* the Study Group—it is too untidy intellectually for him, though he values many of its members individually. He sees it, moreover, as a clear challenge, if unintentional, to the elected party leadership of the House.

When one sees how compelling is his necessity to work nearly always in private—where the honest broker must always work if he is not to injure the feelings or the interests of his disparate clients—the question arises as to just *how* Bolling accomplishes this delicate task. Two examples will perhaps illustrate.

In 1960, he was one of the first active and responsible Democrats to recognize the dangerous complexities of the labor issue which faced



## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

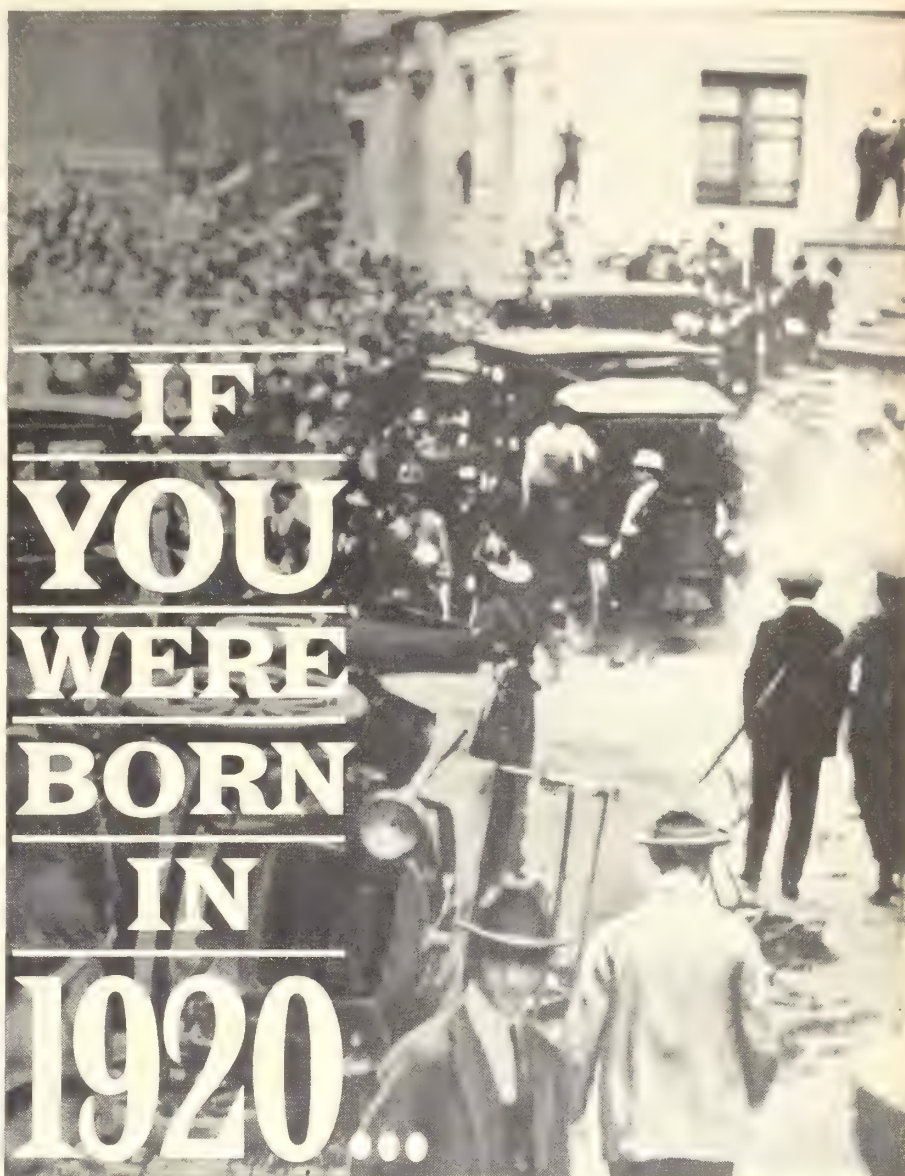
the Democratic Eighty-sixth Congress on the eve of a Presidential election. He was aware that the party could not simply run away from all labor reform and hold public confidence. The long, serial revelations of the McClellan committee in the Senate, in which the Kennedy Brothers had a great hand, could not possibly be waved aside. The Republicans, holding far less responsibility as the minority party, were rubbing their hands in satisfaction at the thought that, whatever the Democrats might do, they would surely make many enemies. Too soft a bill would indict Democratic integrity. Too hard a bill would so alienate traditional Democratic labor support as greatly to weaken labor's vital role of registering and getting out the vote. And no bill at all would be a puerile Democratic surrender; even the labor leaders themselves would lose respect for a party which didn't have the guts to do *anything at all*.

Now, what the Eighty-sixth Congress finally did about labor is a long tale, indeed, and a dull one now. But the net of it was that the two extremes of too much or too little were avoided—and avoided, too, was the most dangerous thing of all, total inaction. I watched that fight from a pretty close-up seat. It is my belief that no man did more than Bolling, who was not even a member of the Labor Committee, to bring out a bill which was politically viable and in the public sense at least tenable. This he did by constant, unobtrusive behind-the-scenes assistance to the reasonable Democrats on that committee: as an unimpeachable liberal, he put his weight alternately against the excessive demands of the labor leaders and against the excessive demands of the right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrats.

It was Bolling who—on the inside only—was right in the middle of this business from first to last. I remember saying to him on one occasion that his extraordinary efforts here demanded some mention in print. "Thanks very much," he said, "but if it's all the same to you I had a damn sight rather not have any praise. It would only muck up what I'm trying to do here."

Again, there is the more recent

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## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

case of the recapture by Rayburn of the House Rules Committee. In this matter, Bolling set out as far back as 1959 to become both a borer-from-within and (outside the committee room) a kind of inside-agitator against the committee which had so long given him such rough and equivocal shelter. This was a nest he had no reluctance whatever to foul.

BY GRUNT AND BY NOD

BOLLING began by getting Rayburn and others in the party's public hierarchy to agree that certain major bills—education, depressed areas, housing, and the like—were an absolute *sine qua non* for the Democratic party. He then set out to spotlight the refusal of the Rules Committee to move in these areas. (The issue of civil rights, contrary to much uninformed chatter, was not in this connection a real thing at all. Rules has not in ten years stopped any civil rights bill. For here the right-wing Republicans leave the Dixiecrats; they want civil rights brought out, if only to plunge the Democrats in the Senate into their traditional North-South fighting. No, the old, controlling coalition on Rules was one of *economic ultraconservatism*.)

Everywhere he went in 1959 this man from Missouri made the point that the situation in the Rules Committee was leaving the Democrats as a party in an intolerable position. In his work later in the Presidential campaign, he did the same, meanwhile making (with John F. Kennedy and others) two tireless points:

(1) Something had to be done about Rules.

(2) Nothing of any consequence could be done unless Rayburn took the leadership, both actually and symbolically.

There was a good deal of difficulty in this program of persuasion, especially with the ultraliberals. These were, for a time, in a mood for petulant rejection of The Old Man, simply because he was a Texan and worse yet a Southerner, albeit an independent one.

Unless Rayburn led the fight, Bolling knew, there would simply be no fight. For no other man in the House embodied the vast personal prestige which would be required to cut

Rules down to size. This was not a theory but a condition of life, as Bolling went about pointing out in private to his colleagues. At length, then, the ultraliberals were prevailed upon to accept the only chieftainship that could possibly prevail, and the committee was "packed" with additional members to the point where Rayburn regained the ultimate control.

In all this, Bolling's head almost never appeared above the surface, though once or twice he got into the papers in spite of himself—and shook that head sadly at the exposure.

He never had any direct orders from the Speaker; things are not done that way. He simply had achieved by a process of osmosis—a Rayburn grunt here, a Rayburn nod there—a clearance to go ahead and do something about Rules. Strategically, his mission was laid on from above; tactically, he was pretty much on his own, from first to last. He was a kind of unsung field commander in a great war between the generalissimos, Mr. Sam and old "Judge" Howard Smith of Virginia, the all but unbeatable chairman of Rules.

The Judge (who, however regrettable his ideas, is a gentleman) was never in doubt about what was happening to him and about whence it was coming. It is not impossible that in his gloomy way he took a certain pride in the skill of that young fellow Bolling—and more pride in the fact that though Bolling was leading a deplorable revolution against the committee he was at all events leading it with due regard to a Spartan tradition that committee members in disemboweling each other will do it as quietly and gracefully as possible.

At the height of the blood-letting of some months ago, Bolling felt compelled to make of the Judge an odd request, considering that he was then reaching for his elder's major arteries, and vice versa. Bolling's Kansas City office sent in a request for a photograph of Congressman Bolling's main adversary to hang upon the wall. Bolling forwarded the letter with some trepidation. The Judge replied with a photograph inscribed to Richard Bolling "the incorrigible." This was a peculiarly subtle kindness saying much



for the respect and regard of an old man for a young one, notwithstanding their deep differences.

For in Kansas City it were better and safer by far to be called "the incorrigible" by Howard W. Smith than to be called, approvingly, just a dear old pal.

## SUPERIOR TO 1600 PENN

IT may be, indeed, that this year 1961 will turn out to have been the year in which Richard Bolling first placed a foot firmly on the airy ladder which leads to the Speakership of the House. Though no one wishes even to think of a Speaker's office not filled by Sam Rayburn—and Bolling least of all—the intractable fact remains that Mr. Rayburn is getting on; he's now seventy-nine years old. Men do not of course run for the Speakership—a post which good members of the House are inclined to regard as considerably superior to that job down at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Bolling is not running. All the same, circumstances are doing a pretty good job of running for him. There is his relative safety at home. There is his capacity to concern himself with truly national affairs. There is his position at the center of gravity of his party. There is his authentic but *doing* liberalism. There is his long-established ability to perform without making the loud, rude noises which not only injure performance but also tend to put up other people's backs in the House. There is his long record of *responsibility*; the Speakership is a patriarchal office and members instinctively seek for the post the highest of the traditional qualities of the patriarch—*responsible* headmanship.

Then there are these things, too: Bolling's long association as a Rayburn man—and Bolling's wife, Barbara. Now I do not deeply relish the woman's magazine cliché that so-and-so is where he is only because of his *lovely* wife. In this case, however, the plain fact is that Barbara Bolling is a great asset to Richard Bolling; not in some chintzy, artsy-craftsy little-helpmeet way, but as a first-rate, working politician. Without her, he would be a quietly able force; with her he is a quietly formidable force, indeed.

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## The Literature of Development

*Robert L. Heilbroner, a frequent contributor to "Harper's," is also the author of "The Future as History," "The Worldly Philosophers," and many educational brochures on economic affairs.*

IT IS far from easy to make out, from moment to moment, what is taking place on the immensely wider screen on which history is projected to us today. The old familiar newsreel of events has stretched out into a gigantic Cinemascope, filled with masses of people, strange landscapes, extraordinary plots and subplots. In the wings of the theatre of history all is confusion, caprice, commotion—or at least almost all. For there is also visible amidst this turbulence one grandiose theme which attracts our attention no matter where we turn. This is the theme of economic development—that is, of a struggle to escape from the misery and poverty which are the common settings of all the new locales of history.

We have all become aware, in a general sort of way, of this ubiquitous undertone to world history. Yet it is surprising how few people have bothered to read much of the actual literature of economic development. Admittedly there is a good reason for this. Economics is rarely noted for its delights of style, and the books I shall talk about here are, on the whole, no exception. They are all demanding and some of them are downright difficult. None the less, they have one thing to recommend them. This is the fact that they give us an otherwise unobtainable insight into what is probably the most important social transformation humankind has ever attempted.

Fortunately there is a graceful and even eloquent introduction to the problem as a whole in a slim volume—but seventy-four pages, index and all—entitled **The Diplomacy of Economic Development** (Harvard University Press, \$3) by Eugene R. Black, head of the World Bank. Someone unacquainted with the actualities of underdevelopment will find here a marvelously compressed sketch of its typical social tableau.

Poverty—unimaginable poverty—is of course the prevailing motif. "In India alone," writes Mr. Black, "already a population equal to the total population of Great Britain has been denied ownership of land and even tenancy; they have been forced, not into employment in the cities, but to live as chronically underemployed, landless farm laborers in conditions of extreme poverty and insecurity." Meanwhile in the cities, if the uprooted peasant is lucky enough to get a job, he finds himself exposed at work to a discipline he finds irksome and pointless, while "away from work he is more often than not herded into a wretched slum and exploited by the large permanent underworld of beggars, vagrants, refugees, petty criminals, and the like who manage somehow to survive on the fringe economies of the cities of the underdeveloped world."

This is the raw material from which a development program must be forged. But there is a still more crucial class—the intellectual and professional groups who must provide the leadership of development. As Mr. Black writes, however, this too is a disprivileged stratum: "There is no more explosive political material than the doctor who knows what modern medicine can do but does not have the facilities to put his knowledge to work; or the teacher who must teach, if at all, without textbooks; or the engineer without access to capital equipment; or the businessman without a place of business; or the politician without a following that understands what he is talking about."

These are the *dramatis personae* of the underdeveloped areas, and the reader who has followed Black with sinking heart may well ask: How is economic development possible at all? How can a pauper nation even begin its ascent from so despairing a point of departure?

### CORE OF ECONOMIC ANALYSIS

THIS brings us from an introductory view into the core of economic analysis proper, and a reader first venturing into this forbidding terrain could do no better than start with another short book: **Problems of Capital Formation in**

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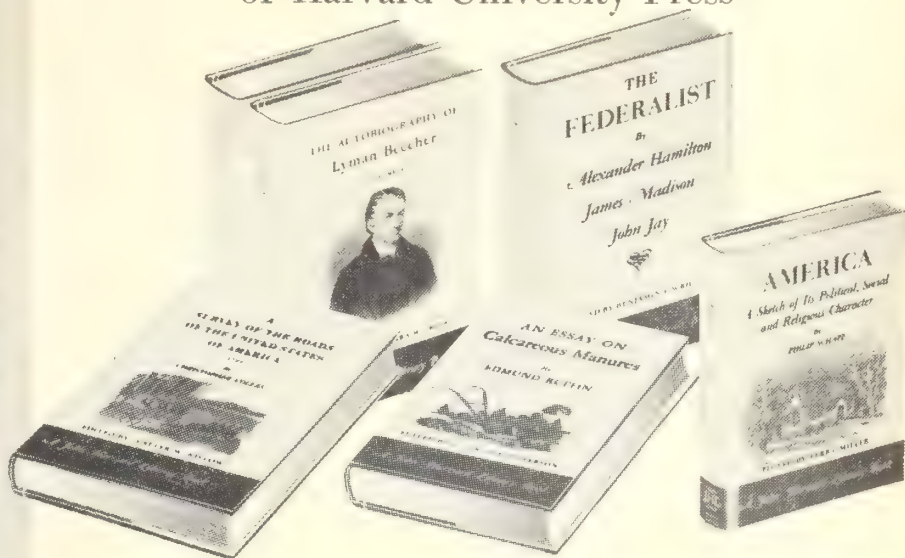


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the *Underdeveloped Countries* (Oxford University Press, \$2.90) by the late Ragnar Nurkse of Columbia University. This is not a new book (it was first published in 1953), it is not altogether a simple book, and it has little of Mr. Black's literary excellence. Nevertheless its 160-odd pages lay bare the mechanics of economic development in lucid and masterful form. No one who seriously wishes to understand the problems of development can afford to miss it.

The key to development, says Nurkse (and indeed, all development economists) lies primarily in the accumulation of capital. That is, an underdeveloped nation can only climb out of the depths by replacing the pitifully small productive capabilities of its bare hands with the tremendous productive capacities of machines, power plants, etc. Capital is the magic ingredient which translates a given quantity of human labor into a rising quantity of output—and what is crucial, a quantity of output which rises faster than the number of mouths clamoring for a share in it.

But how is a nation which can scarcely subsist, whose caloric input is barely at the human "replacement" level, to build capital? How can it divert its energies—which are desperately needed to keep itself alive—to the construction of capital goods which, however necessary for the future, cannot be eaten today? Nurkse gives the classic answer by pointing out that an underdeveloped country typically suffers from a disease called "disguised unemployment." That is, he writes, "even with unchanged techniques of agriculture, a large part of the population engaged in agriculture could be removed without reducing agricultural output." For example, it is estimated that in Egypt, where disguised unemployment is at its worst, the present output of food could be produced by something like *half* the present rural population, without any new equipment whatsoever. To put it differently, almost half its people engaged in "raising food" are actually not raising anything. Whatever tiny crop they harvest is got at the expense of their neighbor.

The trick of capital formation now becomes apparent. The "surplus" population must be taken off the land and set to work on capital projects—irrigation, drainage, roads, dams, housing, and the like. Their removal from the land will not reduce food output, for those who remain behind will be much more productive. But as Nurkse emphasizes, this does not mean fuller bellies for these peasants. On the contrary, the food they formerly shared with their unproductive cousins, brothers, sisters, and nephews must still be made available to these poor relations who are now at work on capital projects. Thus in the early stages of a *successful* development program there is apt to be *no* visible rise in the peasant's food consumption. In-

stead, what is likely to be highly visible is an often harsh mechanism for assuring the transfer of food from the land to the capital project worker. This may mean new taxes on the peasant or it may mean the collectivization of agriculture, for as Nurkse comments, "The collective farm is not only a form of collective organization; it is above all an instrument of collection."

What Nurkse thus reveals are the essential social mechanics of industrialization itself—the great inner transformation which provides the escape from the tyranny of peasantry. Not that Nurkse maintains that all the capital needed for development can be supplied in this manner: peasant hands alone can build a dam but not its generators, may lay roads but cannot make trucks. Development also depends on investment in machines and other strategic capital goods. This is, of course, where foreign aid makes its irreplaceable contribution by supplementing the meager machine-building resources of a developing country. But after reading Nurkse we begin to see that foreign aid, quintessential though it is, is not enough; that the core of development is an internal migratory process which foreign assistance can accelerate and alleviate but for which it cannot be a substitute.

But even given foreign assistance, asks Nurkse, how will the great process itself commence? How in particular will the new manufacturing and commercial facilities come into being?



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IN A developed economy like our own, the answer is simple enough: An entrepreneur builds a factory because he feels confident that he can tempt enough of the general purchasing power of the economy toward his product to make his investment pay out. But in an underdeveloped economy, the solitary entrepreneur feels no such confidence. The over-all demand for goods is too thin to allow him to proceed with assurance. Unless the whole economy is simultaneously expanding, the entrepreneur who steps to the fore is apt to be rewarded for his pains only with painful losses.

This leads Nurkse to advocate what he calls "balanced growth"—an over-all Big Push on all the sectors of the economy at once. But the

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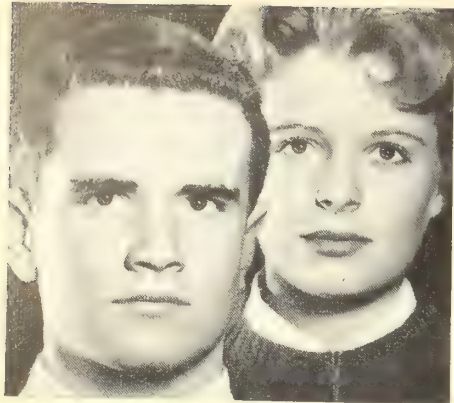
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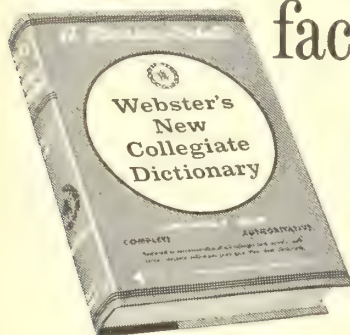






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trouble is that balanced growth is too often precisely what an underdeveloped economy is unable to generate. In fact the very hallmark of a backward economy is an absence of the wherewithal to mount such a major effort. What then?

This widespread hurdle to development is not only explicitly recognized but made the core of a theory of economic development in a brilliant volume by Albert Hirschman: *The Strategy of Economic Development* (Yale University paperback, \$1.45). For the general reader this is one step deeper into the jungles of economic analysis, for it presents some of those diagrams and mathematical formulations of which economists are so fond these days. Notwithstanding, its style is sharp and clear and its substance accessible with a bit of careful reading.

Hirschman's thesis is that it is just the *imbalances*, the uneven pace of advance along the economic fronts, that can set up the stimuli by which capital formation is adduced. For this ragged pace creates situations in which "links" in the development chain are suddenly made economically attractive. Thus rather than deploring the "irrational" preference of developing countries for show-piece steel mills which turn out to be "unprofitable," Hirschman points out that such mills may be the necessary forerunners of previously unthought-of enterprises—perhaps bicycle manufacturing or simple metal-working. This leads Hirschman to advocate, not carefully dovetailed blueprints of balanced growth, but bold economic salients which create tempting opportunities to "fill in" a supporting structure of satellite industries.

So much for a taste of development theory. It is only a taste, of course, and a reader whose interest is aroused must dig much deeper. He might simplify his task, however, by proceeding directly to a first-rate text by Benjamin Higgins: *Economic Development* (W.W. Norton, \$7.50). This is a longish book—over 750 pages—which presents both a searching examination of a number of theories of development and also a lively description of the varied faces of underdevelopment about the globe.

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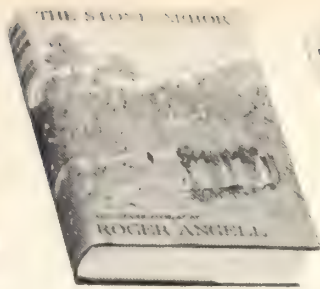
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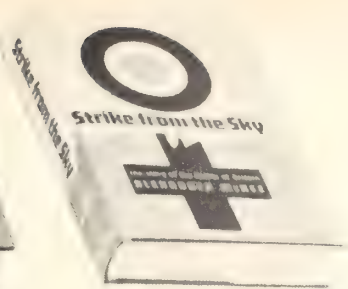
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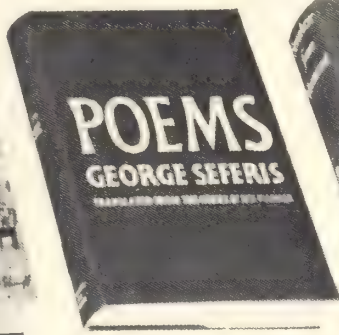
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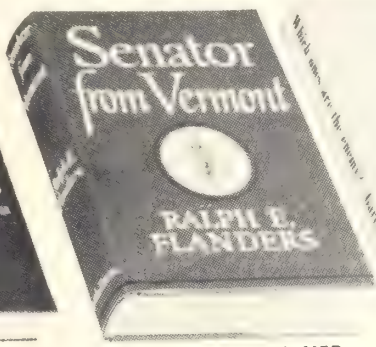
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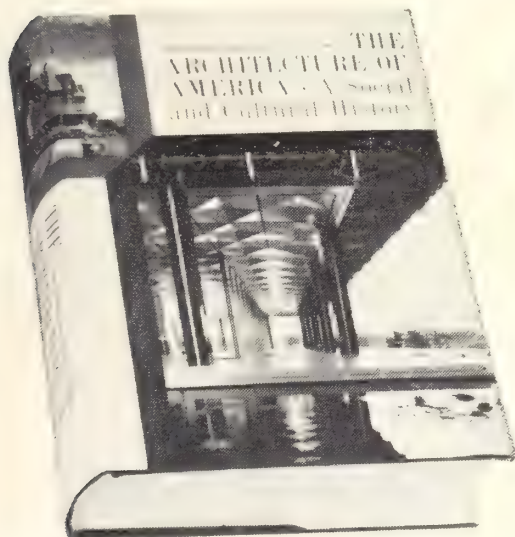
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wish to skip some parts in which the professional economist delights, but if one is looking for a single handbook on the subject, well-written and full of fascinating material, this is the volume for your library.

### DEVELOPMENT ELITES

ALL this literature of development is of interest, not alone for what it has to say, but for what it fails to say. For underlying most of these theories is the assumption that economic development will be carried out primarily by the market process. Although every student of development recognizes that the state must play a centrally responsible role, nonetheless in all these discussions the businessman is still entrusted with a large, and often the largest, share of the burden. In other words, the vast transfer of population from farm to factory and the enormous accumulation of capital are presumed to come about mainly by the lure of profit and the guiding signals of market prices.

But will this in fact be the case? It is refreshing to find one book on development in which this usual premise is eschewed. In *Industrialism and Industrial Man* (Harvard University Press, \$5.50), Clark Kerr, John Dunlop, Frederick Harbison, and Charles Myers explore industrialization as a process which can be carried out under the aegis of a number of different kinds of development elites: ambitious dynasts, revolutionary intellectuals, colonial administrators, and nationalist leaders, in addition to capitalist entrepreneurs. In effect, what these authors seek to do is to create sociological "ideal types" of these various elites and to compare their strategies, problems, and results.

This is surely a fruitful approach, for in fact most economic development in the twentieth century has not been carried out by the market process, but imposed from above by one or another of these nonmarket authorities. But alas, the execution of the idea leaves much to be desired—not only by way of an uninspired presentation, but more fundamentally by way of a serious distortion in the "ideal types" themselves. Throughout the book the authors compare the development policies

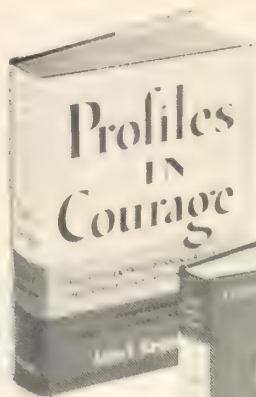
of twentieth-century revolutionists—the Nassers and Stalins—with twentieth-century business practice. But this is not a legitimate comparison. What would be relevant is a comparison of twentieth-century authoritarian leaders with *seventeenth- and eighteenth-century* capitalist and precapitalist development elites. Then we might find some truly enlightening parallels (as well as contrasts) between, say, the mercantilist policies which forcibly began the development process in seventeenth-century Europe and the nationalist measures bringing it into being in Latin America today—or between the enclosure movements of pre-industrial England and the collective farm movements of early Soviet Russia.

Nevertheless, for all its lack, the Kerr book does at least identify a vital problem—the intimate and inextricable relationship between economic development and political power. Development, it should be clear by now, is not a process whose success or failure hinges on the fortuitous presence of folksy-minded Iowa chicken farmers or ignorant ambassadors. At bottom, economic development is a profoundly wrenching social transformation whose initial impact, as Eugene Black points out, is not so much a euphoric state of rising expectations as a bewildering loss of traditional expectations. Far from being a long, invigorating climb from achievement to achievement, development is an arduous ascent in which many fall by the wayside, suffering new privations because of the very changes that development has brought into being.

Hence the question: *who is going to make development stick?* What degree of political will, of economic command, of moral determination or ruthlessness is forced upon a leadership which seeks to traverse in a generation or two the difficult terrain which the West, with turmoil enough, took two centuries to cross?

### WILL DEVELOPMENT STICK?

THIS is a question to which few writers on development turn an unflinching eye. There is much talk of the "blandishments" of Communism or of other iron collectivisms as a means of carrying through develop-



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ment, but very little honest facing-up to the question of whether milder courses will in the end succeed at all.

To raise this ugly issue is not to "romanticize" the often brutal social mechanics of collectivism. It is to force us to inquire what the realistic alternatives are—if any. One writer who has had the audacity to grasp the nettle firmly is Paul Baran whose *Political Economy of Growth* (Marzani paperback, \$1.95; Monthly Review hardcover, \$5) makes no bones about asserting that development to be successful must be a *revolutionary—ie., Communist—process*. Baran is a Marxist economist and therefore it is easy to dismiss his argument as no more than a personal *apologia*. To do so, however, overlooks the fact that Baran poses a problem of the utmost importance about which we find almost no courageous discussion on the part of non-Marxists.

For instance, Eugene Black, having presented a moving and compassionate picture of the plight of the underdeveloped areas, can translate his moral concern into nothing more effective than a call for more of the kind of thing that the World Bank is already doing. But it is perfectly apparent, as Andrew Schonfield shows in *The Attack on World Poverty* (Random House, \$4.95) that the World Bank is not even remotely coming to grips with the problem. Its present rate of disbursement to the underdeveloped areas is considerably less than half a billion dollars a year, a sum which can objectively be called a pittance. Mr. Schonfield argues cogently for a massively organized UN effort, well equipped with funds and freed from the crippling canons of economic orthodoxy, and he lays about him in vigorous fashion at the inadequacy of the banking mind to grasp the exigencies and demands of the backward nations. I liked in particular this fragment of a conversation with Per Jacobssen, head of the International Monetary Fund:

"What would you suggest, Mr. Jacobssen, to help the underdeveloped countries to move forward faster?"

"Well, the main thing is to stabilize their currencies."

Another writer who suffers at the

gap between Mr. Black's description and his prescription is Peter Ritner, author of *The Death of Africa* (Macmillan, \$4.95). In a review of Black's book in *The New Leader*, he writes:

What does an African, or an Indian, or a Venezuelan feel like when he is confronted with Black's wisdom and moderation? He feels the way a poor man always feels when he talks to a rich man—that the rich man just doesn't understand what life is all about.

True, Black is doing something, and has done a great deal more than most of us will ever do, and this is better than nothing. But he is far from telling us how we are going to stop the catastrophe which is building up all over the world, which is what the concept of "economic development" really involves. Black is too slow, too portly, too respectable a lover of his own subject and profession. At his pace he is not—and we are not—going to win.

I cannot improve on Mr. Ritner's words—nor for that matter on his angry book. Recently I have read through the two volumes by George Kimble on *Tropical Africa* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$15). They provide a magnificent survey of the ecology and sociology of the African scene, beautifully written and tremendously informative. Yet I missed a sense of the desperation, of the relentless ticking of the social clock which lies at the center of Mr. Ritner's much shorter and less "scholarly" book. Mr. Kimble fascinates, worries, and arouses us. Mr. Ritner frightens the pants off us, and I think he is right. He foresees in Africa the likelihood of a "Chinafication"—a conclusion similar to Baran's—but unlike Baran he regards this as something to be avoided if possible. Is it possible? Ritner's suggestions involve a willingness on our part to spend at least six to eight billion dollars a year on Africa *alone*, through the agency of a kind of pan-African TVA. One cannot hazard a guess if such a program would work. The chances are we shall never find out.

## AMERICAN OSTRICHISM

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endemic failing of academic economic writing in this country. This is its appalling lack of social or political or historical depth—or to put it differently, its delusion that one can talk about economic change *in vacuo*, without any recognition that economic change always and inevitably brings with it (or is brought about by) social and political change. It is interesting to speculate as to the causes of this American ostrichism. In part I suspect it comes from an uncritical worship of "science" and a corresponding denigration of any social theorizing which oversteps the bounds of rigorous empirical or logical demonstration. In part, too, it may reflect the inhibitions of a social system which is being sorely tried by the pressures of history. Whatever the reason, however, there is no doubt that much of American economic thought is pallid and thin not only because it dares not trespass into the precincts of other social disciplines, but worse yet, because it is not even tempted to trespass.

I think it is the general anemia of economic analysis which accounts for the shouts and huzzas that have greeted W. W. Rostow's little book, *The Stages of Economic Growth* (Cambridge University Press paperback, \$1.15). Here is, for all its shortcomings, an attempt to seize history by the forelock and to place economic analysis within a grand stage setting of social evolution. Professor Rostow presents us with a panorama of economic development in four giant "stages" through which societies pass: a stage of traditional social organization, a stage of take-off into growth, a stage of self-sustaining expansion, and a stage of high mass consumption.

Unfortunately the book does not seem to me to measure up to the large promise of its conception. Rather than a theory—that is, a causally connected chain of development—I see Rostow's analysis largely as a series of eclectic generalizations, loosely tied together and in some respects seriously misleading. Thus, the critical stage of "take-off" is identified as occurring in the United States in 1843-60 and perhaps in India since 1952. This seems to imply that India today, with its groaning problems, bears some sort of

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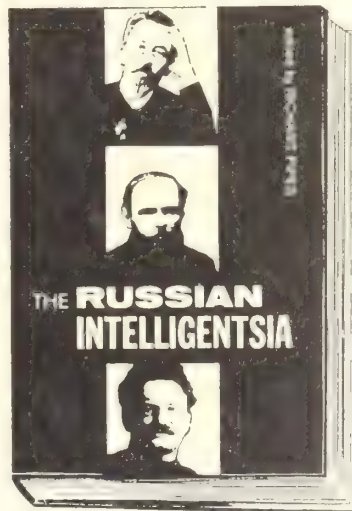
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

socio-economic resemblance to the bustling society of pre-Civil War America. I find this impossible to accept and I suspect that even Professor Rostow would hesitate to affirm that India is on the threshold of a tremendous self-motivated industrialization process similar to that of the American 1870s and 1880s. But if there is in fact no meaningful similarity of prospects between the societies, of what use is their identification in similar "stages" of development? Rostow's book is conceived as an "answer" to Marx, but I think he is lucky that the old boy is not around to give it his special treatment.

After these rueful remarks let us turn aside from the thorny path of underdevelopment to take note of two books which concern *our* prospects for economic evolution. One of these is Gunnar Myrdal's **Beyond the Welfare State** (Yale University Press, \$4.50) which, as the title suggests, peers ahead to ask what is in store for the Western democracies and their modified capitalisms.

As a moderate democratic Socialist Myrdal is a firm believer in the social stability and economic benefits of the planned Welfare State and part of his book is a sketch of the limited Utopia which such a community offers. But Myrdal is not merely a bland apologist for his economic predilections. Indeed what makes his book interesting is his own realization that the Welfare State, with its essentially *national* conception of well-being, presents formidable obstacles to the emergence of an *international* Utopia. One must read Myrdal's book to trace out the ramifications of this sobering point of view. He does not write a lively prose, but a thoughtful and broad-ranging mind lights up the rather pedestrian style. If for no other reason he is worth reading because here is a non-Marxist thinker who does not fear to "muddy up" his economic thoughts with political and sociological insights.

### CONSERVATIVE VERVE

QUITE different in both style and ideas is our last book: **The Cost of Freedom** by Henry Wallich (Harper, \$3.75). For one thing, Wallich is an aphoristic, bright, and polished

writer. For another, he defends a conservative economic point of view. Yet, like Myrdal's book, from which it differs 180° in emphasis, this too is a work which reflects a concern for economics in the broadest terms.

Wallich is an exponent of the virtues of a capitalist order—the virtues of private property, of economic inequality, of economic "freedom." With much of his fundamental inclinations I would myself take issue, and against his arguments I would like to pose counterarguments. Never mind. It is a rare experience to read a book with which one disagrees and yet enjoy it unreservedly and without annoyance. This was my reaction to the *Cost of Freedom*. For my taste it is the most modest, thoughtful, and agreeable presentation of the conservative view that I have seen for a long while. For someone who wants the other side of the Galbraith coin, struck off with a near-Galbraithian verve, I recommend it wholeheartedly. Would that conservative thought in general rose to the level of this book!

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

**Heaven Has No Favorites**, by Erich Maria Remarque.

Remarque's books are almost always about the spiritually and geographically homeless of the world, but anyone who has read many of them is instantly at home after the first pages. There is always a beautiful girl, somehow mysterious and withdrawn; there is strong drink at odd hours (In *Arch of Triumph* it was Calvados; here vodka is the prevailing dose though there are also champagne and other beautiful wines); there is much talk of life and death and love (the novels could really all be called *A Time to Love* and *A Time to Die*) by people who have seen too much of death. The stories carry the same pervading sense of human loneliness as a song sung by Marlene Dietrich. This novel tells of an affair between a

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

twenty-three-year-old girl from a tuberculosis sanatorium in Switzerland and a racing-car driver, sometime after World War II. The girl spent too much of her childhood in Paris cellars during the Occupation and lost both parents in the war. The man spent years in a concentration camp. The girl, under almost certain sentence of early death from her disease comes to a decision about the way to spend what remains of her life. She, of course, cannot understand the auto-racer's constant risking of life. Yet their attitudes paradoxically merge and shift as their relationship develops. Although death is thus ever-present this is anything but a sordid book. Sensually it is rich in beautiful settings, luxurious hotels, excellent food and wine, and exquisite dresses from Balenciaga for the lady. Mr. Remarque's people tend to live concentrated little lives of their own; having suffered so much they never seem to be participants in the problems of the larger world. If this sometimes gives a dimension of intellectual unreality to his stories they are never lacking in emotional and narrative excitement and great elegance of style.

Harcourt, \$4.50

**The Watchman**, by Davis Grubb. There is a maxim that to be scrupulously fair to a novel one must read it through to the end. This tale of a West Virginia river town called Adena is a perfect example. After the first few moiling pages of what seemed outrageous overwriting I was ready to give up:

For an instant before he left the room he lifted his head, murmuring something, raising his eyes slowly to the dim light of the room's ceiling globe: a frosted, mindless moon shedding the illumination of soiled twilight upon the room's squalid sixty years of drummer's mercantile dreaming, the insomniac toss of transients drunk or half-mad with loneliness, the furtive and chronic embraces of lovers by the hour. The sheriff's anguished eyes searched senselessly for that instant among the blurred, scattered pattern of dead moths and flies which calicoed the dull light globe's interior; dried up hieroglyphics of long-vanished summer nights.

But I persevered and by the end could acknowledge that the turgid writing cumulatively creates the only atmosphere in which the melodramatic tale could survive. . . . The watchman is a peripatetic sheriff, a mysterious wanderer, with his two motherless daughters and his friend and deputy, moving from one Southern town to another. What drives him; what is the role of his friend; what passions direct the two daughters to their very different fates are the questions that the novel unravels, piling horror on depravity and depravity on horror like a poor man's Faulkner. After those first few pages it will surely hold your interest if your stomach is strong. By the author of *The Night of the Hunter*.

Scribner, \$3.95

## NON-FICTION

Whether it's because of last year's phenomenal success of the book about Elsa, the lioness, or mere publishing coincidence, it is certainly a fact that there are more fascinating animal books than I can remember in any one season in a long, long time. Below are four of the best.

**Ring of Bright Water**, by Gavin Maxwell.

As I read the first fifty pages of this utterly fascinating book by a man who has spent ten years living without other human company in a lonely house by the sea in the Western Highlands of Scotland, it seemed odd to me that such a man should have remained a bachelor. One would think that such fineness of perception, such generosity of spirit, such a wonderfully well furnished mind in all departments—humor not the least—would deserve and need a constant audience. But by the time I unwillingly reached the end of the book I had my answer. Here is a man who has taken more trouble and delight in living with an otter—or rather three otters—not to mention a dog, a brood of goslings, and a wildcat kitten, than most men would ever take for a wife. And certainly there is no room for a woman—nor room for anybody not a trained zoo keeper—in the London apartment or the Highlands house (Camusfearna—"Bay of Alders") which Mr. Maxwell set up

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

for the comfort and enjoyment of the otters, Mijbil and Edal. And the magic of the book is that one understands his compulsion, and in his beautiful descriptive prose laced with humor and in the photographs and drawings the reader has nothing but absolutely painless pleasure of these enchanting animals and their wild and lonely surroundings. The book was a Book Club selection in England, and no wonder. No more delightful nature book has appeared in a long time. Dutton, \$5

## Penguin Summer: An Adventure with the Birds of the Falkland Islands, by Eleanor Rice Pettingill.

This is another charming, but quite different, book of nature study by a woman who went with her ornithologist husband on a Disney-financed expedition to study penguins in the Falkland Islands. It has less literary quality than *Ring of Bright Water*, but it is a simple, straightforward, cheerful, and endearing account of a cold, often hazardous undertaking on these forbidding, chilly, but interesting South Atlantic islands. Mrs. Pettingill's feeling for people and their customs is as warm and discerning as her observations of penguins and, with the more than fifty photographs, she has put together a fascinating scientific and personal journal. Clarkson Potter, \$5

## Galapagos: The Noah's Ark of the Pacific, by Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt.

There are penguins in this book too, though fewer and smaller, since they live at the equator and don't need so much bodily heat to keep alive. The Galapagos Islands, which Darwin called the "living laboratory of evolution," include thirteen large volcanic islands and a number of small ones, have an area of about 3,000 square miles, are part of the Republic of Ecuador, and lie in the Pacific about 650 miles west of the South American coast. Their peculiar land formation and geographical position have resulted in attracting extraordinary species of animals and birds differing even from island to island.

Only in the Galapagos are there seaweed-eating marine lizards or iguanas; cactus-eating land iguanas.

Nowhere else can we see great giant tortoises or flightless cormorants. In fact most of the species are endemic—that is to say special and unique to the archipelago. Out of eighty-nine species and subspecies of birds that nest in the islands, seventy-seven exist nowhere else. . . . An extraordinary aspect of the Galapagos animals is the remarkable tameness they manifest in the presence of man. . . . No terrestrial mammals managed to get a footing until quite recently, the Galapagos were isles without fear and a retreat where animals forgot their shyness. From this point of view the archipelago is a Garden of Eden. . . .

Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt is a zoologist so that his observations are most exact and less anthropomorphic than those of either Gavin Maxwell on his otters or Mrs. Pettingill on her penguins. Indeed, instead of showing how like human beings animals are, he, as a good evolutionist, shows how many of our finest customs may well have come, say, from the chivalrous dueling conventions of the marine iguanas (giant lizards); the greeting ceremonies of the flightless cormorants; or the wedding dance of the albatross (all illustrated here with photographs). He describes this with wit and style and makes it seem a proud thing to belong to the animal kingdom. (I followed him less willingly in his deep dives among the sharks and his adventures with centipedes and other insects.) Happily, as a result of his expedition and report to the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, and with the help of UNESCO and the Ecuadorian government, a Charles Darwin Station has been set up on the islands. The spot was chosen by the author and from it scientists will try to enforce regulations that will preserve on this archipelago that has little or no other value—the natural marvels that exist nowhere else.

Doubleday, \$3.95

## Serengeti Shall Not Die, by Berrill Hard and Michael Grzimek. Introduction by Alan Moorehead.

This is another beautiful and dramatic plea for animal and land conservation in another part of the world—the Serengeti National Park in Tanganyika. It begins with a terse little quotation:



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

"Have the hens been fed?"

*Bismarck, on his deathbed.*

With the same unto-death concern for animal life the German father-and-son naturalist team set out on their mission. It has long been well known that there were thousands of animals and birds in the area; that the land and game demands of the 5,000 Masai tribesmen who also live there were making serious inroads into this last stronghold of African wild life. But no one knew actually how many animals there were; why and when and where they migrated; and what the proposed new boundaries of the Park would do to interfere with and perhaps extinguish them. To fight the narrowing encirclement it was first imperative to know the answers to these questions exactly. Dr. Grzimek, Director of the Frankfurt Zoo, and his young son, Michael, learned to pilot a small plane in which they could fly low enough to count the animals and study their migrations. With German thoroughness they planned and carried out their survey. This book, with its wonderful photographs in color and black and white, its impassioned and exciting stories of the animals and of the magnificent empty country through which they roam, is the result. It is a touching story, too, with a tragic ending, for just as they were about to return home, while the twenty-four-year-old Michael was making a short flight alone, a buzzard crashed into the plane, killing him instantly. A Memorial Laboratory has been established in his honor at the new Park headquarters for the scientific study of wild-life conservation as a step toward preserving the 367,000 wild animals who Dr. Grzimek fears may soon be homeless. A unique and absorbing document, its deep dedication brushes off on even a casual reader.

Dutton, \$6.95

## FORECAST

## New Frontiers Between Covers

It is inevitable that with a new Administration in Washington there should be an examination of new techniques in politics, of new faces, new policies. The flood has already begun. Basic Books announces for

May a "slashing book, full of verve, of wit, of substance." It is called *The New America: Politics and Society in the Age of the Smooth Deal*, by Karl E. Meyer, and tells how the TV image and Madison Avenue techniques in general have imposed themselves on politicians and newsmakers. Probably the most exciting recapitulation of the recent campaign will appear in Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President—1960*, which Atheneum now plans to publish in June. Also in June a New York Post reporter, Stan Opatowsky, has a book of personality profiles of the men around Kennedy, *The Kennedy Government*, coming from Dutton. Sometime this summer Public Affairs Press plans a pictorial book about the Kennedy family to be called *The Kennedy Story*. Author and photographers still unmentioned. And sometime in January 1962, at just about the first anniversary of the inauguration, Harcourt, Brace & World will bring out *The First Year*, by Helen Fuller, well-known Washington political writer and managing editor of *The New Republic*. She has taken a year's leave of absence from her jobs to finish the book.

## News of Series

We have already mentioned here the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers, but that was last year and the price then was \$1.00. Now, oh most remarkable, the price has been reduced to 65 cents and the pamphlets scheduled for this spring are Leonard Unger on *T. S. Eliot*; Alan Downer on *Recent American Drama*; Richard Chase on *Walt Whitman*; William Y. Tindall on *Wallace Stevens*; and Frederick J. Hoffman on *Gertrude Stein*. . . . Doubleday's Mainstream-of-the-Modern-World Series edited by John Gunther started off in April with the publication of Sir Harold Nicolson's *The Age of Reason* (no pamphlet this, but a 360-page book priced at \$5.95). The series is billed as "tremendous in scope, dramatic in concept, vividly executed by some of our leading contemporary writers" among whom are Kay Boyle on Germany, Sir Compton Mackenzie on Scotland, Barnaby Conrad on Spain, Harrison Salisbury on Russia, and William L. Shirer on India.



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# MUSIC in the round

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## EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC: 1961-1916

*It's too early to call it "good" but by now it has to be called music, and it has to be heard stereophonically to get the sounds of the future right.*

Electronic, or tape-recorder, music is still in its experimental stage, and most practitioners admit it. But its possibilities seem endless. A composer—and the time has passed when one is tempted to put quotation marks around the word composer—has an amazing variety of means at his disposal. He can work in conjunction with orthodox instruments or dispense with them entirely. He can use one or twenty channels, depending on the amount of equipment under his control. He can use man-made sounds, or create his own sounds in the electronic studio. He can work in pure sound and rhythm, or he can create melodies and harmonies.

Various schools and philosophies of electronic music flourish. In America the pioneers were Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky. In Paris, Pierre Schaeffer and Pierre Henry were the protagonists. Karl-

heinz Stockhausen heads the Cologne school. Now, on a new phonograph record, the work of the Dutch school can be heard. An Epic disc (LC 3759, mono; BC 1118, stereo) presents three works by the Dutch avant-gardist, Henk Badings. They are the *Capriccio for Violin and Two Sound Tracks*; *Genese*; and a ballet named *Evolutions*. Also on the disc is a work by Dick Raaijmakers. Fairly short, it is named *Contrasts*.

Here are the sounds of the future, in all their surrealism. Badings and Raaijmakers approach their music somewhat differently than does Stockhausen. The latter is almost entirely objective and mathematical, whereas the Dutchmen go in for pronounced melodic lines. They handle the medium with considerable sensitivity: with a fine ear for color, with delicate strokes, and with considerable detail about the formal elements. Heard thus, the music is not such a violent break from the past as one might imagine.

The ballet suite, *Evolutions*, even manages to suggest an Overture, Air, Ragtime, Intermezzo, Waltz, and Finale. Part of Raaijmakers' *Contrasts* sounds for all the world like a Bach toccata gone haywire. In the

## AND ALSO . . .

Gluck: Excerpts from *Alceste*. Kirsten Flagstad, Raoul Jobin, and others; Geraint Jones Orchestra (London 5566; \*OS 25204).

In view of the Metropolitan Opera's revival of the Gluck opera, many listeners might want to sample the excerpts on this disc, taken from London's recording of the entire opera. It should be pointed out, though, that this version on records uses the original Italian, whereas the Metropolitan revival is based on the French version. There is quite a difference between the two.

\*Asterisk indicates stereophonic.

Stravinsky: *Symphony in C*; *Symphony in Three Movements*. Ernest Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London CM 9250; \*CS 6190).

Two of Stravinsky's less-played works, sympathetically and idiomatically performed.

MacDowell: *Piano Concerto No. 2 in D minor*; Prokofiev: *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C major*. Van Cliburn and Chicago Symphony conducted by Walter Hendl (Victor LM 2507; \*LSC 2507).

A stylish and glittering performance of the MacDowell, and a brilliantly romantic one of the Prokofiev.

## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

*Capriccio*, the sound of the solo violin (well played by Joke Vermeulen) mixes entrancingly with the novel timbres provided by the tape recorders.

The conservatives may rage, but this is real music. How good it is remains to be seen. But where many aspects of "orthodox" music seem to have reached a dead end, here is an area of tone that is really a brave new world. Composers working in it are necessarily pioneers. Right now it is not so necessary that the music be "good." There will be time for that when the boundaries are staked out and the rules established.

The chances are that electronic music will not only be assuming more and more importance in the near future, but will provide an adjunct to the symphony orchestra. For the medium has too many expressive devices for composers to ignore. When the oncoming generation reaches maturity—those students who have been growing up with electronic music and are prepared to use it merely as another instrument—it will be taken for granted.

### *Surrounded with Sound*

It's all very exciting, and this Epic disc is one of the best of its kind. It should be heard in stereo. Indeed, it *must* be heard in stereo. A monaural disc will give only a faint idea of the tonal possibilities for which Badings and Raaijmakers are striving. Placement is highly important in electronic music. For example, Badings originally wrote *Genese* in four separate sound tracks. He placed four speakers in the hall, so that the audience was surrounded with sound. In the stereo recording, those four channels were necessarily cut to two. Even so, one gets the idea. But a single channel will give no idea.

Turning to other aspects of the modern scene: there is a disc featuring the music of Wallingford Riegger—his *Piano Trio*, played by John Covelli (piano), William Kroll (violin), and Alexander Kougell (cello); and his *String Quartet No. 2*, played by the Kroll Quartet (Columbia ML 5589, mono; MS 6189, stereo). Riegger has never been one of the American headliners, though last year, on his seventy-fifth birthday, some mu-



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small organizations played his scores in homage.

Riegger writes in the dissonant idiom, and has flirted with the twelve-tone school. What sets his music off is its combination of thorough professionalism and point. Riegger is always to the point. His music never blathers. Generally it says what it has to say, neatly and often wittily, with nothing in the way of padding or rhetoric. The String Quartet No. 2 is typical—strong and clear in outline, dissonant but not jagged, composed expertly for the strings. The Trio heard on this disc is atypical. Composed in 1920, it is his Op. 1, and it is a post-Romantic work that stems from the French school of Fauré and d'Indy. Which is rather strange, for Riegger studied in Germany. It is an attractive work, but too derivative to be of much value.

#### Emotional Zero

Less interesting than the Riegger disc is one played by Sylvia Marlowe and named *Six Americans*. Ben Weber, Harold Shapero, John Lesard, Vittorio Rieti, Virgil Thomson, and Arthur Berger are the composers represented (Decca 10021, mono; 710021, stereo). Marlowe is an American harpsichordist who is greatly interested in contemporary music. Several of the composers heard on this disc composed the music expressly for her. But outside of Weber's *Serenade for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord* (the only example of chamber music on the disc; the remainder is for solo harpsichord), the music is dry, dull, labored, and uninteresting. Notes are put together efficiently and industriously, but the result is an emotional zero. Weber's piece at least has some personality as it bounces along its neo-classic way.

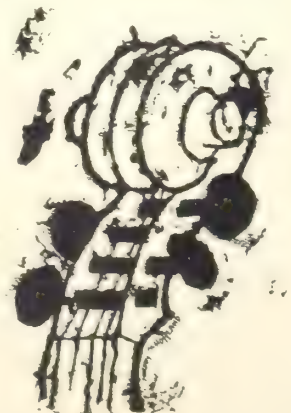
#### Superb Soldier

The daddy of the neo-classicists is, of course, Stravinsky, and one of his most intriguing works, *L'Histoire du Soldat* (called here *The Story of a Soldier*, because it is done in English), can be heard on a brilliant new recording (Kapp 6004, mono; 6004-S, stereo). Melvyn Douglas is the narrator, and the two actors are James Mitchell (as the Soldier) and Alvin

Epstein (the Devil). Emanuel Vardi conducts a group of seven virtuoso musicians known as Members of the Kapp Sinfonietta.

*Histoire du Soldat* was composed in 1916, and is a transitional score that leads into the neo-classic period. It is terribly sophisticated and clever, wry and dry, one of those *multum in parvo* scores so typical of Stravinsky. Much of it is tongue-in-cheek, with tango and ragtime jostling stylized Bach-like chorales and Russian folk elements. Stravinsky must have had a lot of fun writing it.

And the score is fun to hear. Despite its remarkable concentration, there is a relaxed quality about it. Stravinsky and his librettist, Charles Ramuz, treat their fairy tale with mock seriousness—a mock seriousness that, fortunately, the actors on this disc are aware of. Messrs. Douglas, Mitchell, and Epstein do not try to make too much of the slender tale. They are also fortunate in the quality of recorded sound they have received. It is brilliant without being artificially souped-up, and it has a high degree of separation (in the stereo version). Voices come from different points on the wall, giving an unusual illusion of the stage. As for the musicians involved, they are Jacques Margolies (violin), Reuben Javits (bass), Walter Lewis (clarinet), Theodore Weiss (trumpet), Charles Small (trombone), Loren Glickman (bassoon), and Bradley Spinney (percussion). That is the entire orchestration of the score, one of the instrumental tours de force of the century. The word for these players, and their conductor, is superb. The music comes through with an immediacy and impact that are all but tangible. So bravo not only Stravinsky, but bravo stereo!



## JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

ORNETTE

I have been sitting here trying to decide what to say about Ornette Coleman, and all I have been able to think about is a time several years ago when I was taken for a drive, by a professor at the University of Arkansas, up into the Ozark hills east of Fayetteville. Eventually we came to a town, and there was a dingy store-front office with a sign on the window in peeling white paint: "Orval Faubus—Notary Public."

"You have to remember," my host said, "that this is a defeated subculture of a defeated culture. They don't just hate Yankees. They hate *everybody*."

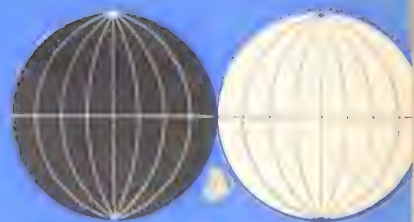
Ornette Coleman is the other side of this coin. As the blues were shaped by slavery and its aftermath, Ornette has been shaped by the era of Faubus. Musically he is its child, which is to say that his music is complex, anguished, and defiant. Since his arrival on the scene last year he has aroused a range of violent reactions among his fellow musicians, all the way from the opinion of John Lewis that Ornette is the next stage beyond Charlie Parker, to the suspicion of Roy Eldridge and some others that Ornette is merely putting on an act to fool the customers.

Some responsibility for this response rests with his publicity, rather than his playing, since the prominent new musician is always carefully inspected as a potential indicator of which way styles may be going to go. (Note the I-am-the-wave-of-the-future quality in all four of Coleman's album titles.) Yet Ornette is consistent: he is all of a piece, from the white plastic saxophone he affects to the most uninhibited of his solos; and his most ardent converts maintain that they would like him now even if he is faking.

Coleman's claim is to be "free," and the track which bears that name on Atlantic 1327 certainly seems to suffer from few rhythmic or harmonic limitations. He has described another of his aims, however, and that is to recapture the quality of the human voice. It is what makes his waverings of pitch sound intentional, or like a strangled cry. I think he speaks for yesterday, rather than tomorrow—but it is an intelligent man's cry, and he is not defeated.

Something Else, the Music of Ornette Coleman. Contemporary C 3551. Tomorrow Is the Question. Contemporary M 3569. The Shape of Jazz to Come. Atlantic 1317. Change of the Century. Atlantic 1327.

# The Mood of the Russian People



a special supplement of **Harper's**

*Foreword* 106

*The Public Mood* RICHARD PIPES 107

*The Grandmothers* MARKOOSHA FISCHER 113

*"We Don't Breathe Easily"* PATRICIA BLAKE 118

*The Voice of a Dissenter* DAVID BURG 122

*Poems Underground* A. Z.R. 132

*Among Russia's Jews* ALFRED KAZIN 135

*Death of a Writer* PRISCILLA JOHNSON 140

*On the Road in Russia* RICHARD BRAIN 147







**FOREWORD:** *In this supplement we present aspects of Russia which are usually obscured in the West—and in the Soviet Union itself—by the haze of official censorship and the strident blare of Kremlin propaganda. Out of firsthand experience our contributors describe some of the realities of the contemporary Soviet scene—the private worlds of artists and intellectuals, the gulf between the post-Stalin generation and the Party, the trials and satisfactions of everyday life.*

*This is not a comprehensive study of the Soviet Union. No attempt is made to plumb Khrushchev's mind or to forecast the future of Communist policy. The focus is on the people, not their rulers. What emerges, we believe, is a portrait of a many-faceted society very different from the stereotype of a totalitarian state. In some respects we find the picture encouraging; in others, a far cry from what we would optimistically like to hope.*

*For their help in assembling and verifying illustrative material from Soviet sources, we are grateful to: Mr. Leo Gruliow, editor of "The Current Digest of the Soviet Press" (published by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council); Mr. Howland H. Sargeant, President of the American Committee for Liberation; and Mr. Abraham Brumberg, executive editor of "Problems of Communism" (published by the United States Information Agency). Additional work by the poet presented here on pages 132-134 will appear in the May-June issue of that publication.*

*Photographs: Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum), 106, 115; Marc Riboud (Magnum), 105, 124; Elliott Erwitt (Magnum), 137; Mort Beebe, 148.—THE EDITORS*

# THE PUBLIC MOOD

RICHARD PIPES

*Skeptical of the Kremlin's claims . . . and American intentions . . . the Russian people are curiously uncommitted. Richard Pipes is associate professor of history at Harvard, a member of its Russian Research Center, author of two books on the Soviet Union, and editor of "The Russian Intelligentsia," a symposium.*

Returning to the Soviet Union after an absence of two or three years, a foreigner is struck at once by the improvement in living standards and the general "normalization" of life. There is less poverty and less of that pretentiousness with which the leaders once tried to mask poverty but which, to Western eyes, merely accentuated and debased it. The external features which once unmistakably distinguished a Communist country from any other—quite apart from its relative wealth or poverty—have been in considerable measure wiped out.

Not only in Moscow and Leningrad, but even in the provincial towns and villages of central Russia, people are better and more stylishly dressed; the stores are more fully stocked, especially with food; the rush of traffic on Moscow's central thoroughfares resembles that in a medium-sized Western European town. Huge housing projects are rising on the outskirts of cities. Unmolested by the militia, black marketeers in search of dollars and children hunting for chewing gum or souvenirs hang around the entrances to Intourist hotels. On streets, in restaurants and shops, where an abnormal, frightening silence prevailed a few years ago, one now hears loud talk and laughter.

The regime still strongly discourages genuine personal contact between Russians and foreigners. But for the visitor who speaks the language there are many opportunities for casual conversation which reveal a surprisingly independent spirit. Before long one discovers a pattern of views and attitudes which cannot perhaps be described as public opinion but may be referred to as a "public mood."

In assessing it one must keep in mind that it lacks two qualities characteristic of public opinion in free societies: It is neither opinion openly

expressed nor, strictly speaking, opinion about "public" matters.

The concept of "public" order in the West owes its existence to the distinction between private and public law. This was originally formulated by Roman jurisprudence and prevailed even in European countries which were not directly influenced by the Roman legal system. Civil liberties and private property are particularly important institutionalized expressions of that "private" realm carved out of the total realm of human activity. The existence of such an area on which society normally does not encroach lends meaning and content to the notion of the "public" order. Clearly, "public" functions, including public opinion, are, therefore, meaningful only where their counterpart, the "private" realm, is acknowledged and respected. Now the totalitarian state (and this is perhaps its outstanding feature) strives and in large measure succeeds in obliterating this distinction by wiping out all private institutions and subordinating all activity to the rule of public law. By doing so, however, it robs public opinion of its object and of its very *raison d'être*.

The consequences of this action are paradoxical. As intended, it causes private life to be fully subordinated to public life. At the same time it kills in the individual much of the capacity to think in public terms. A Soviet citizen, unless he belongs to the small minority of dedicated Communists or the sophisticated intelligentsia, does not regard "society" or "state" in the relatively detached, abstract manner of the Westerner, because he perceives little if any



difference between the private and public worlds. As a result, he personalizes to a remarkable degree everything that we would regard as public issues. The regime compels him to think exclusively in public terms; he, in self-defense, reacts by thinking of government and society almost entirely in private terms. One result is his special propensity to view everything from the point of view of "what's in it for me?" (e.g., "how does the devaluation of the ruble affect my income?"). More importantly, he also comes to feel that there is no real identity of interest between the individual and the state. This fusion of the two realms of life leads Russians who have grown up under Soviet rule to consider everything in private and personal terms and precludes the emergence of public opinion quite apart from the suppression of free speech.

The suppression of free speech, however, encourages this tendency further. In open societies ideas, through constant exposure by the media of communication, take on a relatively precise and concrete form; they assume the shape of familiar objects and become public not only in the sense that they are about public matters and publicly expressed, but also that they constitute, as it were, public property (e.g., such standard notions as "private enterprise," "right to work," or "democracy"). Where such exposure is not possible, they remain individualistic and intimately personal: conceived and cultivated in a private world, they acquire the luxuriance and idiosyncrasy of hothouse plants, untried by the rough winds of open debate.

Closely related to the personalization of ideas is the quality of open-mindedness which is particularly striking among Soviet intellectuals. This open-mindedness is not so much the tolerance of the cultivated mind willing to entertain any rational proposition (although such, too, can be found) as the suspension of judgment by a mind so used to finding an unbridgeable gap between generalization and experience that it simply refuses to make any commitment whatever. This is another one of the paradoxes which the unnatural environment of totalitarianism breeds. People subjected to the relentless pounding of dogma, unable to reconcile generalization and experience, end up (insofar as they think) by distrusting all generalization, all abstraction, all unverifiable fact. Their open-mindedness is an instinctive reaction to the divorce between thought and life, while their tendency to view public issues in private terms is an instinctive reaction to the fusion of the public and private realms of life in the Soviet Union. Thus, as to

civic spirit, the Soviet regime by asking too much gets almost nothing. It has destroyed not only public opinion, but the very foundations on which the sense of public responsibility must rest.

#### A SURFEIT OF GLORY

These psychological factors help explain why the Soviet citizen's evaluation of his government's achievements differs from ours. Westerners who abhor Communism and its methods condemn Soviet foreign policies, but they often concede internal achievements, such as the "modernization" of the country. Inside Russia these attitudes are neatly reversed. The regime, for example, has won a considerable measure of respect abroad for its progress in industrialization, science, and the creation of an egalitarian society. But inside the Soviet Union one hears surprisingly little admiration voiced for these achievements, except for general gratitude at the opening of wide educational opportunities.

The attitude of Soviet citizens to their government's domestic policies is, on the whole, profoundly skeptical.

First of all, Russians, on principle, distrust their government's claims. Statistics have been so atrociously manipulated for the past forty years that they are widely ignored—much as we in this country discount advertising claims. Soviet statistics have been "proving" for decades that the living standard has improved spectacularly; yet prices are still high and goods scarce and of poor quality. Many Russians might want to respond in the words of the peasant leader, Witos, who, after listening to a series of self-congratulatory speeches in the prewar Polish Diet asked: "If things are really so good, gentlemen, why are they so bad?"

Many people—especially the more sophisticated—even question Soviet achievements in rocketry and space exploration. The grapevine has it that Russian satellites are bigger than ours only because their instruments are bulkier and less efficient. "The Americans," one Russian told me, "can pack more instruments in a thirty-pound satellite than we get into a two-ton one."

Second, even when accomplishment is conceded, credit for it goes not to the government but to the sacrifices of the "people." The populist outlook—deeply rooted in the Russian psyche—tends to underrate organization and direction and to judge accomplishment in terms of the suffering it entails. It is the "masses" rather than the government that are given credit for the great increase in industrial productivity and

economic growth over the past thirty years.

Furthermore, technical achievements are instinctively contrasted with the country's low living standard. For instance, the Soviet government scored an international triumph four years ago by launching the TU-104, the first successful passenger jet airliner. But at home a bitter joke told of the crash of a TU-104 which, upon investigation, turned out to have collided with "the ever-rising Soviet standard of living." In other words, the discrepancy between technology and the regime's ability to satisfy the population's basic wants robs a globally acclaimed achievement of glory inside Russia.

Skepticism is thus the key to the Russian attitude toward internal affairs. There are doubts about every aspect of the great Communist experiment in which all are unwitting participants, about the need for the great sacrifices it entails, and about its future. These misgivings are not stilled by the regime's fairly successful effort to cut the population off from contact with the outside world. On the contrary, the lack of external criteria by which to measure progress intensifies anxiety, for it is not unnaturally assumed that the government prohibits such contacts because it fears the results. When Russians besiege visitors with endless questions about wages and prices in the West, they are not merely window-shopping. They are seeking a yardstick with which to evaluate their own lives and conditions.

The overwhelming majority of Russians would gladly trade whatever glory is theirs in the great, uncertain experiment for the comfort of a quiet normal private life. For a foreigner acquainted with the unspoken as well as the spoken language of the country the conflict between their doubts and human yearnings creates an atmosphere of tension which is—at times—unbearable.

Yet the government—distant though it is and out of tune with the national mood—has not entirely failed to win its people's loyalty. Foremost among its claims to support is the victory in World War II over an enemy bent on destroying the regime, the country, and most of its population. This feat, more than any other perhaps, has secured for the regime a measure of respect and even affection. Russians tend to have such a low opinion of themselves that they are still stunned by their triumph over the most powerful army in Europe; many reconcile themselves to a system they otherwise detest only out of gratitude for that victory.

Another powerful link between the population and the regime has been forged by the suffering which has attended the history of the Soviet

state. The entire population has been compelled to make an extraordinarily heavy investment in the Soviet experiment. It is psychologically impossible for people who, whether they wanted to or not, have had to go through the horrors of civil war, collectivization, the Stalinist purges, and World War II to admit to themselves that all they had endured was in vain. Often those who have been most victimized by the regime are most hopeful about it. For hope is their only assurance that their shattered lives might—in the end—add up to something worthwhile.

The younger generation, however, feels differently. Those who came of age in the relatively stable post-Stalinist world are less emotionally committed to the system and better able to evaluate it without illusions. Consequently, the conflict between generations in contemporary Russia occurs between the conservative fathers—the survivors of Stalinism who ask for nothing and are content with little—and their irreverent sons who see no reason to be satisfied with anything but the best.

Another important though negative source of support is the fear of bloodshed. This fear has a unique intensity in Russia where, over the past half-century, human losses have been greater than in any other country of the world. It is so gripping that it paralyzes any potential will to resist the government and induces people to follow the government's foreign policy in the hope that it can prevent an international conflict. Many people—especially the Great Russians—are convinced that the present regime is the only force that can hold together the extensive Soviet empire and suppress the strong anarchistic elements in the country, and they feel that its overthrow would unleash a vicious civil war. Most of the nation is willing to suffer anything—even a tyrannical government—to avoid the nightmare of war, civil or foreign.

#### THE UNREAL WORLD ABROAD

**T**he tendency to project personal anxieties and hopes which plays so significant a part in shaping Russian views on domestic policies also affects their outlook on foreign policy.

The great difference between Russian views on foreign and domestic policies is partly accounted for by the degree of information at their disposal. Despite the tight censorship (or perhaps because of it) Russians are relatively well-informed on the internal affairs of the Soviet Union. Every Russian can in some measure confront claims and realities in domestic policies,



at least insofar as they affect him and his immediate environment. In the realm of foreign policy, however, the nation, except for a small minority of highly placed and trusted people, must rely entirely on what the government tells them. Here there is little opportunity for confronting theory with fact, and therefore less likelihood of succumbing to that skepticism which, as has been pointed out, sets the tone of the public mood in domestic matters.

This fact also explains the divergence between Russian and foreign attitudes to these two aspects of Soviet policy; the outside world is better acquainted with Soviet foreign than with domestic policy, and therefore less willing to give Russia's foreign activities the benefit of the doubt. In contrast, the few facts about international politics that the Russian gathers through the means open to him (foreign radio broadcasts, contact with foreigners, reading the satellite press and between the lines of Soviet publications) are isolated and form no consistent pattern.

In addition to lack of information, there is another reason for the Soviet citizen's attitude toward international affairs. Like the pre-Pearl Harbor American, he regards foreign politics as an intrinsically unreal, worthless pursuit, an artificial tissue concocted by decadent Westerners, chiefly to prevent people from solving their "real" problems, namely arranging their personal lives more securely and comfortably. He regards difficulties in international relations as either unreal or fomented by wicked people; in either event he feels they can be resolved with a minimum of good will. Hence his impatience with the intricacies of foreign policy, his desire to have all the outstanding issues settled once and for all, and his dismay at the persistence of international friction.

An honest, intelligent Russian will readily concede that both the U. S. and U. S. S. R. have sins on their consciences. In particular, many people are aware of and frightened by Khrushchev's temper and language. But in the main Russians tend to place the blame for the persistence of international conflict chiefly on the United States. (They rarely pay attention to any other power or bloc of powers.) The reason for this is curious and perverse, for it derives mostly from the Russian's lack of confidence in himself and his government. Despite Russia's obvious advances in aviation and rocketry and the growth of her whole military establishment, many Russians are firmly convinced that the power of the West greatly exceeds that of the Communist bloc. From this idea they deduce that the Soviet gov-

ernment is inherently more peaceful ("strength equals aggressiveness, weakness equals docility"). They interpret the construction of a chain of American bases around the Soviet Union as well as the arming of West Germany as unnecessary provocations on the part of a country which, by virtue of its superior power, has no need for special military safeguards.

Even those who scoff contemptuously at most of the government's claims thus accept at face value its self-identification as the peace party. The regime exploits this attitude for all it is worth, and Khrushchev constantly pictures himself as a tireless "fighter for peace." A ceaseless flow of poisonous internal propaganda deprecates America as a nation controlled by a small sinister clique of warmongers (recently labeled "Pentagon" instead of the traditional "Wall Street") who—in cahoots with neo-Nazi Bonn—plot war.

The main response to this anti-American barrage has come from xenophobic elements among the semiskilled workers, the urban lower class, and possibly peasants. Like the uprooted groups in every society undergoing an industrial revolution, these people are insecure and restless. They seek security by identifying themselves with extreme nationalism. These are essentially the same kinds of Russians who, before the Revolution, engaged in anti-Jewish pogroms and joined the proto-Fascist organization known as the Black Hundreds. They are scorned by the majority of literate Russians who recognize the vulgar propagandistic purpose of the anti-American campaign and by a large group of average citizens who have an undiminished regard for America as the land of freedom, prosperity, and unlimited opportunity. Because they have been for so long cut off from the outside world the Russians seem to have preserved—more than any other nation—the glossy view of America that prevailed in Europe before 1914.

Possibly because American omnipotence is so widely acknowledged or because spying is such a commonplace of its daily life, even the U-2 incident was not a major shock to the Soviet public. In any event, even though many Russians were disappointed that America should conduct intelligence activities over their territory, few seem to have been really jolted by it. On the other hand, many Russians are disturbed by the conflict between the United States and Cuba. They find the Cuban situation uncomfortably reminiscent of their own country's activities in Hungary in 1956, a memory which still troubles many a conscience. They find it hard to believe that small Cuba menaces America, just as they found it in-

credible that Hungary could really threaten the U. S. S. R. Taught by personal experience, they ascribe to all strength the qualities of lawlessness and brutality.

The Chinese issue also looms large in Soviet minds. China in general is not popular with Russians who pride themselves on being Western (though often without a clear notion of what the term means). They are repelled and frightened by the excessively correct manners, reserve, and diligence of the Chinese. Most Russians are now aware that all is not well in their relations with China but they prefer to ask questions rather than to suggest solutions or express opinions on the subject. Fear of a possible conflict with China makes them eager for an American-Soviet rapprochement. Thus they instinctively approve Khrushchev's efforts for a *détente* with America as a means of strengthening Russia's hand in the difficult dealings with China. For example, currency was given a rumor that a high American official had told his Soviet counterpart that he looked forward to the day when the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. would join forces to stop the Chinese. Though without foundation in fact, the story reveals the trend of Russian opinion on this matter.

Insofar as the United States is concerned, opinion is contradictory. On the one hand, the government's propaganda campaigns have been singularly ineffective in undermining the great popularity America enjoys among Russians. Yet, on the other hand, the regime has been surprisingly and discouragingly successful in winning support for its foreign policy—which ultimately is directed against the United States.

#### THE UNCOMMITTED

What do these attitudes portend? Will the general normalization of life (assuming that it continues) and the prevailing Russian mood of skepticism significantly modify Soviet authoritarianism and its usual correlative, external aggressiveness? There is an influential body of expert opinion in the West which argues that indeed such a modification can and must take place, but the premises on which this opinion rests seem doubtful to me. It is likely that the course of history in the coming decades will be influenced much more by the development of economic life and public opinion outside the Soviet Union than by the situation inside.

Those who argue in favor of a necessary internal evolution of Soviet society apply in effect the Marxist method of analysis to Soviet condi-

tions by assuming that the country's political order depends on its economic structure. They assert that the process of modern economic growth has its own inner logic which quite independently of the conscious will of the government leaders creates an order of life incompatible with tyranny and the rule of sheer force. Apart from the element of wishful thinking which accounts in no small measure for its relative popularity, this view owes its persuasiveness to two implied premises: the belief (1) that a rise in living standards encourages "liberalization" (a counterpart of the questionable assumption that Communism is the product of ignorance and want), and (2) that industrialization contains "rational" forces which promote legality and "normalcy." Attractive as these propositions are, they do not bear close analysis for two basic reasons.

**One:** The alleged connection between high living standards and liberal government is not borne out by the record of history. Indeed, if there is any causal connection between wealth and political freedom it could just as well be argued that it is an inverse one. In the eighteenth century the "republican" spirit was identified by thinkers like Montesquieu with simplicity, moderation, and frugality. But has it ever been proved that such a relationship exists? Could it not be an illusion produced by a misapplication of the Western experience by a kind of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy? In the West, rising living standards in the wake of the scientific and industrial revolutions did in fact promote democracy and liberal government. But this came about only because civil and political rights had emerged and had become institutionalized during the Middle Ages (in the form of estate privileges, church immunities, urban autonomies, etc.). The rise in wealth in the West occurred in a civilization in which fundamental liberties were already rooted, even if enjoyed only by a small proportion of the inhabitants. Industrialization, with its concomitant, the general rise in living standards, did not produce these liberties; it found them ready and merely helped spread them to the underprivileged. This occurred (not without violence, one may note) in the course of the nineteenth century.

The fundamental difference between the implications of Soviet and Western economic growth lies in the fact that in the Soviet Union this growth is taking place in a country where such freedoms do not exist. The few liberties that had gained a foothold in the final century of the Tsars (such as the right of private property



and independence of the judiciary) were swept away by the Bolsheviks and have not been replaced. Barring a major political upheaval, there is no reason why a high living standard should influence the structure or the spirit of the Soviet government, for it is perfectly compatible with lack of freedom. Better housing and clothing will not automatically bring about a more responsible foreign policy nor make the government more responsive to its citizens' wishes.

**Two:** There is no essential connection between industrialization and "rational" government. It is true that an industrial society calls for some measure of rule by law, for it is ill-suited to the personal despotism of preindustrial societies. But the "rationalism" of an industrial society is one of means, not of aims. It can be made to serve quite irrational ends, as was demonstrated convincingly by Nazi Germany, industrially the most advanced country in continental Europe.

Neither the rise in living standards nor industrialization, of *themselves*, can transform a despotic and aggressive government into a more liberal and tractable one. Ultimately, the impetus must come from human will, freely and intelligently exercised.

Does this sort of will exist in Russia today? It is difficult to say. But if there are signs of it, they are to be found among the intellectual elite rather than average citizens. Quite apart from the fact that Russia has no institutions which can impress public sentiments on the government, the public mood is so amorphous, so lacking in institutional forms of expression that it is in any event unlikely to have a significant influence on the course of Soviet politics.

## —What Price Rockets?—

WHAT do these satellites and rockets do for simple mortals like me? I, for instance, owed 300 rubles before the rocket was launched, and I still owe 300 rubles. . . . There are not enough houses, nurseries, goods, or roads. Say to any worker: "Ivan, if we don't launch this rocket your son Vovik could go to kindergarten, and you would be able to buy an electric iron in the store." I am sure he would say "For God's sake, don't launch any of those rockets." Rockets, rockets, rockets! Who needs them? To the devil with them and the moon for a while and give me a better dinner instead.

—Letter from a reader, in *Komsomolskaya pravda*, June 11, 1960

Analysis of that mood reveals quite clearly that today's Soviet citizen is not on the brink of revolt against his government. But neither is he the brainwashed automaton so often pictured by the outside world. His is a mood of suspended judgment. He seeks to gather facts, to observe, to listen, and to compare. He is watching the evolution of Western and Soviet societies, unprepared as yet to wager on either. Indeed, it may be said that the Russians are the only truly uncommitted people of the world.

Under these circumstances the real will to alter the course of Soviet development must be sought in those parts of the world where genuine public opinion exists and can make itself felt. And history is more likely to be shaped by social and economic evolution in the free world than by impulses within the Soviet Union whose force people on the outside altogether tend to overestimate.

The person living in a traditional society, whether Western or Eastern, is accustomed to a way of life in which social and political institutions chiefly serve the individual's current needs. He is therefore dazzled by a system of planned life in which everything is subordinated to distant future aims. Such a system seems to him virtually immune to outside influence. But in fact this is not the case.

Within the past century revolutionary Marxism—and its descendant Communism—have undergone at least two major changes under pressure of outside forces. First, the growth of European industrialization beyond the rudimentary stage during which Marxism was born, and the accompanying spread of social welfare, sapped the revolutionary fervor of European Socialism and transformed it into a responsible, evolutionary movement. Second, after revolutionary Marxism triumphed in Russia, Europe failed to follow the summons to civil war issued by the Communist International. Thereupon the Soviet government was compelled to direct its energies inward, and to replace the program of world revolution with one of forced economic growth. Neither of these changes was caused by the pressure of "inherent tendencies." Both were the result of the demonstrated viability, flexibility, and firmness of those whom the Marxists had challenged.

Basically, this is still the situation. The Soviet Union does not grow; it is engineered. And the kind of job its engineers do depends in large measure on the behavior of the free world whose strength and determination their machine is meant to test.

# THE GRANDMOTHERS

## MARKOOSHA FISCHER

*The free-living—and free-loving—woman of post-Revolutionary days is caught up in a new kind of tumult. Russian-born Markoosha Fischer left the country when she became disillusioned with Stalinism. Previously she was an intimate associate of the early Bolshevik leaders. She is the wife of the American journalist, Louis Fischer, and the author of “My Lives in Russia.”*

**I**n Russian hearts and folklore Grandma—Babushka—has always occupied a special place; today, in the Soviet family she has become an institution, performing desperately needed functions in young households where both parents are working.

This I saw again and again last summer when I returned—after more than twenty years—to Moscow, where I lived from 1927 to 1939. After so long an absence the city itself was hardly recognizable—the wide new avenues with green oases of trees, flowers, and fountains; store windows bulging with goods, stores bulging with people, and people, people everywhere. Pushing, rushing, surging—as before—but better fed and dressed, more relaxed, with decent shopping nets and bags stuffed with their purchases.

From the day I arrived I was busy seeking out and visiting old friends, most of them now, like me, grandmothers. In their homes I found few changes—the same old overcrowded rooms with several families sharing an apartment; the same noisy neighbors, children underfoot everywhere; hallways almost impassably cluttered with discarded furniture, trunks, bicycles, and baby carriages. And the pattern of housekeeping has not changed much either.

It is still, to an American, unbelievably expensive, complicated, and time-consuming. Because the stores are better stocked, one can now plan meals in advance with some hope of finding most of the items needed in the market. But shopping is a slow business and so is cooking in a one-stove kitchen used by several families.

When I lived in Moscow most people in the middle-income group kept maids. Country girls who had flocked to the city were willing to slave for hours (which no law could regulate) and sleep in a dark corner of the kitchen. Now with better education in the village schools and with

offices and factories clamoring for their services, even a two- or three-income family cannot afford a maid.

Yet, without exception, all the young wives I met held full-time jobs. Some left their children in day nurseries; others left them in the nurseries throughout the week and took them home only over the weekends. Although the children get good care, such arrangements are unsatisfactory to most Russian parents. Like their American counterparts they are well aware of a child's need for love. So many prefer the inefficient but tender care of an overtired grandmother to the impersonal efficiency of the nurseries.

All the grandmothers I saw were affectionate guardians—they told the children to do this or that, fed and petted them, didn't let them out of their sight. But never did I see one playing with or entertaining her grandchildren. They seemed too exhausted, physically and mentally—or perhaps they had forgotten how to play. It was a blissful respite for the grandmothers when I willingly volunteered to read to the children, answer their endless questions, tell them stories, or teach them new games. My friends marveled at such patience and steady nerves—at my age.

Typical of many was my old and dear friend Marya. I sat next to her on a bench in a playground while she fed an orange to her little blonde granddaughter, cajoling her in the words and tone Russian children have heard under every regime and will hear forever:

“Eat, my darling, eat, Katinka, it is good for you. You will grow big and strong, eat, my little pigeon . . .”



Nearby a little boy was begging his grandmother to join him on a seesaw; after much effort she finally succeeded. As Marya and I talked, little Katinka ate the orange all by herself, fascinated by the juice running all over her clean jumper.

Katinka was the child of Marya's daughter Vera who, as a little girl, used to play with my sons. For three years we shared a nine-room apartment with five other families—twenty-three people in all.

Many of us had troubles in that crowded apartment but none more than Marya. She had every conceivable kind—husband trouble, job trouble, money trouble, maid trouble, bedbug trouble, lover trouble, robbery trouble. Once little Vera greatly upset our boys by insisting that no papas and mamas ever stay together, they keep changing—so naturally our boys too would soon have one or two new parents. Vera spoke out of her own sad experience, which she shared with many other Russian children of that time. During our stay in that apartment, three different papas (her real one and two others) used to visit little Vera and give her presents.

#### FIT TO BE AROUND

**B**ut those turbulent post-Revolutionary days are gone. Vera now lives a busy but quite unturbulent life with her second husband, Katinka's father (she lost her first husband in the war before her first baby was born). Both children lead secure, protected lives and it never occurs to them that mama or papa might leave; divorce has become the exception rather than the rule.

In the years when Marya was going through her stormy changes of husbands and lovers, I remember her mother as only an occasional

visitor to the apartment. She was a religious, deeply anti-Soviet old woman who crossed herself whenever a word she considered unholy was uttered in her presence. The poor old lady had to cross herself quite frequently in the company of her daughter's friends. She was in no sense a grandmother to little Vera for Marya did not permit a close relationship between the two. In the spirit of those days Marya did not want her child influenced by a "counterrevolutionary," even if it was her own mother.

In contrast the grandmothers of today are what the Russians call "products of Soviet society"; they have spent their lives in honest labor, not—like some of their own parents—"exploiting the toiling masses" or worshipping a "nonexisting god." As such they are considered fit to be around their grandchildren.

A few days after my meeting with Marya I rang the bell of an apartment where another dear old friend, Varvara, used to live. Someone opened the door and pointed to her room. I had seen her last in 1938 when she was dashing off as she often did in a fog of secrecy to some undisclosed part of Russia. She was an epidemiologist and was forever being sent on trips to cure, to prevent, to lecture on epidemics. Since this was one of the many subjects which were taboo in the Soviet press, her work was "top secret." Varvara was widowed at twenty-two when she was in her third year of medical school and had a baby boy. That same year she joined the Party, she did not remarry, and between the many duties imposed by the Party, her strenuous medical studies, and her career, she had precious little time left for the boy. During our rare moments of leisure together she often expressed regret that she was not a good mother. But though she had no time for him, he worshiped her and was fascinated by her work. Eventually he paid her

## What the Cultured Typist Will Wear

A READER writes that some girls of the Magadan Economic Council come to work in "diaphanous sleeveless blouses and huge earrings. If you see them you cannot help asking: can any useful work be done by such creatures? Our Soviet women must dress seriously when they come to work and festively when they go to the theatre."

We agree completely. Working dresses should be of severe style and have turned-down collars. The fabrics should not be bright and should have a small pattern. Women at work should not wear fancy blouses with frills, ruffles, plaits, and bows. Nor are bright ornaments suited for work. The ability to dress to suit both the face and the occasion is an important sign of culture.

—Designer N. Okuneva, All-Union House of Fashions, in *Sovetskaya Rossia*, April 13, 1960



the great compliment of following in her professional footsteps, and becoming an epidemiologist too. Now he has a wife and two children and Varvara lives with them.

I remembered her as a slim, chain-smoking brunette who seldom sat still. She was forever dashing around trying to crowd into a twenty-four-hour day the activities of at least forty-eight hours. She was constantly on the phone with her professional colleagues using words I had never heard of; often she would break off a personal talk to bury her head in a scientific book in Russian, German, or English. (She had mastered the latter two all by herself.)

When I knocked and a gentle voice said, "Come in," I was sure I was at the wrong door. For Varvara's voice was always full of hurry and impatience. I walked in and stared at a white-haired bent woman with a well-filled-out ma-

tronly figure sitting at a table covered with odds and ends of mending materials. In her hands she held a little girl's dress. Her eyes were fixed on a piece of paper covered with words and figures. (Later I found out it was a shopping list with a definite quantity listed for every item.) Her foot gently rocked a cradle containing her grandson. Then she turned her head and saw me.

She dropped the little dress and stopped rocking the cradle. She had no idea I was in Moscow and it took us both a while to recover. Her first coherent words were: "Have a good look at me! What you see before you is a new Soviet product: The Grandmother!" And that was all she had been for the last four years since she had retired at sixty (five years after the legal retirement age) to devote herself to keeping house for her son's family. As with other women I knew the transition had been terribly abrupt. For-



gotten—almost overnight—were Varvara's books and profession, the excitement of life outside the family. Suddenly her one and only profession was to be a grandmother. She assured me that now she would rather talk about her grandchildren and mine than anything else. But at the dinner table, I noticed that she listened avidly to the occasional remarks her son made about his work.

Clearly it is hard to make the transition from a busy professional life to Soviet grandmotherhood. To be sure, older people in our society also retire; many an American woman finds it painful to give up her business associations and busy mothers find it difficult to readjust to life after their children are grown up. It is true too that grandmothers everywhere are much absorbed in their grandchildren. But there the resemblance between us ends.

For the Russian grandmother does not retire. Instead she plunges into activities that fully absorb her hours and mind. Not for her the problem of how to fill her days. If she has a moment for dreaming, her past life—overworked and near collapse as she often was at times—may seem like a peaceful sanatorium. She may dream too of the Pashas and Mashas and Dashas, the different housemaids with whom she used to have a running battle about spending too much money, about not being clean enough, about undercooking or overcooking the food, about neglecting the children. Now that she has undertaken most if not all of these duties, the girls seem in retrospect so useful and so good to have around.

But wearing though housekeeping and child care may be for an exhausted mind and body. I have seen one grandmother's eyes cloud at the thought of her son getting rooms of his own and moving away from his parents. The grandchildren had given her sleepless nights and agonizing arthritic pains when she carried them around so that their parents could rest at night. Her muscles ached from the endless pounds of groceries she had carried up the four flights to their apartment, and the skin on her hands had worn thin from the eternal washing and scrubbing. But the grandchildren had been with her from the moment they were brought home from the hospital. She was several years away from her teaching profession, and she was old. When she thought of their moving away she forgot the hours when she had craved to be alone for a tiny bit. She did not want peace and quiet at the price of losing the children.

Another grandmother was unhappy because

she was to move with the family to a three-room suite in a new building. The apartment they were then living in was one of the worst and noisiest I saw in Moscow. But instead of rejoicing, the old woman was in tears. For thirty-five years she had been sharing what she used to call a "living hell" with neighbors who had become as much part of her life as her own family. At the prospect of leaving, misunderstandings and quarrels were forgotten. Only the shared joys and tears were remembered. The children who were born and raised, the dead who were buried, the cake of soap and loaf of bread shared when there was not enough to go around. A shiny new apartment with one's own kitchen could not make up for the loss of neighbors to gossip with, to complain to about an ache, or to rejoice with over a bit of luck. The grandchildren will soon enter school. The long lonely days ahead without friendly doors to knock at frightened her.

I did, however, meet another grandmother who was also losing her family to a new apartment and was cheerfully looking forward to it. She had had enough of professional grandmotherhood. Stacked in a corner were piles of magazines and books she had intended to read for years and never got around to. She adored her family but she was one of the few I met who had not entirely broken the links with an active past. Before it was too late, she wanted to go back to her life's work, the treatment of mentally ill children.

#### NO MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKES

**I**f I have said little about grandfathers it is not because there are none around. There are, but not many. As in the United States women marry earlier and live longer; so there are more widows than widowers. In addition, the purges and the war took a tremendous toll of men. Several Russians also told me that far more men than women succumbed to sickness and privation after the war. Whatever the reasons, the grandfathers I did meet were far less active than their wives in keeping the homefires burning and guarding the grandchildren.

Although they were still at an age when American women manage to look feminine and attractive, I saw no glamorous Russian grandmothers. Most looked far older than their years, neglectful of their appearance, prematurely aged. There are good reasons for this. The war and the immediate postwar years were terrible ordeals for a generation which had gone through

earlier waves of starvation and terror. I did not meet a single healthy grandmother—never have I heard so much talk of sicknesses. Complicated Latin medical terms and minute clinical details were the inevitable ingredients of our conversations. These were not diseases they had learned about in magazines or on radio or TV—but personal experiences. They were not only knowledgeable about diseases and their cures but also about food values. They constantly analyzed the salt, sugar, fats, acid, and starch content of what they ate. But all too often discourses on food values and dieting were accompanied by heaps of butter, heavy cream, foods fried in a lot of fat, tea sweetened with generous amounts of sugar and accompanied by jams and cake.

Once when I was having tea with a group of friends, a man reported that he had just heard on the Voice of America that Floyd Patterson had won his bout with Ingemar Johansson. To everyone's astonishment and amusement, I shrieked with delight. Here plainly, was a major difference between Russians and Americans—no one could picture my counterpart, a respectable Soviet grandmother, having any interest in boxing. Sports are remote from her existence—which is a pretty harassed one.

Not everyone can surmount the problems of three generations living together. One hears few jokes about mothers-in-law—they are not a laughing matter. In fact, crowded living can result in stark tragedy. I met one family, for instance, consisting of mother, daughter, son-in-law, and

grandchild living in two small adjoining rooms, sharing cooking and bathroom facilities. And never did the old and the young exchange a word. Because the mother dislikes the son-in-law—and makes no secret of it—mother and daughter have become enemies and the grandmother is not permitted near her granddaughter. It was a frightening thing to watch.

But this was an exceptional situation. Squabbles and misunderstandings are unavoidable anywhere in close quarters. Although Russian grandmothers often feel overburdened, they are certainly not frustrated emotionally.

When I returned to America I brought greetings from a Moscow grandmother to her sister, a New York grandmother. Knowing what a comfortable genteel life the American lives I tried to describe her sister's situation in Moscow in guarded terms. But without telling outright lies, I could not hide the fact that the seventy-five-year-old Moscow grandmother leads a most harried life, busy all the time, with never a quiet moment for herself. Her two grandchildren are exceptionally lively and active; her days and nights are filled with duties, worries, and noise. The reaction of the American sister was totally unexpected. Instead of a burst of pity, perhaps even tears at her poor sister's plight, she said with great sadness in her voice:

"How lucky she is! She is needed and she is busy. My children and my grandchildren don't need me. Most of the time I don't know what to do with myself."



*"Congratulations, Grandma. You have another baby."*

—KROKODIL, NOVEMBER 1960



# "WE DON'T BREATHE EASILY"

PATRICIA BLAKE

*Working as a correspondent in Russia, Patricia Blake kept notes on four personal encounters which sharply reveal the vast, cold distance between the cultural commissars in Moscow and the inner lives of some of the artists and intellectuals they ostensibly control. A reporter for "Life," Miss Blake edited an anthology of Mayakovsky's poetry last year for Meridian Books and she is now working on a collection of contemporary Russian literature.*

I would like to take a few minutes before the concert to explain why the Soviet people are interested in Bach," said the woman whose performance was billed on my program as "An introductory word, by Svetlana Vinogradova."

She paused meaningfully and raised her eyes to the enormous frieze of medallions which decorated the Moscow Conservatory's Great Concert Hall. They were all present—Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Glinka—portrayed in full blooming color, their laurel wreaths freshly gilded. "Friederich Engels, in his famous article, 'The Condition of Germany and German Culture after the Thirty Years' War,' wrote that Bach was a gleam of light shining in the darkness of utter degradation," she continued with the measured diction of a Soviet radio announcer.

The audience stirred perceptibly; I heard a crackling of programs, a shuffling of feet, a sigh that seemed to come from one collective breast. The musicians, members of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, were already at their desks on stage, dressed in superbly cut tail coats, tailored for them during concert tours abroad. Among them, David and Igor Oistrakh sat motionless, cradling their Stradivari on their knees.

"Some Soviet critics have written that Bach's music is too rigid, too constrained," Miss Vinogradova intoned. "This is because Bach was repressed by the decaying feudal society in which

he lived. Nevertheless, we appreciate him because his melodies are at heart the music of the people. This is the basis of Bach's melodic genius; his closeness to the people."

The noise in the audience grew louder now as if a subway train, rushing its way underground, were approaching the conservatory. Evidently Miss Vinogradova's listeners had not come to an all-Bach concert for enlightenment of this sort. Indeed, they looked quite different from the audiences one ordinarily sees at Moscow's popular theatres: the star-studded officers and their proud, proper wives, bursting out of their rayon satin dresses; the sturdy Party functionaries, bureaucrats, and white-collar workers intent on the pursuit of culture; the delegations of collective farmers, come to Moscow for some record-crop award or other, stiff in their new blue serge, but eager to devour any morsel of big-city entertainment that came their way. Here Moscow's intellectuals were out in force.

I recognized some faces: a world-famous cellist, a Nobel Prize physicist, several young poets and writers. Nearly everyone in the theatre had that peculiarly cultivated look—dry, fine, keen—which only the Russian intelligentsia bear as a group. Leaner somehow, dressed with more taste than other citizens, and wearing, more often than

not, round, steel-rimmed spectacles à la Chekhov, they had carried Bach scores into this nineteenth-century concert hall and were in no mood for nonsense.

A half-hour passed before Miss Vinogradova retreated, unapplauded, into the wings. The two soloists stepped forward, and a rare silence fell upon the audience as father and son began playing the Concerto in D Minor for two violins. In perhaps no other country on earth, I thought, might music have so reverent an audience, or so splendid a performance as in this Moscow concert hall where only lately Miss Vinogradova had explained the dialectics of Bach.

#### NINA AND VOLODIA

Supper had long been over when I arrived at the party, nearly two hours late. A dozen or so guests were seated on the floor of the living-bedroom which, except for a kitchen and bathroom shared by other tenants, constituted the apartment of Volodia, a professor at a Moscow institute, his wife, Nina, and their three daughters, who were then away at a Young Pioneer camp in the Crimea. Volodia is a historian specializing in the French seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—a brilliant and unusually sophisticated man of thirty-four with a perfect grasp of five European languages. Although I had met him and Nina only a few weeks before, we were already on intimate terms; they appeared to take great pride in our friendship, invited me often to their apartment, and introduced me to their friends as an attraction—"our American"—the first, ever, in their home.

That evening I explained my lateness to Volodia as casually as I could. As he knew, I was occasionally followed by the secret police; anxious to protect Nina and Volodia, I had wanted to make sure, by means of various stratagems, that I was not tailed to their house. "Of course," he said, "I understand." Like most of my Russian friends, he simply took it for granted that I observed all the precautions of Soviet life.

Volodia had just finished reading *Lolita*, which an acquaintance had bought in Paris during an international scientific congress, and which was now circulating clandestinely at Volodia's institute. The novel evidently delighted him and he was determined to share his pleasure with his guests. Seated cross-legged on the bed, he described the plot in comic detail, occasionally translating passages into Russian from the rumpled, clumsily bound transcript in his hand.

"Tell us something about the love life of this great Russian writer," he asked me, groaning when I furnished only secondhand and rather dreary anecdotes about Nabokov's life at Cornell University. Some of Volodia's listeners were clearly not amused when he called Nabokov a great Russian writer.

I had noticed before that the subject of *émigrés* often provoked contempt among even the most disaffected intellectuals. "He may be great," Nina said to me in a low voice, "but I'll be damned if he's a Russian." I asked her what she meant and she replied with a singularly prideful reference to the Stalin era: "We Russians suffered through it all, together. The *émigré* ran away; *ne nash*—he is not one of ours."

Quite undeterred, Volodia continued to retrace Humbert Humbert's road from motel to motel, heading evidently for some destination of his own preference: the Deer Park where Louis XV had indulged his particular fondness for nymphets. Having reached Versailles Volodia had come home, and like any man who speaks of his unique passion, he held his audience as long as he wished. He offered us a series of entrancing images: the Duke of Orleans acting in Racine's "Athalie" in Madame de Maintenon's austere little boudoir; Couperin playing the organ in the royal chapel; Lully's "Persée" performed to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette; Peter the Great boating in the reservoir during a state visit.

After a time, Volodia, greatly agitated by his visions, paused and poured himself a brandy. "Oh Volodia," I said, "Versailles always left me cold until now. How beautiful you've made it for me tonight!"

Volodia put down his glass, crossed the room, and seized me by the shoulders. "You've been to Versailles?" he asked, shaking me rudely. "Why yes—of course—haven't you?" I blurted out. Volodia repeated my "of course" several times as if in a trance, and then, without excusing himself, went out into the street. An elderly archaeologist who had been sitting silently beside me all evening took my hand in his and said, "*Detochka*, little girl, neither Volodia nor anyone else in this room has ever been abroad except you."

It was Nina who broke the excruciating silence. Had I seen anything interesting at the theatre lately, she wanted to know, conversationally. An argument developed when I answered that I had enjoyed a performance of "The Cherry Orchard" at the Moscow Art Theatre. It seemed that everyone but me despised the Art Theatre. I



maintained that despite the advanced age of the performers and the mannered style of acting, the theatre was still enormously impressive.

"Tfoo! Have you seen that prehistoric cow of a Tarasova play Anna Karenina? Any train would smash to pieces if it hit her," said one of Volodia's graduate students. He ran into the corridor and returned brandishing a whisk broom. He leaned against the door, pulled his forelock over his eyes and recited, in Russian, the whole of Othello's speech, "Behold! I have a weapon!" moaning and sighing all the while in imitation of the Art Theatre style.

I still argued that Stanislavsky's theatre must be extraordinarily vigorous to have "survived so many years of . . ."—I bit off "authoritarian control" for fear of embarrassing the company. "*Detochka*," said my old archaeologist, "some things are better off not surviving. You should have seen Meyerhold's productions. Now *that* was theatre!" "Meyerhold!" yelled Volodia who had reappeared, as exuberant as ever. "I'll show you something!"

He pulled out a huge volume from one of his bookshelves and showed me illustrations of the famous constructivist sets of Meyerhold's productions. As some of the guests gathered round, it occurred to me that there could hardly be anyone present that evening who did not know that Meyerhold had perished in a concentration camp for producing allegedly "anti-Soviet" plays.

It was nearly 3:00 A.M. when the guests began leaving. I stayed behind to give Nina a book I had brought from America: a small volume of reproductions by Chagall who is denounced as a decadent in the Soviet Union. Nina hugged me. Volodia grabbed the book from her, put it in the center of the carpet and danced around it like a small boy. Both begged me to stay for a while and, inviting me into their one armchair, they sat on the floor, huddled together over the book, murmuring to one another.

I lay back wearily in the chair. All Nina and Volodia want, I thought, is to lead normal lives. Even in a totalitarian society they have managed to create a semblance of normality which they cling to, recklessly. Only recently, so Volodia had told me, some teachers and students in his institute and at the university had been arrested for certain "anti-Party" activities: circulating forbidden books, participating in unorthodox literary circles, and meeting with too many foreigners, too often. And yet Nina and Volodia persist in the belief that they can take refuge from the realities of Soviet life much as one finds shelter from the ferocious Russian climate. Even

now Volodia was approaching me, seeking reassurance that his private world appeared somehow reasonable, acceptable—even desirable—in the eyes of a Westerner. "We lead a pretty good life, despite everything, don't we?" he said, settling down on the arm of my chair. I was silent. "I know, I know," he continued, wretchedly, "we don't breathe easily here." Then, pleading, he added, "But there must be *something* you like about our country, isn't there?"

For a moment I was tempted to tell Volodia the truth, namely, that in all my life I had never so despised anything as the indignity I saw imposed on the Russian intellectual at every hand. But what I said was, "Yes, of course; I've made my dearest friends in Russia," and this was also true.

#### PANFYOROV AND PASTERNAK

**I**n the spring of 1959, just as vituperations against Pasternak in the Soviet press seemed to be subsiding, I managed to get an interview with a key figure in the case of *Dr. Zhivago*: Fyodor Panfyorov, the late peasant novelist, two-time Stalin prize-winner, and editor of the Party-line literary magazine, *October*. The sixty-three-year-old writer received me in the conference room of the *October* offices, where we sat side by side at an enormous green baize table, laid, as for a children's party, with toffee, cookies, apples, and cherry pop.

The old peasant had evidently no use for the usual ceremonious chitchat. "I suppose you want to ask me about Pasternak," he began, aggressively, finding me out at once. Because Panfyorov was a leader in the Soviet Writers' Union which had savagely expelled Pasternak the previous year, I had come for no other reason but to learn the latest official line.

I was equally direct: "I wonder whether you agree with the president of the Komsomol's public statement that Pasternak is a pig who has 'fouled' the earth of his native land." Panfyorov smiled unpleasantly when I quoted Semichastny's scatological Russian verb.

"Not exactly," answered Panfyorov. "I mean that Semichastny has a rough, idiomatic way of speaking; there's no harm in it. The point is that we could not tolerate the criminal ideas in *Dr. Zhivago*."

Revolted, I half rose from my chair. "It's obvious that words don't have the same meaning for you as for me," I said. "Do you think there's any use in continuing this conversation?"

All at once I saw Panfyorov transformed from

a malevolent adversary into an ingratiating, kindly grandfather who said, soothingly, "But you don't understand. Pasternak is my friend. We've been on a first-name basis for many years. He's a great poet; it's only his prose which is artistically weak. What a shame that he published *Dr. Zhivago* prematurely! With a little more work, a little more comradely help from other Soviet writers it would have turned out all right. You see, it is as much our fault as his that he wrote a novel which throws mud at the Soviet Union. For years we writers just forgot about Pasternak; he was living behind a fence, so to speak, completely alienated from the Soviet people and Socialist construction. We should have come to him with good, kind, sensible words and guided him back to reality!"

"In that case, what do you think should be done for Pasternak now?" I asked.

"Send him to Baku!" he exclaimed. "He's not feeling very well right now but he's given me his word that, as soon as he's better, he'll return to Baku where he wrote some fine poetry twenty-five years ago. Have you been to Baku? No? It's a thrilling, really thrilling place—a great new modern city! No matter what Pasternak's political views are, the real poet in him can't help re-emerging when he sees how Baku has changed! The whole country has changed as a matter of fact," said Panfyorov, and continued with an interminable panegyric to the current Seven Year Plan.

"Now that your country is strong, and so proud of its strength," I said when he had finished, "why do you fear dissenting ideas?"

"But my dear, we're not frightened of ideas. It is just that we are a very young state—a child really"—he cradled an imaginary infant in his arms—"and you can't permit a child everything. But, of course, we publish the best of your Western writers—A. J. Cronin, Mitchell Wilson, Erich Maria Remarque, Louis Aragon."

I suggested that in the West we rather preferred some other writers who are rarely, if ever, published in Russia. Had he ever read Faulkner and Camus, for example, both winners of the Nobel Prize? He shook his head. I wrote their names on a pad in Cyrillic letters. "Never heard of them," he said and evidently meant it.

I asked what foreign literature he was now reading. "I've just finished *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, a book of great truths. How difficult it was for Roosevelt to make policy with all the trusts against him! Indeed, how difficult it must be for your American scientists, writers, and painters to create in the midst of so many conflicting inter-

ests and ideas. In the U.S.S.R., we follow only one line."

Pasternak was apparently a more fruitful subject of conversation than foreign literature. Did Panfyorov think it was right for the state to stop publishing the splendid translations by which Pasternak earned his living, and thus cut off his income, I asked. "That's a lie!" he shouted. For an instant I glimpsed Panfyorov's earlier malevolence. Then, recovering himself, he added: "Well, it's true that this happened when *Dr. Zhivago* was first published in Italy, but when I heard about it, I personally called the state publishers and gave them hell. They resumed publication months ago. Pasternak is doing beautifully now, I can assure you."

Encouraged by this apparent improvement in Pasternak's position, I reasoned that I might now risk a visit to his home in Peredelkino without compromising him with the authorities. Besides, for some reason I had not been under police surveillance for several weeks. Therefore, on Easter day, which came soon after my interview with Panfyorov, I took a suburban train to Peredelkino, carrying a letter of introduction to Pasternak from mutual friends in the West, and a small pink enamel Easter egg which I hoped to present to him, according to the Russian custom. As I walked from the station, several passers-by in their Easter best amiably gave me directions to Pasternak's house.

Pasternak greeted me from the top step of his front porch; he did not ask me up. He read the letter I handed him, then, stretching his arms out wide said, in English, "I embrace our friends and you." Although he was deeply sun-tanned and looked astonishingly young for a man of sixty-nine, I was shocked by the immense weariness in his face, in his whole bearing. "It is Easter," he continued, "and there is nothing in the world I would rather do than invite you into my home to eat and drink and talk with me. But these are bad times for me. You can't imagine how cautious I must be." Here his sentences began to run together, almost incoherently; he was literally wringing his hands. "I am in serious trouble. . . . They do not publish my work, my translations. . . . I am not permitted to see foreigners. . . . Please forgive me for my terrible rudeness."

I fled. Turning at the gate I saw Pasternak wave at me with a miraculous smile. He was holding my pink Easter egg in his fingers. Outside the gate I encountered two plain-clothes policemen who followed close behind me down the road to the station platform, where they vanished from my sight in the holiday crowd.



# THE VOICE OF A DISSENTER

*an interview with a graduate of Moscow University*

DAVID BURG

INTERVIEWER: You were born in Moscow?

BURG: Yes, in 1933, the year of the great Russian famine—although I didn't learn there had been a famine until I was seven years old and in the first grade at school.

INTERVIEWER: Your teacher told you?

BURG: No. During the war we were evacuated for a few months to a town on the Kazakh border. At school there I sat at the same desk as a girl named Zina and it seemed to me that her face was terribly pale, and I asked her why. She said, "Well, I was born in the hunger year of 1933, and that's why." Her parents had told her how horrible it had been—millions of people had died. But it was all news to me.

INTERVIEWER: Your own family was well situated then in Moscow and not affected?

BURG: Yes, they were professional people, well educated and well off. We lived in a three-room apartment, a very rare thing which we owed to my grandfather. He'd been the chief engineer when the apartment house was built. And so he got a three-room apartment to himself. We all lived there—father, mother, and two grandparents. My father worked as an economist, a specialist in labor planning. My mother once taught school.

INTERVIEWER: You were the only child?

BURG: I was the only child, yes. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. If I'd had brothers or sisters their lives would have been ruined when I left.

INTERVIEWER: When you went to school, did you find that most of the other children came from families like your own?

BURG: Yes, for the most part, but it was the public school for that district of Moscow and so there were also, for instance, the children of janitors, who are mostly Tartars in Moscow, in-

cidentally. But I don't think I realized how highly privileged we were until I went to the real countryside—not a dacha—for the first time when I was about fifteen. It was in the village of Moiseyvo. There was a boy there who told me that he had only five years of schooling because he worked in the fields in summer and delivered mail in the winter because his mother—who was actually the postmistress—was very sick and couldn't do her job. His father had been killed in the war and they had no other way to support themselves. When I went to their house I was surprised to find that they didn't drink out of glasses but out of old tin cans—round, big yellow cans that once held American pork sent to Russia during the war. They told me they didn't have money to buy glasses. And the boy told me that he went barefoot as much as he could to spare the boots he had. It was the first time that I really felt an acute sense of difference.

INTERVIEWER: Could you describe how your attitudes toward the regime formed as you were growing up?

BURG: I can never remember *liking* the way things were. I started having trouble as early as the seventh grade when we had lessons in the Constitution of 1936—Stalin's Constitution. I started asking nasty questions: "Why hasn't there been a Party Congress for such a long time? Why is it that the freedom of assembly guaranteed in the Constitution isn't practiced?" and so on.

INTERVIEWER: How did you know these things? Because of your parents' skepticism about the regime?

BURG: No—I think they were obvious. My parents, as a matter of fact, tried to protect me from anti-Soviet influences. For instance, they wouldn't have a radio set, so that I wouldn't be able to listen to foreign radio stations. When I was in the seventh grade I saved up my lunch money and bought a radio set of my own—which

*David Burg is the pen name of a young Russian scholar who left the U.S.S.R. a few years ago to settle in the West. After living in Munich and Paris, he entered Cambridge University, where he is now a candidate for the doctorate. Recently he visited the United States and was interviewed in "Harper's" New York offices. An intense, fluent, lively young man, Mr. Burg spoke for hours, trying to convey the concrete texture of Soviet life as he had known it, and to describe an active nonconformism among Soviet students which is little suspected in the West. . . . We present here generous excerpts from his conversation.*

caused a big row in the family. They didn't like the idea of my having a radio set—I was in enough difficulty as it was.

INTERVIEWER: What sort of difficulty, exactly?

BURG: When I first started raising embarrassing questions, the teacher—a very nice and conscientious woman—tried to argue me out of it, and then she called in my parents for a private talk, which was very decent of her because she simply could have reported the whole thing to the secret police. Then a big scene followed at home:

"What are you doing? Do you want to send us all away to the camps? You're a grown boy—you've got to understand these are questions one doesn't ask."

INTERVIEWER: So you stopped?

#### STALIN ON THE FLOOR

BURG: Yes, but the next year, because of an absurd incident, I found myself in difficulties again. I was assigned one day to clean the classroom—the boys take turns doing this in Russian schools—and when I reached up to wipe off the large portrait of Stalin that hung on the wall, I clumsily knocked it down. Well, just at that point the assistant principal of the school, who was a rather nervous and spinsterish woman, came in and she was horrified to see Stalin lying there on the floor. Did I realize what I had done? It was *not* something to shrug off, she could assure me; it was something that should be mentioned at the next meeting of the Komsomol; and she would see that this was done.

INTERVIEWER: The Komsomol is the Young Communist League?

BURG: To which at that time I didn't belong. There is a unit in every school and it is in effect the youth organization of the Party; it is supposed to encourage everyone to study harder and dedicate themselves to the Soviet state and so on. Normally you join in the seventh grade. I didn't want to, but I had to join in the tenth grade because otherwise I would have been barred from the university. Out of some 250 students

in my class at Moscow University I think there was one boy who was not a member.

INTERVIEWER: What happened at the meeting?

BURG: I didn't come out of it very well. Of course, all I had to do to clear the thing up was to apologize for committing so sacrilegious an act, and that would have been that. Instead, with all the flamboyance of a fifteen-year-old literary scholar, I started quoting an ode we had been reading by the eighteenth-century poet Derzhavin, which told how Catherine the Great, on her ascension to the throne, had kindly made it permissible for people to drop a coin bearing her image on the ground without being punished. Well, that was not what they wanted to hear at all. A small storm broke over my head. It was unheard of, this arrogance. The student who was secretary of the school Komsomol stood up and shouted that he knew of a Greek partisan who had fought through the mountains carrying a miniature portrait of Stalin next to his heart; and I had knocked such a precious thing to the floor and worse had the cheek to quote irrelevant old verse in defense! I must be made to apologize and furthermore as long as he was secretary of the Komsomol he'd see to it that I wouldn't be allowed to join—which of course was very serious. I didn't apologize then, but my parents got called in to school, and finally, of course, I saw the light and said I was sorry for what I'd done.

INTERVIEWER: Why were you finally allowed into the organization if the leader was so down on you?

BURG: Because rather personal pressure was put on him. He was dating my cousin later and when he told her that he was going to oppose my admission, she gently told him, "If you don't allow him in the Komsomol, I don't think there will be any more dates." So he said yes.

INTERVIEWER: That seems something less than stern dedication on his part. How much enthusiasm for the regime did you find among the students and teachers in high school?

BURG: Foreigners seem to meet a lot of these enthusiasts. I met some of them later in life but not very many. The atmosphere in that





Moscow high school, certainly, was neither very dedicated nor enthusiastic so far as the regime was concerned. I don't mean to imply it was one of conscious opposition—it wasn't. It was rather an attempt to *step aside* from all the propaganda and slogans and Komsomol work. For instance, one was aware that some of the teachers were trying to avoid letting literature become something to be read by parrots who would see only what the Central Committee had programmed for them—they really tried to teach the literature itself. And it seemed to me that one teacher in particular, a young woman, tried to give us more knowledge of history than you could find in the texts.

As for the students, there was a distinct atmosphere of boredom at the Komsomol meetings. Endless propagandistic talk of national aims, the duties of youth, the same phrases repeated over and over again, and most felt it was a tremendous waste of time. Nothing happened that anyone really cared about much, in a personal way—apart from the pressure to be a good, hard-working student.

INTERVIEWER: What, in fact, did they care about?

BURG: Above all, the boys cared about sports—for instance, soccer—and about their friends, their girls, their hobbies, their studies, and their reading. For most of the students, those things were

far more real than what went on in the Komsomol meetings.

INTERVIEWER: But how do you explain the motives of those who do get involved in Party work at young ages?

BURG: Perhaps the most obvious explanation is that some have a strong *libido dominandi*—a will to power, a desire to organize and manipulate, and the Komsomol organization in the school is a fine vehicle for it.

Then you find those who are not awfully good at school but who want to get on—to make up for their inability to get high grades or be tremendous athletes. And so they try to show their talent for Komsomol work—a first-class Komsomol performance can help them on their way later in life, and they know it.

INTERVIEWER: One gets the impression of a determinedly nonpolitical atmosphere amongst the majority of the high-school students.

BURG: No, that's not quite accurate. There was a strangely split atmosphere, and in a way politics was omnipresent. Not only at Komsomol meetings but even in private one had to be on guard against saying unorthodox things.

INTERVIEWER: What kind of dangerous private discussion would in fact take place?

BURG: Well, for instance, there was a Soviet film called "The Fall of Berlin"—a huge, grandiose Cecil B. De Mille-style epic with Stalin in

the role of Moses. Officially this was a masterpiece of Soviet art and a moving depiction of comrade Stalin's role in the historic Soviet victory, etc., etc.

Officially it was impossible to be irreverent toward this film, but somehow among close friends we could joke about it—although one was very careful. This was not directly “political” talk in the Western sense, but in Stalin's Russia it was political indeed.

INTERVIEWER: Were you aware of cynicism toward the war effort itself?

BURG: Oh no. Russia was menaced and the war had to be won, no matter what one thought of the regime. I did hear later a good deal about the “Vlasov movement,” which argued that Hitler was a liberator in the sense that he would eliminate Stalin and then would not be able to hold onto Russia anyway. But I don't believe that view could have been popular for very long in view of Hitler's policies. My uncle, for instance, was in charge of the construction of sugar refineries in a Ukrainian town when the war broke out, but he refused to leave. Although he was a Jew, he didn't believe all those gruesome Communist tales about German atrocities and German anti-Semitism. This happened in July of '41; by September he was dead.

#### PULL IS MORE IMPORTANT

INTERVIEWER: What was your own experience of anti-Semitism?

BURG: Official or unofficial?

INTERVIEWER: Both.

BURG: As far as personal anti-Semitism is concerned, I was hardly aware of it. I remember once when I was in the first grade I had a fight with some other boys and they threw me into a coal pit—and then they shouted *zhid*, which is “kike” in Russian. I didn't even know what that was. At home, my mother cried when I told her and she tried to explain what the whole thing was about. But there was very little if any anti-Semitism in my Moscow school; my parents and grandparents were not in any way religious and I had very little sense of being a Jew.

When it came time to enter the university, however, I ran into official anti-Semitism, which was an extremely unpleasant thing. This was in 1951 and you remember Stalin was preparing an extensive purge, and that he had, obviously, decided to focus the resentment of the masses during this purge on the Jews: the famous “doctors' plot” against Stalin was concocted shortly thereafter. Well, I was a “medal holder”—I had

what you would call a “straight A” average—and supposedly that entitled me to enter the university without taking entrance examinations. But when I applied they told me that there were no more vacancies for medal holders. They had simply barred all Jews from the university—no quota, you see. *Numerus nullus*.

INTERVIEWER: How did you finally get in?

BURG: Luckily, as the Russians say, “Pull is more important than the decision of the Council of Ministers.” I was lucky because my father was working at that time in the Far Eastern part of Russia, and that assignment was supposed to confer special privileges to his children including automatic entrance to universities and institutes. He made use of his connections and we found that I might enter the Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow and then transfer to the university after a term—and that is what I did.

INTERVIEWER: When you entered the university, were you aware of sharp differences in the atmosphere from that in your high school? For instance, did you find a larger number of students from worker or peasant families?

BURG: I don't know why you have this picture of universities being full of workers and peasants when Khrushchev himself has said, very clearly, that two-thirds of our students in higher institutions are *not* workers' and peasants' children. And he was talking about the student body in general. If you take the larger, the prestigious, the better universities—Moscow or Leningrad or the Institute of Aviation Engineers—then you find that workers' and peasants' children are exceptions. To get into Moscow University with that background you have to be exceptionally brilliant.

INTERVIEWER: In effect, then, you found higher education was more or less restricted to an hereditary elite?

BURG: Yes, and this is one of the most important facts about Russia. In building his regime, Stalin had half a million top jobs to offer—and perhaps ten million lower-echelon jobs. He needed people to industrialize the country and to fill the gaps created by his own purges and by the war. The availability of those jobs created the famous “social mobility” one hears about and it was one of the main things that allowed Stalin to become what he became. But now the children of those people who were given jobs are growing up and it is they who will have first claim on elite jobs. The very open social opportunity that existed in Stalin's time is finished, once and forever, whatever the changes in the regime—barring a major social upheaval.



INTERVIEWER: How did the Party apparatus and the Komsomol bear on the life of the university? Did you find more or less the same system applied as in high school?

BURG: I should say it was very different. First of all, the political pressure was much, much greater. Remember this was still under Stalin—around 1952. Even the most casual remark would be brought up at a Komsomol meeting and you would be accused of ideological error. The Komsomol leaders were capable of being far more ruthless.

INTERVIEWER: More ruthless because they were more righteously dedicated to Party ideology?

BURG: Not at all. They were more ruthless because the stakes in the game had risen. I can well imagine that there was once a time when Young Communist leaders really *were* sincerely dedicated and self-sacrificing—during the 1920s or in the days of the first Five Year Plan, let us say. They were ruthless then toward *themselves* as well as others, you see. But the modern Party worker is a very different species. Take for example one of the leading Komsomol organizers I knew in the philological faculty at the university. I call him A.E. He was the son of a Party official in the Urals, a poor scholar who had squeaked through his entrance exams because of his father's pull.

But A.E. wasn't stupid—he saw that a career as a teacher was unlikely for him, and he flung himself into Komsomol activity, organizing meetings, talking students into doing Komsomol work, using his connections to help students get dormitory space and student loans and so on. He appeared to be pleasant and simple and dedicated, and his authority grew. Then during Stalin's official anti-Semitic campaign, he "exposed" one of the girls at the university as the daughter of a Jewish "doctor assassin"—and she had to leave. This fellow got all sorts of privileges from the university administration—he was allowed to take his examinations more than twice when he failed, and he was given an extra year to prepare his thesis, something that was unprecedented. While he was at school he was accepted as a candidate for membership in the Party and he admitted that he would make a career as a Party worker.

INTERVIEWER: How did the other students feel about what he did?

BURG: They were much less shocked than you seem to be, because they had grown up seeing similar cases of Party workers who remained essentially self-interested and unprincipled, despite their constant exhortation of others to idealism

and self-sacrifice. For these Komsomol organizers, Party activity is a business, quite separate from their private life. They even find it disconcerting to discuss politics and ideology in their off hours. Fishing, hunting, sports, clothes, light music, girls—all that is private life. Ideology is business. I remember once trying to talk about some Marxist question with a Komsomol leader. "Oh stop it," he said, "we're not at a meeting." And one sees such people caught up in the system, marrying, having children, depending on their Party business to make a living. Of course, comprehending them did not make any less onerous or galling the Party activities they compelled you to do.

#### WHITE RAVEN AND BLACK CROWS

INTERVIEWER: Apart from attending meetings, what else did you have to do?

BURG: There was tremendous pressure—which did not exist in high school—to participate in "social work" while you were at the university. This meant, for example, going out every month and lecturing groups of workers—at that time we would go to the building site of the new University of Moscow. If you didn't do it, there was a good chance that you might be thrown out of the university. We were supposed to tell these laborers how lucky they were to be citizens of the first proletarian state. Or we were supposed to educate them for the coming elections.

INTERVIEWER: Were you supervised when you gave these talks? What did the workers make of them?

BURG: No one supervised us, but that didn't make them less unpleasant. The workers lived in barracks, in dreadful poverty, with men and women separated and many people to a room. Some complained that they had to wait years to marry, for lack of a place to live. I had known poor peasants before—as I've told you—but this was my first close contact with actual workers, and I was appalled by the conditions and felt ashamed and awkward. They would sometimes listen to you sullenly and ask questions: "You say we have the best system of health in the world—why do I have to wait three weeks to see a doctor? By that time my hand is so swollen I can't work for three months. Is it even worse in other countries?"

Other times they would be hospitable and friendly, particularly, we found, when we took girls with us. The workers saw these pretty girls, obviously from a much higher social setting, and they would try to be pleasant; but when the boys went in alone they could be nasty: "Why the hell

do you come here? We've just finished a hard day's work and you do nothing. Do us a favor and get the hell out!"

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try to present a dissident point of view in your talks?

BURG: We were unsupervised but we were in groups, and in that atmosphere any kind of dissidence was extremely risky. I had one friend, though, who tried something of the sort. He was supposed to lecture young army recruits—peasant and worker boys who had come to Moscow for their medical examination—on Tolstoy, and he would tell them of Tolstoy's views on war and armies, and quote some of his pacifistic, anti-militarist views, all of which did not exactly boost army morale. He was a very versatile and subtle man. I must say I never had the guts to do anything like that.

INTERVIEWER: To what extent did students engage in criticism of the regime amongst themselves?

BURG: From 1951 to 1954, practically all of us showed to the world a completely straight Communist face. You confined any critical views of the regime to your closest friends and even then unpleasant things sometimes happened. The danger of arrest and deportation was immediate. At times I thought: I am, if not a completely isolated person, perhaps a real white raven among the flock of good and orderly black crows. And I remember once theorizing to myself: Perhaps you think the way you do because of the generations of faulty bourgeois background behind you.

I was, frankly, very surprised to discover in 1955 and 1956, after the "Thaw" began, that there were a great number of other small circles

of friends, thinking in much the same way, who had been cut off from each other.

INTERVIEWER: How did you become aware of the "Thaw"? Did it follow close after Stalin's death?

BURG: Not immediately—there was a short period of groping confusion. Then in the winter of '55 all of a sudden people started to talk about things they would never have mentioned previously. About art for instance. Painters who had always hidden their work because it was abstract or unorthodox would hold semiprivate exhibitions. You would hear by word of mouth that they were showing in their studio, and you would go, and find others. I once went to such an exhibition and found there a student whom I'd always considered to be a straight Party-liner—he wasn't at all. And gradually there was more talk about politics, especially after the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956 when Khrushchev made his famous denunciation of Stalin. One heard names like Bukharin and Trotsky that had been unmentionable before. I remember going to the apartment of a good friend and seeing a picture of Trotsky on the wall. I thought I was going mad. He said, "Well, I've been hiding this picture long enough. Now I want to flaunt it, at least for a while."

INTERVIEWER: Did the students discuss the immediate struggle for power after Stalin died—Beria, Malenkov, Khrushchev, and so on?

BURG: That was the sort of thing that remained confined to very close friends even after the Twentieth Party Congress. What we did talk about openly was the past of the Communist Party, especially the purges of the Party and intellectual leaders in the 'thirties. I remember

## Rumble on the Black Sea

I BELONG to the so-called "old generation" of the Young Communists of 1923. I am well along in years now, in my sixties, and please believe me that my tastes are far from *stilyaga* [zoot-suit] tastes. Like many others, I am disgusted by ultra-modern shirts with tropical jungle patterns and devil knows what other designs, ridiculously narrow trousers, extravagant haircuts, etc. In short, I am completely in favor of eliminating all these trappings that ruin our young people's taste.

However, the methods we use to combat *stilyaga* ways in our Soviet environment are a matter of concern. Here is what I observed in Sochi this September.

Young Communist street patrols were literally hunting down young men wearing brightly colored shirts and young women wearing slacks. They ripped or slashed the shirts. The same fate befell the slacks. A girl's hair was chopped off.

Knocking in someone's teeth is not, in my opinion, the best educational method. . . .

—Letter from Docent Levitin, a Stalin Prize winner, in *Komsomolskaya pravda*, December 13, 1960



one incident in particular that caused a huge shock to many of us. It involved Gronsky who had been a member of the Central Committee of the Party in the 'thirties and an editor of the literary magazine *Novy Mir*. In 1937 or 1938 he simply disappeared along with many others. And then in 1956 he was suddenly back in Moscow and was allowed to give a speech to a group of graduate students, and I went to the meeting to listen. Now perhaps you have never heard of Gronsky but he is quite a man—of peasant origin, he is simple and straightforward in his way, and cruel and dedicated and honest, typical of many of the old unsophisticated Bolsheviks who were eliminated by Stalin in the 'thirties. It was an experience simply to see him speaking in Moscow.

But what he said was, to us, astounding. He said that when Bukharin was arrested in 1937, he, Gronsky, had stood up in a meeting of the Central Committee and told Stalin that Bukharin may have had the wrong political view but he could *not* have been a traitor, because he had worked with him for twenty years and knew that Bukharin was a man of complete honesty. And Stalin looked at him and, in his heavy Georgian accent, had given orders that Gronsky be allowed to see Bukharin in Lefortovo prison, which is renowned as the most horrible prison in Moscow, the prison of torture.

And so Gronsky went and saw Bukharin and he challenged him to say that he was innocent but he found him terribly changed, completely broken. Bukharin looked at the ground—he had always looked people straight in the eye—and he said yes, yes, it was true, he was a traitor and an agent.

Now Gronsky still could not believe this, but after Bukharin was taken away, he was arrested himself, and they subjected him to week after week of awful torture and beating. But he would not sign a confession, he said, because: "How could I deceive the Party? I could not do it."

Later, Gronsky said, he was put in the same cell with one of the former chiefs of the Leningrad secret police who had confessed and Gronsky asked him if his confession was true. And the secret police chief had said: "You are probably the last man I'll talk to—they'll kill me soon. I tell you, there isn't a word of truth in the whole thing."

And then Gronsky said, "And what do you think, boys, what did I do? Do you think I took pity on him? No. I stood up and I socked him in the eye. I told him, 'What kind of a Bolshevik are you, deceiving the state in this way? The

Party brought you so high and you are betraying the Party now'."

Gronsky was sent to Siberia for nineteen years, and now he was back. And by telling us experiences such as this he was trying to help the Party.

INTERVIEWER: How did the audience react to that speech?

BURG: The students who heard it were deeply shaken. They'd never heard *anyone* speak like that. As we were filing out, a Komsomol secretary—the last man from whom one would have expected protest—pointed up at Stalin's statue which loomed very large on the staircase and he said, "Why don't we throw this bastard out the window, Comrades?" But he didn't do anything. However, I know that at the Moscow Conservatory at the time, a portrait of Stalin actually was cut to shreds with knives.

#### THE POETRY OF PROTEST

INTERVIEWER: You've said that various attitudes, formerly hidden, started to be expressed more openly. What were they?

BURG: It seemed to me that among the intellectuals, there were four main dissenting attitudes. By far the most widespread was the one expressed by the popular young poet Evtushenko: "Comrades, let us give to the words their original meaning." That is, let us return to the original ideals of the Bolshevik revolution, let us go "back to Lenin," as some say. They hold that power should be returned to the people who should be able to elect representatives to local governing authorities—the soviets; these soviets should in turn elect higher organs of government right on up to the Council of Ministers—a quite decentralized system you see. Of course soviets exist today but they have no power, and the Council of Ministers is in the hands of the Party apparatus. The Party, in the view of this group, should stay a leading force, but instead of suppressing opposition, it must constantly regain the confidence of the masses, winning its position democratically over and over again.

INTERVIEWER: Against the opposition of another party?

BURG: Well, that's it. These people talk only about inner Party democracy—genuine discussion *within* the Party on large political issues. Of course they believe in doing away with cultural regimentation—all the dissenting intellectuals are for that. But they are unequivocally for a centrally planned economy—they believe a market economy would lead to inequality. In short what you have here is a group that would like

to revive the egalitarian spirit of the revolution and turn it against the present regime.

INTERVIEWER: To a Westerner, it is particularly interesting that a poet should be the voice of significant political dissent.

BURG: Well, Evtushenko is the sort of poet you do not find in the West today—a poet of civic protest although some of his poems are lyrical and unpolitical. Perhaps he could be compared to Béranger or the Chartist poets, although he is less rhetorical. But he has a fresh and vigorous and lucid style, and his work has had an enormous vogue—his verses were bought up as soon as they appeared. Every little high-school student felt it his duty to quote him, correctly or incorrectly.

INTERVIEWER: Did this neo-Bolshevism you speak about remain on the level of parlor and dormitory discussion—or did it ever express itself in some sort of action?

BURG: There have been a few incidents, most of them after I left the country; but they do indicate that something is going on. During the anniversary celebration of the Revolution in 1958 there was an attempt by some students in Lenin-grad to organize a demonstration. Some of them—not completely sober—climbed a decorative column near the Stock Exchange and started shouting, “Long Live the Hungarian Revolution! Down with the Government of the Fatties! Long Live Inner Party Democracy!” That sort of thing.

And earlier, in the history faculty of the University of Moscow, a dozen or so students started distributing leaflets directly to the workers in the district, attacking Khrushchev personally and calling for inner-Party democracy. A direct appeal to the proletariat, you see, quite in keeping with neo-Bolshevik ideology. They were arrested in the summer of 1957 and given three to eight years in prison—relatively mild sentences, if one considers the past. And in the fall of 1959 *Izvestia* carried a report of the arrest of a similar group which was meeting often and preparing to distribute leaflets.

INTERVIEWER: In all this, Khrushchev appears as a villain?

BURG: Oh yes. For the young intelligentsia, Khrushchev is one of those people to whom Stalin offered one of half-a-million jobs—a residue from the previous era. He really doesn’t communicate to the intellectuals, I think, except for the endless jokes about him—obscene and otherwise. That is true for all the dissenters of the intelligentsia, neo-Bolshevik or not.

INTERVIEWER: What are some of the others?

BURG: Exactly opposed to the neo-Bolsheviks, you find a cult of the West—a sort of Utopian vision of capitalism as a “river of milk with banks of jam” as a Russian proverb puts it. You find this among some of the *stilyagi*—the so-called zoot-suiters and teddy-boys in the cities. These tend to be either the highly privileged sons of the very rich, or in contrast, the delinquent sons of poor urban workers. This sort of person isn’t very political—he finds the regime dreary and oppressive and bad and simply assumes, or dreams, that what comes from the West must be good. Therefore he says he is anti-socialist and pro-capitalist.

You also find a kind of pro-capitalism among the students of the scientific technical colleges, at for instance the Moscow Institute of Aviation, an extremely well-regarded school whose standing might be compared to your M.I.T. Again the students aren’t very sophisticated politically. Technological accomplishment, democracy, cultural freedom—all are lumped together for them in a Utopian picture of Western countries. But I never heard a concrete plan for converting Russia to a capitalistic economy.

Then there is a third attitude which might be called “liberal socialism.” These intellectuals are closer to the thinking of the revisionists in Poland. The Bolshevik idea was wrong, they argue, but socialism in Russia is inevitable and desirable.

So they would like to reform the country on the basis of a democratically run multi-party system, a socialist market economy, and cultural freedom. One heard such ideas as this: Industries would be owned through stock companies in which the workers would hold shares, and a workers’ council would actually run each indus-

## —The Over-Stuffed Mind—

UNFORTUNATELY, the schools do a poor job of training young people for independent action. Young people do not become accustomed to struggling for a set goal. . . . Even in higher educational institutions independence is demanded least of all. The student is taught so “much” that he comes out of the higher school resembling a stuffed fish. One can have various attitudes toward the contents of the fish, but one thing is indisputable: It cannot swim. And then this fish comes to the research institute and demands more “solicitude” and wants to be garnished with sauce.

—*Izvestia*, December 28, 1960



try. Some of the most careful thinking goes along those lines.

Finally, among the intellectuals, you find a fourth attitude which has an old history in Russia—and that is nihilism: Life for the nihilists is a hopelessly shifting swamp of quicksand and all social systems can only end in horror and cruelty. “We should try to destroy the regime in Russia,” a nihilistic student once told me, “but we should be *very* reserved about any millennium, any suggestion of a better life to come.”

#### TOWARD SOME VAGUE PARADISE

INTERVIEWER: You’ve been talking about dissenting views among the students and intellectuals. Were you aware of such views among the rest of the population?

BURG: Outside the intelligentsia in Russia, the most definite feeling of resistance you find is among the peasants. When I would visit the Russian countryside, I would meet hard resentment against city boys who are well fed and well dressed and wear a tie. In the countryside you sometimes encounter deep-seated hatred for the regime, and you sense the possibility of what Pushkin called “Russian mutiny, ruthless and senseless”—not a coherent plan but a sullen inchoate desire to throw over the whole social structure and to begin working from scratch toward some vague kind of muzhik’s paradise.

But quite aside from the peasant hatreds, you do sense throughout Russia an attitude which is, really, the most widespread and formidable kind of dissent—the common feeling of stolid refusal on the part of the people to let the political aims of the regime seize hold of their private lives. Many people would describe themselves as good Soviet citizens; they might defend Soviet foreign policy. But they refuse to go to the virgin lands or to develop Siberia or to sacrifice their leisure for “social works”; they dodge the relocation of young specialists. In short, despite the regime’s demand of absolute “sacrifice of the personal for the common goal,” they refuse to think in political terms and instead concentrate on their home life, their children, their sports, on simply trying to enjoy themselves.

This is not a consciously political attitude—it is, let us say, an existential attitude. But it runs very deep, and I believe it provides a kind of nourishing ground for the frankly political attitudes I described before.

INTERVIEWER: How widespread, proportionally, would you say, is active political thinking among the students?

BURG: I never took a Gallup Poll, of course, but I would guess about half the students in the universities are more or less nonpolitical. About 40 per cent, I think, do have consciously dissenting political views. And about 10 maybe 15 per cent are Party activists—professional idealists, you might say.

INTERVIEWER: I would like to ask you a quite personal question. You were in Russia while an atmosphere of conscious dissent was being created and you’ve described the excitement of the increased freedom at the beginning of the Thaw. How did you arrive at the decision to leave, and how did you in fact manage to escape?

BURG: It is true I left at a most hopeful time—there was a general belief that things would get better and better. I felt differently. I saw no chance for organized, effective political opposition. During the years of the Stalin terror the Party apparatus had become supremely strong, a centralized machine with fantastic power in its hands. It is true that elite groups, of managers and specialists and intellectuals, have emerged in Russia—but their power is atomized. They only have power over the specific work they do.

The Party, on the other hand, claims absolute political power and is able to exercise it whenever it wants—and I saw no reason why it would let that power slip away. That’s not to say that I wasn’t aware of real changes since the mass terror of Stalin’s day. It’s hard to convey the extent to which his methods caused a crippling stagnation throughout Russian life—in industry, in culture, everywhere. The normal motives to work and create just didn’t operate when life was completely insecure and people were arrested on the slightest suspicion. So, when the mass terror disappeared, not only did efficiency increase but people were far more willing to take the still very considerable risks of free private discussion and even open publication—they felt they’d no longer have to pay the price with their heads. In practice the Party had to allow some leeway in private life, although it was still striving to regain total control. But this was a far cry from genuine liberalization! And I saw no chance of any group forcing the Party to make radical concessions.

Then there was a more personal reason. I had written verses which had been circulated anonymously in Moscow and the secret police were making inquiries about them, and I suspected that they were close to finding out who wrote them. Finally, I didn’t trust myself to be calculating. If something drastic and radical happened, like a student demonstration, I felt that

I might foolishly plunge in. And I did not particularly fancy striking heroic poses in camps.

So, it was a combination of things. In any case, after graduating from the university I took a tourist trip to East Germany and took the subway to West Berlin—it takes ten minutes.

#### TIGHTENING THE SCREWS

INTERVIEWER: Observing the Thaw and the Khrushchev regime from the West, do you feel that decision has been confirmed?

BURG: Yes, particularly in the last year. But this business of the Thaw is very complex. It is a nice image but it involves many elements: the power struggle at the top, the intrigues within the Party, the pressure from the masses below for a better life, the craving of the intellectuals for more freedom. You have to take it all into account to understand any single policy.

As far as the condition of the masses is concerned, I think one can generalize and say that from 1953 to 1958, there was constant progress—more consumer goods, more housing, more food, and so on. For the intellectuals, of course, 1956 and 1957 were the freest years.

INTERVIEWER: You mean particularly freedom to publish.

BURG: Yes, but not only that. Evtushenko's poetry was published and Dudintsev's novel, *Not by Bread Alone*. And Ehrenburg's *Thaw* even before that—all of them frankly implying criticism of the regime. But public discussions went further. Evtushenko got up at a meeting of the Writers' Union and said, "We are *not* going to let those who would return to old times have their way. We'll rap their knuckles." And this summed up the illusory confidence of the opposition. For in 1958, the screws were tightened. Khrushchev met with a group of writers at one of his dachas and said that the Hungarian revolution would have been avoided if some of the early trouble-makers had been shot. "*Our* hand is not going to tremble," he said. (At that point, I'm told, a woman writer fainted away.)

And after that, the liberal publishing policy stopped and instead of dealing with broad and burning social topics, literary discussion became much more technical and oblique—which kinds of artistic forms were "modern" and which were not, for example.

To be sure, there was still a spectrum of views: For instance, the magazine *Novy Mir* would take a more liberal line; the newspaper *Literature and Life*, a viciously reactionary one. It was nothing like the freedom of 1957 and 1958,

but at least until 1960 hints of opposition were tolerated.

INTERVIEWER: And then?

BURG: And then came what has come to be called the U-turn in Soviet internal policy—although in fact it was taking place before the U-2 flight occurred. Suddenly the old Stalinist phrases reappeared: "the necessity for a new moral stimulus to labor," for example, which translated means that instead of stimulating productivity by making available more consumer goods, the administration would rely more heavily on coercion.

During 1960 and 1961 there have been crack-downs on private building—which grew considerably in the late 'fifties—and on private agriculture and private ownership of all sorts. There have been repressive measures against people doing work not deemed "socially useful"—for example, those who aren't employed by the state but make a living selling flowers or vegetables, from private plots, in the Moscow market. In short, the Party seems to have sensed a significant part of economic life slipping out of its control, and so it chose to tighten its grip, even though it meant slowing down the rise in living standards.

INTERVIEWER: What have been the effects on cultural life?

BURG: Curiously, the signs that a drastic suppression of cultural life may be on the way came after the economic measures I've mentioned—in fact, they are appearing right now, in the winter of 1960-61. One strong sign was the firing in December of Smirnov, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and his replacement by a downright Stalinist. I would fear that in the coming year we will see much more pressure on writers and artists and scholars generally to conform.

INTERVIEWER: You draw a dark picture.

BURG: Yes, but after telling you these grim stories, I would end on an optimistic note. For despite all the repression in Russia, perhaps the most significant thing is that Orwell's *1984* has not come to pass there. Despite the immense power of the Party, strong currents of independent and dissident thought have continued to flow in Russia, and there is no reason to think they will not continue to do so, short of a great purge. The intellectuals, the people, have not been able to break the power of the Party apparatus and they may not be able to do so for a long, long time, if ever. But neither has the Party been able to break all of them or their minds or their hopes.

Interviewed by R. B. Silvers

*Harper's Magazine*, May 1961



# POEMS UNDERGROUND

*Despite the "thaw" in the cultural life of the U. S. S. R., it is still true that the printed word is the officially approved word. Yet nonconformist poets do find an outlet for their work, which is passed from hand to hand in manuscript. The author of this introductory note is an American who recently visited Moscow and translated the poems that appear here.*

**N**ikolai is in his early twenties, small and delicately made with dark hair and eyes—the perfect picture of a poet. He makes his living as a hydraulic engineer, for his poetry does not earn a ruble. It is written—as the Russians put it—"for the desk drawer" and circulated only in typewritten copies or read at "literary" evening parties.

My friend Sergei, a novelist, took me to such a gathering in the one-room apartment in Moscow where Nikolai lives with his wife. It is nicely furnished in a style reminiscent of "modern" Western furniture of the 1930s, called "Riga-modern," after the city where the light, clean-lined furniture is produced.

The evening began with the standard questions asked when a Russian meets an American. What did I do and how much did I earn, how many rooms did I have, did I own my own car? We talked and drank tea for a while and then—after a little coaxing—Nikolai took some poems, which he said were new, out of his desk and began reading.

He read for about a half-hour—some dozen poems—each more difficult than the last. They were lyrics, mostly about love, with a strangely solemn yet harsh and impressive incantational rhythm. But apart from random words I could make no sense of these very symbolic, intellectually involuted poems. I knew it was not a language problem, since Sergei looked equally blank and even annoyed.

Sergei is close to forty. When he spoke he put

into words the conflict between two generations of Soviet intellectuals.

How, he asked, could a writer living in the Soviet Union turn his back on social and political reality and devote himself to the cultivation of a pure art. The times, he felt, called for poems of satire, indictment, and protest.

Nikolai argued no less forcefully that he was well aware of what country he lived in, that tendentiousness had poisoned literature in the Soviet Union, and that his only business was to write good poetry. It was the job of his generation to restore its real purpose, to rediscover pure form.

He traced the main line of Russian poetry through Pushkin, a master of form who was, however, concerned with reality; Annensky, a symbolist whose work has been described as being "constructed with disconcerting and baffling subtleness and precision"; and Mandel'stam, a great twentieth-century poet who used every literary device to accentuate form. Then he added a fourth name to the list: his own.

Unfortunately Nikolai did not give me copies of his lyrics, which in their style are typical of the disdainful attitude of young writers toward official literary dogmas, their yearning to be free and modern in the face of massive frustrations. On another evening in Warsaw, however, a Polish friend gave me copies of some poems of protest of the kind Sergei admires. They are the "desk drawer" work of a poet who regularly publishes more conventional verse in Soviet journals. The translations that follow are, I think, interesting examples of the private thoughts of a Russian writer which some day, hopefully, will be public in his own country.

—A. Zr.

## CONTEMPORARY REFLECTIONS

ON that evening, in the mausoleum, Stalin was  
buried.

And the evening was ordinary—crystal clear and  
limpid.

I walked quietly, tranquilly,

Alone with Moscow

And here is what I thought, verily,

Like a clever fellow:

The epoch of spectacles has ended,

The epoch of bread has arrived.

A smoking break has been declared

For those who have been storming the heavens.

The people, asleep in its shoes,

Not knowing the year,

Has sat down for an hour

To rewind its footcloths.

No, I didn't think that,

I thought something else:

That here he was, and now he is not,

The giant and the hero.

Moscow is like

a forsaken

deserted

house.

How will we live without Stalin?

I looked around:

Moscow did not lament, Moscow was vacant.

You cannot grieve unceasingly. All are tired to  
death.

Everyone was sleeping, only the janitors

Were furiously sweeping.

As if they were tearing at roots and

Raking from beneath the earth,

As if they were ripping from the frozen soil

The shriek of his orders, the handwriting of his  
decrees:

The traces of a three-day death

And old traces—

Of a thirty-year reign,

Of grandeur and calamity.

I walked on and on

And before me rose

His palaces, factories—

Everything that Stalin built:

The towers of his skyscrapers,

The quadrangles of his squares . . .

Socialism was constructed.

Settle people in it.

## ABOUT JEWS

JEWS do not sow crops.

Jews trade in shops.

Jews are quick to lose their hair.

Jews will steal the very air.

Jews are sly people.

They are bad soldiers:

Ivan is in the trenches fighting,

Abram is in a co-op trading.

I have heard this since I was three

And will soon grow completely gray,

But there is nowhere to flee

From the cry: "Jevrej, Jevrej!"

Never once having traded,

Never once having stolen,

I carry within myself, like an infection

This peculiar nation.

The bullets missed me,

So that it might be said in truth:

"They didn't kill the Jews!

They all returned alive."

## THE DECEIVED

IT is necessary that children or animals,

That soldiers or, say, women,

Should put their whole trust in you

Or love you, even.

To deceive children is not very simple.

Nor will a woman take up with a rascal,

A horse will throw a scoundrel from the saddle,

And a soldier will understand what is a lie,  
and what valor.

But, you, you men of reason and scholars?

Oh, you Solons—

You were led by the nose, like silly girls,

Like children, you were taken by the hand.

You have no reason to walk with a proud smile

You who were repeatedly bought for an order.

What have you to say about wisdom and reason,

You have repeatedly sold yourself for a phrase.

I have been in various circumstances,

But the immortal soul can be seen

Only

in the smile of a child,

Weak, and free from treachery.



## PROPAGANDA

TODAY I don't believe anything—  
 My eyes—I don't believe.  
 My ears—I don't believe.  
 I'll feel it—then, perhaps, I'll believe.  
 When it can be touched—everything is without  
 deception.

I recall the frowning Germans,  
 The sad prisoners of 1945,  
 Standing—hands at sides—at the interrogation.  
 I ask—they answer:

—Do you believe Hitler?—No, I don't believe.  
 —You believe Goering?—No, I don't believe.  
 —You believe Goebbels?—Oh, propaganda!  
 —And do you believe me?—A moment of silence.  
 —Mr. Commissar, I don't believe you.  
 Everything is propaganda. The whole world is  
 propaganda.

A word of four syllables—propaganda—  
 Sounds in my ears to this day:  
 "Everything is propaganda. The whole world is  
 propaganda."

If I were to turn into a child,  
 Studying again in an elementary school,  
 And it was said to me:  
 The Volga falls into the Caspian Sea!  
 I would, of course, believe it. But first  
 I'd find that Volga,  
 Follow its current down to the sea,  
 Wash myself in its turbid waters  
 And only then, perhaps, would I believe.

Horses eat oats and hay!  
 A lie! During the winter of 1933  
 I lived in the emaciated Ukraine.  
 At first the horses ate straw,  
 Then the sparse straw from roofs,  
 Then they were driven to Kharkov to a dump.  
 I saw with my own eyes horses  
 Severe, serious, almost pompous  
 Bay ones and dun ones and dark-brown-colored  
 horses  
 Silently, unhurriedly wandering around the  
 dump.  
 They walked, then stood  
 And fell and lay a long time.  
 They did not die quickly, the horses.

Horses eat oats and hay!  
 No. Not true. A lie. Propaganda.  
 Everything is propaganda. The whole world is  
 propaganda.

## MAN

THE sovereign of nature, the crown of creation  
 Queued up for sugar for his jam.

For omniscience or immortality  
 He would not have gotten into that line,  
 But how much greater and more significant  
 His interest in jam.

I am no metaphysician  
 And am not reading him a moral.

A man must eat his fill  
 And drink his tea with jam,  
 And afterwards listen about immortality  
 And stuff his head with omniscience.

## JUDGE AND REFEREE

I HAVE judged people and know exactly,  
 That to judge people is quite simple—  
 Only later it is sickening,  
 If one remembers somehow inadvertently.

What is my hundredthweight  
 Of flesh

to judge another's flesh?  
 I shall never judge anyone again.  
 It is good to be not a leader, but one of the  
 masses.

Good to be a schoolmaster  
 Or a salesman in a bookstore  
 Or a judge . . .

What kind of judge? A soccer referee!

To be a rapt gawk at the matches.

If such judges dream,  
 They will not cry out in their sleep.  
 And us? We will scream,

we will  
 Remember the past unremittingly.

My experience is a special and vile one—  
 How can I force myself to forget it?

This poem is mistaken, untrue.  
 I am wrong.  
 Let them correct me.

# AMONG RUSSIA'S JEWS

*notes from a diary*

ALFRED KAZIN

*Traveling as a member of the first official delegation of writers sent to the Soviet Union in 1959, Alfred Kazin found the perplexing, often painful, question of Russian anti-Semitism seemingly inescapable—whether in a Tashkent market place, or at the plush villa of Ilya Ehrenburg.*

Our new interpreter talks perfect American with a very slight, almost teasing Cockney accent, looks like a Brooklyn taxi-driver, and asks us to call him Georgie. Although he talks the lingo so well that he boasts of fooling American tourists at the Intourist hotels, he is 150 per cent patriotic, a true-blue Bolshevik, a model of the smiling, happy youth on the face of the Soviet calendar who used to cry, "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for giving us such a happy childhood!" Georgie is the son of a Red Army colonel who fell in the Battle of Kiev. I have heard—not from Georgie, certainly!—that the Red Army was wiped out at Kiev because Stalin obstinately, insanely insisted on the troops making a stand when the Nazis were already on the other side of the Dnieper. But when Georgie talked to me of Stalin's death in 1953, of the hushed and shaken crowds, he referred to him only as "the old man."

"Cried like a baby," said Georgie reminiscently. "Couldn't help it. What he meant to us!"

And at one point, when I asked him to tell me something about the "doctors' plot" and the open drive against Jews in Stalin's last days, I joked, "Don't worry, the chauffeur doesn't understand English." Georgie turned to me and said with hauteur: "Before 1953 I would not have talked to you *at all*; now I would not be afraid to talk to you about *anything*."

Georgie is a Jew. All our interpreters have been Jews, and unfailingly Jews pop up as assistants to the editor, translators, technical personnel in most of the literary establishments we are taken to. And since I seem to be one of those Jews whose very presence brings up discussion of Jews—if I ever touch at the North Pole, the first Eskimo running up to me will ask my opinion of Ben-Gurion—I am not surprised to have a disconcerting effect in a culture that is so notoriously and visibly nervous about Jews—no one more so than the "official" Jews here in Russia

themselves. In Leningrad, I heard one of them mimic the "Jewish" accent of various writers we met, and in Kiev the Jewish writer Gregory Plotkin, who has written an unforgettable series of articles for Soviet papers about the coercion of Jews in Israel, explained that only a few "riffraff" Ukrainians participated in the Nazi massacres of the Jewish population of the Ukraine.

When I lectured before the "American literature specialists" in Moscow on our recent writing, the Jewish professors tore me limb from limb on the grounds that a book I had edited on Dreiser had no discussion of Dreiser's "Marxist" book of reportage on the 'thirties, *Tragic America*.

The fact is unmistakable here: Jews embarrass. I am struck over and over by the extraordinary significance attached here to being a Jew, and I am almost ashamed to have to put down now what happened to me, at the hands of Georgie, when we were all in Tashkent.

It was a hot day, and coming out of the local park of "culture and rest," we hurried to the car to take us back to the hotel. The Oriental street was full of women in veils, vendors of *shashlik*, bazaars. The other members of the delegation were already in the car when I noticed with interest exactly such a glimpse of the Orient as I had dreamed of seeing all my life—an aged blind man with a magnificent Muslim beard, like a muezzin, being led along the street by a lady swathed in veils. "Ah," I said appreciatively to Georgie, "how Oriental they are!" He looked sour. "They're not Orientals," he said curtly. "They're Jews." When I expressed a desire to meet them, Georgie shrugged his shoulders and declined to assist me. I went over and introduced myself as an American and a Jew, and asked if



they could be good enough to converse with me.

Would they converse with me! In the middle of the hot Uzbek street the old man let out a great cry, "*Blessed be the Lord!*", threw his arms around me, and to my astonishment engulfed me in such a scalding, weeping, tumbling account of everything they had gone through since they had left Odessa in 1941, just ahead of the Nazis—he had been blinded by a machine-gun bullet from a Nazi plane that had shot up evacuation ships crossing the Black Sea—that I could barely keep up with everything he and his wife were trying to tell me. They spoke at once, they blessed me in Hebrew at every other sentence, they crowded the experiences of sixteen years into a few minutes and they lost me altogether in an involved story of a Jewish leader in the Tashkent community of evacuees who had betrayed certain people to the police.

As I stood there, listening with the deepest emotion—after all, they could very well have been my grandparents—I felt someone pulling at my elbow. It was Georgie. Looking at the two wretched old people with what seemed to me appalling condescension, he informed me that my fellow delegates in the car wished to return to the hotel and that I was being asked to return with them immediately. Perplexed by this, I went back to the car, discovered that everybody else was asleep, and returned to the conversation. After a few minutes, Georgie pulled my sleeve again. Would I *please* terminate this interview *immediately*; my presence was most *urgently* requested back at the car. I waved him aside, and went on listening, and then to my amazement found Georgie pulling me to the car. The blind old man, who had already seemed mentally disturbed, took his wife's hand, and in the glaring sunlit street they took up their stand behind an old sentry post at the entrance to the park, trying to conceal themselves. I took my place in the car.

#### "AND IN YOUR COUNTRY?"

**S**urely I was here in a former life. There is so much that I recognize on sight—that bustling Russian propriety in offices and hallways, the pillows piled high on my bed, the flash of golden teeth, those square (yet somehow round!) Russian females, always in transparent blouses over pink slips, bodies into which have been poured tons of crusty yellow wheat bread, borsht, and kvass—bodies strong but agile on a concrete foundation that seems to say, *no nonsense here!*—bodies which say, only a sincere Russian love could win *me*.

Always the smell of furniture polish, always the covers over the sofas and the chair, always the many Russian readers. In the clean Russian parks—under the statue of Lomonosov and Lenin, Gorky and Lenin, Pushkin and Lenin, Lenin and Lenin—on the clean and dear Russian slat benches under which there is not a speck of old bourgeois dirt (for all day long old women in white aprons and white cloths tied around their hair walk about with brooms and scourges, as in a Russian bath, scouring our parks clean of all dirt)—in the dear and meditative Russian parks, sage and staid readers in crushy soft panama hats sit reading Stendhal and Balzac, Tolstoy and Mark Twain.

#### "And in your country?"

Clean as clean as clean is our old dear Moscow with its many banners—*Forward in the Battle for Peace!* And at each Russian desk before the old-fashioned penholder and glass inkwell and curved blotter with a handlepiece, we sit at attention, serious and studious.

That Russian propriety, that Russian schoolmistress exactness and solemnity, that Russian straightforwardness! Our own delegation shocks by its levity, its loud internecine disagreements, its unheard-of lack of interest in agricultural fairs, its interest in drinking vodka. Our official Soviet hosts, the Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers, should be an object lesson to us all.

Four Russians sit at one side of the green-clothed table and four Americans sit across from them. On the walls, pictures of famous writers—Anna Seghers, Martin Anderson Nexø, Pablo Neruda, Louis Aragon. Alexey Surkov, poet, formerly head of the Union of Soviet Writers and now head of its Foreign Commission orients us. In the Soviet Union, literature is produced in some sixty languages—even more, perhaps. Is sixty languages, is thousands of magazines, is hundreds of thousands of copies of any book, is millions and millions of readers! Is not printing enough copies of any book, so great is the demand! . . . Poetry! Long lines outside the dozens of bookshops the day the edition is coming out! We are honoring your great American writers Jack London and Mark Twain! . . . celebrating just recently sixtieth birthday of your great Ernest Hemingway!

#### "And in your country?"

Surkov is a man with a mighty voice, a great Russian wind instrument. Its boom effortlessly fills the room, and as he recites literary statistics I get the impression that he is as awed by the sound of his voice as we are. It is a great voice,



an authoritative voice, rich and deep—it works with relish on the crunchy Russian consonants. It is the voice of the man born to be the branch chairman, the district organizer. He *knows*.

But he can be genial. When we ask to see Pasternak, he leans over to a colleague and grins—"Now it's out in the open!"—and then turns to us with the remark, "Between Pasternak and ourselves there is, as you might say, a state of peaceful co-existence." He laughs at the abstract paintings he has seen at the American exhibition. Maybe that contorted female depicted in the garden is the American woman! Hah! Hah! He will now imitate an American avant-garde painter at work. Closes his eyes, throws paint about. Grins. When we come back to literature, their treatment of Pasternak is up again—and the obvious contrast with our handling of Ezra Pound. Surkov explains that the psychiatrists who originally put Ezra Pound into St. Elizabeths did so because they were all in sympathy with Pound's Fascist views.

#### WHICH EHRENBURG?

**T**ea with Ilya Ehrenburg and his wife at his dacha in the country. We had heard a good deal about Ehrenburg's "post-Stalin" novel, *The Thaw*, and about two long recent essays, one on Stendhal and the other on Chekhov; the latter has references to the Dreyfus affair which have been interpreted as a partly veiled defense of Pasternak; and Ehrenburg's recorded passion for both Stendhal and Chekhov has been taken as a

stand against the crudities of official Soviet realism. On the way over, I remembered that Ehrenburg during the war became the most celebrated of the many Soviet writer-correspondents, and despite Stalin's dislike of Jews, one of his favorite writers. I had heard a good deal, too, about Ehrenburg's wealth—he is said to own a Rembrandt and in his Moscow apartment keeps a notable collection of modern French paintings—and so was rather startled, when we were welcomed at the large and splendid country house, by his lack of teeth.

Wrinkled, clever, haughty, sad face. They say that Ehrenburg has much to be sad about, for it was he who first signaled, with his attacks on "rootless cosmopolitans," the roundup of Jewish intellectuals slain in the madness of Stalin's last days. Ehrenburg is now in his sixties. But how many Ehrenburgs there have been already—the Ehrenburg who once wandered over Russia as a tramp, the Ehrenburg who fled the Revolution, the Ehrenburg who lived so long in Paris, the Ehrenburg who at one time thought of becoming a Benedictine monk, the Ehrenburg who returned to Russia in 1940, the Ehrenburg who is still faithful enough to his origins to speak out against certain well-known literary anti-Semites in Russia.

Which Ehrenburg sits before me now?

Exquisite wooden house, sturdy blond Russian wood, style severe and bracing. Rooms as thick with greenery as a jungle scene by Henri Rousseau. Outside, flowered terraces. There is an unmistakable atmosphere of civilized good living



about the Ehrenburgs—cigars from Havana, cognac from Paris, and Madame has so obviously bought her dress in Paris rather than in Moscow that she looks like a visitor from another planet.

Conversation begins a little nervously, however, when my colleague from *The Atlantic Monthly*, taking out a memorandum book to make a note, is startled by a scream from Madame. She has seen her maiden name, "Kozintsev," written in the book and now cries out, "Why have you my name written in your book? I ask you, why?" The name is that of a prominent Soviet film director whom we had met in Leningrad, and who turns out to be Madame Ehrenburg's brother. Perplexed by her suspiciousness but fascinated by her English, which she learned in India when her former spouse was attached to the Soviet Embassy.

Meanwhile, Ehrenburg opens up with a sharp attack on the misuse of his recent books in the United States. I've never read *The Thaw*, but he loudly complains that the novel, after being turned down by his publisher, has been brought out by a right-wing house in Chicago, and that the edition includes an anti-Soviet postscript, added by the publisher himself, which puts Ehrenburg in a false position. By his account of the matter, he has been badly used, and we all agree that since the Cold War, many of the best Soviet writers have been strikingly absent from the lists of American publishers.

#### THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Ehrenburg becomes more and more cordial—perhaps because he is launched on a monologue that will outlast the rainstorm that drives us indoors from the veranda. Fascinating performance. Ehrenburg manages to run down most of his Soviet critics and to establish his popularity with Soviet readers—especially the younger ones. His main point: "Today the grandfathers and the grandsons have more in common than either has with the fathers." Those who grew up with the revolution (like Ehrenburg himself) and those who have come of age since 1945 understand one another far better than they do those who grew up between the wars. (This is a point confirmed in conversations with young Soviet intellectuals, who are now undoubtedly more skeptical and easy than their Stalinist fathers.) Still, it is ironic to hear Ehrenburg belaboring this point, for he is reaping the advantage of survival. He has written from so many different positions, he has survived so many purges, that by now he has caught up with

a Russia naturally evolving toward a more sophisticated culture. Actually, he has probably never been an ideological fanatic himself, and in his company, you know that you are not far from the cafés of Paris.

Yet how wily he is! He happens to be the only survivor of the Anti-Fascist Jewish People's Committee, organized after the Nazi invasion to enlist Jewish support of the Soviet war effort—all the other members were shot or disappeared. Apart from distrust of him inspired by his many shifts, Ehrenburg's literary reputation has suffered in recent years; I heard several of the younger writers here complain that his recent novels tend to make a topical point and then to peter out. But no doubt there is some resentment in everything said about him. Whatever his literary limitations, he understandably feels himself a man of the world and thus a cut above the Party hacks and trained literary seals who unwearyingly chant the same slogans. Ehrenburg's scorn for the "rank and file" in the Writers' Union\* is well known. To us, he pointedly emphasizes the work of some younger poets, and suggests that this turn to poetry is more significant than the novels of "Soviet construction" so much better known abroad. He makes many analogies between literature and painting. And unlike a more solidly talented and relatively uncomplicated realist such as Mikhail Sholokhov—still the most popular novelist in the Soviet Union and probably the best—Ehrenburg finds it necessary to demonstrate his popularity with young people.

This demonstration of the writer's audience is becoming tiresome, both as personal boasting and as a proof of the writer's national standing. "The people" are brought up again and again as the highest audience that a Soviet writer can reach—and as the only possible material for the writer. Soviet writers seem always to be dashing off to new industrial cities being built in Siberia, or staying at home engulfed in thousands of letters, suggestions, and criticisms from their readers.

"Dear Ilya Grigorievitch: We have read your last story, with its description of our cement factory, and want, in a comradely way, to tell you that your portrait of the foreman is lacking in Socialist verisimilitude! With love . . ."

This insistence that the writer be constantly in touch with the people, always in tune with the national purpose—this is so dominating that even

\* At the last Writers' Congress a delegate from Orel said that once there had been only three writers from Orel: Turgenev, Bunin, and Leskov. Now, however, there were seventy-nine members of the Writers' Union from Orel.

a foreign visitor finds himself feeling a bit heretical if he talks shop for a moment. Still, it is apparently easier in the Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world for a writer to know if he's made it or not. Like a television star in the United States, a Soviet writer always knows his rating. The people are always right—especially when they write letters!

I wonder if commonplace literature here does not have the role that advertising does with us. The good writers here, like good writers everywhere, probably work on a deeper level; but since the situations are often identical, it is hard, listening to Ehrenburg talk about how many letters he gets each week, to suppress thoughts of movie stars, and TV comedians, and other "personalities" equally beloved by the audience. Of course it was not wholly out of vanity that Ehrenburg dwelt so long on his popularity; there has always, in Russia, been a traditional image of the writer as the teacher of the people, a guide to the young. But it is also clear that every bushel of letters received by Ilya Ehrenburg helps to stave off the many grievances against him personally—to say nothing of complaints that his recent novels have been unsatisfactory.

When not engaged in special pleading, Ehrenburg's considerable intelligence has all the famous Russian bluntness. That old Russian alertness to the spiritual weakness of the West has become under Soviet Communism a hard and brilliant instrument of denunciation. Describing a visit by Alberto Moravia, Ehrenburg dwelt mercilessly on the morbidity of Moravia's fiction. (I wonder, however, if Moravia was pompous enough to say, "None of my characters is as intelligent as I am.") Ehrenburg has the

easy raconteur's skill of a good journalist, and by the time tea was over, I felt that I knew all his best stories. I can't see that these *always* point up the optimism of Soviet civilization and the corresponding demoralization of the West. Ehrenburg quoted his friend Picasso: "I do not search. I find." I believe Picasso does just that. But what is the bearing of this on Ehrenburg's own writings, on the immediate scene around us?

Later, he showed us around his gardens and told us something about the immediate district—Chekhov had practiced here as a young doctor, and across the plain stands the house of the millionaire Morosov, who had been the friend of Chekhov and Gorky and who had supported the underground Bolshevik paper, *Iskra*. He eventually committed suicide. Grinning with pleasure at his own mot, Ehrenburg remarked that the history of the Morosovs was the history in brief of Russian capitalism—the grandfather a peasant, the father a magnate, the grandson (Chekhov's friend) a patron of arts. It occurred to me that this seemed to be the case with certain very wealthy American families as well, though perhaps the sympathy with the arts so noticeable in the more recent Guggenheims and Rockefellers did not, as an historical necessity, lead to suicide. Ehrenburg did not want anyone to take him up on this. He had made his joke. One does not discuss social analogies between Russia and America; to do so might make us all a little more forbearing with each other.

On the road back to Moscow, we stopped to see Chekhov's old house. It had been burned by the Nazis, and the ruins have pointedly been left by the Soviet authorities. A bust of Chekhov stands before the charred door.

## In Search of Heroes

AUTHENTICITY, persuasiveness, and attractive heroes are what the makers of films about the present day are struggling for. But, alas!—few of the heroes leave any traces in our heart's memory.

For example, the director of the film, "A Contemporary of the Age," undertook to recreate the life of an automotive plant director called Yermakov. Here was one of the commanders of our industry, an Old Bolshevik. What rich content there must be with which to fill this portrait! Did they succeed?

One scene is typical. The first truck comes off an assembly line. Surrounded by exultant workers, it moves slowly through the shop. But the actor who plays the driver, in his effort to show emotion, twists the steering wheel with such fervor that one would think he was reeling through the hairpin turns down a military road in Georgia. . . . Yermakov moves with the abruptness found in a newsreel. . . . Why do such irritating defects occur?

—*Izvestia*, December 1, 1960



# DEATH OF A WRITER

## PRISCILLA JOHNSON

*When Boris Pasternak died last year, a large crowd of mourners courageously made their way to his funeral outside Moscow. Among them was Priscilla Johnson, a young American journalist who lived at Moscow's Metropol hotel and closely followed the story of Pasternak's difficult last years. Now back in the U.S., she has written the first full account of the extraordinary events that immediately followed his death.*

I was in New York this winter when the news arrived that the Russians had imprisoned Olga Ivinskaya, the blonde and pretty woman whom Boris Pasternak had worked with and loved for years, and had immortalized as Lara in *Dr. Zhivago*. I had last seen her in June, standing at Pasternak's grave, and I remembered wondering what would become of her, now that the incredible day of Pasternak's funeral was over. For it seemed to me that nothing could have shown more clearly the extent to which Pasternak and his work are still a living presence in Russian minds than the events that followed his death.

During my two years in Moscow I had never met Pasternak. As long as he was alive, I never even paid a visit to Peredelkino, the country village where he lived less than twenty miles away. For I knew that, consciously or unconsciously, I would be seeking him out as he walked along the rutted lanes and snow-carpeted pine forests of the Russian countryside.

Despite the fact that Pasternak, alone among Soviet writers, dared to receive Western reporters without official permission, most foreign correspondents in Moscow tried as I did to stay away. We felt that he had been harassed enough, by Western admirers as well as by his Soviet "protectors." In addition to the police guards who sometimes patrolled the main highway leading to the writers' colony at Peredelkino or stood watch by the wood-planked village railway station, these "protectors" were reputed to include a household maid, the poet's mangy dog "Mishka," his youngest son Leonid ("Lonya," a darkly handsome nuclear-physics student now in his early twenties), and, last but not least Pasternak's ample, evil-tempered wife Zinaida, whom he married in a flurry of scandal in 1931.

Of the occasional foreign artist, musician, or writer who managed to slip through this cordon

of obstacles, Pasternak once had said with a smile: "I am very glad to see them." He received them openheartedly, treating them to voluble and often breath-takingly frank discourses on the future of freedom in Russia and his own relations with the powers-that-be in his homeland.

During the last year of his life, however, the white-haired poet sometimes spoke more pessimistically when these conversations turned to Russia. And, hearing of his encounters with some of the importunate visitors from abroad, one sensed in him an altogether uncharacteristic quality: fear. A Frenchman who came upon him outside a village store in Peredelkino the summer before he died told me afterward that Pasternak had seemed hounded and afraid. "They tried to take the joy of the Nobel Prize away," he had said, "but I shall always have it here," pointing to his heart.

It was through third-person accounts that most of us in the Soviet capital kept up with the poet in Peredelkino. Once the fuss stirred up by the Nobel Prize award in October 1958 died down, we seldom even sent dispatches about him through the Moscow censors.

Nevertheless, like some of the other Western correspondents in the Soviet Union, I had friends who were close to him. So, when the telephone rang in my room at the Metropol hotel early in the morning last May 17, I was not surprised to hear a worried voice—that of another Western resident in Moscow—on the other end of the line with news of Pasternak. The poet, said my friend, was seriously ill with a heart attack. Could I obtain ampoules of aureomycin or failing that, penicillin, for him? The Moscow apothecary shops had nothing but

pills on hand and Pasternak was unable to take the drugs except by injection.

Hastily I telephoned the only other source of medicine I knew, the American Embassy doctor. He, too, was unable to help.

My friend succeeded that morning in obtaining the antibiotics through another Western Embassy. Over lunch later in the day he asked whether I intended to cable my editors the news of Pasternak's illness. I was afraid, I replied, that because of the great interest in Pasternak abroad, the Western correspondents would have to keep a more or less steady vigil outside his house once the news was out. That, plus cables arriving from abroad, might make it harder for his family and the doctors to care for him.

My friend weighed his answer a moment. "They" want it out," he said. "'They' think the outside world should know."

I hesitated no longer. "They," I knew, might mean Zinaida and the poet's sons by his two marriages. It might, on the other hand, mean Olga, whose buoyant spirit had given Pasternak many of the happiest hours of his life and had made more bearable the crisis stirred by his Nobel Prize award. But Olga was also, I knew, the dagger pointed at his heart, his point of greatest vulnerability. Already she had spent nearly six years, from 1948 to 1954, in Soviet prison camps with no charge against her except that she was a close friend of Pasternak. Fear of leaving her unprotected, together with his love of Russia itself, had made Pasternak reluctant to quit his homeland during the turbulent autumn of 1958, when the Communist party hacks had threatened him with exile. And so, aided as always by Olga, he had written the letters to Khrushchev and to the Communist party newspaper *Pravda* which won him permission to remain in Russia. It seemed possible that it was Olga who wanted the outside world to know that Pasternak was dying.

And, a little after 10:30 on the night of May 30 he died alone, with no one but a nurse in his room.

The next morning I paid my first visit to Peredelkino. It was a hot day, almost like mid-summer. The apple trees outside the Pasternak dacha were a mass of pink and white blossoms. Underfoot the grass was thick with clover and dandelions, buttercups and forget-me-nots. I remembered a line from *Dr. Zhivago*, on the eve of Zhivago's love affair with Lara: "There was a smell of all the flowers at once, as if the earth had been unconscious all day long and were now waking."

Already, as we walked up the dusty road toward Pasternak's turreted frame house, the first visitors were taking their leave. One of them was the redoubtable old war horse of Soviet letters, Konstantin Paustovsky, a man, like Pasternak, who had often dared to speak his mind. He was accompanied by a literary critic, Nikolai Vilmont. For both of them, this farewell visit to the dead was an unspoken act of defiance.

For a few moments, I sat on a bench facing the house with Pasternak's younger brother, Alexander, and his wife. As we talked, the casters were inside, making a death mask of the poet. Boris, said Alexander, had left "much work uncompleted." The previous September he had written one act of a play on the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. (Most of Pasternak's last year and a half was spent writing letters to admirers abroad.) Alexander confirmed that his brother, a Jew, had become a member of the Christian church many years before. Shaking his head, he said he didn't know the date. I asked whether the burial might be preceded by a service in the Russian Orthodox Church of the Transfiguration nearby—its cupolas could be seen gleaming across the newly plowed fields. Alexander's wife, a white-haired old lady in a faded blue cotton dress, looked me up and down. "You," she said, "are very naïve," and turned away.

#### FACES ON A TRAIN

**T**he funeral was to take place two days later, on Thursday, June 2, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Officially, there was no way of knowing when or where the interment would be. Even the news that Pasternak had died was hidden away in Moscow's two literary newspapers, *Literature and Life*, on June 1, and *The Literary Gazette*, on June 2. The tiny announcement, identical in both newspapers and buried in each at the foot of the back page, read: "The Board of the Literary Fund of the U.S.S.R. announces the death of Boris Leonidovich Pasternak, writer and member of the Literary Fund, who passed away on May 30 in the seventy-first year of his life after a prolonged and serious illness, and expresses sympathy to the family of the deceased."

Nevertheless, from the moment I set foot on the suburban platform of Moscow's Kiev Station just after one o'clock on the afternoon of June 2, I sensed that there were people around me who were determined to be present at his funeral.

The first mourners I saw were an elderly



man and two elderly women who huddled together and stared up at a blackboard where arrivals and departures of the suburban trains were scrawled in chalk. I knew them by their black clothes and by the sprigs of lilac and tulip they held in their hands. The man could have been taken for Pasternak's old friend, Ilya Ehrenburg. He had a long, slender face with yellowing skin, a prominent nose, hair more white than gray, and he walked with a slight forward stoop.

Aboard the train, my eye was caught by an old lady whom I had seen many times before in Moscow. Sitting slender and erect, she was wearing the same prim black suit as always, with an immaculate white blouse. Her silver hair, piled on her head in a soft bun, seemed to accentuate, as it always did, the aristocratic cheekbones and the sparkling blue of her eyes. As always she was accompanied by her daughter, a fair-haired young woman usually clad in a light shade of blue. Today, however, both were in black, and each carried a spray of lilac.

I felt as if I knew them well, although I didn't know their names and had never exchanged a word with them. They often attended concerts at the elegant Conservatory of Music, sitting erect in choice seats. Whenever Moscow had an exhibit of Western paintings or books, they came on opening day and lingered for hours.

These were the faces of "old" Moscow, which I had frequently seen, but always at special artistic gatherings and never on the street, at restaurants, or in the big theatres. This was the world in which Boris Pasternak had grown up, a world where art is more real than political reality, an atmosphere so remote from production statistics and the latest editorial in *Pravda* that no one understands how it has survived to this day.

There was another Moscow represented on the train as well: a world of young poets and dissenters who, one imagined, used to gather at Pasternak's dacha for his famous Sunday afternoon at-homes to debate music, poetry, and art. I remember one of them especially. He looked about nineteen. He wore a heavy black shirt tucked inside his black trousers. His fair hair was shorn square, like Laurence Olivier's Hamlet, and, like Hamlet, his expression was frowning and somber. Another young man and a girl carrying forget-me-nots were standing beside him as the train—of the type Russians call an "*elektrichka*"—rolled noiselessly past the suburban stations.

Shortly before we were to arrive at our destination the young man, without a word, took the

copy of *The Literary Gazette* which I had been holding. Carefully he examined the tiny notice of Pasternak's death. Then he handed back the paper with a look of scorn and disgust at so perfunctory an announcement.

#### "A WRITER DIED"

Less than forty minutes after we had left Moscow, our train slid up to the platform at Peredelkino. The train seemed to empty out at that moment, and suddenly a hundred pairs of feet were clattering down the wooden steps of the station. We set off on a path through the pine woods. Everyone seemed to know the way. Perhaps detecting my uncertainty, a man I had not noticed before darted up to me and asked: "Do you know how to get there?" Before I had time to reply, he had vanished back into the crowd.

Soon we reached a dusty road leading downhill to a meadow. Again as he had done on the train, the blond-haired boy in black came up to me. This time, he took a paperback book from my hand. It was an English translation of Pasternak's prose, with the author's photo scowling on the cover. The boy balanced the volume on his palm, bent over to inspect its pages and the photograph, and handed it to his two companions to examine. Then slowly, as though it were made of gold, he gave back the book, shaking his head regretfully as I begged him to keep it.

Crossing a bridge over a tiny stream, our path led us through an open field and finally to the wooden fence marked No. 3 Ulitsa Pavlenko—Pasternak's dacha. Just before we turned onto the pathway leading up to the dacha, a pair of sweating boys in shorts went by, churning up the dust with their bicycles. One of them hunched athletically over his handlebars, murmured to the other: "A writer died . . ."

Scores of mourners already were gathered on the lawn. The grass was protected by freshly cut pine boughs. Close by the brown, weathered dacha, the white and purple lilac trees were at the height of their bloom. The crowd, most of whom, like my companions on the train, were either very young or very old, stood silently waiting their turn to go into the house. For many of them, merely to be present at the ceremony in Peredelkino that afternoon was an act of courage as well as sorrow. (A Russian friend told me later that, in a special effort to keep the burial from becoming a rallying point for the young, word had been quietly passed around Moscow beforehand that "mourners"

from the secret police would be there, armed with cameras.)

Once over the threshold, it was only a step to the room where Pasternak lay. I was shocked when I saw his body, for the face had lost all its squareness and strength. One saw little of the youthful robustness of which Pasternak's callers had spoken. He was shorter, too, than I had expected, only about five feet eight inches, and his shoulders seemed disproportionately broad.

He could have been lying in a field, rather than in his own living-room, for the coffin was banked with wild flowers, with cherry and apple blossoms, as well as red tulips and branches of lilac. As they passed by the coffin, some visitors left their tribute of flowers; the rest saved them for the graveside. Standing at the head of the coffin were a cluster of black-clad women. Some had loved him, perhaps; others were old family friends. Among them, I was told later, was Pasternak's first wife, Yevgenia, mother of his two older sons, whom he had left in 1930 to marry Zinaida.

Behind the hushed living-room, there were signs of life in the kitchen. An enormous, newly baked pan of pirozhki—Russian meat pastries—had been set on the stove to cool before the evening's funeral feast. And, on the kitchen stoop, a pot held freshly peeled potatoes floating in water.

The tall pine woods at the back of the dacha were still. Only a stray shaft of afternoon sunlight fell on a clump of ferns or a tiny white wildflower. Except for a few gardening tools, there was scarcely a clue as to how the poet and his family spent their hours of leisure. There were only a half-abandoned hay rick at the edge of the woods, a few empty bottles of Narzan (a Soviet mineral water) on the ground, a half-eaten package of chocolate halvah lying on a ledge.

Clearly audible behind the dacha, however, was a steady ripple of piano music which had been only a far-off tinkle on the lawn. Among the young people squatting on the ground absorbed in the music I recognized the fair, square-shorn boy of the train. He lay propped on one arm, gnawing on a blade of grass and staring with reverential attention at one of the back windows. Following his gaze, I looked up at the open ground-floor window, and saw the massive, perspiring figure of Sviatoslav Richter playing Chopin on a dilapidated upright piano. (Richter had been preceded at the piano by Stanislav Neigaus, a well-known concert pianist who is Pasternak's stepson, and Nadia Boulanger's ex-

pupil, young Andrei Volkonsky, the Paris-born prince who is Moscow's only publicly acknowledged twelve-tone composer today.)

The farewells might have gone on until nightfall, for there were by now hundreds of visitors. They were still arriving by train, by car, and on foot, and some were filing through the living-room again and again to take leave of the dead. About 4:30, however, the sound of Richter's music stopped and the room where the coffin lay became empty. The crowd on the lawn flowed expectantly toward the front steps. The widow, Zinaida, her large frame draped in a black dress which set off her henna-streaked hair, appeared on the porch. Just inside the cramped hall, Lonya and Fedya, two of Pasternak's three sons, could be seen, together with several other young men, hoisting the open coffin onto their shoulders, then struggling to steer it under the low doorway lintel. Foremost among the pallbearers, I was startled to see a blond young Russian who, because of his work with foreigners, was supposed by those in the press corps who knew him to have some sort of tie with the Soviet secret police. It was a surprise of a kind not uncommon in Russia, to see him there with the pallbearers, next to Pasternak's own sons.

#### "THE LAST LEAVE-TAKING"

After an interval of confusion, the pallbearers emerged onto the porch and went down the steps with their burden. Parting obediently to make way, the crowd followed them over the lawn and out onto the winding dirt road that led to the church yard. The open, papier-mâché coffin, with the wasted old body inside, could not have been very heavy. Nevertheless, at nearly every step of the way, young men sprang out of the crowd to help the six pallbearers carry Pasternak to his rest. Some, in their haste, dropped the flowers they had brought for the grave, so that a trail of flowers came to mark the path of the funeral procession.

As the pallbearers set a fast pace down the roadway and the crowd of about a thousand struggled to keep up, a cloud of dust swirled over the open coffin and a broiling, late afternoon sun beat down. At moments, in the crowd, I glimpsed Pasternak's body in profile; the rest of the time, only a lock of white hair was visible.

Instead of following the pallbearers over the long, dusty road, some of us took a short cut through the fields. Panting from the effort of running on the newly turned-up earth, a middle-aged man drew level with me and remarked in a



low voice: "You know, we loved him—much more than they would say officially." Before I could answer he asked: "Did you hear about the sign?" Then he told me that on the day after Pasternak's death, a handwritten scrap of paper had been posted mysteriously by the ticket window of the Kiev Station in Moscow, where suburban passengers buy their tickets to Peredelkino. No one knew who had put it there. The sign read: "At four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, June 2, the last leave-taking of Boris Leonidovich Pasternak, the greatest poet of present day Russia, will be held (*budyet Panikhida Borisa Leonidovicha Pasternaka, samovo velikovo poeta russkoi sovremennosti*)."

The strangest thing of all, my unknown informant went on, was that no one had removed the sign until that very morning. In this way, many people had learned about the ceremony who might not have got word even via the highly efficient Moscow grapevine. He added, finally, that a meeting of the Writers' Union had been called that afternoon, at four o'clock, as a signal to the leading writers of Moscow that they were not to attend the burial of Pasternak.\*

The spot Pasternak had chosen for his grave is on an open hillside. Shaded by three tall pine trees, it commands a view of his small dacha across the fields. Dominating the hillside is the lovely red Church of the Transfiguration, a fifteenth-century monument where the Russian Orthodox still attend services.

No official representative of Soviet letters, the Communist party, or the Soviet government was at the grave. Pasternak's neighbor and old friend, the worldly and witty novelist Konstantin Fedin, had absented himself in his new and unsought role as chairman of the Writer's Union. So had most of his other literary neighbors, including the famous novelist Leonid Leonov. The only Russian writers of the first rank present were Konstantin Paustovsky; the elderly, goateed writer for children Kornei Chukovsky; and the Stalin Prize novelist Venyamin Kaverin. Mrs. Lyubov Ehrenburg was present as well. She said that her husband, Ilya Ehrenburg, Pasternak's friend since 1917, would have attended had he not been in Stockholm. Richter, Volkonsky, and Stanislav Neigaus, the three musicians who had played in the house, were there, and so also was Henrykh Neigaus, professor at the Moscow Con-

servatory of Music who was a close friend of Pasternak and former husband of his widow Zinaida.

While a small, white-haired man standing at the foot of the coffin was preparing to begin the funeral oration, I caught sight once again of the man who had spoken to me in the field a few moments before. To get a better view of the proceedings, he had perched on a burial mound at the back of the crowd. As our eyes met, he hopped off his perch and appeared at my elbow again. Pointing at the speaker, he said, "His name is Valentin Ferdinandovich Asmus." A boy in front of us turned and added, pausing for me to write down each word: "Professor of Philosophy. Has written on Bertrand Russell and Western philosophy. Non-Party."

#### "HAMLET" EN MASSE

That is how I covered the funeral. Anxious to have a complete story of Pasternak's burial reach the outside world, yet not daring to speak more than a few words to a Western journalist, Russians of all ages appeared again and again at my side to whisper the name of a speaker, the title of a poem being recited, or a bit of information about the man who was being buried.

In this way I learned that Valentin Ferdinandovich Asmus had been one of Pasternak's closest friends. Together with Henrykh Neigaus, they used frequently to meet in Moscow, at the apartment of Asmus or Neigaus, for evenings dedicated to poetry and philosophy. During these evenings Pasternak and Neigaus, the professor of music, used to take turns at the piano.

The gist of Asmus' remarks, as best I could hear them and jot them down, follows:

"We have come to bid farewell to one of the greatest of Russian writers and poets, a man endowed with all the talents, including even music. One might accept or reject his opinions, but as long as Russian poetry plays a role on this earth, Boris Leonidovich Pasternak will stand among the greatest.

"His disagreement with our present day was not with a regime or a state. He wanted a society of a higher order. He never believed in resisting evil with force, and that was his mistake.

"I never talked with a man who demanded so much, so unsparingly, of himself. There were but few who could equal him in the honesty of his convictions. He was a democrat in the true sense of the word, one who knew how to

\* The story about the sign was confirmed by several other sources. I have not been able to confirm that a meeting of the Writers' Union actually took place. Word was passed, however, to the Moscow writers that they should absent themselves from the funeral.

criticize his friends of the pen. He will forever remain as an example, as one who defended his convictions before his contemporaries, being firmly convinced that he was right. He had the ability to express humanity in the highest terms.

"He lived a long life. But it passed so quickly, he was still so young and he had so much left to write. His name will go down forever as one of the very finest."

When Asmus had finished his speech, an actor from the Moscow Art Theatre stepped forward beside him to recite one of Pasternak's later verses. As the first words of the poem—"Hamlet"—rang out, a thousand pairs of lips began to move in silent unison with those of the actor. Although the poem had not been published in the U.S.S.R. at the time of Pasternak's death, it was apparent that, somehow, nearly everyone in the crowd knew the poem by heart. The man next to me took my pen and inscribed in my notebook, in Russian, the words: "From Dr. Zhivago."

The recitation came to its end. Suddenly a young man in work clothes stood up and shouted: "Thank you in the name of the working man. We waited for your book. Unfortunately, for reasons that are well known, it did not appear. But you lifted the name of 'writer' higher than anyone."

At this unexpected eruption, it seemed to me that the emotions of the crowd suddenly became volatile—it seemed possible that an angry explosion of feeling might burst out on the hillside. And in this charged atmosphere the final farewells began. One by one the mourners bent over the body. One of the last was the black-clad figure of Olga Ivinskaya.

Just then I caught sight of the massive Zinaida, of whom Pasternak had said just a few months before that he did not divorce her "because she is old and cross and I feel sorry for her." She stood smoking by a fence, not twenty feet from the coffin, staring at her house across the field and throwing a baleful glance now and then at the man whose body was about to be lowered into the grave. Zinaida's face, red and tear-streaked, yet as composed as her will power, and her cigarette, could make it, seemed to be telling her husband, "Don't think you can fool me with your histrionics," at the moment another woman was bidding him farewell.

The lid at last was snapped shut, and the coffin lowered slowly in its grave. Then an odd thing happened, yet no one, apparently, noticed. The June sun, scorching for several days past, suddenly clouded over. The earth being shoveled

into the grave rumbled like thunder as it fell on the coffin below.

With the brief, yet strangely emotional ceremony over, the crowd was quick to disperse: some over the open field to the dacha, others to their cars, still others up over the wooded hill to the railway station. But about fifty young men lingered on. One of them proclaimed: "Over the poet's open grave, his verses shall resound." Then they began, one by one, reciting Pasternak's best-loved verses. Poems by his friend, Vladimir Mayakovsky, followed. Some of the young men, finally, recited the verses they had composed especially for the occasion.

They still were carrying on, the voice now of one, now another, rising and falling in an eloquent singsong, when I started the homeward climb through the fields to the train. It was nearly eight in the evening, and the sky had begun to redden with the setting sun. Just ahead, walking through an alley of ancient trees, I recognized the solitary figure of Pasternak's youngest son, Leonid. His face at that moment seemed to me full of conflicting emotions: rebellion; anxiety to live up to the legend he had fallen heir to; resentment at the legacy of scandal and danger his father might be leaving behind; and, finally, an enormous, if ambiguous, grief. Two of Leonid's friends, fellow students at Moscow University perhaps, were walking just a few steps behind him. One felt that they were trying not to intrude on his sorrow, yet not abandon him to it.

The regular, late-day service was in full progress at the Church of the Transfiguration as I passed by on the road to the train. Cottonkerchiefed peasant women shuffled in and out, crossing themselves as the choir chanted its melancholy wail in the loft.

#### POEMS IN A PARK

With Boris Pasternak safely in his grave, some of the tension that had surrounded the very mention of his name among Russians seemed to vanish overnight. Acquaintances who had disavowed any desire to read *Dr. Zhivago* in the past suddenly asked me if I had a copy they might read. Their faces fell in disappointment if I had to tell them that someone else was reading it and that five others were waiting ahead of them.

During those early days after Pasternak's burial, a strange rumor began making the rounds: a story that is almost surely apocryphal, yet illustrative of the mental climate of Moscow.



After the funeral, so the rumor went, Nikita Khrushchev had called in Alexei, Patriarch of all the Russias, to ask some angry questions.

Why, Khrushchev is reported to have demanded, had Pasternak been laid to rest in the burial ground of the Church of the Transfiguration? And why had a religious ceremony been permitted the night before the funeral? Alexei, who is spiritual head of the Russian Orthodox Church, has his seat, and his home, in Peredelkino. At the time, Pasternak's relatives had admitted only that an informal service had "perhaps" been held at the dacha on the night of June 1. I was told later that a full religious "Panikhida" may have taken place in the Church of the Transfiguration after all, either on the eve of the funeral or a few days afterward.

Alexei—so the story goes—replied to Khrushchev that Pasternak had not really been buried in the church yard but on the hillside, which simply happens to be adjacent to the church yard. As for the purported last rites, Alexei claimed he knew nothing about them.

One morning, a week or so after the funeral, I had a rendezvous with a young Soviet friend at the edge of a small park in the center of Moscow. He was clutching a bulging brief case when we met, and we made our way to a park bench, scorching under the hot morning sun, and sat down. He took out a sheaf of typewritten manuscripts, explaining as he did so that these were verses composed by some of the rising young poets of Moscow on the occasion of Pasternak's death, and that they were being circulated, *sub rosa*, all over town. The authors, said my friend, were among the young men I had seen reciting their poetry by the graveside on the evening of the funeral. In a subdued, deeply emotional voice, he then read some of the poems. Like Pasternak's own verse, they were rich in the imagery of Russian nature, of love and the human soul's torment.

One evening toward the end of June, when I knew that I would soon be leaving Moscow, I paid a farewell visit to the apartment of some Russian friends. They are a handsome, carefree pair, devoted, in their Bohemian way, to art in all its forms and almost wholly oblivious to politics. During our occasional evenings together over the past two years, our conversations rarely had touched upon Pasternak. My friends were familiar with his early poetry, but in their aversion to everything political, perhaps they considered it a little bit "square" to discuss him once his "case" had become a *cause célèbre* in Russia and abroad. Certainly, I felt, they were

apprehensive lest the furor over Pasternak's Nobel Prize cause a new crackdown on their circle of young writers and artists in Moscow. If they had the slightest desire to read *Dr. Zhivago*, they had never betrayed it. Nor had they appeared to hold its author in special regard.

On this evening I sat late at their living-room table, dawdling over a glass of tea and listening to their talk. Quite unexpectedly, between comments about the children, I heard the wife refer casually to their trip the previous day to Peredelkino. So they, too, had made a pilgrimage to Pasternak's grave: I said nothing but was astonished.

#### AN EXCEPTIONAL MASTER

Just a few days later, I was standing at the graveside myself. There was not much to mark the spot—this time. Just a mound of earth and two vases of flowers: one filled with yellow iris, the other with blood-red peonies. Though it was around seven in the evening, a workman in blue shirtsleeves was still shoveling out rich black earth around the burial mound so that flowers could be planted there. He told me that Pasternak's wife had stayed on in the gabled dacha, clearly visible across the plowed valley, and that she came to the grave "very often."

An unpainted wooden fence had been erected around the grave since the funeral, making Pasternak's the biggest burial plot on the hill. Why so large, I asked? The workman stood up. "The family wanted it that way," he smiled. Not only that. "There soon will be a good iron fence," he added, "and a monument. The architect is designing it now."

The workman bent over to change the water in the two vases of flowers. "Did you know Pasternak well?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "I live in the village, and I worked for him about ten years." "Was he a good master?" "A very fine master," came the reply. "An exceptional master. There are few men like him nowadays."

With that, the workman straightened up, gathered his tools, and went off.

Just up the hill, passing through the village of Peredelkino on the way to the train, I came upon an old man seated on a bench outside the Church of the Transfiguration. Though he was a stranger, I stopped for a moment to ask him: "Did you ever know a poet named Pasternak?"

He shook his head slowly. "There may have been such a man," he replied. "But if there was, I never knew him."

# ON THE ROAD IN RUSSIA

RICHARD BRAIN

*Why beards are uncultured . . . Soviet men don't whistle at girls . . . and other discoveries of an uninhibited tourist. Richard Brain is a young Oxford graduate who has taken a year's leave from his job with a London publishing firm to teach English at the University of Lovanium in Leopoldville.*

**W**e drove into Russia last summer a few days after the Powers trial ended. There were four of us—Tony, an electrical engineer, and his wife Margaret; Robert and I, who both work for publishing firms. Margaret speaks excellent Russian; Tony and I have a smattering. We are all of an age, between twenty-seven and thirty-two; we live in the same building in London, and had been planning the trip ever since Tony bought a Ford Zephyr convertible in the early spring. We made our plans through a British travel agency which works with Intourist.

At the frontier post of Brest-Litovsk, the foreign motorist has to attend a comical ritual of instruction. It included exchanges like this:

"In Russia we drive on the right of the road. So you must not cross the center of the road."

"Is there a white line?"

"Sometimes, but you should mentally construct an axle—"

"Axis?"

"Yes, axis down the road, which you may only cross when overturning."

"Overtaking."

"Ah, yes, overtaking." Delighted laughter at this opportunity for linguistic self-correction. With genuine cheerfulness this official waved us good-by: "Have a good journey—and don't overturn!"

Foreign drivers in Russia are only allowed to take certain main roads, linking the principal places of tourist attraction. We drove in from Poland to Moscow, and out to Czechoslovakia, on the arterial roads which are broad and straight like an Autobahn, but there are no divided highways and no need for them yet. So little traffic (after the highways of the West that quiver like a razed ant hill) is one of the negative joys of visiting behind the Iron Curtain, like the absence of tipping (or at least of the regular expectation of tips). Open trucks, carrying ma-

terials or a human load of workers or even rows of chairs flanking a coffin on the way to a funeral, form the big majority of vehicles; then come busses, often seven or eight in a line carrying a band of children to or from Pioneer Camps, and others on daily public transport runs; and way down amongst the bicyclists, herds of cattle or gaggles of geese, and busloads of tourists from abroad, are the tiny number of private Russian motorists.

Hitchhiking is regular—a fairly peremptory hand outstretched showed us that the suppliant confidently expected to get what he wanted. The hitchhiker in Russia always reckons to pay for his lift, but is delighted if this is refused. Our first hitchhiker, whom we had taken about thirty miles, offered us twenty-five rubles (about \$2.50 at last summer's tourist exchange rate). The man, woman, and child whom we drove into Moscow after a visit they had made to grandparents in the country rewarded us with big watery apples. Another of our lifts was a Pinocchio-like peasant who prattled away at a speed and in accents too hard for Margaret to follow; his joy at being in such a car outweighed any doubts he may have felt about communication. Only once did we accept money from a hitchhiker: he was a little hunchbacked official who curtly stopped us on the road from Kharkov to Kiev. He had not realized he had hailed a foreign car and, when he heard we were English, only reluctantly was persuaded to enter it. At his destination he offered us five rubles and insisted: the episode had plainly embarrassed him, so we accepted and bought ice cream.

Marked on our Intourist map were restaurants used by drivers of all sorts. The truckers come





straight from their hot, throbbing cabs, in open shirts and stained jackets, to sit down in the dining-room with its red plush, gilt-tasseled curtains, lace tablecloths, cut glass (always three different sizes by each place), and trimly capped and aproned waitresses. Russian sweet music (like early 'thirties dance tunes crossed with folk song) plays from an old record hideously amplified.

Only the restaurants' lavatories, in a concrete building outside, fall below the theatrical standard of Edwardian *Gemütlichkeit*: a row of wet and fouled holes (the same for women as for men, though they are separate), beneath which is a single big dungeonlike cellar, rather grotesquely lit with electric light.

At the travel agency in London we had made advance bookings in motoring camps with little idea of what they would be like: we chose them because they charged only about a dollar a night per head, whereas a full day at a Russian hotel would have cost nearly twenty times that much. 1960 was the first year in which these cheap lodgings were made available to foreign tourists.

The camps turned out to be a cross between a

military or Boy Scout camp and a motel. Surrounded by a high fence, and usually in a wood a few miles from the town they served, they consisted of some thirty to fifty canvas tents and four or five solid brick or wooden buildings, including sometimes a covered kitchen, where campers could do their own cooking.

All camps had taps and hoses for washing cars; in Russia it is an offense to have a dirty car, but we were never challenged when ours was. Most of the Russian car owners, however, did wash their cars each morning.

The advance Intourist handouts spoke enthusiastically of the volleyball courts in each camp. We had conjured up a rather frightening picture of energetic Scandinavian, British, French, and American student groups being mustered each morning to volleyball by muscular Russian camp organizers. We were delighted to find this wasn't so: three-quarters of the tourists using the camps were in fact Russians—and necessarily quite well-to-do ones, since only the cream of Russian society can afford private cars. Never did we see them play volleyball.

The camps were better than we expected. We had brought sleeping bags and we usually hired, for a few pence, pillows and blankets (beautiful,

thick, with colored designs—one of the few types of goods in Russia I'd have liked to bring home).

There is a certain beauty in the immensity of the Russian landscape but one must drive hundreds of miles for the countryside to change at all—between Minsk and Moscow, it is all huge coniferous forests often bounding the road beyond a wide grassy verge on either side; from Moscow south to Kharkov, more hilly and open with occasional woods, like English downland; from Kharkov west to Kiev, spreading prairie cut by sandy-banked rivers; only in the bleak Carpathians did we find a kind of Gothic landscape, not spectacular, but gaunt like North Wales or the Harz Mountains.

There was not much temptation to leave the main roads, since country roads (which are mostly out of bounds for tourists) were literally too rocky for a good car. Wherever a town was marked on the Intourist route, we were free to drive around it, although roads in towns were often as bad as country lanes.

At one small town called Borisov, on the banks of the Berezina, we stopped for lunch one day. Peasants were selling their own vegetables, fruit, eggs, poultry (from gardens and plots of land around their small two-roomed wooden cottages, attractive with shutters and fretted lintels). We saw a woman who had bought two hens; they were squashed, blinking, in a string bag. In the market was an eating place—one of the simplest kind. A steaming kitchen opened off it, and you helped yourself at the hatch, having first paid the cashier, who had, for once, a huge old-fashioned cash register. (Most accounts in Russia, in shops and restaurants, are totted up on an abacus.) It was certainly cheap, but deservedly so: a soup with a few scraps of mutton and cabbage, followed by almost Asiatic dishes of meat balls wrapped in a doughy paste, or a whole dish of floury noodles, or simply curds. Margaret couldn't eat more than two mouthfuls. But man could live on it.

By the river, after lunch, we decided to rest. A strongly built boy was washing himself with soap in the river, and a girl came along the bank to talk to him. After a while we joined in. The girl was serious with us. We had a childish competition amongst ourselves to see who could stand longest on one leg on a post on the river bank; the girl asked if this was "*Kultur*" (a word that covers any form of intellectual or physical self-improvement). She didn't expect it to be only a game, and wouldn't compete. An old woman was gathering goose and duck feathers about the huge open meadow—these birds are

ubiquitous near any water in Russia. We said, poor woman, what an awful job; but the girl retorted that it was important, interesting work.

While we were parking off the road near the bridge, a Russian car passed us, described a U-turn a little farther on, and came to park behind us. It contained a soldier, another man, and a woman. They sat and looked at newspapers or magazines, but plainly watched to see what we were doing. Eventually they drove off. It was the only time in our tour that we were definitely followed and "spied" on.

At Smolensk we went to see the cathedral. Damaged in the war, its bunch of domes gleamed newly gilded; inside the work of restoration was still going on. Amidst walls covered with icons, figures of saints, and religious paintings, a service was in progress in a side chapel. We caught brief glimpses of the richly robed and bearded priest moving behind the iconostasis; the choir chanting in a large box-pew was made up mostly of women but conducted by a youngish man, also bearded. (Beards, incidentally, are regarded as a sign of the old order in Russia. Robert, who had one a fortnight old, was berated once by a middle-aged Russian for being an unshaven reactionary.) Also watching the service was a fair-haired boy in a track suit, a member of a visiting Leningrad volleyball team. He gazed quietly curious at the worshipers as if at some barely comprehensible game.

The faithful were mostly older women and children, with a sprinkling of young men and girls. We saw old men and women lay down their sticks to drop to their knees before a succession of icons and images, pay their vows, and then bow their brows three times to the stone floor, or crouch to kiss the foot of Christ or a special saint in a painting—the nearer to the ground it was, the more revered or efficacious it seemed to be.

The city of Moscow reminded us at times of Paris, with its broad streets lined with trees set in those cast-iron radial grids; at times of London, with its squares of path-crossed public gardens and rows of not very fashionable terrace houses. But perhaps most of all, it suggested to me the Rome of the Caesars: so many parallels—the grandiose splendor of the public buildings; the ubiquitous images of the practically deified founders of the state; the presence of so many races; but especially, in this teeming city, the sense which Juvenal conveys of the possibility of anything happening, however unexpected, and yet being accepted. In Moscow, for the first time



in Russia, we no longer felt foreign; not that we felt Russian or Muscovite. But rather that we had as much right to be there and go where we pleased as anyone else in the huge city.

On our first day in Moscow we lunched off fish in soup, in an open-air restaurant built across an ornamental lake. We noticed a woman, surely only a typist on her lunch hour, having a meal much more expensive than we could afford. It rubbed in what we believed was the unfairness to us of the exchange rate of rubles to pound sterling. (However, we later found the situation could not be judged from the meals Russians took in restaurants—the cost of clothes, household goods, almost anything one wants to buy except books, records, and entertainment is so high that the ordinary thrifty Soviet citizen has little to spend his money on except food and drink.)

Later Robert and I were sitting resting on a low wall by the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum (“the gruesome twosome,” as British travel agency couriers call them, were fortunately closed “for repairs”; embalmed Lenin is reported to be caving in slightly). Russians were moving around all over the great square, photographing or being photographed, in bright-colored clothes, enjoying the first hot sunny day after three weeks of rain. A thin, sallow-faced young man began talking to us in unimpeachable American. His jacket, with narrow stripes, and his shoes were recognizably Western, his trousers rough and probably Russian. He launched straight into his business: “You know that the exchange rate is bad for you people and that here in Moscow we have an unofficial exchange?” (A soothing euphemism for the black market.)

“Yes,” we said, acquiescently, and after some unabashed dickerings we agreed on a rate of seventy-five rubles to the pound.

“Have you got the money on you?” asked Robert, putting his hand to his wallet.

“Wait now,” said the young marketeer, visibly alarmed. “Not here. We must get a taxi.”

By now, we had been joined by another young Russian who spoke no English. He was introduced as Timo. We walked through several side streets looking for a taxi. Eventually Timo went off to find one while we waited.

We sat again on a low wall in the sun and talked. Our American-speaker explained that his family was Armenian but that he had been born and brought up in America until he was thirteen. After the war, his father turned Communist and brought his children to Russia. This young man resented the move. He had rebelled, taken up

illegal racketeering, and become an anti-social Communist citizen. We asked him what was wrong with life in Russia. He replied that you had to give the country credit for what it had done for the mass of the people, bringing them up out of nothing in forty years, and that he couldn't blame them for the shortage of goods, the low standard of living. But he indicted the regime for their lies and propaganda, for the lack of freedom of speech and in the press, and particularly for the fact that there was no escape from the country. (His analysis was just, but I had the feeling that even if he had grown up in Brooklyn he would have become some sort of racketeer.)

After twenty minutes Timo reappeared with a taxi, and Robert got in. As I held the door open, two men appeared from nowhere, and seized the Armenian and Timo by the scruff of their coat collars. One of them ushered me into the back of the cab with Robert, where we sat for a minute in some terror. We also felt cowardly for not somehow defending our two unfortunate miscreants (should we have said, “Hey, this is our friend Mike from Miami?”) and disappointed that we were not going to be rich in rubles. The Armenian, who had been asked to show his papers, called, “So long,” to us and obviously did not want us to interfere. The four men walked off across the square. The whole incident seemed to have passed unnoticed, except by the taxi-driver.

We had been foolish to deal with black marketeers in broad sunlight in the open streets. For after dark, it is a swift and simple matter to be accosted (especially beneath the arches of the bridge below Red Square), to settle a price, and hand over money in the shadows. There was no need even to count the notes. Honesty in personal dealings, as distinct from cheating the law, is conspicuous in Russia. During all our journey we had nothing taken from our car, though it was often left open.

Every city and large town that we drove through on our Russian journey, with the exception of Moscow and to some extent Lvov, had been badly damaged in the war. A particularly fierce battle raged for many days along a broad front near the towns of Orel and Kursk. On the main road several miles south of Kursk, a section of the battlefield has been preserved as a memorial—grass-grown trenches and gun emplacements, with a few weapons still in position and a Red Army tank set up on a huge pedestal as a monument. We stopped the

car by the roadside and did the little tour of the unreal, weedy battleground.

A Russian family had also stopped and the young husband came up to talk to us. He was a nuclear physicist, returning from holiday by the Black Sea with his wife and their seven-year-old boy. He spoke quite good English and had been to England—indeed to Harwell (the main British Atomic Experimental Research Establishment).

He asked us where we had been and were planning to go and said we must surely see Leningrad, the Black Sea coast, and the Caucasus.

"But we only have three weeks' holiday," we said, and asked how long holidays he had.

"Six months a year," he said. "Of course I do my own work, research and writing, in other months, but I need only work for the state for half the year." His "directors," he said, worked only four months in the year. Even the "workmen" under him—by which I suppose he meant laboratory technicians and assistants—had six or eight weeks' holiday. The physicist's wife hung onto the conversation, but spoke hardly any English.

"Did your wife go to Harwell with you?"

"No, it is a pity, but it is not allowed. Next year, I hope to go to America, and she would like to come there too, but cannot."

We usually ate our evening meal in public restaurants rather than the camps or Intourist hotels. Often we were joined by a Russian or talked with those at the next table. At Kharkov a young man in an open green shirt told us he was a "Militer." As we found with many other Russians in the armed forces, his second language was a little hesitant German—presumably useful for Russian troops likely to be stationed in Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Hungary. He was the only ordinary Russian who asked us political questions: Why did we let Macmillan and NATO arm the Germans with rockets? Didn't we realize that Adenauer was a second Hitler? He mistrusted all Germans, and there in Kharkov I had some sympathy for him. When we asked how many troops were stationed in Kharkov, or (curiously) where his parents and home town were, he answered grinning: "*Das ist SEKRET!*" He stood us drinks and gave us a large packet of cigarettes.

At the self-service restaurant at the motoring camp at Kiev we met another military man—a telegraphist. He wore a Western sports coat, colored shirt, and a tie with a dragon design on it, glaringly daring for a Russian. He had got them in Cuba, from which he had just returned. He was rather drunk but rushed off to his tent

to get both a bottle of vodka and his small son—a little boy of three or four whom he fed with sweets. He gave us his beer but drank his vodka himself. Although he was only just in his twenties, he said that his life was nothing, of no importance; the future, the new world, was all for his son. We could all have our throats cut as far as he was concerned, he said disconcertingly, provided his boy should have a better life. He drank several toasts to us and his child (silent and contented, if bewildered, sitting in a little smock beside us), and seemed happy enough. But suddenly some thought about us or something we said or simply our laughing with him (which he may have supposed was *at* him) struck and upset him, and glowering angrily at us, he seized the baby and ran off into the rain.

At Kiev we spent all of a sunny summer's day on a bathing beach by the River Dnieper. The beach was broad, the water surprisingly cold and dark. There were not many bathers, for it was a weekday. Several young men determinedly practiced *Kultur* in its physical form, body-building, with an idealism and absence of that male-bird display that so often goes with it in the West; they would rigorously practice handstands and arm-bending in that position, grasping the edges of the rectangular litter boxes on the beach. Most simply sun-bathed (there were few eager swimmers, and no diving boards). Two groups of young men and girls played a simple ball game in a ring with a kind of heavy football; you could join in with welcome and without invitation, and drop out as you pleased. A good-looking boy near us was reading a thick volume of Jack London stories in Russian. At bars behind the beach, beer and cider, sweet biscuits, and rings of dry-crust bread at least saved us from

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—*Izvestia*, May 19, 1960

•

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having to leave for a meal. Loud-speaker music to which we were by now accustomed in all Russian restaurants and large stores and even on the streets) played all day, interrupted occasionally for news and announcements. There was no charge for using the beach.

The city of Kiev has a southern, almost Persian air. A medieval monastery is being restored as a municipal museum. The builders were all women. By now we were not surprised at this; we had seen as many women with picks and shovels as men on road work, women bus-drivers, gardeners, street cleaners. Equality of work and status seems so complete, men and women so often work together, that femininity almost has no meaning; very few Russian men look specially at a girl (as Margaret noticed) simply because she is a woman. This is not to say that many Russian girls are not beautiful, nor that Russian men do not admire a pretty face. But Margaret certainly felt less expectation of leers, whistles, pressures, and pinchings in Russia than anywhere else in Europe.

Our last stop in Russia was in Lvov, which became a permitted city for Western tourists only in 1960 and did not have a motoring camp; so we stayed at the Intourist Hotel. A bespectacled young Russian introduced himself to us as Dimitri, our Intourist English interpreter. His English (as he said himself) was poor, although he had just finished a seven-year interpreter's course. He came from Tomsk in Siberia, and this was his first day as a practicing interpreter. Later we met other people who had moved from Siberia to this Austrian-Polish-Ukrainian city from which many Ukrainians had been deported. Presumably they were being replaced by more reliable Siberians.

Nobody could have been a more reliable Soviet citizen than Dimitri. Robert and I preferred to explore the town on our own that Sunday morning, but Margaret and Tony let themselves be escorted by Dimitri; and we all four agreed to go for a walk with him in the afternoon. He took us to some public gardens, which were pleasant but might have been anywhere, and he would have had us stay there a boringly long time; the only relief was to find an entertainment park. Later Dimitri wanted to take us to something called the Hill of Glory—probably a memorial to the victorious Red Army or the triumphs of Marxism-Leninism—but we refused, insisting instead on being taken somewhere we could bathe (it was a hot afternoon). We hoped for the public baths, but in Dimitri's eyes these were

plainly not for ours and we went instead to a reservoir a few miles out of town.

Dimitri afforded us an example of what we would have had to endure had we always had an Intourist guide. He knew all the proper, officially approved sights for foreign tourists and was perfectly drilled in answering our provocative questions. Indeed he provoked them himself: "Why do you Western tourists always say you're bored with talking politics?" So we asked him a few oblique questions, about Trotsky for example, to which he gave stock answers. He even knew stock jokes for Western visitors; he admitted that there was a joke book. He was embarrassed when we took him in a bar for a drink, which he refused (remembering the state sobriety campaign?); and almost looked away when a drunken disabled citizen warmly clasped Robert's hand and drank to our health, on hearing we were English.

Yet despite Dimitri's stupidity and complete indoctrination with official ideology, he was likable and only too human: he confessed at the end of the day his anxiety whether he was good enough for his job. Self-pity is a touching and very Russian characteristic. Even a very jovial Russian who joined our table at dinner that night became mysteriously lugubrious the more he drank. He was a veterinary surgeon; when we said it was an interesting job, he said the work was filthy ("*grubhiy*" in Russian—an expressive word, surely). He gradually began to complain, with his hand over his mouth, of Russian harsh treatment of Ukrainians.

When we entered Russia, the customs officials were interested chiefly in whether we were bringing in subversive literature. They looked at our magazines and books, and were amused by the nude on the paperback cover of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*: typical decadent novel, I expect they thought. On leaving, we were chiefly asked if we were carrying any letters or goods out of the country at the request of Soviet citizens; they made a brief search and were not interested in or did not find the phonograph records, printed music, small icon, and pieces of Ukrainian folk art we had bought.

I would not have minded if they had stopped us taking any of these objects out of Russia. I don't even much care that the Czech officials did confiscate all our photographs, including some fifty or so taken in Russia. What we had gone to get, we had taken out: an impression of life in Russia, seen for ourselves without guidance, which no amount of Eastern or Western propaganda can now alter.



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VOL. 222, NO. 1333  
JUNE 1961

ARTICLES

- 29 *The Coming Bust in the Real Estate Boom,*  
*Daniel M. Friedenberg*
- 41 *The American Negro's New Comedy Act,*  
*Louis F. Lomax*
- 47 *A Small Atomic Accident, Ralph E. Lapp*
- 52 *A Boston Girl, Mark Twain*
- 54 *Nasser's Other Voice, William S. Ellis*
- 59 *Riesman and His Readers, Eric Larrabee*
- 66 *Manuel in the Thieves' Market, Oscar Lewis*
- 83 *William Carlos Williams, Van Wyck Brooks*

FICTION

- 77 *A Matter of Luck, Maurice Druon*

VERSE

- 27 *So I Will Punch You One-O, David McCord*
- 10 *You're, Sylvia Plath*
- 85 *Two New Poems, William Carlos Williams*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 *Letters*
- 12 *The Easy Chair—DON'T WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN,*  
*UNLESS . . . Ellen Davis*
- 22 *After Hours, Martin Mayer*
- 86 *Public & Personal—PRIVATE TALKS WITH THE*  
*EX-IVY LEAGUE, William S. White*
- 90 *The New Books, Elizabeth Hardwick*
- 97 *Books in Brief, Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 102 *Music in the Round, Discus*
- 104 *Jazz Notes, Eric Larrabee*

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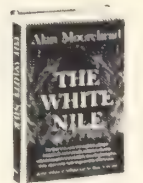
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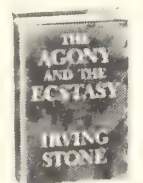
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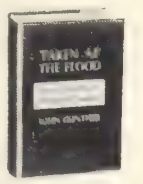
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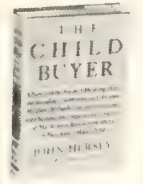
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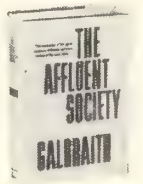
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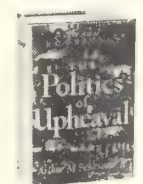
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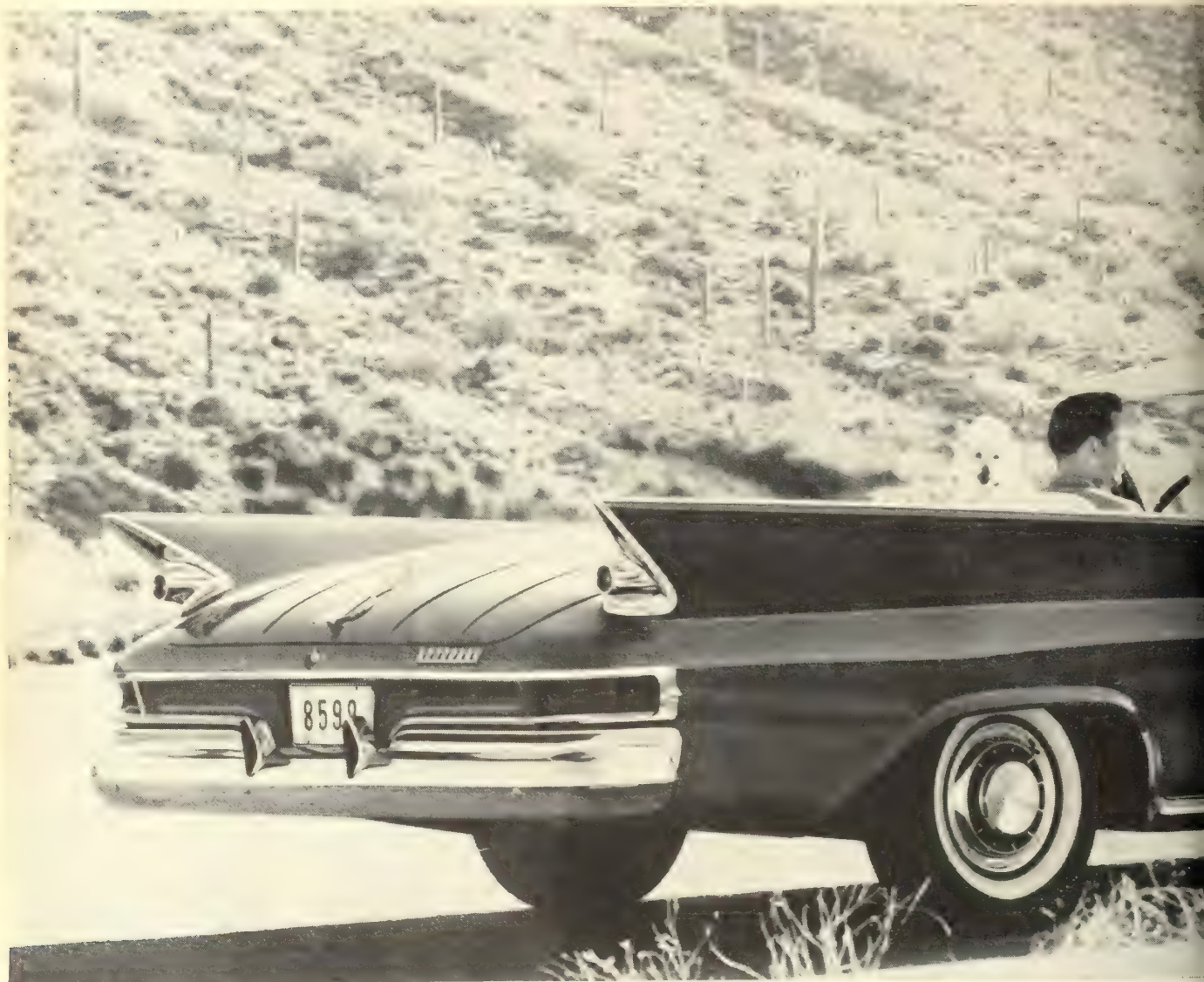
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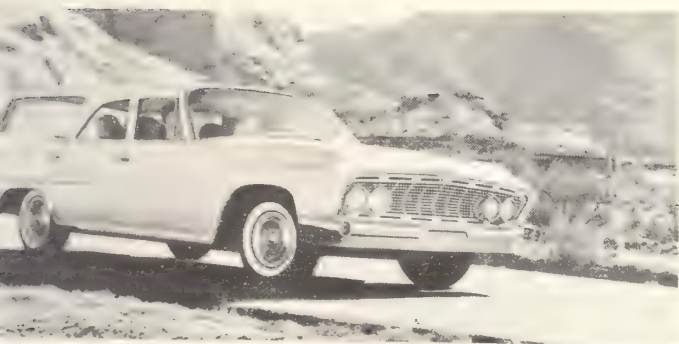
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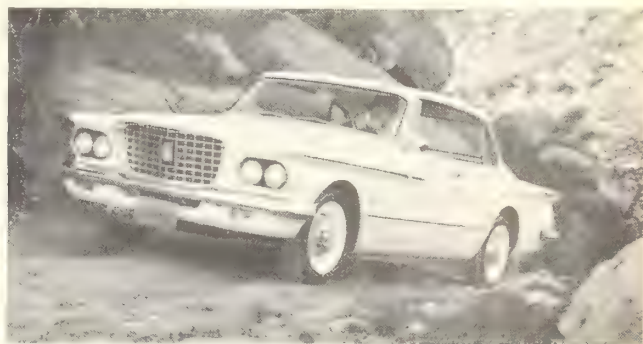
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# LETTERS

## Tennis Shoes, Anyone?

TO THE EDITORS:

In the provocative article by Dean Acheson ["Adenauer and McCloy: Godfathers of the New Germany," April], the former Secretary of State points up the amazing vitality of Mr. McCloy. As a "for instance" Acheson writes: "Jack McCloy has been known to wear to tatters two pairs of socks during a tennis game. . . ."

Perhaps in an Era of Complex Solutions to Problems, I am being too elemental in suggesting that Mr. McCloy save unnecessary wear and tear on socks by providing himself with duck-and-rubber tennis shoes?

EVERETT HOFFMAN  
New York, N.Y.

## Lawyers vs. Justice

TO THE EDITORS:

I sympathize with David Dressler's criticism of criminal trials ["Trial by Combat in American Courts," April] but I wish he had dug deep enough into the problem to see the reason for it and, thus, the possible remedy. The ethics of many criminal lawyers are undeniably deplorable, yet no alchemy within themselves is likely to correct their ways. For forty years I expounded to freshmen law students Dr. Dressler's sapient conclusion of high social value in sincere, honest, and objective effort to adduce the whole truth in criminal cases. They listened courteously, often appreciatively; then, from "practical" lawyers, invariably returned with the realization that a criminal lawyer who should follow the ideal would starve to death. Even innocent defendants feel safer in hands reputed for saving the guilty. . . .

The fact is that blame for the "sublimated brawl" attaches less to the individuals engaged in it than to the judges who tolerate it and the Bar which by inaction approves it. . . . Trial by combat will never be changed for the better by the lawyers engaged in the fighting; it cannot be corrected by mere legislative enactment; the whole legal profession is to blame for its evils, and only the legal profession itself can correct them. And, I suspect, only public condemnation can move the Bar to its duty.

JOHN B. WAITE  
U. of Michigan Law School  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The goal of justice is the protection of the innocent—inside as well as outside the courtroom—and the prosecution of accused persons is only a means of pursuing that goal. . . . Shouldn't we restrain prosecutors from trying their cases in the newspapers months before an actual trial begins? Through press releases, interviews, and "leaks," a pretrial "guilty" picture of the not-yet-tried accused is carefully constructed; hearsay, rumor, fiction, and innuendo that would not stand up in court are freely disseminated in the press; nonexistent witnesses are created to make transient headlines; accusations that will not be made in court are made in public—all this, of course, before a jury has been chosen. As a result, one can never be confident that jurors do not come to their tasks with unconsciously preformed concepts. . . .

DAVID ALMAN  
Englishtown, N. J.

David Dressler is right in attacking "Trial by Combat." Since I am in sympathy with his point, I regret that he has spoiled it by errors which are obvious to the only persons who can do anything about the situation—the lawyers:

(1) He tells of the attorney who, in order to get his client the advantage of the rule against double jeopardy, waited until the last moment to wrest a directed verdict of acquittal on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction. Whatever may be the law as to jurisdiction and piracy, it is clear that the rule against double jeopardy does *not* apply where the first court had no jurisdiction. (2) The "monumental treatise" by John H. Wigmore, which Dressler described as "first published in 1923" and which he said "now runs to five volumes" was in fact first published in 1904 and since 1940 has been in *ten* volumes. (3) There is no "Professor W. T. Morgan of Harvard Law School." There is E. M. Morgan, at Vanderbilt since his retirement from Harvard a decade ago, a leader in the field of judicial procedure.

JOHN F. McNAUGHTON  
Prof., Harvard Law School  
Cambridge, Mass.

*On Professor McNaughton's first point, Mr. Dressler comments, in part: 'I asked the defense attorney specifically whether his strategy was based on the premise that the rule against double jeopardy would apply, and he repeated that this was in his mind and the directed verdict was on that basis. . . . I asked several trial attorneys and one county judge*

*about the matter. Opinion was slightly in favor of his stand. Even had it not been, I would have felt under obligation to report his stand, even though moot.'*

*Unfortunately, an editorial slip added to the confusion on Wigmore.*

*On the third point, W. T. Morgan was correctly named, but should have been identified as the late professor of history at Indiana University. Our thanks to Prof. E. M. Morgan of Vanderbilt and to Prof. McNaughton for clearing up the references.—THE EDITORS*

David Dressler cogently compares the modern trial to the medieval trial by battle. . . . While trial by battle was becoming obsolete in England as early as the thirteenth century, its use was not formally abolished until 1819, not a happy augury perhaps for the changes Mr. Dressler advocates so forcefully.

WALTER L. ARNSTEIN  
Roosevelt University  
Chicago, Ill.

## Ohio Peace Corps

TO THE EDITORS:

I wish to thank you for the fine article by Albert G. Sims ["Africans Beat on Our College Doors," April]. It well presents the fine combination of idealism and realism found within the Peace Corps agency. We of the Ohio State University Peace Corps Council . . . visited the embassies of a number of nations and found that the Peace Corps as developed by men such as Albert Sims was very feasible in all [emerging] free nations. We are sending panels throughout the state to explain the Peace Corps and to try to develop enthusiasm for it. Our primary hope is to start a Peace Corps program at Ohio State. . . .

JOHN R. HASLER, Exec. Member  
Ohio State U. Peace Corps Council  
Columbus, O.

## Whose Sure 'nuff Truth?

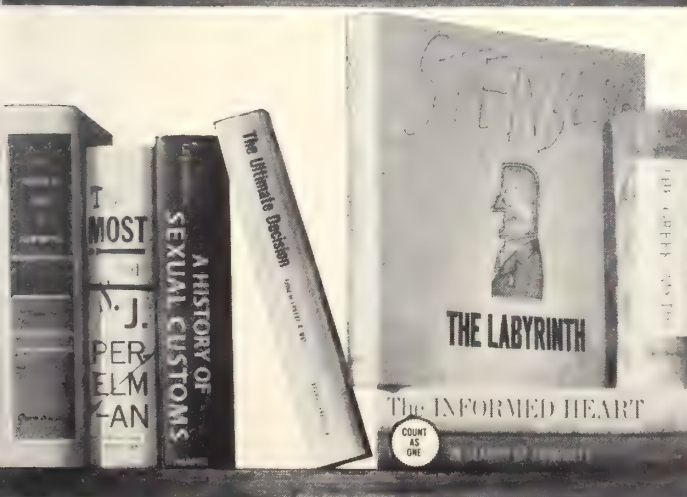
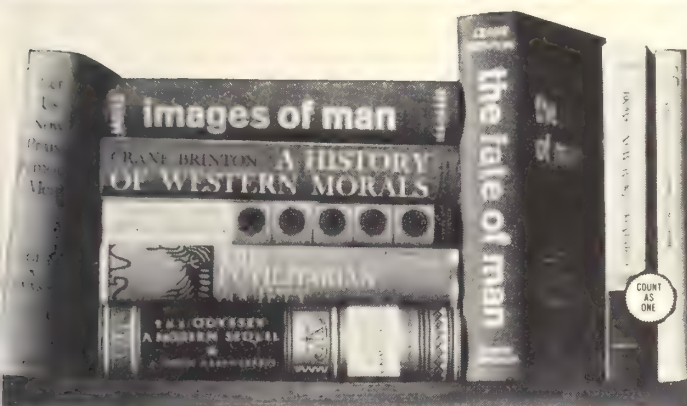
TO THE EDITORS:

The Editor's Easy Chair must have been moved into a particularly secluded corner before John Fischer commenced his Centennial Dispatch ["The Sure 'nuff Truth about the Civil War," April]. Where he could possibly have got his information that "the last surviving scraps of paper . . . had been run through the mills" is a mystery to the rest of us in the publishing business who are exposed daily to a barrage of materials which have mercifully thus far not been run through any mill at all. This is Tuesday morning and a most exceptional day as far as my mail is con-



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cerned: there is not a single Civil War proposal or submission on my desk. On the other hand, yesterday produced three in the morning mail alone and of these one proposal consisted wholly of hitherto unpublished and even unread diary material.

I am afraid, too, that Jack has not been on the road recently. Perhaps *Harper's* finds "the demand for Civil War books apparently remains as insatiable as ever." Our men, both Eastern and Midwestern, are finding something that closely approaches a buyer's strike as far as Civil War titles are concerned. Three commission men recently decided to pool their resources and get out a small catalogue of their season's grist of Civil War titles and simply hand it to the buyer without comment.

This is not written in any spirit of defeatism but merely to observe that Jack's own piece is a delightful refutation of his opening thesis.

WILLIAM SLOAN, Dir.  
Rutgers University Press  
New Brunswick, N. J.

### *School Horizons*

#### TO THE EDITORS:

When will it become obvious to our citizens and to the educational-powers-that-be that programs such as described by Martin Mayer in "The Good Slum Schools" [April] should be instituted at the beginning of each child's school career? It is costlier to devise remedial programs after the damage has been done than to start a Higher Horizons program for everyone at the right time.

MOHIE R. DE WITT  
Public School 161  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have read "The Good Slum Schools" with interest and amazement, particularly the section dealing with Junior High School 43 in New York City. For fear that the innocent reader who does not know the New York City school system will get the impression that this one junior high school is unique in that it really prepares pupils for high standing on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests and for admission to college, I would like to mention the existence of the George Washington High School. It was in this school, after being in the project in JHS 43 for only six months, that the pupils spent three years on their preparation for college. It was in the George Washington High School that all the wonderful things happened that are described in the article.

JOSEPH B. ORLEANS, Chmn.  
Dept. of Mathematics  
George Washington High School  
New York, N. Y.

#### THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

Higher Horizons originated in the New York schools in 1956, not—as I reported—in 1954.

I regret the failure of my article to mention George Washington High School. Credit for the three success stories I reported should go to George Washington as well to Junior High School 43 where these students had only a year of special attention.

The cost figure of \$50 per student per year which I cited was true at Higher Horizons for the junior-high work in 1959-60. The work done at George Washington, however, has cost no less than \$250 per student per year, mostly because it involves substantial reductions in class size, which Higher Horizons believes is not always necessary. The George Washington project has not been incorporated in Higher Horizons and will be concluded at the end of the 1961-62 academic year.

Henry T. Hillson, principal of George Washington, is somewhat skeptical about the results that can be achieved at current expenditures on the junior-high and elementary levels. He is concerned that my report made everything look too easy: "The pupils of whom you wrote," he writes, "spent three years in high school and they were years of hard, intensive work for everyone concerned."

I certainly did not intend to convey an impression that anything but sustained hard work by teachers and students is likely to give slum children the opportunities implied by the phrase "Higher Horizons." MARTIN MAYER  
New York, N. Y.

Martin Mayer's "The Good Slum Schools" was a bad article, at least to those who know some of the facts. He wrote about an experiment in enriching the education of underprivileged children which was conducted at Manhattan's Junior High School 43. This experiment was originated, launched, and in part paid for by the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students (NSSFNS), on whose board this writer has served for thirteen years. The idea of helping underprivileged children by motivating them when young to try for college scholarships was the brain child of Richard L. Plaut, president of NSSFNS. This idea, usually referred to as a "talent search," has been enthusiastically embraced across the country; but in the course of his researches, Mr. Mayer did not ask to interview Mr. Plaut.

Errors of dates, of IQ scorings, of misinformation about expert opinion on IQ tests occur in the article. But its real slipperiness lies in the easy, cocktail-party generalization that it is unwise to encourage underprivileged youngsters to

aspire to a better life. It is a pity Mr. Mayer did not do all his homework; but for those who are interested, the story of the NSSFNS project at JHS 43 is much more responsibly told in chapter 3 of Arthur D. Morse's recent book, *School of Tomorrow—Today*.

MARGARIT HALSEY  
White Plains, N. Y.

### *Banks and Britain*

#### TO THE EDITORS:

Eating people is wrong. In general yes. But any British librarian might be forgiven for taking a large bite of Malcolm Bradbury before realizing that "Can We Bring Back the Old-fashioned Bank Robber?" [April] wasn't the real Yorkshire pudding. The acute observation of the novelist, some solid research and an obvious desire to please the American reader and to be funny at all costs, have led Mr. Bradbury to conclude that: "The difference between bank tellers in England and America . . . is like the difference between English and American librarians. English librarians think that the place for books is on the shelves of the library; American one think that their place is in the hands of readers." It would be unfair to burden a writer of fantasy with too many facts. Here are two, very simple and digestible.

1. *Statistics on Libraries* (UNESCO 1959) shows that, in 1956, public libraries in Britain circulated 399 million books; in the same year 349 million were borrowed from American public libraries.

2. From the *American Library and Book Trade Annual*, 1961: "Britain circulates about twice as many books per capita. . . . British libraries spend more per capita for books, and circulate twice as many books per volume held."

Perhaps Mr. Bradbury should change his diet. Eating words might be considered right.

ERIC MOON  
Editor, *Library Journal*  
New York, N. Y.

### *Wishbone*

#### TO THE EDITORS:

George Soule [in "The Chicken Explosion," April] is welcome to his plump, white meat, tender and tasteless broilers. In Wisconsin fifty years ago I raised hundreds, on the ground as nature intended. They were not as tender as mass-produced birds but at least you knew what you were eating. Also, 40 cents per bird was the top price I ever got, not per pound but per bird.

CHARLES A. KINNEY  
Fairhope, Ala.



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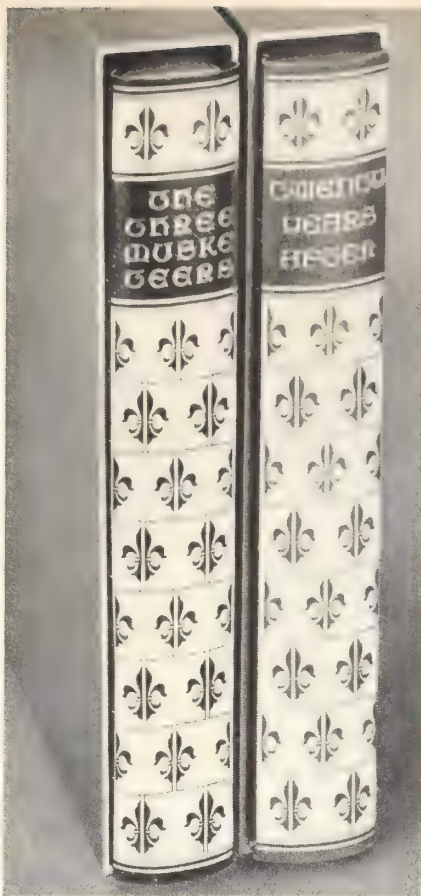
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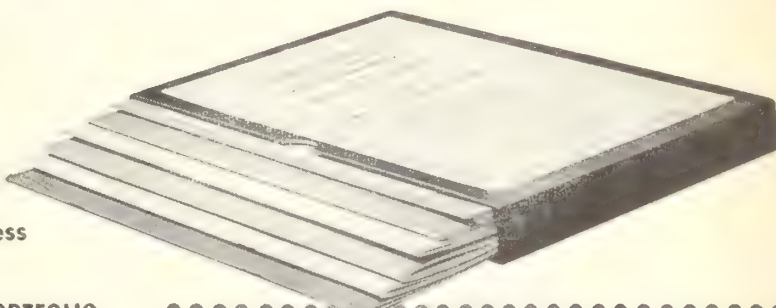
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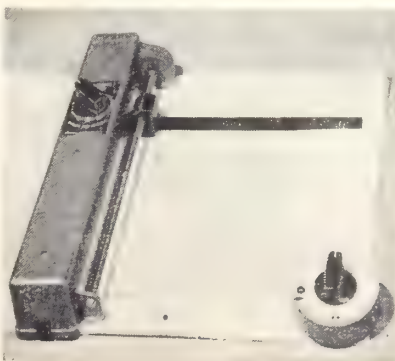
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ELLEN DAVIS

# THE EASY CHAIR

*Don't Write Your Congressman, Unless . . .*

*The guest in the Easy Chair this month was formerly on the staff of "Harper's" and then worked with letters and letter-writers in politics and public relations. She is a Barnard College graduate, is married, and has a son.*

SOME years ago I worked for a politician; my main job was to see that his mail got answered. There was a lot of it—sometimes hundreds of letters a day—because he was known to many people, even outside of his state.

Now and then, one of my friends would show me a letter bearing his signature; sometimes it was framed and prominently displayed in the family living-room. When I recognized it as one of my own more cordial effusions—which my boss never saw, much less signed—I never quite knew what to say.

It still astonishes me that such people—of a fairly high level of intelligence and sophistication—are so willing to believe the standard American myths about political mail. They talk glibly of ghost writers and TV idiot boards, but they take it for granted that a letter from a political figure (unless it is a blatantly obvious form reply) must be the real thing. They also accept unquestioningly their duty to "Write Your Congressman," so widely preached by lobbies, civic organizations, and political science professors.

But many people in Washington, and in state capitals, look at their mounting heaps of correspondence with less enthusiasm. They know that, in fact, most of the hundreds of thousands of letters which pour into Congressional offices every week have little or no effect on legislation. But this mail does load on our Senators and Congressmen an enormous practical problem. Some of them have solved it by devices which tend to confirm what Margaret Mead has called "the growing fear in this country that nothing is what it seems."

Recently I spent some time in Washington talking to people who handle the mail on Capitol Hill. What they told me probably would apply, with minor variations, to political mail else-

where, from the White House to City Hall.

The volume of Congressional mail naturally varies considerably. A Senator from a big state may get three thousand letters a week, while a Congressman from an urban district may average only three hundred. But in most cases, their mail will look something like this:

1. About 25 per cent is "inspired" or lobby mail, urging the special cause of some group. Usually it can be quickly identified, by similarity of wording or other characteristics.

2. Another 25 per cent is "fan" mail—requests for autographs and photographs—as well as letters from apparently sane people who are simply addicted to letter-writing, and "crank" mail from people who propose marriage, threaten violence, or relate long tales of imagined persecution.

3. The remaining 50 per cent will include stories of real distress—"case mail" which is vigorously pursued by the legislator's staff through appropriate government agencies. It also will include routine invitations to make speeches or contribute to needy causes, and many notes from children who want help with their schoolwork. Finally, there will be a scattering of letters from citizens, expressing their own (rather than some lobbyist's) views on public issues.

This flood of paper is handled differently in each office. One early-rising Congressman gets to his office before anybody else, opens eighty or ninety letters, reads them, and then at his morning staff meeting parcels out those he will not be able to answer himself, with suggestions for replies to each staff member. Although some of his replies are form letters, he signs each one personally and often adds a postscript.

His method is the exception. Rather more typical is the procedure followed in one Senate office, where about five hundred letters daily are opened, classified, and tabulated by some half-dozen staff members. They decide which letters can be answered with form replies, which need the attention of one of the Senator's assistants, and which few the Senator must see himself. (He once said that if he had to see more than 4 per cent of his mail, his staff wasn't doing its job.) His form replies have, in general, been drafted by an assistant, but approved by the Senator. They have been transcribed onto player-piano-



## Why is one of Mrs. Curran's pupils missing from this class picture?

**T**HEY'RE a fine looking group of youngsters, aren't they! Mrs. Robert Curran, their teacher, thinks so too. But one pupil is missing from this 2nd Grade class picture. That pupil is Mrs. Curran's 3 year old daughter, who isn't old enough for school.

Today, over 350,000 of America's 1,159,000 women teachers have pupils at home—their own children. Each of these teachers must teach more than geography, history or math to her own child. As a mother, she must instruct her child in a whole way of life.

For every mother is a teacher in her own home—teaching her own children right from wrong, self control, tolerance, the secrets of enjoying life and all the other character-building qualities that will lead to maturity. And because little things like neatness, manners and thrift count, too, she must be constantly alert that the

example she sets in her daily living is one which she wants her children to follow.

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like rolls which operate electric typewriters, so that a typist need type only the address and the salutation and turn the machine loose to finish the letter. This is done in one of the rooms which house a pool of automatic typewriters in the basement of the Old Senate Office Building. When the letter and envelope have been completed, an automatic pen traces the Senator's signature, in ink, from a matrix cut from an authentic signature. So the constituent back home gets what appears to be a letter dictated and addressed to him personally, and signed by the Senator. In fact, the Senator never saw either the constituent's incoming letter or this reply. He will, however, see a monthly tabulation of letters received.

I don't mean to imply that most members of Congress use the automatic pen; an educated guess estimates only about twenty-five such pens in the Senate offices and even fewer for the House. But some of these are operated on a pool basis, so more than a fourth of the Senators and a number of Congressmen do use the device at least occasionally. The automatic typewriters are in general use, with an average of two to four per Senator, and half that many per Congressman. (Again, this is a guess, since this data is not available to the public.)

The Senator's letters which are passed to an assistant generally receive quite careful consideration, so the replies at least represent the best thought of a trusted staff man.

Finally, there are those letters which the Senator sees himself—from personal friends, from colleagues, from advisers, and, occasionally, from an unusually thoughtful or articulate constituent. Most of these actually get answered by the Senator, though even in this category some are handled by the staff after the Senator has noted them. (It is possible, of course, to be too cynical. I recall from my own experience the suspicions of a rather distinguished professor who received a reply to one of his letters that seriously displeased him. He fired back a blistering comment on what he termed "poor staff work." A hasty search of the files produced a carbon of the reply—bearing the initials of The Boss himself. As I recall, we never did disenchant the professor.)

Some Senators shun the brief "Thank you for your views . . ." acknowledgment. Others feel that a brief form, perhaps enclosing a reprint of a speech, will usually do. One office has devised a number of fairly lengthy printed memoranda which answer a great many letters about the more controversial matters. But nearly all agree that some kind of "personalization" is demanded by the constituents.

A good deal of time is spent in answering requests from schoolchildren. These range from, "Send me everything about the Civil War," to fairly enlightened questions about the legislator's position on specific issues. Generally speaking,

the politicians do not seem to me to be motivated merely by the fact that each student has two voting parents. For example, Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan has made a rule that he will answer only one question for each student but, as often happens, if a whole class has written him some thirty letters, he will answer a different question for each, so that, piecemeal, the class receives a full reply. This obviously takes considerable time and effort, but the Senator and his staff believe it worthwhile. Congressman Stuyvesant Wainwright of New York (who was, incidentally, defeated for re-election last fall) was distressed by the number of such letters which request information readily available in the students' school or public library and he discouraged the practice of having students unload their homework on Washington. Congressman Ken Hechler of West Virginia, on the other hand, feels that it is important for young people to come to think of their elected representatives as accessible human beings and thus to gain a sense of personal responsibility for their government.

The total mail consumes a large part of the time, staff, and energies of nearly all legislators. Doubtless many would agree with one Congressman who told me flatly that the mail receives far more attention than its significance warrants.

**SENATOR** Stephen Young of Ohio long ago determined to cut through the clichés of political correspondence and he now issues such replies as, "You are 100 per cent wrong!" or even, "Dear Sir: You are a liar. Sincerely." Accepting an invitation, he writes merely, "I'll be there," and even devoted supporters receive only, "Apparently you and I are in complete agreement. I am glad."

Some of his colleagues might find Senator Young's letters rude or frivolous—or at least the luxury of a politician who does not plan to run for office again. But the Senator has some very serious notions about his responsibilities and goals. Recently he wrote:

The liberty of this nation and its expansion and prosperity will never be secure if its Congressmen become mere servants to do the bidding of constituents who write or come into their offices in droves, demanding the passage of certain legislation or the defeat of other legislative proposals—constituents who could not have the means of knowing all the facts but who from the distance claim full knowledge. . . . If a Senator allows himself to be governed by the opinion of his constituents at home, however devoted he may be to them or they to him, he throws away all the rich results of a previous preparation and study, and simply becomes a commonplace exponent of popular sentiments which may change in a few days. Such a course will dwarf any man's statesmanship.

Whether a representative should follow or lead public opinion is of course an old and



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## THE EASY CHAIR

tattered question. Many Congressmen are very quick to quote Edmund Burke's speech to the Electors of Bristol: "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." Or, as one Congressman put it: "If they wanted me to weigh the mail, they should have elected a butcher!"

For even if one grants that on some issues, at least, the representative should be influenced by public opinion, there is still some question about whether the mail is a reliable measure of that opinion. One Congressman told me: "Since people more often write letters when they are against something, mail can be a useful reflection of the intensity and degree of organization of the opposition to a particular issue. But I would put greater—though also limited—trust in polls and surveys. Most useful, I think, are the views of my friends and associates in the district. And I place great stock in the impressions I have received myself from many years in public life."

Last year, Congressman John Brademas of Indiana polled all the registered voters of his district with a questionnaire on current issues. More than one of every eight persons responded, and the results predicted within one per cent the actual Democratic and Republican votes in the Indiana Presidential primary. Brademas felt that this high accuracy indicated that the answers to his other questions should provide a fair measurement of opinion in his district. And that opinion was not generally reflected in his mail.

Beyond the explanation that people more often write letters when they are against something, one might speculate on other reasons for the unreliability of the mail as a representative sampling of public opinion. The large percentage of the letters which is "inspired" lobbying is an obvious factor. Indeed, many representatives feel that these campaigns tend to nullify themselves, especially when the mail is readily identifiable as part of a pressure campaign. (Lobby leaders sometimes attempt to disguise these letters by providing colloquially worded forms for individuals to copy and mail, but before long most of

these are recognized for what they are.)

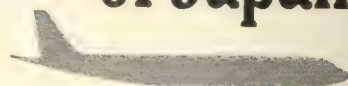
Another explanation for the unrepresentative quality of the mail may lie in the nature of the people who are apt to take pen in hand. As illustration: the most passive of us had some view about the Charles Van Doren affair, but *some* people sat right down and wrote a letter—to Van Doren, to District Attorney Hogan, to Dave Garroway, to someone. Van Doren professed to find inspiration in his mail, but Mr. Hogan was quoted as being amazed at the vindictive, "almost sadistic" tone of most of the letters he had received. Again, when Gilbert and Sullivan star Martyn Green lost a leg a year or so ago, doubtless many thousands of Americans felt a sympathetic regret for his misfortune, but two thousand people, according to a report in the *New York Times*, sat down and wrote the man a letter. Rod Serling may have gone too far when he spoke of "the lunatic fringe of letter-writers" but there is an emotionalism inherent in such spur-of-the-moment communications which probably should not be trusted as a barometer for the opinion of the morning after.

An odd coincidence from my own experience is relevant here. Before my political stint, I worked for a national magazine and after my adventure into politics, I was assistant to the editor of a university publication. Across my desk in all three of these situations came long, single-spaced letters from the same man. It would be hazardous to guess at the number of other personalities and publications that are given the benefit of his views, and while they were coherent enough, it would be unwise, I think, to give them much weight as representative of the thinking of less verbose citizens.

And then there was the man Herblock hardly needed to invent: "Dear Sir: Fellow on the radio says to write your Congressman so just thought I'd drop you a line. Yours truly."

BUT for all this, The Day the Mail Stopped would be a sorry one in any office on Capitol Hill. The morning sack of mail is reassuring even to the representative who cares little about its contents. And the mail does

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In embellishing his painting with scallop shells, Salvador Dali let history and tradition guide his brush. For St. James is often depicted wearing the scallop shell. And this same emblem, the scallop, became the badge of pilgrims journeying to the Apostle's shrine in Compostela, Spain.

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ave its uses. It sometimes gives, as one Congressman put it, "some indication of the changes which may be necessary to make certain enlightened but controversial pieces of legislation more palatable." Often, specialized lobby mail provides a representative with information about specific aspects of bills which in a crowded calendar—might not have come to his attention at all, and occasionally, though, rarely, a letter is spawned by the mail. A recent Humane Slaughter Bill, for instance, became an issue on which the legislators had to take stands, simply because of the flood of mail that lapped its way up the Hill.

Perhaps the mail's chief value is as a public relations tool for the representative. It can be a fine source of speech material ("I have here a letter from a lady in this very town . . .") and it gives him, in effect, a giant mailing list of people who are by definition not indifferent to his actions.

Some Members of Congress who have thought seriously about the influence of the mail offer suggestions on how to make it more effective.

Former Representative James Quigley of Pennsylvania says: "By all means write your Congressman if you have something to tell him. Letters that have something to say and say it well are always welcome and it's not possible to hear too often from such a correspondent. Unfortunately, this kind of letter-writer is in the minority. Many people who write to their Congressman tend to be more opinionated than they are informed. They are entitled to their own opinions, of course, but when it comes to influencing me, the soundness of their logic rather than the heights of their emotion or the depths of their conviction is much more likely to carry the day."

Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania makes three points:

1. Find out whether the representative has a public position on the issue about which you are writing. To attempt to dissuade him from a program he has been supporting for years is largely a fruitless exercise unless you can present compelling new arguments. Not long ago, I was subjected to a mail campaign urging me to vote against a bill of which I was the sponsor. This was an obvious

waste of time and effort for everybody.

2. Cite worthwhile arguments on behalf of the issue you are writing about. A factual letter can be genuinely effective and useful, especially on legislation of a complex or technical nature while a letter whose tone and content are wholly emotional often accomplishes the reverse of what was intended. The least persuasive tack to adopt in writing a legislator so, it seems to me—is: "I know you voted for that bill because you thought it was politically smart." The implication that all votes are cynical is not only unjust, it is unrealistic, since every vote necessarily represents a balance between diverse and sometimes equally powerful forces.

3. Restrict yourself to one or two topics at a time. Senators and Congressmen receive thousands of pieces of mail (I had nearly 60,000 letters from constituents in a five-month period last year), and it is difficult for us to answer adequately letters demanding views on many issues.

And one Senator's assistant questions the usefulness of campaigns of support from organizations such as, say, the League of Women Voters. He suggests that a single letter from the chairman of such a group would make the point and that the time of the other writers might better be spent in convincing their neighbors than in applauding the Senator's already announced position.

Whether all the time spent in letter-writing and letter-answering might not better be applied elsewhere is the heart of the argument against most of the letters directed to the Capitol. As one Senate aide put it: "The trouble is that there are so few really good letters, and even those would often better be directed to newspapers or radio and television commentators." Another said: "How do you make your views count with your Congressman? You get to know him before he's elected, you work hard for his election, you're known to him as a loyal supporter and he respects your views. One phone call from you giving your opinion about a piece of legislation is worth hundreds of letters from unknown citizens if—and it's a big if—the Congressman has not already made up his mind."

And so, one may look on political mail cynically or earnestly or senti-

mentally or from some pragmatic middle ground. For myself, I am drawn to the attitude of the Senate aide who said, "A letter from George Kennan will always be read and answered thoughtfully. If you're not a George Kennan, be about your business of becoming one, but don't bother us now." But I am reluctant to throw the ideal of the citizen's contact with his representative out with the bath water of inconsequential letters and deceptive replies. Perhaps there are less drastic solutions.

If, as Senator Mike Monroney of Oklahoma has suggested, the public were better educated on how and when to write to a political figure, the quality of the correspondence might be improved and the more diffident among us might be encouraged to write thoughtfully, thus eliciting a better cross section of public opinion. It may even be that campaigns like those of the League of Women Voters will in the end achieve this goal.

BUT in the meantime, an army of personnel and equipment is tied up in the battle of the mail as it now exists. Most of the people I talked to said that upwards of 50 per cent of their expenses for staff and equipment is used to handle the mail and that a large proportion of *that* is spent in "personalizing" replies. Some candidates or officeholders may use the deceptive techniques of personalization solely as public relations tools. More, I suspect, are merely trying to uphold the now unworkable tradition of personal accessibility that they don't believe the citizen is willing to do without. This strikes me as both costly and ridiculous. As citizens we deserve courtesy from our representatives, but we are very immature citizens indeed if we demand such elaborate protection of our egos.

I would hope that most citizens, once made aware of the realities of the political mail operation, would disapprove—not because the deception involved is evil, but because it is unnecessary. There will always be those who say, "It's not necessary for me, but for the average person." If you agree that for you, at least, this elaborate hoax is unnecessary—why, write your Congressman, of course.





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# AFTER HOURS



## BORIS FOR THE MILLIONS by Martin Mayer

THE *Boris Godunov* which was broadcast over NBC on March 26 in an English-language, slightly succinct version was the sixty-first presentation and the forty-fourth new production by the NBC Opera. It was a first-class performance of the Mussorgsky opera even by international standards, and probably the best piece of work the company has ever done. This figures. The production of opera for television is so enormously difficult that years of technical experimenting are necessary before people can feel any security at it. Even after twelve seasons, producer Samuel Chotzinoff, conductor Peter Herman Adler, and director Kirk Browning cannot be entirely certain that one of the many djinns who have jurisdiction here will not rise suddenly from the studio floor and destroy some months of meticulous preparation.

Singers, for example, are used to having conductors in front of them, and in televised opera they must do without. Adler and his orchestra retire to a separate room in NBC's giant Brooklyn studio building; and the conductor leads his men facing a television screen which shows him just what the viewer's screen displays at home. Meanwhile, the singers

hear the orchestra, rather dimly, through a movable monitor speaker which follows them around the set, keeping about the same distance that exists between pit and singing area in an opera house. Adler's associate conductor, Fredric Popper, acts as a voiceless prompter, crouching in shirt sleeves, mustache, and horn-rimmed glasses just out of camera range, his eyes on a portable monitor screen which shows him Adler beating and cuing in the separate studio. In addition to all the other incentives to pity and terror on the big studio stage, there is the problem of keeping Popper's sight lines clear of cameramen, cameras, cable pullers, loud-speakers, and the like, so he can see what Adler is doing.

By and large, however, Adler must follow his singers, because he has no way to call them to order. He needs people who are first-quality musicians, fully capable of controlling their own performance, who will *be there* at the same instant every time around. Meanwhile, Chotzinoff and Browning need good-looking singing actors with virtually perfect English diction. Some astonishingly good singers have had their first major American operatic exposure via the NBC—Leontyne Price, for one.

For this *Boris Godunov*, the five

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The Emperor has seen His airline expand from Cairo to Athens and on to Frankfurt. Southward, it has long served Nairobi. Within Ethiopia, the airline is helping the country to market its products and become a closely-knit, modern nation.

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Thucydides, the Greek historian of the Fifth Century B.C., has been widely admired through the ages for his accuracy and impartiality, for the shrewdness of his psychology and the eloquence of his language. In fact, some people today like to say that Thucydides was "truly modern"—as if that were the "ultimate compliment that could be paid to a distinguished citizen of the golden age of Greek civilization!

One of the observations of Thucydides that warms the cockles of our heart is this statement from Book 2 of "The Peloponnesian War": "To admit poverty is no disgrace to a man, but to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful."

Now in the Twentieth Century A.D. in what Professor Galbraith calls our "affluent society," there is less and less real poverty. But the spirit of Thucydides' statement remains true. To admit that you are less well off than you would like to be is no disgrace, but to do nothing to better yourself is.

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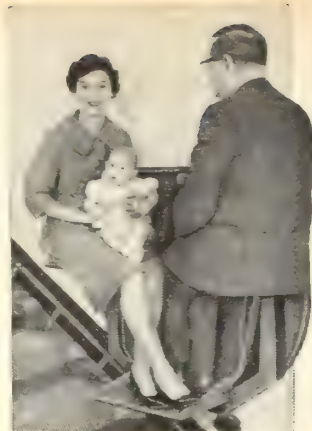
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## AFTER HOURS

most important roles were divided among two stars of high magnitude, two NBC Opera regulars, and one relative newcomer. The title role was played by Giorgio Tozzi of the Met (from Chicago, despite the name), a large man with diminishing curly black hair, bearing a little of the look of the professional heavyweight fighter, a role he once played in a London musical comedy. His manner, however, bears no relation to his appearance: he controls tightly the enormous vitality that opera requires, he speaks softly, he even laughs in a soft rumble most unlike the usual theatrical explosion. He is a thoughtful man, proprietor of a big bass voice of almost baritone coloration, determined to make it last for a long career. In the *Boris Godunov* rehearsals he was continually surrounded by the Metropolitan Opera brats—five boys about twelve years old, recruited from the Met children's chorus. They congregated around Tozzi, telling him their gossip (much of it scandalous: backstage is backstage), partly because he was The Star, but also because he made such an appreciative listener.

Second in celebrity was Gloria Lane, a very short, agile, and irreverent mezzo-soprano, full of voice, who last season sang what Italian critics regarded as the best Carmen of the decade at La Scala. The NBC Opera regulars were Andrew McKinley, a fine actor and thoroughly professional musician (he teaches violin when he isn't singing); and the young bass Richard Cross, who tottered preposterously around rehearsals trying to simulate the aged monk Pimen without the help of make-up and costumes. Once his face had been worked over and gray hair dripped down his shoulders, however, he did fine. The newcomer was Frank Porretta, singing the false Dmitri—a handsome, square-shouldered tenor, an asset of the New York City Opera, particularly valuable to Chotzinoff because he looks like one of the new, too-young heroes of the silver screen.

REHEARSALS began about a month before the performance in the NBC Opera headquarters, the second floor of a pair of former tenements knocked together by a ramp, on the street behind Carnegie



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## AFTER HOURS

Hall. The larger of the two rehearsal rooms—an expanse of wood floor, dirty-cream walls, and window looking onto an alley—was decorated for the purpose with two or three props and an upright piano. Adler himself was rarely in attendance, having duties with the Baltimore Symphony, and the rehearsals were conducted by Fredric or Felix Popper (at the piano), Chotzinoff himself (very small, almost bald, wearing a blue suit and bow tie though surrounded by sports shirts and turtle-neck sweaters; unable to resist making conducting gestures at the singers), and Kirk Browning.

Browning is a tall, muscular man with much wavy gray hair over black eyebrows. For rehearsals, he pours himself into a pair of now slightly tight khaki corduroy pants, which he wears every day for three or four weeks. A man of considerable private means, he had given up newspaper reporting and book publishing and retired in his thirties to a Connecticut farm, and he came to NBC and opera direction through the odd accident that his next-door neighbor, to whom he sold eggs, was Samuel Chotzinoff. He is an incredibly and incessantly hard worker, kept going, obviously, by a rising exhilaration as the moment of performance nears.

Christopher Isherwood once thought he was a camera; Browning really *is* a camera. Script in hand, he glides around the performers in rehearsal, placing his eyes exactly where he wants the camera to be, seeing things as through a ground-glass screen. The hieroglyphics on his script, suitably interpreted, will tell cameramen exactly where they must be at each moment of the ultimate performance. Browning is musical, too, and knows the score of an opera; telling Popper where he wants to pick up after an interruption, he will sing the phrase, adding, "There—but in the right key."

From ten in the morning until five or six at night, for eighteen out of twenty consecutive days, Browning prowled about his principals and then the chorus, working over every detail of the action. On Sunday, March 19, a week before performance, Adler began rehearsing his orchestra. By then, the cast had moved to a hall in the Fraternal Club House on West 48th Street, where

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## AFTER HOURS

every day the floor was marked with colored tape to indicate the dimensions of the sets. Here the cameramen joined Browning and followed him around to learn exactly what they would be doing. Even so, nearly two whole days in Brooklyn were necessary to "block" the action and give the cameramen dry runs.

The full run-through with orchestra was Saturday afternoon (following a complete piano run-through in the morning) on the enormous stage of Brooklyn II, where every corner held a different set. Some two hundred people milled about the floor, apparently aimlessly, a hundred of them in sixteenth-century Russian costume. The technical directors shooed people hither and yon, trying to keep grips, visitors, choristers, and Metropolitan Opera brats from getting killed by a fast-moving television camera or mike boom. The set designer and the costume designer roamed about with flash cameras, making their own record of their work. In the wings, a disgusted cowboy waited with the horse for the last scene, wearing Stetson, spurred boots, and leather jacket, knowing he would presently be wearing Russian blouse and fur hat. In the control booth Browning, all energy, gave rapid-fire orders to the man who was allowed by union rules to talk with the cameramen, and uttered blasphemous comments on what he saw in the monitor screens. Behind and above him, a Kafka-like jury of specialists sat silent behind a glass panel, each studying his own detail, oblivious to the performance as a whole. On the stage, an oddly un-Russian peasant, wearing a sack tied with a rope, poked about curiously: he had wandered over from Brooklyn I, at the other end of the NBC barn, where the Easter drama, *Say Now, Barabas*, was in dress rehearsal, too.

BUT the moment that sticks most in the memory had come a few days earlier, at the Fraternal Club House, in a hall with gilt arches painted on the walls, wood bosses hanging down from flat fake beams on the ceiling, and dispensers of Pepsi-Cola and Lemon-Lime permanently implanted along the rear wall. Browning was working with the chorus—"Hey, where are my people coming down

# AFTER HOURS

he hill, there?"—and the brats were lustered about Tozzi by the wall, and in the middle of the floor Chotzinoff was beating time for the high tenor Robert White, who was softly singing the idiot's song that ended the opera.

Finally, they ran it through, and he chorus marched off to the back of the hall behind the triumphant, also Dmitri, leaving White alone in the middle of the floor, singing, resting his head on the prop chair that would be a rock in Brooklyn. Chotzinoff, who had trotted about the early part of the scene, settled along the wall to watch. White sang his last phrase, very beautifully, and from the rear the chorus, still alert though their work was over, applauded the cadence. Chotzinoff looked at them affectionately.

"Most of them," he said, waving a little arm, "are *our people*. They sing for us every time. You know," he added, "there is absolutely no hackwork about this operation."

## SO I WILL PUNCH YOU ONE-O

I PRESS the button and the card  
Comes out for Mr. Vanderlitt:  
Five-ten, one-sixty, rather hard  
Of hearing, sometimes drinks a bit;

Plays chess, grows lilies, likes to  
fish  
For trout, reads every night in bed;  
Has traveled, turning fiftyish,  
No college, married, children wed;

Executive, Chicago, Dem.;  
Committees, boards . . . I light  
my pipe  
And enter for the IBM  
One hasty observation: *Tripe!*

What is he good for? What's he got?  
A rumor says that he is rich.  
Machine is silent. I am not.  
I press the button RECAPITCH.

Out pops the card. I scan it. Yes:  
*Correction Vanderlitt OK—  
Partial to Tripe, it says. I guess,  
Miss Allyson, that's all today.*

—David McCord



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INVESTMENTS  
ARE WORTH  
\$50,000..."**

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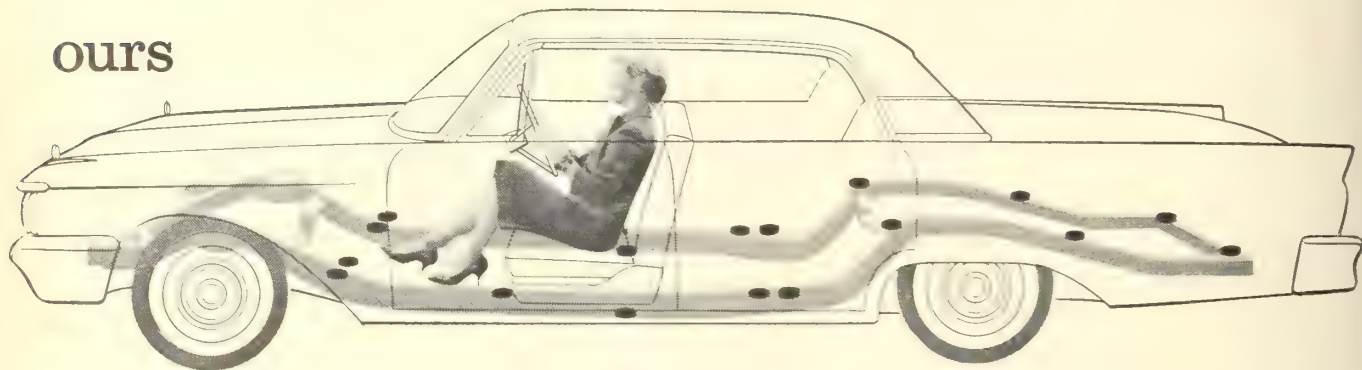
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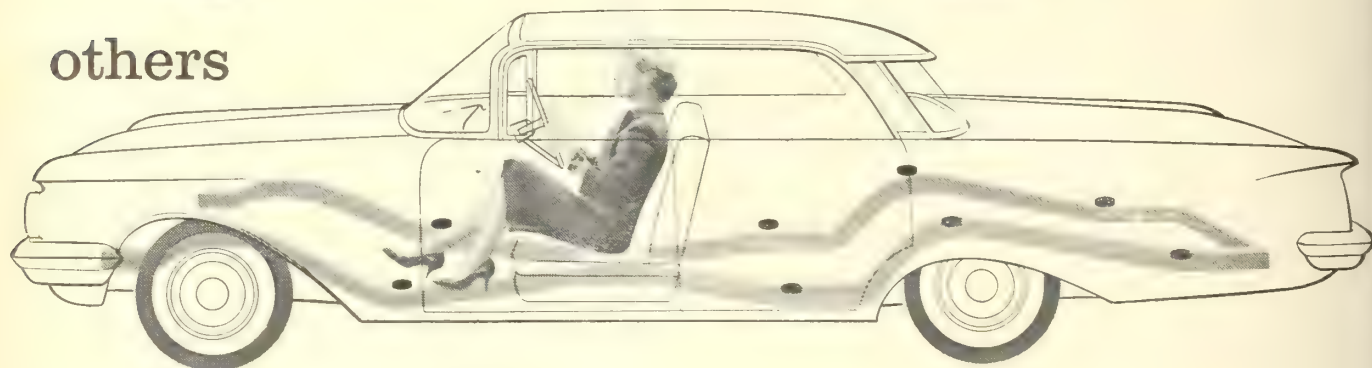


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# THE COMING BUST IN THE REAL ESTATE BOOM

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

*A successful real estate operator reveals how he and his fellow speculators have used special tax loopholes to pick up millions overnight . . . and in the process have bled their tenants, blighted our cities, and puffed up their financial bubble to the point of collapse.*

**R**EAL estate is booming. The face of America is being lifted by violent surgery as hills are leveled and swamps are filled, and every city stretches out eager fingers to engulf its suburbs.

New York City stands in the forefront of this tremendous wave of construction. An unending parade of new edifices joins the skyline, from the heart of old Manhattan to the farthest reaches of the Bronx. Old trees on side streets and de luxe young buildings on Park Avenue enter the same insatiable maw—neither can resist the onslaught of that new titan of America, the real estate speculator.

This awesome eruption of concrete and steel must bewilder the mind of the spectator. Why are stately buildings three decades old uprooted for ribbon-windowed office structures? Why are

massive apartment houses crowded jowl to jowl, blocking out air and light in a city short of both? And most of all, where do the tenants come from to fill the never-ending waves of new apartments and office buildings?

As a professional real estate man, I have myself participated in this postwar building frenzy from its inception. I saw it start when the city woke from depression lethargy and the immobility of the war to erect housing for the generation of war marriages and to build office buildings with the new improvements of air conditioning, acoustically “hung” ceilings, and recessed fluorescent lights. I have seen the maturity of the boom, as shifting racial populations have altered the character of whole boroughs and the needs of expanding business have brought out-of-town companies into the metropolis. And



now I have begun to observe a repetition of the disastrous overbuilding of the 'twenties—an overbuilding which poses dangers to the stability of the nation's economy.

Behind this massive boom stands an intriguing figure, the real estate speculator. Less than fifteen years ago he may well have been a junk dealer, a plumber, a two-bit renting agent, a mortgage broker seeking ways to invest his funds. Now he is one of a new group of multimillionaires who have risen to the forefront of the American scene. These men have been able to gain enormous wealth and power essentially because the building industry in our society has become a favored industry, depending on tax and other benefits in much the same way as the oil industry depends on its depletion allowance.

This article will show how the real estate speculators have been able to make fantastic profits by using this favored treatment; expose some of the tricks they have hatched to milk the system to the utmost; and outline some of the dangers that are involved as a consequence.

### Part I

THROUGHOUT American history great fortunes have been made in real estate but the very basis on which vast sums have been acquired in recent years has been changing. What is taking place is a shift of emphasis from land speculation—the purchase and resale of ground—to the leasing of land for purposes of building—a tactic which the tax structure has made far more profitable, as we shall see.

This is a change of historic proportions. Land speculation has been one of the traditional routes to social and political, as well as financial, success in America. Washington augmented his family's fortunes by speculating in frontier lands and the family of our latest President has followed somewhat the same pattern. New York, of course, has been an ideal site for real estate activity, and the wealth of many famous old families—Astors, Goelets, Rhinelanders, and Schermerhorns, among them—was largely based on profits made from land during the huge expansion of the city during the early nineteenth century. Dozens of now-prestigious names soon followed. The first Marshall Field—who made a large part of his \$100 million in land speculation—went so far as to say: "Land is not just a good way to make money . . . it is the only way to make money."

The basic strategy of all these land speculators is illustrated by the possibly apocryphal state-

ment made by John Jacob Astor when, in 1810, he sold a Wall Street lot for eight thousand dollars—a low price for the time. "I shall," he told the buyer, "take these eight thousand dollars and buy eighty lots above Canal street; by the time your one lot is worth twelve thousand dollars, my eighty lots will be worth eighty thousand."

Essentially the same technique was used by hundreds of speculators to make enormous profits in New York after World War II, when the metropolitan area spread beyond the five boroughs and land values exploded. For example during the 1930s my father—a realtor since the first world war—had invested in the swampy lowlands around the projected site of the New York World's Fair on Long Island. He bought the land by the *acre* and, ten years later, sold by the *yard*. Around 1949, the late Sam Minskoff, a well-known builder, bought the same property by the *yard* and after five years was able to sell it by the *foot*, making far more money in half the time. And this transaction occurred before the last decade, when over two million people fled the city for the suburbs—making millionaires out of dozens of Long Island potato growers in the process. Last August, the magazine *House and Home*, a publication of Time Inc., estimated that since World War II, land speculation has created more millionaires than any other form of business investment.

Nevertheless, most of the big money in real estate is not entering land speculation at the present time (although of course enormous profits are still made by owners holding property in strategic spots). Those with large capital are aware that land values have soared to such inflated levels that speculation often involves dangerous risk. But another, and more formidable reason is that waiting for land to increase in value requires patience. Ten years, even five years, is too long for the acquisitive to wait, if money can be made more quickly.

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*Daniel M. Friedenberg is the president of several real estate corporations, one of which built the first large postwar building in the New York area: 161 William Street. Though he has been in the business since 1947, he has also written for many magazines, including the literary quarterlies, "The New Republic," The New Leader, "Commonweal," and "Dissent." He served in the Army in World War II and later held offices in the Liberal party (1945) and the Young Democrats of New York (1950). He has a B.S. in economics from the Wharton School of Finance.*

Because of the tax laws, it can. The government has taken the position that since buildings grow old, a certain part of their cost should be allowed as a tax-free deduction each year. For example, if a building has an estimated life of fifty years, the government allows the owners to deduct one-fiftieth of its cost each year as a credit against its supposed loss in value. This is called a deduction for the "depreciation" on the building. But the tax authorities refuse to allow tax deductions for depreciation on land itself, following the sound theory that land does not wear out. Tax "angles" override all other factors for most big investors today, and investment in land for the sake of future growth in value is limited either to very small endeavors or to the extremely powerful who think in terms of building their fortunes over the decades, rather than their annual tax returns.

Certain old estates continue to take the long view: the Astors and Goetzts are still with us. The Astor Estate, for example, anticipated the development of Park Avenue as a financial community and purchased several large plots between 46th and 59th Streets in the 1940s. It is now investing in land to the east of Park Avenue in the Fifties, while the Goetzts heirs have acquired a large plot directly facing the Lincoln Square project.

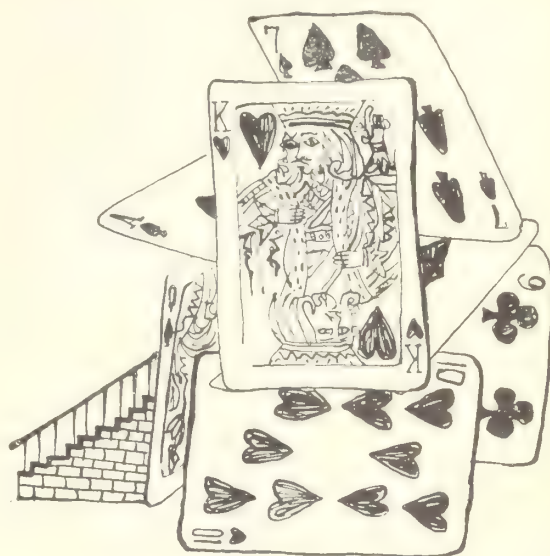
No special genius was required to foresee such developments. The future of the Park Avenue area above Grand Central has been clearly understood by big investors for a long time. And it is still possible to buy land near Lincoln Square for \$35 a square foot which should easily triple its value in a decade. A corporation affiliated with my own real estate office purchased a brownstone house in the Lincoln Square area in 1957 for \$35,000. Last year it bought two more at a price 30 per cent higher. Recently it offered \$60,000 for another brownstone on the same block and was turned down flatly. But the new moguls of real estate consider these deals petty and regard a profit of 30 per cent over three years as only 10 per cent annually—small pickings by their standards and a waste of their time.

They know that far more money can be made by *leasing* land, and the old estates and settled rich now prefer to lease. In this way, both sides in the transaction gain huge advantages. The party that originally owns the land receives from his lease a yearly income based on its inflated value. He risks no capital and, at the end of the lease period, not only the land but the buildings constructed on it will revert to him.

But the party that benefits tremendously in

the short term is the man leasing the land for building purposes. The "new millionaires" of real estate—men like the Uris brothers, Erwin Wolfson, and the Tishmans—have gained enormous fortunes in short years by acquiring leases and exploiting their unique advantages. And these advantages spring chiefly from the tax laws.

Let us see how it is all done.



#### THE TRICKS THEY USE

THE key tax gimmick used involves "depreciation." When a person leases land and then builds on it, he can deduct from his taxable income not only the rent he pays to the ground landlord but also an additional sum representing the depreciation in the value of the building itself. But how is he to calculate this depreciation? Until 1958 the government held that, during the first term of his lease, he could deduct as depreciation *the entire original cost of the building*. Thus, if he leased the land for twenty-one years—the usual first term—he could deduct from his taxable income each year nearly 5 per cent of the building's original cost; at the end of twenty-one years he would have deducted 100 per cent, or the entire amount. (This law has since been changed but the same result can be obtained in a majority of cases by manipulations too complicated to describe here.)

In itself, this depreciation allowance is an enormous advantage to the man who leases and then builds. But the government allows a further tax benefit called "accelerated depreciation." This means that the largest part of the building costs are tax-deductible during the early years of the lease. One favorite method is to double the amount deducted for depreciation during



the first year of the lease and then deduct progressively smaller amounts in each following year. Thus if the lease runs for twenty-one years, the builder will be able to deduct from his taxable income close to 10 per cent of the original building costs during each of the first few years.

But this is not all. Although the builder is allowed to deduct as depreciation the entire original cost of the building, in fact he seldom if ever puts up more than a third of this cost from his own funds. He generally borrows the rest by obtaining one or more mortgages. So, in effect, he is given the benefit of a tax-free allowance based not only on the cash he invests but also on the mortgage money loaned by others. Thus, in the example above, the builder is seemingly allowed a tax deduction amounting to nearly 10 per cent of his original building costs; but in reality his deduction in each of the first years of the lease will amount to nearly 30 per cent of the cash he actually invested in the building out of his own pocket. And he will subtract this huge sum from his taxable income before figuring his ordinary profits from rentals.

Is it any wonder that New York—not to mention other cities all over the country—is rebuilding at such a frantic rate? The accelerated tax-free depreciation allowance conferred on the builder by the government makes it possible for him to recover his building costs quickly—even before he calculates his profits from rents.

Only recently the government authorized the use of yet another device which permits builders to pile up both profits and buildings in rapid succession. This is called the "collapsible corporation." If a builder liquidates—or "collapses"—his corporation after holding a piece of property for a minimum of three years and a day, the government merely imposes a capital gains tax of 25 per cent on his profits when he sells, instead of the regular 52 per cent tax which corporations must normally pay. Thus, after the builder has reaped large profits through both his rents and the use of the accelerated depreciation allowances of the tax laws, another special tax law permits him to get rid of the building while paying less than half the taxes levied on other businesses when they make a profitable sale.

Let us take an actual example. Some years ago a man I know leased ground in order to build an apartment house in the East Fifties. As usual, the first term of the lease was twenty-one years. He borrowed money from an insurance company to finance what he alleged to be 65 per cent of the building's cost. But in reality, the sum he got covered 80 per cent of the money required.

(His architect and engineer had to back up his inflated estimate of the funds needed or they would not be hired for his next job.) Then, having paid only 20 per cent of the building costs with his own money, he claimed and received "double depreciation" on the completed structure—*i.e.*, he was allowed to deduct from his taxable income that year an amount close to 10 per cent of the cost of the building structure.

By taking these annual tax deductions, this builder saved a sum of money nearly large enough to repay his original investment during the first three years of ownership, above and beyond his profits from rent. He then sold the apartment house, liquidating his corporation in order to pay a single capital-gains tax on the high profits. This sale returned his investment to him a second time, and the additional profit was subject only to a tax of 25 per cent.

If the speculator can manage to build as an individual or a partner, and not as a corporation, his profits are often enhanced again. He can deduct the annual depreciation from his personal income which is usually taxed at a higher rate than a corporation's. For instance Erwin Wolfson obtained not long ago a short-term lease from Columbia University on the land at 100 Church Street and constructed the building which stands there today. Let us assume that the job cost \$10 million and his accelerated depreciation allowance was 5 per cent the first year of the lease—a very conservative estimate. Mr. Wolfson would thus have obtained a legitimate deduction of half a million dollars to apply against his personal income the first year, and only slightly smaller amounts for several years to come. Since he is the principal owner of the Diesel Construction Company, the largest building outfit in New York City, we may imagine that Mr. Wolfson might have found such a deduction of some use.

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

**I**T WILL readily be seen that, in the world of builders, the great trick is to invest as little as possible during construction and bale out as much as possible after completion. If only he can get his hands on some cash, the builder reasons, he can start mortgaging and borrowing and getting the building up—and then the tax gimmicks will pull him through.

Obviously it is attractive to him to lease land, instead of buying it—he doesn't tie up money in the land itself. It is also advantageous to build "co-operative" buildings where the tenants buy their space outright—the builder knows he will

immediately get his money back, plus profit, as soon as the building is completed. But precisely because such large amounts are involved, cash for investment is chronically in short supply, and the speculators often put together tense financial deals of enormous complexity, frantically borrowing, mortgaging, negotiating with banks and insurance companies to keep their projects afloat.

Sometimes the day is saved just when the situation seems most desperate. In the tight money market of 1956 two New York builders—both old and well-known building families—were staggering under the burden of financing construction of two large midtown office buildings: the Tishmans were building at 666 Fifth Avenue, the Minskoffs at 575 Lexington Avenue. But the Prudential Insurance Company obligingly decided to buy both of the buildings before they were completed and lease them back to the builders for many years. Both the Tishmans and the Minskoffs made large sums operating the buildings, which, however, belong to the insurance company. Recently the Minskoffs sold their operating lease to raise money for construction of their new skyscraper at 250 Broadway, facing City Hall.

Not all deals proceed so happily. The skulduggery that goes on behind the façade of the real estate pages is worthy of the most lurid crime novels—and far more money is at stake. Two fairly typical recent examples:

A builder assigned his engineer to investigate the possibility of developing property owned by a large bank. But his engineer was also a partner in a large realty syndicate. The engineer intrigued through friends who knew an executive officer of the bank socially and arranged a meeting with him. Soon it was decided that the engineer's realty syndicate would undertake the job. The builder who proposed developing the property originally was left in the cold.

Another builder leased a principal downtown corner in Manhattan and planned to build. He noted that an insurance company located adjacent to his plot needed space and suggested that the plots be combined to build one large structure. The insurance company agreed and offered to lease him its land. Plans were drawn but now the insurance company started to delay; it seemed amicable but, for one reason and another, it refused to sign the lease. Unable to get the building under way, deeper and deeper in debt, the builder was finally forced to sell out at a loss to the insurance company—which used the same plans to build the very same structure. When fully rented, the building will clear \$400,000 profit per year.

Very recently, the real estate community observed one of its more blatant cases of what might be called legal banditry:

One of the city's leading builders planned an enormous apartment project in the center of Manhattan's East Side. He spent a large sum for the land, but then found himself unable to continue—the money market, in one of its perennial swings, had become very tight. In despair he turned to the private market of vultures who wheel perpetually in the financial air—the very rich men who are willing to save dying propositions by supplying the needed cash in return for a large interest in the project at hand. The builder found a man who offered him a short-term loan of \$3 million in return for 50 per cent interest in the mammoth project. He agreed. His new financier then was able to borrow \$3 million at 6 per cent interest from his banks, and the job proceeded. The money market began to loosen up, and new financing was arranged. Within a few months two of the three million dollars were repaid, and the final million was to be returned in three years. By then the financier will have paid a total of \$200,000 interest on his loan. For that outlay, he has acquired 50 per cent of a project which will show a one-third million dollars' annual return for many years to come.

Watching men struggle fiercely in the New York real estate arena is a sure way to develop a skeptical feeling toward the ethics of the rich and the powerful. One distinguished gentleman, recently accorded honors by a national institution, obtained important financing by taking as a silent partner a well-known gambler and crook. Another, widely respected for his enormous contributions to religious charities, sent his brother to jail for several years to "take the rap" for the family. A third, bearing one of the great names of New York realty, was kicked out of the office of a corporation president when he proposed splitting the commission if the president would persuade his organization to rent space in his projected building.

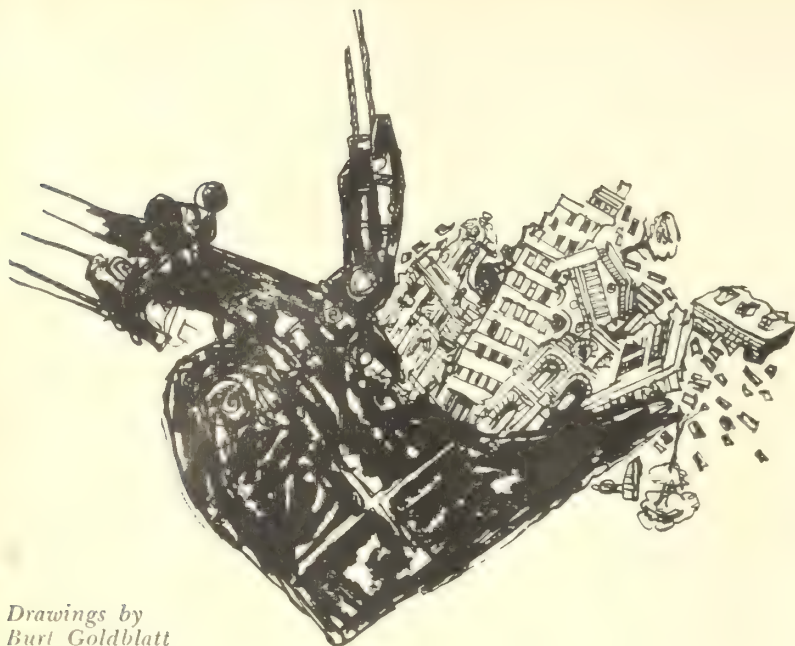
#### ZECKENDORF'S

#### LOAVES AND FISHES

**W**HAT must concern the public most, however, is not the private business style of the big realtors, but the ways in which their operations affect the city. Here, the career of that amazing modern manipulator, Mr. William Zeckendorf, is particularly relevant, for since the early 1950s Mr. Zeckendorf has evolved a new and ingenious approach to financing which has had far-reaching effects on New York.

This wizard found the typical operations of real estate men amateurish. When they bought a piece of property they calculated essentially in terms of the amount of their own money they would have to invest, on the one hand, and the amount of the mortgage money they would have to borrow, on the other. Zeckendorf was the first





*Drawings by  
Burt Goldblatt*

person to understand fully that an improved property is a unit consisting of many parts: the land, the building itself, the income derived from rent, the additional mortgage value of the rents isolated from the building. And he saw a way to exploit each of these values separately.

Mr. Zeckendorf first applied his new technique to the building he owned at 2 Park Avenue. By traditional standards, the building was worth somewhat less than \$10 million. First he sold an operating lease—the right to run the building and collect its rents—on the entire property for \$5 million. He received \$1.5 million in cash and took a mortgage of \$3.5 million to cover the rest. This was a mutually advantageous arrangement to both parties. The party that leased the building had to remit to Zeckendorf \$600,000 a year to pay off its mortgage plus interest on the lease; but since the annual profit from the building was \$1 million a year, the investors made about \$400,000 a year, or a return of 8 per cent on their \$5 million investment.

However, Zeckendorf was just beginning. He went to a mortgage company and borrowed \$6,750,000 at 4.5 per cent on the property, which of course he still owned. Soon after, the rents in the building were raised, enabling Zeckendorf to borrow an additional \$2,250,000 in the form of a second mortgage. He thus had received a total of \$14 million for a property estimated to be worth less than \$10 million. And he still held the title to the building itself—for which he turned down an offer of another \$1 million.

Zeckendorf, in short, found a way to wring

50 per cent more money out of the building by dividing its values into separate parts. He went on to perfect this technique in his subsequent purchases of the Graybar and Chrysler buildings near Grand Central Station, pyramiding his holdings with a marvelous complexity of manipulation. And as other real estate speculators saw what he was doing, they started imitating his methods.

But the basis of this kind of financing is a continually improving market. As long as rents go up and up, and the interest rate soars, the position of such speculators can generally be maintained, although sometimes with peril. However, realtors with many years of background

shudder to think what would happen to buildings laden with top-heavy mortgages if ever there were a downward dip in our economy.

#### THE SCYTHE OF THE SYNDICATES

**I**T IS doubtful if the present rickety structure and inflated values of the building industry would ever have been possible if it were not for the device called the syndicate. A syndicate is merely a group of people who get together and form a partnership, sharing profits in proportion to their financial participation. The attraction of the syndicate is its tax position. Corporations are taxed twice, first on their normal income, then on their dividends; but the members of the syndicate pay taxes only once, like any individual. Furthermore, the tax deduction for the depreciation on property is allowed to the corporation which owns it, but not to the corporation's stockholders; in contrast, each member of a syndicate can deduct for depreciation on syndicate-owned property on his own tax return.

These simple facts have transformed New York real estate. Property is appraised according to the return it brings investors, and the effect of the syndicate has been quite simply to double values. A building worth \$5 million to a corporation is now worth \$10 million to a syndicate. And since at each sale a new depreciation allowance is set up based on the new selling price, the syndicates can afford to buy buildings at a higher price, feeling sure that they are adding tax-

free dollars to the income of their investors.

Suppose that a building worth \$5 million is coming to the end of its depreciation deduction. If a syndicate buys it for \$10 million, it is allowed to deduct for depreciation the added \$5 million in value (minus the land value, which is non-depreciable). The accelerated depreciation allowance I have described then comes into play. During the early years of their ownership the members of the syndicate will share tax deductions amounting to the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The syndicate device came into wide use in the early 'fifties, and it was recently reinforced by the passage of the Real Estate Investment Trust Act. Building after building, hotel after hotel, apartment after apartment, have fallen to the scythes of the syndicates. As buildings get older, their depreciation runs out and the owners are inclined to sell, especially if a syndicate comes to them offering twice what the owner thought the property was worth. And the process feeds on itself. The syndicates have been offering participants from 10 per cent to 12 per cent annual profit, part of it tax-free, and more and more money pours into their portfolios.

The consequence of this frenzied investment is alarming: as the value of New York real estate has soared to absurd heights, the market has been picked as clean of likely purchases as the dead carcass of a cow by ants. The builders in turn feel compelled to erect new structures, knowing that even if they rent with only partial success, they can immediately sell at a profit.

Today all the devices available to the real estate millionaires—building on leased land, accelerated depreciation, capital gains, and syndicate operations—have combined to set in motion a wild spiral of construction and speculation. Unless this spiral is checked, weight will pile on weight until the whole precarious structure may collapse into a terrible shambles.

## Part II

WE HAVE seen the financial reasons why buildings are springing up all over New York—and other cities—with such bewildering and dangerous speed. How about the buildings themselves? What are they like to live and work in? The answer, unfortunately, follows straight from the pattern of the real estate market I have just described: the cheaper the product, the higher the return. As costs of construction have been rising, builders have found

formulas to substitute tinsel for quality, squeezing out every penny of profit they can.

Consider the question of crowding. It has become so apparent that builders are intent on covering every possible inch of New York with construction that when rare exceptions occur—such as the Lever Brothers and Seagram buildings on Park Avenue—the news hits the front pages of the newspapers. Of course it is difficult to convince the builders that crowding massive structures over narrow streets ruins the aesthetic effect of architecture. They are businessmen concerned not with aesthetics but with getting the most rent per square foot out of their investment. However, when the public allows the quest for profit to dominate architectural values and the municipal interest almost *completely*, as it has done, it is accepting a monetary perversion which seems beyond that of any known previous civilization.

Why, for instance, do we see all over New York the so-called “Babylonian effect”—buildings featuring graduated setbacks every three stories? This “style” is nothing more than the builder’s way of getting maximum vertical land use while conforming to the city’s antiquated building code. More recently, a new style has become popular—a tower rising from a block base—not because of some weird conversion of the builders to aesthetic values, but rather because the rising costs of roofing material and plumbing made the numerous setbacks more expensive.

Architecture in New York has become so tawdry and buildings so jammed together that public pressure finally forced some hopeful changes in the Municipal Code just this past year. However, any building for which plans are filed before November 1961 can be built under the old code. A recent wave of applications assures us that almost every edifice of any size over the next four years will be constructed in the same mediocre pattern.

Striving to profit from every foot of land, the speculator must still attract his tenants, so he tries to “glamorize” the public parts of the building. Typically, he builds a fancy lobby and decorates with an abstract mobile or a ceramic design as a sop to “modern architecture”—Noguchi’s designs have become a favorite for this today. For the outer shell of the building, the speculator uses precast stainless steel cubes, cream plastic plates, or colored aluminum sections. These thinly veneered skin treatments are “modern” too and they cost less than the traditional brick or stone. It is irrelevant that one



day they may leak like a sieve: the tenants won't find this out until they are well along on their long-term leases.

The newest prestige attractions are the elevators: wired to play soft semi-classical tunes, they glide up and down without operators, saving the builder up to 25 cents per square foot in labor cost. (Tenants now actually *want* operatorless cabs. The newest buildings have them—therefore they must be better.)

#### RECOUPING FOR GLAMOUR

**T**HE lobby, façade, and elevators are the glamour centers of the building. Where the speculator recoups is in mechanical equipment, especially air conditioning. Since the difference between good and bad air conditioning can run as high as \$3 per square foot, and since the average office structure today is over 300,000 square feet, this item alone can save the builder almost one million. A good air-conditioning system should have controls for air on each side of the building as well as the upper and lower parts. It should have plenty of return ducts to carry out the stale air. Above all, to cope with sharp variations of temperature in spring and autumn, it should have large entry ducts which permit the air to be completely replaced by fresh air in a short period of time.

A defective air-conditioning system suits the purposes of present-day builders perfectly because the prospective tenant will not see it. He cannot tell the difference between good and bad air flow by looking at the plans. When more sophisticated tenants call in engineers to review the design of the air conditioning, the builder usually compromises by improving the system for the executive offices while continuing to save on the unimproved clerical areas.

(In defense of the builders, it might be added that they are not solely at fault. Many sectors of the elevator and air-conditioning industries are controlled by a few corporations which—as any buying agent in the construction field could testify—maintain prices by refusing to bid competitively. Instead they “respect” one another's business and apportion the work. Recently I was amazed to discover that a bid for air-conditioning equipment broke this rule. It would seem that the companies are so shaken by the recent GE-Westinghouse prosecutions for price fixing that they have now *agreed* to compete, at least for a time.)

Cheap and inadequate mechanical equipment is only one of the devices used by builders to

cut costs and run up profits. It is impossible to list all the tricks of the trade in this article but here are some of the more common ones:

***The Strange Theory of Large Office Areas:*** By a careful campaign of public hypnosis, the builders have convinced many tenants that tremendous floors are ideal for modern office layout. In fact, objective management studies have shown that the ideal layout space for most large firms varies between 12,000 and 20,000 square feet. However, it is in the builder's interest to convince the tenant that much larger floor areas are desirable because the larger the cubic area, the cheaper it is to build. Two stairways as fire exits and one fire-tower air shaft are needed in a small building as well as a large. The bigger the floors, the fewer the toilets per square foot to be installed—and less air conditioning is needed because of the smaller sun-load. And there are other advantages for the builder. Almost all the topnotch speculative builders have therefore hired Madison Avenue publicists to persuade tenants that they need enormous floors, and one of the most striking phenomena of real estate today is their almost complete success.

***The Fictions of Space:*** The builders have also found ways to make the tenants pay for space they don't use. Until 1953, tenants did not pay rent for corridors, toilets, air-conditioning fan rooms, slop-sink closets, and electric and telephone rooms. Then the Real Estate Board of New York, a private organization developed to defend realty interests, decreed a new method of computing footage. The tenant is now required to pay for everything on a single-occupancy floor except the stairs, fire-tower shaft, and elevator space. For the landlord this means between 7 per cent and 12 per cent more rent from the same space.

And there are other, less obvious ways to increase charges for space. Few buildings are built on exact right angles and straight lines, flush with the edge of the building lot as drawn on the blueprints. When a building is constructed askew so the tenant has less space than the plans call for, the landlord nevertheless gives himself the “benefit of the doubt” and charges for the space anyway. Another universal practice is to charge rent for the space used by air-conditioning enclosures which protrude from the side walls.

These tricks may sound trifling but real estate insiders calculate that the shrewdest operators who exploit them all are charging for nearly 20 per cent more space than would be allowable by traditional methods. If we remember that the

speculator seldom puts up more than one-third of the cash cost of the building, it should not be hard to understand why so much money pours into construction today.

**Escalating Maintenance:** Practically all modern leases contain a so-called "escalation clause" which provides that all increases in labor and maintenance costs, as well as taxes, will be borne by the tenants in proportion to the size of their rent or space. This is a reasonable way to protect fair-minded landlords against inflation. But some ruthless landlords have turned it into a ronaanza. One classic gambit is to delay contracting for elevator maintenance during the first year of the lease. This maintenance is expensive—the large companies charge about \$2,500 a cab annually. When the second year begins, the landlord makes his contract, claims he has had a "rise" in costs, and charges it to the tenants. In a building containing fifteen elevators and 100,000 square feet, such a contract would run to \$37,500 annually. The landlord thus picks up what amounts to extra rent of almost ten cents a square foot.

And there are other costs that get charged to tenants via the escalator clause—not to mention the dull-witted relative who pops up as a vitally needed "new" mechanic.

**Spotty cleaning:** One of the newer tricks in realty management involves the cleaning contractor. In former times, building owners hired their own crews of cleaning women who covered an average of 1,600 to 1,800 square feet per hour. With few exceptions, the work has now been taken over by cleaning contractors who force their women to cover 2,200 to 2,500 square feet per hour. It is impossible to clean properly at this speed and the results are lamentable—but there is no way to prove conclusively that cleaning is poor and so the tenant is helpless. Nor can he do much about the fact that the cleaning companies also specialize in selling at high prices the "extras" he needs—floor waxing, Venetian-blind cleaning, desk polishing, etc. The owner of the building "participates" in this business and receives a handy side income from it. If the tenant complains, the landlord will point out that competitive prices are the same—and they generally are, since most cleaning companies have private agreements not to raid each other.

The realty business, in fact, is full of private agreements the tenant can do nothing about—between the large realty management companies and the building superintendents, for instance. Not long ago an honest building superintendent was fired by a management company for trying to

give decent service in a new building. The poor man actually went to the building's owner to plead the cause of good management. He did not seem to realize that the owner was receiving a "piece" of the money made by cutting standards and charging extras.

#### CARACAS, IN THE WINTER

WHAT is the response of speculators when charged with the kind of practices I have listed above? The standard defense one hears from the speculators is that they could not profitably compete if they were forced to construct office space and apartments according to good standards, and service them with care.

It is difficult to judge the extent to which better building could be commercially possible for speculators in the present state of affairs. It is worth noting, however, that most builders now feel a job is losing money if they do not "get their money out" in six or seven years—which means a 14 per cent to 17 per cent profit before they take advantage of the tax-free accelerated depreciation. And there are few builders who consider that they are gaining an asset by paying off their mortgages, although it will enhance their profit at any future sale. Furthermore, the closer one looks into the actual day-to-day operations of the real estate speculators, the clearer it becomes that the government is permitting them to enjoy other large advantages—in addition to the fundamental ones I have already discussed. Here are three of the most dramatic.

**Endless Expense Accounts:** Real estate operations are singularly well suited to the art of the tax-deductible expense account. Buying, selling, renting, and simply looking at property are such indefinite categories that almost any expense can be justified. If one wants to check into the possibilities of a hotel in Palm Springs, California, or an office-building venture in Caracas, Venezuela—especially in cold weather—trips to these places may be imperative, carefully documented with letters to and from brokers, of course. "Potential tenants" from out of town may need theatre tickets, hotel rooms, or willing call girls to console them—that is standard big-business procedure. But the big real estate operators do show a certain imagination—witness the recent flow of their investments to properties in Florida. It is only logical that these hotels and apartments must undergo a stern, tax deductible business inspection several times during the winter . . .

**Multiplying Corporations:** Real estate management is also peculiarly adapted to setting up a



series of corporations for different building jobs, thus gaining tax advantages, since corporations are taxed only 30 per cent up to the first \$25,000 of profit. Also, it is easy enough to set up corporations separating the management of a building from ownership—juggling rent, salaries, and benefits back and forth to gain the most favorable tax position.

*An advantage in the Stock Market:* The Internal Revenue Service has accorded real estate corporations very large and special opportunities to invest their profits outside the real estate business at reduced taxes. If an individual invests in the stock market, he must pay the normal full tax on dividends. However, once a realty corporation has paid its regular tax on its business profits, it is entitled to a tax exemption of 85 per cent on its additional profits when invested elsewhere.

This means, for example, that a realty corporation can invest in the stock market and pay less than 8 per cent tax on any dividends it receives: since 85 per cent of the dividends are tax-exempt, the normal 52 per cent corporate tax applies only to the remaining 15 per cent. And if the stock is sold at any increased value, the corporation would pay only a capital-gains tax of 25 per cent on its profit. By contrast, if its profits were invested in real estate, it would have to pay the full 52 per cent on any further profits that accrued. The real estate operators have no cause to complain that their money is "frozen" in real estate.

### Part III

IT SHOULD be clear that the builders are receiving extremely favorable treatment from the government. The consequences of this treatment present serious social problems.

For instance, even the most superficial observer cannot fail to be struck by the amount of architectural mediocrity the building boom has already created in New York. The big speculators have actually developed distinctive styles which now reappear with monotonous regularity, using the same mechanical patterns over and over again. The Uris brothers, for example, use colored plastic discs behind aluminum fins; the Tishmans, concrete blocks on which are pasted gigantic enlargements of a microscopic picture of a fly's eye. The busy architectural firm of Emery Roth and Sons has dotted Third Avenue



and Park Avenue with squat boxes—a kind of Rothville in High Speculator Style.

Yet, given the frenetic conditions which government tax favoritism has created in the money market—and the inflated costs of construction—a speculative builder who insisted on high architectural standards would need extraordinary resources and fortitude to survive. The few worthy and interesting new buildings in the city have been put up by billion-dollar corporations as showplaces for their home offices. And even these are plagued by the problem of the setting in which they are placed. Leonardo da Vinci observed centuries ago that a building should rise in height only one-half the distance of the free span of space before it. This is a rule which has been followed in Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro—and sometimes in Milwaukee, San Francisco, and New Orleans as well. The beauty of these cities is that a sense of space gives grandeur to the more notable structures—structures often devoted to civic interests and the arts and sciences, incidentally, as well as to soap, whiskey, and fertilizers.

What is particularly depressing about New York is that its building code has for years encouraged precisely the reverse effect, stifling the human instinct for dignity and grace, and creating a situation that is practically impossible to rectify within the near future. Furthermore, whatever open spaces and vistas remain are rapidly being filled in. (Two of the many examples: The development of Sixth Avenue in the West Fifties is destroying the majesty of the Rockefeller Center grouping; and the sale of a small square to the south of Columbus Circle for use by the Huntington Hartford Museum means that the white lines of the New York Coliseum are muffled from the Broadway approach.)

But if the city is indifferent to the aesthetics of the building boom, it seems positively bent on strangling itself when it comes to its practical consequences. For instance, the choking flood of automobile traffic in New York is at its worst precisely in those downtown and midtown areas where more and more buildings are being constructed. It is an act of municipal madness to dump 25,000 to 50,000 more people into the crowded heart of the midtown area by permitting construction of the new Pan Am building near Grand Central Station; but the project moves forward. (Meanwhile, the obvious equations of the municipal traffic dilemma yawn in all our faces: Mass transit by trains and buses can transport 40,000 people on the same amount of roadway which can carry only 1,600 people in private cars—twenty-five times as many. But municipal and state governments refuse to subsidize railroads and bus lines, and they have become so expensive, uncomfortable, and dilapidated that people prefer to bring more and more cars into the city.)

Finally, the rising prices of land during the building boom have inexorably created a series of economic ghettos in New York which are the very antithesis of democracy. The rich and poor used to live close together but this is much less true today. Public housing brings the lucky poor together, while the unlucky poor live in strata of disgraceful tenements. The Protestant whites have largely left the city and the Jews are following. The East Side is becoming an exclusive ghetto itself, the last protected haven of the rich. As an example, a large plot on the East Side was offered to me three years ago at \$70 per square foot. It seemed outrageous at the time but the same plot recently sold at over \$100 per square foot. New York will soon resemble a grotesquely enlarged medieval town with each caste in its own quarter.

#### THE FAST BUCK

**T**O comprehend the full power behind the insensate march of Manhattan building, one must take account of the activity that goes on inside the office buildings themselves—the great hives of New York advertising, market speculation, publicity, merchandising, television. In most of them you can find the same cast of mind which marks the building's construction—the same buzzing obsession with profits and tax gimmicks and quick turnover, to the neglect of solid utility and values adding grace to human existence.

The real villain, in short, is human nature itself, that part of most of us—myself included—which cannot resist a fast buck and the approval of the mob. The public at large seems to find little to criticize in the success of the new real estate millionaires; on the contrary, they are admired citizens, heroes of a kind. As long as predatory cunning and acquisitive lust pass as social virtues, the real estate speculator and shoddy buildings will be with us.

Nevertheless, the building boom itself and the laws that subsidize it present immediate dangers to our economy which we will ignore only at grave peril. From the most practical and hard-headed business standpoint, there are compelling reasons to change the tax and administrative laws before overbuilding sets off a panic which leads to a new depression. Anyone who regards the present frenzy of construction calmly will do well to remember that many of America's depressions were initiated by a spiral in land prices and overbuilding that brought down the banks. Land speculation led to the panics in 1836, 1857, and 1873. The depression of 1929 was preceded by a tremendous overexpansion of building in the late 1920s; with the fall in stock prices was coupled a drop of some 80 per cent in land prices.

What is the situation today? Paper prices for land are nearly twice the national debt; six times the federal revenue; almost twice the price of all listed stocks; and more than twice the assets of all commercial banks put together. Today, almost 15 million square feet of office space is being designed in the New York area alone. And building costs continue to stand at an all-time high.

What is the federal government doing about it? Not only does it continue to maintain the remarkable tax benefits to builders that I have described, but it also has recently approved the new Real Estate Investment Trust Bill which extends the scope of the syndicate method, making it possible for pension funds, small merchants, and hopeful shopgirls to buy "a piece of a building." How are they to know that the buildings can be milked of value by smart speculators until the certificates owned by the small investors may be worthless?

Anyone who thinks this an alarmist point of view might well consult a recent statement by Mr. Charles F. Noyes, dean of New York real estate brokers, who has been active in the realty market for over sixty years. Calling for state regulation of the syndicate method, Mr. Noyes wrote:



Syndication of real estate equities is a very similar idea to the sale of first-mortgage certificates sold to the public with great success . . . from about 1910 to 1935. Along came the panic of 1929 and in the early 'thirties the real estate depression with unbelievable losses to the holders of these certificates. . . . The market price of real estate has [now] gone so high that today it is not possible with safety to pay these returns as are now advertised. . . .

If we fail to take protective measures, he concluded, "I shudder for many reasons to think what may happen to New York real estate at some future date."

People will differ on the precise reforms needed, but there is no question that changes must be made before it is too late. My own view of an equitable program would run along these lines:

1. The privilege of tax deductions for depreciation on buildings must be completely re-examined. Certainly the present allowance of deductions for accelerated depreciation is inequitable and should be discontinued. In many European countries, no tax deductions at all are allowed for depreciation on buildings of any kind. Nor are home owners in this country allowed to deduct for depreciation. It is an open question whether business should be allowed to

enjoy advantages denied to the home owner.

2. Syndicates and the new real estate investment trusts should not be allowed to pay a single tax while corporations are taxed twice. They should be subject to the same taxes as regular corporations. The privilege they now enjoy favors one class of investors against another and is thoroughly un-American in the most abused sense of the word.

3. Most important of all, the privilege of paying the low capital-gains tax should be completely re-examined and either eliminated or made more meaningful. Concerning the sale of property, a capital-gains tax might be valid if the property were held for a minimum of, say, ten years. In general the present capital-gains rule is a specious dodge based on the fiction that capital held over six months is a "long-term investment." The harbor of capital gains is the anchorage for the overwhelming mass of speculation both in real estate and the stock market, and as such it is heavily responsible for the violent cycles and distortions of the American economy.

It would be foolish to be optimistic about the chances of these reforms to succeed. As the recent passage of the Real Estate Investment Trust Bill showed, the real estate interests have strong influence in the legislatures. Many of the voters themselves share the dream of cashing in on the great inflation of speculative values that our laws have set in motion. Is our society capable of reform in a time of apparent prosperity—or must we wait until the whole structure collapses of its own weight?

I must add a personal postscript. I am a product of the real estate world. My entire business life—and that of my family for almost half a century—has been centered around the building and management of property. No doubt I will be called a "traitor to my class" by many relatives and friends for advocating these reforms. To them, I can only say that, from the perspective of economic history, the suggestions I have made are relatively mild. Landlords are the easiest persons to attack in times of poverty because they are few and tenants many. If another depression ensues, it will produce laws which will make the reforms I advocate seem like those of an extreme conservative. For me, it is not only immoral—in the purest and deepest sense of that word—for enormous real estate profits to be accumulated through tax tricks while 14 per cent of the Negro and 8 per cent of the white workers in America have no jobs. It is also a threat to the nation's economic stability which we must meet before it is too late.

## SYLVIA PLATH

### YOU'RE

CLOWNLIKE, happiest on your hands,  
Feet to the stars, and moon-skulled,  
Gilled like a fish. A common-sense  
Thumbs-down on the dodo's mode.  
Wrapped up in yourself like a spool,  
Trawling your dark as owls do.  
Mute as a turnip from the Fourth  
Of July to All Fool's Day,  
O high-riser, my little loaf.

Vague as fog and looked for like mail.  
Farther off than Australia.  
Bent-backed Atlas, our traveled prawn.  
Snug as a bud and at home  
Like a sprat in a pickle jug.  
A creel of eels, all ripples.  
Jumpy as a Mexican bean.  
A clean slate, with your own face on.  
Right, like a well-done sum.

LOUIS E. LOMAX

# THE AMERICAN NEGRO'S NEW COMEDY ACT

*Laughter has always been his sharpest weapon  
—but now its tone is more self-confident  
. . . and a lot healthier for all of us.*

HIGH noon in New York, August: The crowded bus jogged to a stop at Fourteenth Street. All the passengers got off, except two women who had been sharing a seat—one Negro, the other white. Both were stout.

*If I move to another seat, the white woman thought, this Negro will think I don't want to sit by her.*

Two stops later the Negro looked at her seat-mate and said:

"Honey, there's plenty room on this bus; why for then are you crowding me?"

This story, now going around among Negroes and their white friends, may be apocryphal. Its meaning, however, is certain: Negroes and white people are beginning to laugh together about the most serious affliction of American society. True, we Negroes have been laughing at white people for years. I suspect—in fact I know—they have been laughing at us. But until recently the laughs have not been mutual or the same: our comic response was born of hurt; theirs, I regret to say, of malice. We were not the same order of fool: the Negro was Falstaff, acting the idiot not only to survive but to say the truth; the white man was the ancient Athenian comic staging a fertility rite during which the tribe reaffirmed its value system by pillorying a scapegoat—the outsider.

The Negro's oblique assault upon segregation has often had practical value as well as style. During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years in college, I worked as an or-

derly at the Little-Griffin Hospital in Valdosta, Georgia. My first duty each morning was to put chairs in the hallway leading to Dr. Griffin's office. By nine-thirty these chairs would be filled with white ladies seeking the services of the best-known gynecologist in south Georgia. For a Negro woman to be treated by Dr. Griffin, and in his office at that, was unthinkable.

I was out in the hospital yard raking leaves one morning when Sister Lucy—a woman of middle age and a stalwart member of my grandfather's church—came strolling up carrying a Jewel lard bucket filled with fresh eggs.

"Mornin', Louis."

"Howdy, Sister Lucy."

"That Dr. Griffin," she said pointing to the hospital, "he there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thank you, Jesus," Sister Lucy intoned, "cause I needs treatin'."

This I had to see. I followed Sister Lucy as she made her way through the back door of the hospital and into the corridor leading to Dr. Griffin's office.

"Mornin', daughter," Sister Lucy beamed to the first white woman in line. "Why you here? You gonna have another baby?"

"Ain't three enough, Lucy?" the woman asked, beginning to laugh.

"Honey, I had two and that enough for me!" The corridor rang with laughter and Sister Lucy walked past the next eight women in line.

"How's that husband of yours?" Sister Lucy asked, leaning over a woman at the head of the line.

"He's fine, Lucy. How you?"

"Praise God, I'm fine! You know, I brought that husband of yours into this world."

"I'm gonna tell him I saw you, Lucy."



"You do that and the Lord'll bless you." With this, Sister Lucy had made her way to Dr. Griffin's secretary-nurse.

"Is Dr. Griffin in there?" Lucy asked, widening her eyes with expectation.

"Yes, Lucy, he's there. How you?"

"With the help of Jesus, I'll make it."

Dr. Griffin's office door opened, a patient walked out, Sister Lucy walked in. Whatever was wrong with Sister Lucy, Dr. Griffin fixed it. He was paid with a Jewel lard bucket full of eggs. Sister Lucy made her way back down the hall laughing and joking with the waiting women.

"Give the preacher my prayers when you get home," she said to me, once we were again out in the back yard. Then she added, almost in an undertone, "Lord, honey, white folks sure are foolish!"

#### THE WAR DID IT

**B**UT humor and sorrow are allies, opposite sides of the same coin. Three incidents of my early youth made me painfully aware of this ambivalence. There was a deacon in my grandfather's church who used to break into gales of laughter while shouting. I would watch his face as he shouted, "Hallelujah, ha, ha, ha," and saw in its contortions the betrayal of inner stress.

And there was also the day my Uncle James (who was a Baptist minister and principal of the Negro school) lectured us about the fact that Negroes "laughed at the wrong time." Uncle was irked because we had laughed during the film "Imitation of Life." What tickled us was Peola, the light-skinned Negro girl who passed for white and then confessed all at the funeral of her dark mother whom she had mistreated.

The third incident involved turnabout but the motivation was the same. I was delivering groceries; my bicycle turned over, threw me to the ground, and my hand was badly crushed by the loaded wooden box. The accident sent a white woman into hysterical laughter—perhaps not unlike that of the shouting Negro deacon. She called to her next door neighbor to come out and "see the bleeding nigger!"

Comedy is one way of looking at a social situation. Tragedy is another. But comedy can tell us some things about a situation that tragedy cannot. The tragedian told us that the race problem was immoral—that if we weren't careful somebody might go to Hell for it. The comic told us the race problem was absurd—that it would change as Americans became in-

volved in bigger, even more absurd, problems. World War II proved to be that involvement.

Take the Negro sergeant who explained to his French girl friend that he wasn't *really* a Negro; that he was, rather, an intelligence officer and that the Army had painted him brown for special night fighting!

Or take this tribute to the most brilliant all-Negro infantry unit to serve in the last war—I don't know whether the story was Negro or white in origin. An all-white unit slogging up through Italy came upon the ruins of the Colosseum in Rome. "Damn," the commanding officer snapped, "those niggers from the 92nd got here ahead of us!"

These were the things we laughed about during the war. The Negro had been dumped in the most tragic absurdity of all: despite the killing and dying, there was something funny about being loyal and brave and skillful in defiance of warnings that we were unreliable and dumb. And it was the war that destroyed segregation. Colored troops didn't march straight from Berlin to Mississippi as one Negro comic suggested. Rather, they changed weapons—substituted law books for guns—and marched on the United States Supreme Court.

"Dear father," the Negro Harvard Law School freshman wrote. "I have just unearthed a law that will end segregation overnight."

The father, whose income came from prosecuting discrimination cases for the NAACP, wired back: "Keep that law buried until I get you through law school!"

And anyone who has heard the spontaneous poetic repartee between the Southern Negro preacher and his congregation will believe that this happened:

"And this is the way the new freedom came about," the preacher began, his singsong voice rattling the rafters.

"We marched on Washington . . ."

"Amen," the congregation shouted back.

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*Louis E. Lomax traveled through Africa last summer and came home to write "The Reluctant African," a book which reviewers found both shocking and important as a study of the intense anti-white feeling in Africa. For it, Mr. Lomax received the Anisfield-Wolf Award presented by the editors of "The Saturday Review" for the book dealing most creditably with social and group relations. Born in Georgia, Mr. Lomax now lives on Long Island and free-lances in the magazine and television field.*

"Like Moses we made our way down to the waters, singing 'let my folks go!'"

"Yes, praise the Lord."

"Only we didn't walk to the Red Sea, we marched down to the Potomac . . ."

"Amen, preach the word."

"But, praise God, instead of Moses and Joshua, we had Thurgood Marshall, Roy Wilkins, and A. Philip Randolph . . . ain't that right?"

"Hallelujah, amen."

"And we begin to sing and pray and clap our hands and do the holy dance."

"Yes, Lord," Sister Minnie screamed, leaping to her feet to dance for joy.

"And our voices got louder," the preacher continued, his voice now sounding like a March wind blowing through dry shingles. "We was heading toward Zion . . . just about the crack of dawn, the Lord pulled back the sky. He told the rising sun, the sinking moon, the fading stars, and the floating clouds to get out of his way so he could see. And the Lord poked his head down through the elements . . ."

"Well, *do* Jesus," Sister Louise intoned, leaping to her feet.

"And the Lord said, 'What you colored people doing making all that noise so early in the morning?' and we told him, 'Lord, we want to be free. No more back doors; no more back seats; no more schools we pay for and can't go to.' And the Lord smiled and said, 'Look behind you!' And we looked, like Moses searching for a rod to part the waters. But instead of a rod we saw a building. A high building with tall columns . . . and with a picture of blind justice holding a pair of unprejudiced scales. And the Lord said, 'You colored people go in that building. There's a man in there named Earl Warren, he's a servant of mine. Tell him your troubles and cut out all that noise so I can go back to sleep.'"

#### RACE PREJUDICE TURNED INSIDE OUT

**I** WAS in the center of "colored town," perched on the side of a mountain overlooking Clinton, Tennessee. Mob violence over school integration was into its third night. The Negro community was an arsenal; we stood in knots looking down into the center of town as John Casper ranted before a crowd in front of the courthouse. Negro citizens voluntarily stayed out of town and the sheriff advised me, the lone Negro newsman on the scene, against being on the downtown streets after dark. Had the segre-

gationist mob decided to storm the mountain road leading to the Negro sector, it would have been a massacre. Scores of Negro men, many of them war veterans, were crouched behind trees and bushes waiting for just such a move. I was waiting for the Western Union clerk to come up to "colored town" and get my overnight story and file it to Chicago. Shortly before eleven o'clock, a small Negro boy came running up to me:

"Mr. Lomax," he panted, "there's a white man down at the foot of the mountain in a car. He's a-honking his horn and a-blinking his lights and he shouted and tole me to tell you he's as scared to come up here as you are to come down there where he is." I walked down the mountain road and onto a small stretch of no man's land. The Western Union man met me. He took my copy, we shook hands, laughed, and said good night.

When we Negroes think of present-day race tensions in Alabama, the serious face of Dr. Martin Luther King usually dominates our minds; but in spite of the painful events in Montgomery, we can laugh when we get a chance—even in Alabama. One Friday the thirteenth, Dr. Ralph Bunche, Under-Secretary of the United Nations, was scheduled to speak before a Negro women's group in Birmingham. Because of bad weather, his plane was forced to land in Macon, Georgia, at three in the afternoon. He called his hostess to say that he could not possibly make it in time for the eight o'clock engagement. Advised that the airline was transporting Bunche along with the other passengers to Atlanta by bus, the hostess said they would hire a limousine to bring him from Atlanta to Birmingham (a distance of some 180 miles) and that the audience would wait for him until midnight if necessary.

Bunche covered the first hundred miles without incident. Just inside the Alabama border, however, the limousine broke down. Bunche called his hostess and said things looked worse than ever. After a moment of thought she told him to hang up and sit tight. Fifteen minutes later Bunche heard the wail of police sirens. The local sheriff—white—pulled up and asked for Dr. Bunche. "I'm he," Bunche said, with justifiable trepidation.

"By God, git in the car."

Dr. Bunche got in. Despite the blinding rain, the sheriff raced across the county and at the line transferred his passenger to the waiting car of another sheriff, who opened his siren, turned on his blinking lights, and zoomed off into deep



Alabama. With the sheriffs working in relays, Bunche was whisked across four counties, covering eighty miles in less than an hour, while his demon-drivers barked progress reports over the short-wave radio.

Only after he arrived at the Birmingham church where the crowd was patiently waiting did Bunche discover that the progress reports were being relayed to white policemen stationed in a car outside the church. At the end of each report the policemen raced into the church and announced Bunche's current position to the resounding shouts of "amen" and "hallelujah." The white policemen then accompanied Bunche into the church and sat in the pulpit while Dr. Bunche proceeded to give segregation hell.

Ralph Bunche is by no means the only outstanding Negro spokesman who has had humorous bouts with race prejudice in reverse. Dr. Robert Weaver, former chairman of the NAACP executive board and now Administrator of the U. S. Housing and Home Finance Agency, was a member on the UNRRA team sent to the Ukraine in 1945 to administer relief. In addition to being a bearer of gifts, Weaver, a tall handsome football hero, was the first Negro most of the Ukrainians had seen. The men were overwhelmed by his good nature and rapid jokes; the women were impressed by his agility and graciousness on the dance floor. In city after city, Weaver found himself the object of ardent and, for him, arduous admiration. Finally in Kharkov, his energy drained. The town fathers feted Weaver and his teammates in a long night of celebration. Shortly before eight the next morning, the tireless comrades banged on Weaver's door and said that he had to start immediately on an inspection tour of city housing projects. His eyes bleary, Weaver turned to his roommate and fellow UNRRA representative—a white man from Texas—and said, "I never thought I would see the day when I would long for a little racial discrimination."

This ability to laugh not only at racism but at themselves sustained Negroes through the turbulent first days of integration. And, as the excellent NBC-TV White Paper on the sit-ins showed, humor has proved to be one of the Negro's most effective weapons:

Fifty dignified Fisk University students were jailed because they participated in the Nashville sit-ins. "Hey, man," one student shouted to a cell mate, according to the TV script. "I sat down in Kress and the white waitress told me, 'We don't serve Negroes.' I told her that was good because I don't eat them."

"Dig this," another student added. "There is this cartoon of a Negro student sitting alone at a lunch counter. The caption reads: *The customer is always white!*"

Then the TV camera closed in on a Negro mother. "I got this letter from Junior," she said, alternately laughing and crying. "And he said, 'Mamma, I'm in jail, but everything is all right. Be cool, Mamma, be cool.' I can't say it like he can," she added to the camera, "but he said, 'Be cool, Mamma, be cool!'"

The Supreme Court has yet to rule on the legality of the sit-ins. It may never have to, for lunch-counter discrimination has been all but laughed out of existence.

And while in New Orleans segregationists were bringing public education to a lamentable halt because of the school integration issue, subdued laughter was pulsating throughout the Negro community. Fact of the matter is that New Orleans' schools have been integrated since the turn of the century. The white schools are peppered with light-skinned Negroes passing for white. They pass during the school day and then go home to social life among their Negro friends and relatives. Fear of detection caused them to join the white boycott of the integrated schools, and when segregationist Judge Leander Perez of nearby St. Bernard Parish threw open the doors of that community's all-white schools to accommodate the boycotters, the light-skinned Negroes were among the first to go over and register.

#### FOR "RACE" READ "STATUS"

NEGROES are now laughing at themselves as Negroes, and they are doing it without the old overtone of self-effacement. Much of Negro humor is still tribal but it is beginning to take on a tinge of interracial status-consciousness. It was a white Southerner, in fact, who told me the story of the Negro woman who decided to buy a mink with her sweepstakes winnings. Standing in front of the store mirror, the mink down to her ankles, the Negro woman looked at the white saleslady and asked:

"Do you think this coat makes me look too Jewish?"

This is social comedy that hurts; badly. Here the Negro is saving how much the noose burns by looping it around the neck of another tribe. With a single laugh, then, racism and the vulgarity of the new-rich come in for scathing criticism. This double-barreled humor began to appear shortly after the school desegregation

decision. It emerged cautiously, demanding that the Negro first laugh at himself as a Negro; only then was he ready to laugh at himself as a human being.

A priest approaching a young Harlemit asked, "Are you Catholic?"

"Lord, no," the young man replied. "Ain't I got problems enough being colored?"

Two Mississippi-born Negro brothers had been living in New York for ten years. Their favorite pastime was talking about how difficult things were in the South. One night they received word of their mother's death. Early the next morning they drove southward, one brother driving, the other riding shotgun. They arrived in Mississippi without incident. After the funeral came the long drive back to New York. Taking turns, one brother drove while the other rode shotgun. Once through Central Park and onto Lenox Avenue in Harlem, the brothers began to laugh for joy. Their roars attracted the attention of a Negro policeman—who halted the car and put them both in jail for having a concealed weapon.

The focus of this humor is the emerging status-conscious Negro who seems to be more status-conscious than Negro. And he can share these raucous stories with his white friends. And they laugh together, at the same thing, because they are members of a rapidly growing tribe of new Americans who don't have to repair to their ethnic roots for a sense of identity. As with any social evolution, there are some uneasy members of this new tribe and their laughter is still troubled.

Harry Ashmore was the first to prick my skin with one of these cauterizing needles of humor. In his Southern drawl, he told me of the two small boys, one Indian, the other Negro, who got into an argument over which of their tribes had contributed the most to modern civilization.

"We got Ralph Bunche and Jackie Robinson and Joe Louis," the Negro boy said. "You Indians ain't done *nothing* to help things along. You made no contribution to our culture at all."

"Well, we had Sitting Bull and Jim Thorpe," the Indian said defensively.

"That was three days before God," the Negro snapped. "What contribution have you made to *modern* culture?"

The Indian thought a long moment and then asked: "How many children in America?"

"Oh," said the Negro imperiously, "about eleven billion, I suppose."

"How many of them you ever seen playing cowboy and nigger?"

The same meaning gives the sting to the story

of the elegant Negro—wearing a Brooks Brothers suit, a Homburg, and gray gloves—who boarded a New York bus, sat down and began to read his copy of the *Wall Street Journal*. His white seatmate leaned over and shouted, "Nigger!"

Whereupon the Negro leaped from the seat in total damn and asked, "Where? Where? Where?"

#### IT HAPPENED IN HARLEM

THESE are jokes, stories cooked up by wags who help us laugh at ourselves. But the controversy over hiring Negro waiters at Frank's, Harlem's most elegant restaurant, a few years ago was quite real, and just as revealing.

Militant Negro groups threatened to picket Frank's because the white owners refused to hire Negro waiters. The owner stood his ground, explaining that he had two restaurants, one in Harlem, the other on the East Side, in the upper Sixties. "I have all white waiters in my Harlem restaurant," the owner explained, "and all Negro waiters in my East Side restaurant."

Then, with an eye at the men in the protest group, the owner added: "Suppose you were out for an evening with . . . shall we say someone other than your wife; would you want your next-door neighbor serving as your waiter? You can come here with your guests and nobody, at least not the waiter, knows who you are. I give the same protection to my East Side clients by having nothing but Negro waiters there."

That ended that. The protest group withdrew their demand. Frank's continued to employ only white waiters until early in 1961 when the new mood of black militancy forced integration at the restaurant.

It takes Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie*, Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, and Mills's *The Power Elite* combined to say in serious terms what these stories say with a guffaw: something ails American class values; the disease is catching and many Negroes have caught it. As more Negroes become integrated—that is to say, become responsible as well as complaining members of American society—the more of them are apt to come down with "middle-class sickness." And this, perhaps, is the most comic aspect of all—under segregation the American Negro was a tragic figure; now, with integration coming, he is a comic. He summons the nation's highest court, to say nothing of the nation's Army, to kick down a door and let him into a burning building.

"Lord, honey," a Negro woman remarked as a group of Negro and white teen-agers walked by



arm in arm, equally disheveled, "integration is fine. But sometimes I wish they had integrated with us rather than us with them."

Dick Gregory, a rising young comic and a Negro, is perhaps the best evidence of the Negro's new comedy act. "I sat-in at a restaurant for three years," Gregory said. "Then they finally integrated the place and I found out they didn't have what I wanted!"

When David Susskind introduced Gregory on "Open End" as the "Negro Mort Sahl" Gregory quipped, "If we were in the Congo they would call *him* the white Dick Gregory!"

#### LO, THE AFRICANS

**A** TRULY integrated society in America is, at least, twenty-five years off. But humor, blistering prophet that it is (and with a lusty shove from the newly arrived African delegates to the United Nations), has raced on ahead.

Recently I went up the Hudson on a boat ride sponsored by the American Society for African Culture. All of the African delegates to the UN were invited as "guests" and some one hundred Negroes were invited to be "hosts." For the most part, each group thought the other rather quaint and, frankly, primitive.

The big moment came just after the boat passed under the George Washington Bridge and the Society unleashed its entertainment. To help the Africans know us better, the Society had, alas, brought on board a spiritual-singing choir. As the "Sweet Chariot" began to swing low, the American Negroes—many of whom had frequently denounced spirituals as a stigma of the past—began to squirm in their seats and eye the life jackets in the overhead racks. When the choir swung into "O Lord I want two wings to veil my face, two wings to fly away," the Americans eased up slowly and began to creep down to the first deck and into the washrooms. Then came "In that great gittin' up mawning," and long before the choir ascended to the top of "Jacob's Ladder," the Negroes were lined along the bottom rail—there wasn't a drop of Scotch on board—pondering the wisdom of swimming back to Manhattan.

I have since attended several East Side parties given by liberal white Americans who are determined to woo the Africans away from neutralism and, if necessary, Khrushchev. The principal guests are always the African diplomats, some bewildered whites, and just enough Negroes to make the function look kosher.

"Now don't you Africans cluster together,"

one hostess cooed to a prominent Nigerian and me. "Come mingle with the Americans." Whereupon she pulled us from our conversation and proceeded to introduce me to my wife who, I suppose, looks less African than I do. During another such Western onslaught against Communism, one young woman made her way about shaking every colored hand saying: "I'm Mary Strickland. What delegation are you with?" As Miss Strickland (this, of course, is not her real name) neared me, my African friends began to laugh and gather for the inevitable. I acknowledged Miss Strickland's greetings and unblinkingly told her I was the delegate from Long Island. Then we really had a party.

Those of us who are laughing about racial matters are making a game of serious issues. This is the way of comedy: its essence is sacrilege. Nothing destroys racism more effectively, for laughter is a criticism, not an endorsement, of things as they are. I will never forget the night Len Gumley, one of my closest friends and a Jew, pulled the scales from my eyes. The story is part of the apocrypha, no doubt.

A chap from Tel Aviv found himself stranded in Hong Kong at the Jewish New Year. With the aid of a policeman, he located the Hong Kong Orthodox Synagogue, Rabbi Yen Su Yung presiding. After the service, the Israeli went up to shake the Rabbi's hand and say what a spiritual comfort it was to have been there. Squinting his slant eyes, his head—adorned with two pig tails—bent low, Rabbi Yen Su Yung commented:

"Oh, so, you Jewish? Velly, velly funny, you don't look Jewish to me!"

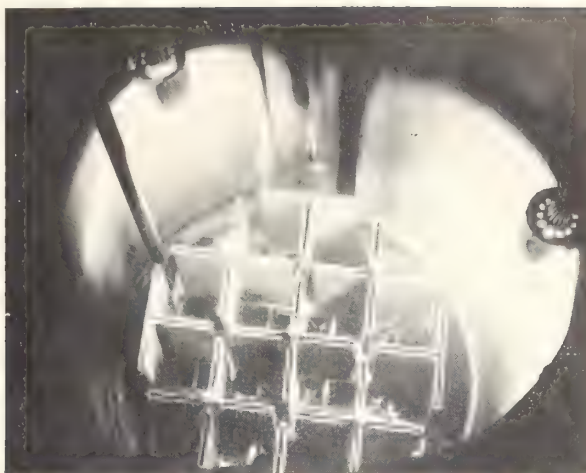
Now the Negro adds his new act to the unfolding human comedy. There is seriousness in this comedy act and we who laugh about it are neither nihilists nor clowns. We are, rather, men afflicted with the passionate faith that man can be better than he is and with the equally passionate conviction that honest laughter underscores the need to close the gap between human aspirations and human performances. This is not to say that the Negro will save modern society, only that he is a part of it.

For we all recall that in the year two thousand and sixty-six, Zeb and Zeke, the last two segregationists on earth, were killed at a grade crossing by a supersonic train. Zeb got to Heaven first and was fully outfitted with wings, halo, and a jar of honey by the time Zeke arrived.

"How are things up here?" Zeke asked, spotting his earthly friend.

"Watch yourself," a thoroughly reformed Zeb counseled, "I just saw God and she's a Nigrah!"

# A SMALL



## ATOMIC ACCIDENT

RALPH E. LAPP

*What happened when a "safe" reactor, designed for the peaceful production of electricity, went berserk . . . and how it added a new dimension to the annals of heroism.*

ON A stretch of wasteland west of Idaho Falls—potato center of the state—is a U. S. Atomic Energy Commission proving ground for experimental versions of atomic power plants. Three-quarters of a mile away is U. S. 20, popularly known as Twin Butte Highway after a pair of extinct volcano cones which were once welcome sentinels to pioneers. To the west is an angry sea of frozen lava which looks like a Hollywood setting for a science-fiction thriller and is aptly named "Craters of the Moon."

The AEC installation is known as NRTS (National Reactor Testing Station). This desolate site was deliberately chosen because it is far from farmlands, towns, and villages which might be imperiled by an accident. The Army shares administrative responsibility for the station with the AEC, which has contracted with the Phillips Petroleum Company to operate most of NRTS. Another company—Combustion Engineering Inc.

—is responsible for one site—SL-1 (Stationary Low-Power Reactor). Here in a building enclosed by barbed wire, is located a nuclear reactor designed to put the atom to work at remote Arctic bases. SL-1 was first placed in operation in August 1958. A few months later it was running at full power, generating 3,000 kilowatts of heat. Its fuel is uranium—of which a single pound is equivalent to 2.3 million pounds of coal. With a small amount of uranium it could produce heat, light, and power for several years at a base where coal or oil would otherwise have to be air-dropped at fantastic cost.

Two days before last Christmas SL-1 was temporarily "shut down"—a process that will be described shortly. On the night of January third, a crew of three technicians was at work making necessary repairs on the reactor, which was scheduled to start up again the next day. All were young men in their twenties. The oldest was John A. Byrnes, a boyish-looking U. S. Army specialist. At twenty-seven he had a full year's qualification as "reactor operator." He was living with his wife and baby boy in Idaho Falls.

Richard C. Legg, a year younger than Byrnes, was a Navy construction-electrician whose training at the site had qualified him as a "specialist, operator, and shift supervisor." He had been married for less than a year to a local girl—Judith Cole of Idaho Falls.



The youngest of the group—twenty-two-year-old Richard L. McKinley—had been transferred to the Idaho station only two months earlier from an Army training program at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

At 9:01 P.M. an automatic alarm sounded at AEC Fire Stations and Security Headquarters. It was immediately relayed over the NRTS radio network and a fire truck started at once on the eight-mile run to SL-1. An assistant fire chief and a security officer jumped in their cars to investigate, and a health physicist—specially trained to deal with the problem of radioactivity—was summoned to the scene.

At 9:10 the vehicles reached the main gate of the SL-1 area. There was no sign of fire, no tell-tale smoke, nothing to indicate trouble. But as the firemen and security personnel advanced they knew there had been an accident. The meters they carried showed that the area was contaminated with radioactive debris. Quickly they searched the long low Administration and Technical Support buildings. Finding no trace of the three men known to be on duty, they proceeded to the entrance of the 48-foot-high silo. The searchers were equipped with masks known as Scott Air-paks to protect them from breathing in contaminated air. But at the entrance to the silo, radiation levels were so high that they withdrew to await the health physicist. When he arrived, a swift resurvey confirmed the fact that Byrnes, Legg, and McKinley were not in the low buildings. Radio contact with nearby sites proved they had not left the area. The conclusion was inescapable: they must still be inside the silo!

#### A BLACK NEEDLE SWINGS

WITH eyes fixed on their radiation meters, a health physicist and one companion headed for the silo.

To understand why a black needle swinging on a dial was all-important to them, one must remember first that no human sense organ detects the presence of radioactivity. Second, it must be borne in mind that radiation hazard is calculated by multiplying radiation level by the duration of exposure. The unit of radiation dose called *roentgen equivalent man* or *rem* (here referred to simply as *r*) is shown on the meter, which thus indicates the degree of danger. For instance, exposure to 60 *r* per hour would mean a 1 *r* dose of radiation in one minute. A single massive dose of 500 *r* is fatal—usually within a month—in 50 per cent of the exposures. A single dose of 25 *r*

does not, in general, produce any immediately observable biological effects. But the cumulative and long-term consequences are such that the AEC (which enforces rigid safety rules and had an enviable safety record through 1960) strives to keep exposure of its personnel well under 1 *r* per month. Out of a total of 75,000 people exposed to radiation in 1959 only three workers in the atomic industry received more than 10 *r* for the year.

As the rescue team started up the external stairs of the silo leading to the operations floor, their meters told a grim story. They registered "Full Scale"—25 *r* per hour. The two men retreated quickly, unable to go further without meters which could register higher radiation ranges.

So equipped, a second crew started the climb. As they moved up they reached a level of contamination of 200 *r* per hour. They turned back without even reaching the top of the stairs.

A third crew, consisting of a fireman and a health physicist, then made a quick dash up the stairs. At the top they peered inside. The lights were still on, but there was no sign of fire. No one was visible on the cluttered floor of the operations area. The radiation meter which they held outside the silo door read 500 *r* per hour—"Full Scale" on the instrument. The two men turned around and hurried back to the emergency headquarters which had been set up in the small Administration building.

At 10:25 P.M. the AEC-Idaho Operations Office broadcast a proclamation of a "Class I Disaster." More AEC personnel and experts from the Phillips and Combustion Engineering companies were summoned to the scene. Many were reached at their homes in Idaho Falls; others were contacted at the numerous reactor installations on the station.

As men raced to the SL-1 area, those on the spot reviewed the situation and plotted the next step. There could be no doubt that there had been a serious accident; the contamination out-

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*Dr. Ralph E. Lapp is a nuclear physicist who has keenly observed the social implications of science since his involvement in the wartime development of the A-bomb at the University of Chicago and the early postwar Research and Development Board of the Defense Department. Besides works on pure science, his books include "Atoms and People" and, most recent, "Man and Space: The Next Decade," published this spring. His most recent article in this magazine was "How to Talk to People, If Any, on Other Planets."*

side the silo testified to this fact. Furthermore, an intensive check showed that the three men must still be somewhere inside the silo. Inevitably a rescue party entering the silo would be exposed to very high levels of radiation. All operations would have to be conducted with utmost speed since each second of exposure would mean more danger for the rescuers. Yet the lives of three men were at stake; the risk must be taken.

A rescue party of four Combustion Engineering employees was organized. At 10:35 P.M. two of the group entered the silo. Each carried a 500 r meter. Inside the building the meters read off scale, but the two men achieved their initial objective; they saw two of the operators. One was still alive and moving about. The rescuers raced down the stairs and quickly returned with the rest of their party along with an AEC health physicist.

These five men split up into two teams. One group scooped up the living survivor, carried him to the top of the stairs, placed him in a stretcher, and whisked him down to a waiting truck. The other rescuers reached the side of the second victim and quickly verified that he was dead. Without attempting to recover the body (which was removed the following evening) they withdrew hastily. So far the silo rescue operation had taken less than three minutes.

The living survivor was driven a short distance in the truck and then transferred to an ambulance. An AEC doctor met the ambulance at a junction of the side road from the site and the main highway. He pronounced the victim dead upon arrival. The time was 11:14 P.M., a little more than two hours since the initial alarm.

Two men were now accounted for—both dead. Meanwhile a new search party had entered the reactor building and located the third man. His body was pinned to a beam in the ceiling structure directly over the top of the atomic reactor. He must have been killed outright by the force of an explosion. Radiation was so intense near the reactor that there was no immediate possibility of recovering the body. In fact, it was not removed until six days later and then with great difficulty.

The body was wedged into the ceiling structure and had to be dislodged and caught in a net which was placed in position by means of a mobile crane and remote control television cameras. Six teams of men co-operated in freeing the body, each man being allowed one minute to complete his operation.

Extreme care had to be used to decontaminate

the bodies. One was so radioactive that a meter placed near his head gave a reading of 400 r per hour. The victims' clothing was soaked with radioactive material some of which also adhered to the skin and hair. After extensive chemical processing, post-mortem examinations established that two of the men had died instantly and the third had received a fatal head wound. Had any of them survived the explosion, they would have faced the prospect of days, or at most, weeks of protracted agony and then, inevitably, death. No known medical treatment can combat the dread effects of such overexposure to nuclear radiation.

On January 23, twenty days after the accident, the AEC reported that "radiation levels are such as to permit the conduct of normal burial services." The three men were buried in conventional caskets and ordinary vaults with some lead shielding inside.

#### A NUCLEAR EXCURSION

**H**AD this tragedy been caused by an ordinary steam-boiler explosion, it would have become just another statistic in man's contest with the machine. But because the machine which turned killer was a nuclear reactor, this was no ordinary industrial accident but an ominous signpost in man's struggle to tame the atom.

An elaborate investigation was set in motion resembling in many ways a probe of an airplane crash. However, an even more formidable obstacle to determining the probable cause than the lack of survivors and eyewitnesses was the fact that, even at this writing, radioactivity prevents anyone from getting close enough to the reactor to examine it in detail.

Radiochemical examination of the contaminated debris provided some clues as did even the radioactivity of a gold ring worn by one of the victims. The AEC's sleuths pieced together other fragments of evidence by studying the reactor's three-year performance history. In an interim report released a month after the accident the AEC Board of Inquiry found that "the most likely immediate cause of the explosion appears to have been a nuclear excursion resulting from the motion of the central control rod."

"Nuclear excursion" is a polite technical label for a runaway chain reaction. That such a reaction occurred was self-evident. The real question is: Why? What caused the quiescent machine suddenly to awaken?

To understand what took place one must con-



sider the anatomy of a nuclear reactor which is, in fact, a machine with few moving parts. Its active ingredient or nuclear fuel is encased as "meat" in its core in a sealed sandwich or rod. When fission occurs the split fragments cannot escape but are trapped inside the rod.

The core of SL-1 contained forty such sandwiches or fuel rods holding a total of thirty pounds of special uranium fuel—enough to fabricate several A-bombs. However, SL-1 could not detonate like a bomb. The chain reaction it sustained was constantly regulated by means of control rods. These perform the same function as an accelerator and a brake in an automobile. When the control rod is inserted all the way into the reactor core the nuclear machine is "shut down" and its pulse is stopped. Conversely as the control rod is withdrawn the machine begins to throb. Its tempo quickens (and its power level increases) as the rod is withdrawn further. If the rod is withdrawn beyond the safety limit the chain reaction races out of control or "runs away."

#### JUST FOUR INCHES

**T**HIS is the nightmare haunting reactor experts. To prevent or minimize the danger, they build in elaborate safeguards. In the case of SL-1 there were nine control rods. Only one of the control rods—Number Nine—could start up a chain reaction by itself. The others served to increase or decrease its tempo but could not start the pulse. Number Nine was located at the very center of the reactor core and like the others, was connected to a drive mechanism above the reactor.

When SL-1 was shut down, all the control rods were driven into the core. Later the drive mechanism was disconnected. On the night of January 3, Byrnes, Legg, and McKinley were making the final reassembly of the control mechanism preparatory to the start-up next morning. They had removed shieldings from the top of the reactor to permit access to fittings on it. In order to connect the control rods with the overhead drive apparatus, the rods—each about seven feet long—had to be lifted by hand. One man could do the job by exerting about an eighty-pound pull. The rod had to be lifted a distance of four inches to engage the overhead drive. The men had been trained to do this job and they had been instructed that under no conditions should the rod be moved more than four inches.

Normally, moving the rod four inches would not start the chain reaction. In fact the margin

of safety theoretically built into the machine permitted a much greater movement—as much as nineteen inches—without awakening the nuclear pulse. What then took place?

The last entry in the control-room logbook reads: "Replacing plugs, thimbles, etc. to all rods." It has now been established with a fair degree of certainty that when the accident occurred the men were lifting Number Nine. But how far did they move it? Why did it blow its stack?

These questions cannot yet be answered. All we know is that at 9:01 there was an accidental start-up of SL-1 and a blast vented itself through openings in the top of the reactor vessel. Shield plugs and iron discs which serve as shielding atop the reactor were shot upward with great force. The physical impact killed two of the men outright and inflicted fatal head injuries to the third. In addition they were directly contaminated with intensely radioactive debris from the reactor core.

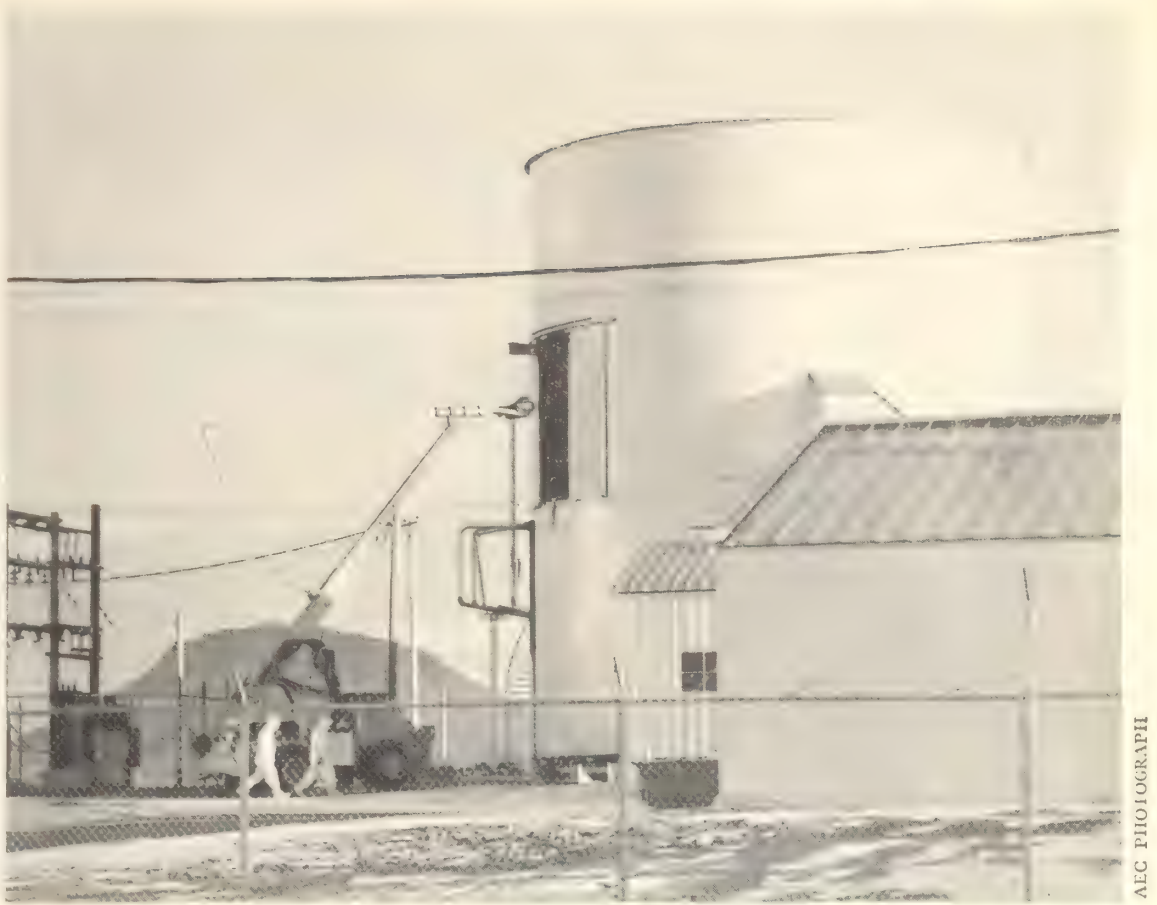
Even by boiler-room standards, the explosion itself was quite modest—equivalent to about thirty-two pounds of TNT. But no blast is minor when it involves escaping radioactivity. This is why a dogged effort must go on to discover what went wrong at SL-1.

#### WHO IS IN CHARGE?

**S**TILL hampered by persistent radioactivity, the AEC investigators on February 22 managed to obtain remote-control motion pictures of the reactor core. A camera was lowered into the vessel through a six-inch diameter nozzle penetrating the head of the reactor. The operation was directed from atop a wooden tower constructed some 200 feet away. The films showed—among other things—severe damage to the reactor core.

More revealing in many ways was the operations log of SL-1 during the last two months before the shutdown. During this period forty rod stickings were recorded. Apparently, deterioration of the rods was causing SL-1 to change its operating characteristics. This was well known to personnel at SL-1 but seemingly made little impression at higher levels.

It is, in fact, somewhat difficult to sort out these upper echelons at the Idaho Station. Operating and administrative responsibility are split four ways—between the AEC, the Army, Phillips, and Combustion Engineering. Who—one may well ask—is in charge? This is an important question at any industrial installation—a crucial



*National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho: Seven weeks after the accident, investigators took remote-control films of the damaged reactor core. The camera was mounted on the "cherry-picker" crane shown here, and lowered into the silo through a six-inch nozzle.*

one at an atomic station. Nine days after the accident, the AEC took steps to tighten up operation and maintenance procedures for the 131 reactors under its purview. One may hope that there will also be steps to straighten out and centralize the lines of authority and responsibility.

The SL-1 accident was due to human error—either in the design or in the operation of the machine. Somehow or other—and we may never know the reason why—a reactor thought to be safe “ran away.” A “small” atomic accident claimed the lives of three journeymen of the atomic era. This underscores the importance of thoroughly testing new reactor types at remote sites like the Idaho AEC station before they are used in power plants near large cities. A “large” atomic accident involving widespread radioactive contamination of a metropolitan area would be a national disaster.

But this does not mean that we must falter in our resolve to harness the elemental power of the atom. SL-1 was not a “contained” reactor,

that is, no attempt was made to encapsulate it in a pressure sphere which would bottle up radioactive material in the event of an accident. Such containment is standard practice in nuclear power plants near metropolitan areas. But SL-1 was an experimental reactor far from any city.

It would be wrong, therefore, to conclude from the SL-1 accident that nuclear power plants are unsafe and should not be located near cities. It would be equally wrong, however, to conclude that man has yet mastered the atom.

As for SL-1 itself—the maverick machine is still too radioactive for anyone to come close to it. The AEC at first was inclined to encase it in concrete and abandon it. But this would have meant burying forever the only real clues to the mystery. So this plan has been abandoned. Some day—this year if possible—the reactor will be taken apart piece by piece. When its viscera are exposed we may finally learn why three men lost their lives while working with an apparently safe machine.



# A BOSTON GIRL

*For the first time published  
under the byline of*

MARK TWAIN

This note comes to me from the home of culture:—

DEAR MR—: Your writings interest me very much; but I cannot help wishing you would not place adverbs between the particle and verb in the Infinitive. For example: “to *even* realize,” “to *mysteriously* disappear” “to *wholly* do away.” You should say, *even* to realize; to disappear mysteriously, etc. “rose up” is another mistake—tautology, you know. Yours truly

A BOSTON GIRL.

I print the note just as it was written, for one or two reasons: (1.) It flatters a superstition of mine that a person may learn to excel in only such details of an art as take a particularly strong hold upon his native predilections or instincts. (2.) It flatters another superstition of mine that whilst all the details of that art may be of equal importance *he* cannot be made to feel that it is so. Possibly he may be made to *see* it, through argument and illustration; but that will be of small value to him except he *feel* it, also. Culture would be able to make him feel it by and by, no doubt, but never very sharply, I think. Now I have certain instincts, and I wholly lack certain others. (Is that “wholly” in the right place?) For instance, I am dead to adverbs; they cannot excite me. To misplace an adverb is a thing which I am able to do with frozen indifference; it can never give me a pang. But when my young lady puts no point after “Mr:” when she begins “adverb,” “verb,” and “particle” with the small letter, and aggrandizes “Infinitive” with a capital; and when she puts no comma after “to mysteriously disappear,” etc., I am troubled; and when she begins a sentence with a small letter I *even suffer*. Or I suffer, *even*—I do not know which it is; but she will, because the adverb is in her line, whereas only those minor matters

are in mine. Mark these prophetic words: though this young lady’s grammar be as the drifted snow for purity, she will never, never, never learn to punctuate while she lives; this is her demon, the adverb is mine. I thank her, honestly and kindly, for her lesson, but I know thoroughly well that I shall never be able to get it into my head. Mind, I do not say I shall not be able to make it *stay* there; I say and mean that I am not capable of *getting it into* my head. There are subtleties which I cannot master at all,—they confuse me, they mean absolutely nothing to me,—and this adverb plague is one of them.

We all have our limitations in the matter of grammar, I suppose. I have never seen a book which had no grammatical defects in it. This leads me to believe that all people have my infirmity, and are afflicted with an inborn inability to feel or mind certain sorts of grammatical particularities. There are people who were not born to spell; these can never be taught to spell correctly. The enviable ones among them are those who do not take the trouble to care whether they spell well or not,—though in truth these latter are absurdly scarce. I have been a correct speller, always; but it is a low accomplishment, and not a thing to be vain of. Why should one take pride in spelling a word rightly when he knows he is spelling it wrongly? *Though* is the right way to spell “though,” but it is not *the* right way to spell it. Do I make myself understood?

Some people were not born to punctuate; these cannot learn the art. They can learn only a rude fashion of it; they cannot attain to its niceties, for these must be *felt*; they cannot be reasoned out. Cast-iron rules will not answer, here, any way; what is one man’s comma is another man’s colon. One man can’t punctuate another man’s manuscript any more than one person can make the gestures for another person’s speech.

What is known as “dialect” writing looks simple and easy, but it is not. . . . A man not born to write dialect cannot learn how to write it correctly. It is a gift. Mr. Harte can write a delightful story; he can *reproduce* Californian scenery so that you can see it before you, and hear the sounds and smell the fragrances and feel the influences that go with it and belong to it; he can describe the miner and the gambler perfectly,—as to gait and look and garb; but no human being, living or dead, ever had experience of the dialect which he puts into his people’s mouths. Mr. Harte’s originality is not questioned; but if it ever shall be, the caviler will have to keep his hands off that dialect, for that *is* original. Mind, I am not objecting to its use; I am not saying its inaccuracy is a fatal blemish. No, it is Mr. Harte’s adverb; let him do as he pleases with it; he can no more mend it than I can mine; neither will any but Boston Girls ever be likely to find us out.



Yes, there are things which we cannot learn, and there is no use in fretting about it. I cannot learn adverbs; and what is more I won't. If I try to seat a person at my right hand, I have no trouble, provided I am facing north at the time; but if I am facing south, I get him on my left, sure. As this way was born in me, and cannot be educated out of me, I do not worry over it or care about it. A gentleman picked me up, last week, and brought me home in his buggy; he drove past the door, and as he approached the circular turn I saw he meant to go around to the left; I was on his left,—that is, I *think* I was, but I have got it all mixed up again in my head; at any rate, I halted him, and asked him to go round the circle the other way. He backed his horse a length or two, put his helm down and “slew” him to the right, then “came ahead on him,” and made the trip. As I got out at the door, he looked puzzled, and asked why I had particularly wanted to pass to the right around the circle. I said, “Because that would bring me next the door coming back, and I wouldn't have to crowd past your knees.” He came near laughing his store teeth out, and said it was all the same whether we drove to the right or to the left in going around the circle; either would bring me back to the house on the side the door was on, since I was on the opposite side when I first approached the circle. I regarded this as false. He was willing to illustrate: so he drove me down to the gate and into the street, turned and drove back past the house, moved leftward around the circle, and brought me back to the door; and as sure as I am sitting here I *was* on the side next the door. I did not believe he could do it again, but he did. He did it eleven times hand running. Was I convinced? No. I was not *capable* of being convinced—all through. My sight and intellect (to call it by that name) were convinced, but not my *feeling*. It is simply another case of adverb. It is a piece of dead-corpsy knowledge,

which is of no use to me, because I merely *know* it, but do not *understand* it.

The fact is, as the poet has said, we are all fools. The difference is simply in the degree. The mercury in some of the fool-thermometers stands at ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and so on; in some it gets up to seventy-five; in some it soars to ninety-nine. I never examine mine,—take no interest in it.

Now as to “rose up.” That strikes me as quite a good form; I will use it some more,—that is, when I speak of a person, and wish to signify the full upright position. If I mean less, I will qualify, by saying he rose partly up. . . .

But tautology cannot scare me, any way. Conversation would be intolerably stiff and formal without it; and a mild form of it can limber up even printed matter without doing it serious damage. Some folks are so afraid of a little repetition that they make their meaning vague, when they could just as well make it clear, if only their ogre were out of the way.

Talking of Unlearnable Things, would it be genteel, would it be polite, to ask members of this Club to confess what freightage of this sort they carry? Some of the revelations would be curious and instructive, I think. I am acquainted with one member of it who has never been able to learn nine times eight; he always says, “Nine times seven are sixty-three,”—then counts the rest on his fingers. . . . I have known people who could spell all words correctly but one. They never could get the upper hand of that one; yet as a rule it was some simple, common affair, such as a cat could spell, if a cat could spell at all. I have a friend who has kept his razors in the top drawer and his strop in the bottom drawer for years; when he wants his razors, he always pulls out the bottom drawer—and swears. Change? Could one imagine he never thought of that? He did change; he has changed a dozen times. It didn't do any good; his afflicted mind was able to keep up with the changes and make the proper mistake every time. I knew a man—

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*This article was published anonymously in the June 1880 issue of “The Atlantic Monthly,” in the Contributors’ Club. It was brought to my attention by Frederick Anderson, the assistant editor of the Mark Twain Papers at the University of California in Berkeley, who noted its stylistic resemblance to Mark Twain’s manner. Proof of its authorship. I found, exists in the incident of the carriage and the circular driveway: Mark Twain related it again near the end of his life in his “Autobiography,” and identified the driver as his business agent, F. G. Whitmore. The article, which is slightly cut here, will be published next fall in my new collection of Mark Twain, “Life as I Find it.”*

—CHARLES NEIDER



WILLIAM S. ELLIS

# NASSER'S OTHER VOICE

*Though few Americans have ever heard of him, Ahmed Said may be the world's most influential broadcaster . . . a dove-voiced demagogue, who can call fifty million Arabs to riot and murder.*

EACH day at sundown the muezzin sends forth his wailing, age-old summons to the faithful by means of a loudspeaker hidden high in the minaret. At the same time, "The Voice of the Arabs" through the same medium of modern electronics—radio—daily arouses the passions of its millions of listeners. It is a strange duet, and yet there is harmony. The Voice, invoking the name of Arab nationalism, and the muezzin, crediting his cries to Allah, find a common meeting ground within the harsh demands of Islam.

The Voice of the Arabs has touched off riots, encouraged the overthrow of Middle Eastern governments, inspired sabotage of refineries and pipelines during the 1956 Suez affair, driven Muslims to new heights of frenzied fighting against the French in Algeria, and convinced millions that the Baghdad Pact is an intolerable instrument of Western imperialism.

Ahmed Said, the man chiefly responsible for most of this, is little known outside of the Arab world, perhaps deliberately so. But to the isolated Druze in the mountains of Lebanon, to the Palestinian Arab refugee in Jordan, and even to the nomadic Bedouin tribesman in the Yemen, he is a familiar and an inspiring voice. The educated Arab is reluctant to admit he listens to him, but to the illiterate and semiliterate millions, Ahmed Said, like the man for whom he speaks, Gamal Abdel Nasser, embodies the long nascent hope of most Arabs for a better way of life. Because they listen the way once-contented Cypriots listened to the violent voice of Radio Athens, it is evident that the electronic war of words in the Middle East will continue as long as

the words "Western imperialists" and "Zionism" hold any meaning.

Ahmed Said is the young general manager of the Voice of the Arabs, the powerful radio propaganda outlet of the United Arab Republic. His "commentaries" on the news, heard throughout the Middle East and now in much of Africa, have brought him popularity and influence in the Arab world second only to President Nasser's. (Indeed, some people believe that Said commands more influence than Nasser himself.) I have heard an Arab tell a clerk in a radio shop in Kuwait, "I'll buy this radio if you promise I can get Ahmed Said on it." In the Jordan Valley I have sat with an Arab family in their goatskin tent and been told by the oldest son that the greatest thrill of his life was seeing Ahmed Said in Damascus. Many newborn babies, from Muscat to Morocco, have been given his name.

As the leading voice on radio in an area where radio is the leading influence on more than fifty million persons, Ahmed Said is in an incomparable position to mold thinking and actions favorable to the policies of Nasser.

During a meeting of the Arab League's foreign ministers in Lebanon late in the summer of 1960, an event always dressed in a shallow show of unity among Arab leaders, the Voice observed a truce of silence with its usual favorite target, Jordan's young King Hussein and Radio Amman. Tensions in the Middle East relaxed and borders between countries were once again opened. The concept of Arab nationalism as a friendly rapprochement between leaders began to emerge as something more than a myth. But then, on August 26, Ahmed Said suddenly switched from this unfamiliar pose of sweetness and light and, in a broadcast not soon to be forgotten in the Middle East, urged the people of Jordan to "kill Majali and drag his body through the streets." Hazzaa Majali, Hussein's capable Prime Minister and staunch supporter of the Western powers, was killed three days later, a victim, along with eleven

others, of an outrageous assassination by bomb.

Another striking example of how Ahmed Said uses this power is the extensive damage to facilities of Western-owned oil companies during the Suez crisis. Shortly after the tripartite invasion of Egypt by Britain, Israel, and France, Said went on the air and called on all Arab laborers ("my brothers") to "strike out against the aggressors." His voice was the rallying cry for thousands of workers-turned-saboteurs. Dynamite was planted around installations and pipelines, resulting in damage amounting to millions of dollars. The three nations, stung into action, went after the transmitters of the Voice with bombs. Damage was slight, however, and after only one day of quiet, dials of many of the 2,250,000 radio sets scattered through the Arab world were once again turned to the polemical voice of Mr. Said.

The aggressors, he was saying, had failed to silence "the call to unity." He was indignant because they had even attempted such a thing, and, at the same time, he was thankful they had failed. In typical Arab fashion, he hissed and cried, shouted and whispered vilifications against "the enemy." A British correspondent recalled that Said sounded like "a chorus of snakes and doves."

#### NO LONGER PLAYTHINGS

**S**AID is in his early thirties. He has lost most of his hair, and members of the Anglo-American community in Cairo like to contribute that to "blowing his top so much." Recently married, he has adopted the Western custom of moving to the suburbs. His workday ranges from eight to eighteen hours. As he drives in his modest-priced automobile from his home near the Great Pyramids of Giza to his office in Cairo, Said, ruddy-faced, stocky, and always immaculately dressed, resembles the prerevolution type of prosperous businessman in Egypt. And, like a businessman, he has a product to market: a feeling of identity among the newly awakened millions in the strategic Middle East.

Like so many of the other young men who surround Abdel Nasser, Ahmed Said started his career while a student in Cairo. He began writing for political newspapers and before long was completely caught up in the Nasser-propelled drive for "dignity" among Egyptians. Like Nasser, he was disgusted when Egyptians were forced to fight with inferior arms against the Israelis in 1948; like Nasser, Said was offended by the unwritten rule that educated Arabs should



*Ahmed Said*

speak French or English—never Arabic—on an official basis; and, like Nasser, he could not understand why Egyptians had to salute British soldiers.

It was this type of anger that caught fire when it was revealed that the tarbush (fez) worn by so many Egyptian men was being imported from Europe. "In the name of God," Said and others of his generation protested, "cannot Egypt be self-sufficient in at least the tarbush?"

Amr ibn-al-Aas, the Muslim general who conquered the Nile Valley in 640 A.D., wrote in a report to the Caliph Omar: "Its people are playthings, its soil is gold, and it belongs to those strong enough to take it." Again, like Nasser, Ahmed Said felt that the Egyptians had been "playthings" for too long.

His success on radio in the Arab world is tied in with all these disgusts, beliefs, and humiliations. Because millions of other Arabs have shared these same feelings for many years, Said is able to reach them. They understand him and respect him as an Arab speaking for Arabs. It is in this same vein that Nasser is respected as an Arab, by Arabs. Emotion, however, is the ruling factor in Said's popularity. He must be listened to with the fact in mind that Arabic is more often used to express an emotion than to convey an idea. Therefore, if an official is assassinated shortly after Said has suggested that course of grisly action, the murder comes on a boiling wave of emotionalism.

Said says he "goes over big" because "I am one of them." The thousands of fan letters he receives each week allow him to keep his finger on



the Arab pulse, and he adjusts his emotional offerings accordingly. For instance, one day after he received a great number of anti-Hussein letters, Said announced on the air that the Hashemite king had "made a deal" with Israel to settle 500,000 Palestinian refugees in Jordan in return for \$30 million. Illiterate Arabs believed him, and so did many other Arabs who should have known better.

Even before the Egyptian revolution Ahmed Said was promoting Arab nationalism as opposed to Western imperialism. Radio listeners in the Middle East recall that Said in 1951 was making on-the-spot recordings of skirmishes between Egyptian students and British soldiers at Suez. Then, when Nasser came to open power in April 1954 and the need arose for a strong propaganda medium, Said emerged as the Voice. His early success prompted him to run for the United Arab Republic National Assembly. He was, of course, elected by an overwhelming majority. When Nasser dissolved that body, Said returned to the Voice.

#### A NEW GOEBBELS?

NOW, he is heard on medium radio wave in all Arab states and, in other sections of the world, on short wave. A West German firm recently contracted to supply the Voice with three high-power transmitters, two in Cairo and the other in Damascus, in order to overcome jamming and allow Said wider range to reach the more than 24 million Muslims in black Africa, Nasser's most recent propaganda objective. In his *Philosophy of the Revolution*, Nasser speaks of the people of Africa as the "second circle" of his liberation movement.

Major jamming of the Voice comes not from the BBC, Voice of America, or Radio Moscow, but from Jordan, the tiny kingdom east of Israel. Each day Said continues a long campaign of venomous attacks on King Hussein. Much time and money have been spent by Radio Amman in trying to have the Voice drowned in static or countered. Nevertheless, many of the more than 500,000 embittered Palestinian Arab refugees living in Jordanian camps manage to hear Said, despite official bans and police enforcement against the programs. He bolsters refugee hopes of returning to their homeland, but at the same time he reminds them that King Hussein—he often refers to the twenty-five-year-old monarch as "Golda Meir's dear friend" or "King Mickey Mouse"—will not allow the Army of the U. A. R. to use Jordan as a corridor for an attack on

Israel. Interestingly enough, when Hussein offered a passageway through Jordan in the winter of 1959-60 for Iraqi General Kassim's "Army of Palestinian Liberation," Said erratically directed his new attacks against Iraq, playing on the Arabic meaning of the name Kassim ("Divider").

The absurd "corridor to Israel" logic somehow makes sense to many of the Arab refugees from Palestine in Jordan; they are, more and more, becoming saturated with this type of empirical wisdom. Similarly, Ahmed Said is, more and more, becoming convinced that his Goebbels-like career will ignite a revolution in Jordan. He views this possibility (a likely one) not in the light of a man playing recklessly with enormous power, but as a course of action dictated by a fierce loyalty to the concept of Arab nationalism. And if it happens to involve riots and bloodshed—well, young Egyptians like Abdel Nasser and Ahmed Said long ago decided against restraint.

King Hussein is not alone in being aware of the role played by the Voice and Said in the overthrow of his cousin, King Feisal, in Iraq three years ago on July 14, 1958. Shortly after the revolution which brought Abdul Karim Kassim to power, an envelope arrived at Said's office; it contained a piece of bone and a note. "In appreciation for what you did in helping to make the revolution a success," the anonymous note read, "I send you a piece of the finger of the traitor Nuri as-Said."

During the revolution, Ahmed Said did not let the Iraqis forget their hatred of Nuri as-Said, Feisal's pro-Western Prime Minister. Nor did he let them forget that the Prime Minister had a son in the Israeli Army. He fanned the passions of the Baghdad mobs while they wrote one of the bloodiest chapters in the turbulent modern history of the Middle East. When it became apparent during 1959 that the revolution had not taken a pro-Nasser course, following Kassim's aloofness to Cairo's blandishments, and, more especially, in the brief honeymoon with Communism, Ahmed Said became almost as implacable a foe of the new Iraqi Prime Minister as he was of the old.

Said's greatest performance may well have been

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William S. Ellis writes from Beirut, Lebanon, where he is the managing editor of the "Daily Star"—a small but ambitious English-language newspaper. A native of Virginia, Mr. Ellis has moved eastward during eight years in newspaper work: from Montana to Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Lebanon. He was formerly a reporter for "Life" magazine.



*"The Voice of the Arabs"—heard throughout the Middle East—carries the propaganda of the United Arab Republic (shown here in shaded areas).*

in the days when Jordan was being courted by the Western-oriented Baghdad Pact. He went on the air, and for hour after hour called on the people to "rise up and resist this wedding with imperialism." His anti-Pact talkathon ended when word was received in Cairo that riots had erupted in Amman. Jordan, of course, did not join the Pact, now known as CENTO.

During the early phases of the Algerian war, Said's emotional cries for violent action against the French were so effective that the Mendès-France government threatened Cairo with economic reprisals. Said (and Nasser) retorted by announcing that the U. A. R. was ready to "offer her sons in holocaust for the Arabs of the whole world." When some Algerian Muslims indicated that the offer might be accepted, Said quickly dismounted from that propaganda horse.

In addition to his fifteen-minute "commentaries" on the news, Said produces an afternoon program called "Truths and Lies." An announcer will read, for instance, a newspaper report favorable to Hussein or another one of Nasser's rivals in the Arab world. That, of course, is the "Lie." Ahmed Said then comes on to relate the "Truth." The program, masterfully timed, starts at 3:00 P.M. and is heard by millions of Arabs seeking a stimulant to rouse them from the long post-lunch nap.

A typical "Truths and Lies" program heard recently went like this:

ANNOUNCER: "An Israeli newspaper describes King Hussein's recent trip to Africa as 'victorious and triumphant'."

AHMED SAID: "My brothers in Lebanon, my brothers in Jordan, my brothers in Iraq, my brothers in Saudi Arabia, my brothers in Aden,

my brothers everywhere—this is proof that Hussein is an agent of Israel. Tell us, O Hussein, what interests have you achieved on your tour? Tell us why you went to Africa. Why did you go to Africa after Golda Meir went there?

"The imperialist hands are now plotting against our republic. King Mickey Mouse did not plan this trip, but his masters have done it for him. He has become the delegate of Zionism, and that is why his trip was 'victorious' and why it is highly regarded in Israeli circles."

"Not to Forget" is another Ahmed Said program. On that one he reviews incidents in which Arabs were subjected to unjust treatment by outside powers, chiefly Britain, France, and the United States.

The Voice also calls on top entertainers in the Arab world, such as Om Kalsoum, Egypt's most famous concert singer, to supply musical interludes between Said broadcasts. There is also a disk-jockey show, playing, by request, old Nasser speeches, some of which run as long as six hours. The rest of the day's programming consists of pure propaganda, transmitted in more than fifteen languages, including Hebrew, Portuguese, Kurdish, and five dialects of Sudanese.

The Voice now broadcasts nineteen hours each day, compared with the two and three hours it was allotted when it first started shortly after the revolution. Now its programs are heard not only on home receivers, but also on those in barber shops, coffee houses, and market places. As one merchant put it: "It's good for business."

Unlike President Nasser, who almost always uses colloquial Arabic in his public speeches, Ahmed Said expresses his emotions in the classical form of the language. Of his vast audience,



only the laborers in the British protectorate of Aden are unable to understand this type of Arabic. But a small educated class of white-collar workers in Aden gather in their social clubs each day and listen to Said. They discuss what he has to say and then they pass along his ideas to the manual workers. Said's Voice is the link between Nasser and the growing movement for Aden independence. The practical British now in Aden say the protectorate system there can last, at most, another five years.

#### CAN ANYONE DEFY HIM?

**I**N LINE with Said's technique of singling out individuals, he has, lately, been condemning the Shah of Iran for having reaffirmed the fact that his country, ten years ago, gave *de facto* recognition to Israel. In the past, Said has frequently dwelt upon Saudi Arabia's feudatory relic, King Ibn Saud.

Another prime target of Ahmed Said was the British General John Bagot Glubb, the man who understood the Bedouin better than most of the many Anglo-Arab patriarchs. Arabic-speaking "Glubb Pasha" devoted most of his life to winning freedom and respect for the Arabs of the Middle East. As head of the Arab Legion in Jordan, he was loved by those who were born and raised on the desert. And yet, in March 1956, Glubb Pasha, who had been in Jordan for twenty-six years, was given just twenty-four hours to pack his things and leave the country. For all of his popularity, his lifelong identification with Arabs, and for all of his devoted followers in the Legion, the man was still an Englishman, and, according to Ahmed Said, "a tool of imperialism." A foreigner is never fully accepted by the Arabs, but the Jordanians had to be reminded of that by the Voice and Said.

From his present home in Mayfield, Sussex, Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., sadly wrote to me, "There was so much good material to work with that it always surprised me that the Cairo radio told so many unnecessary lies."

One of the few men who have been able to defy the Voice and survive virtually unscathed is Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba. In 1958, when his government broke off relations with the U.A.R. and absented itself from the highly-touted Arab League, Ahmed Said initiated a bitter campaign for the overthrow of the pro-Western President. He charged that Bourguiba was participating in "plots against the Arab homeland . . . plots schemed by America." He

even compared President Bourguiba to the murdered Nuri as-Said of Iraq.

To Said's repeated announcement that Arabs everywhere were united, Bourguiba had a short, pithy reply: "The Arab states," he said, "are united only in poverty." In his rebuttal, Bourguiba ridiculed Nasser's campaign against Israel and charged that the U.A.R. president was blind to the dangers of Communism. Bourguiba's strength, of course, rests partly on the fact that hatred of Israel has never really been a burning issue in the North African Maghreb. Also contributing to Bourguiba's impenetrability has been his lifelong identification with the Tunisian struggle for independence. He is no King Hussein, in power by the good fortune of birth.

In the quarrel with Bourguiba, Nasser was humiliated and, for once, Ahmed Said was quite speechless. Recognizing a clever soldier in the war of words, Ahmed Said's Voice of the Arabs retreated from Tunisia and turned on the colonial powers in Muslim black Africa. Whether Said can bring off success in that part of Africa rests, of course, on the ability of the black Muslims to purchase even the cheapest type of radio. Still, the voice of Said forges ahead. "Brothers," it entreated recently, "the time has come to fight for our rights. Freedom has dawned!" Short pause and then high-pitched semi-hysteria: "We must wage war on the colonialists!"

The French in the Cameroons were "dogs" and the English in Tanganyika "pigs." Listening to a broadcast of that type, the wife of a Latin American diplomat in Beirut, who speaks Arabic, said, "My, Mr. Said certainly sounds like a zoo keeper today."

Mustapha Chami, an Iraqi boy, likes to hear Ahmed Said talk about dogs and pigs, but his devotion to the propagandist has nothing to do with love for animals. Although he is not yet fourteen years old, Mustapha works ten hours a day as a messenger for a business firm in Baghdad. He arrives at the office before anyone else in the morning and stations himself by the front door. As the other workers file in, the boy recites Ahmed Said's words of the previous broadcast. He memorizes the entire program.

When asked why he did this, Mustapha replied: "Because he is strong and I want to be strong."

Strength, even to a teen-age boy, has more to do with words than physical prowess in the Arab Middle East. So long as this remains the case, Ahmed Said will control a vast audience, all potential residents of the far-flung United Arab Republic of which Nasser dreams.

ERIC LARRABEE

# RIESMAN AND HIS READERS

*Why the author of a wildly unlikely best-seller is resented—and misrepresented—by so many intellectuals . . . how he became an unwilling leader of the Opinion Makers . . . and what he is really trying to accomplish.*

IN 1950, without fanfare, the Yale University Press brought out a sociological study of the American character called *The Lonely Crowd*, by David Riesman, Reuel Denney, and Nathan Glazer. Neither the authors nor the publishers expected it to attract any great attention, yet it did. The book could have been a testimonial to the power of word-of-mouth advertising. Enthusiasts urged it on the uninitiated; quoting Riesman became a top-scoring ploy of academic gamesmanship. When the paperback edition appeared in 1954 such a hunger had been generated that it sold over two hundred thousand copies and campus bookstores put up signs: "Lonely Crowd Back in Stock!"

David Riesman has become, in turn, the name for a phenomenon. The appearance of *The Lonely Crowd* coincided with an onset of national self-analysis. Manners and morals, patterns of behavior, the clichés of speech and character—in short, part of sociology's subject matter—were attracting nonprofessional writers and readers, amateur anthropologists who looked upon their fellow Americans as though we were a newly discovered tribe of aborigines. They examined our strange customs and they commented mainly in dismay—as did William H. Whyte, Jr., in *The Organization Man*—on the new stereotypes, new

modes of conformity, that we are continuously inventing. To this movement Riesman was at first no more than a scholarly echo, a touchstone with intellectual respectability, but before long he had become its patron saint. Now he is not only used to label a school of writers but to label, indeed, the tendency which those writers report. He is assumed to approve what he is assumed to describe—as by the artist, Ben Shahn, lecturing at Harvard, who voiced his scorn for conformist, modern man, "or Ries-man."

The object of this confusion in identity is himself a new type: the intellectual celebrity. Riesman, son of a noted Philadelphia physician, was trained for medicine but became instead a lawyer. Clerk to Mr. Justice Brandeis, a practitioner and then a teacher of law, he shifted to business during World War II and after the war to sociology. He came to Academia without the usual credentials, and it was some time before he was fully admitted to the club. The University of Chicago made him a full professor only in 1949, and even then of "social science" rather than "sociology." In 1958 he accepted the newly created Henry Ford II chair at Harvard, which he now occupies, a university professorship with a certain prestige and freedom from departmental routines.

He remains a puzzling manifestation. Since no one else has managed to have so much the best of their two worlds, both scholars and laymen tend to misinterpret his achievement—mainly by exaggerating the value of each other's applause. The academic reader is likely to respect or resent Riesman, no matter which, in terms of a monastic fantasy of what unearthly bliss it must be to appear on the cover of *Time* magazine; the non-academic reader is likely to respect or resent him, as may be, under the impression that Riesman carries the weight of a pre-eminent academic authority, supported by his colleagues. Neither is wholly the case, but neither party is eager to part with its illusions.

For one side the major sin is "popularization"; for the other, "jargon." Riesman has been accused of both, sometimes both at once. *Partisan Review*, which an outsider might have thought to find on Riesman's side, has printed by far the most catty and patronizing comments on his work. *The Lonely Crowd's* success, one of its reviewers—Elizabeth Hardwick—slyly allowed, "rests upon a solid basis of cleverness, up-to-date-ness, knowingness, and humor." On the other hand, many editors and journalists who might be expected to appreciate just such qualities as these profess to find the book incomprehensible.



"I may as well tell you," Bernard DeVoto once wrote me, "that I simply can't read Mr. Riesman. . . . I kept *The Lonely Crowd* by my bed, and many and many a night I wrestled with it before turning to the treatises on theory of numbers in which I customarily seek a little relaxation before drifting off. No use."

In this *The Lonely Crowd* is like many other books that have permanently changed men's minds. They begin, while the ideas they contain are fresh, by being incomprehensible; and they end, after the ideas have grown familiar, by becoming unreadable—that is, they come to seem laborious and dense in comparison to the clear impression the reader has by then acquired of the author. Who can now read *Das Kapital*, or *The Origin of Species*, as anything but a duty? *The Lonely Crowd* has already become unreadable in the sense that it cannot satisfy the expectations it arouses. Readers come to it having heard—as, by now, who hasn't?—that it deals with the contemporary American character in terms of the transition from a type called "inner-directed" to a type called "other-directed," and they naturally wonder what there is in so simple an idea to account for so great a reputation. They come prepared for social philosophy and they find—what? A witty, garrulous, shrewd, wandering, and intermittently brilliant set of notes that read as though brutal blue-penciling might some day make a book of them. The reader who has finished it, and been favorably impressed, will find on a rereading that any given passage seems more fragmentary and complicated than he remembered. Why is this so difficult, he may well ask himself, when the author's idea is now so plain to me?

#### WHAT HE REGRETTED

FROM this unstable relationship between Riesman and his readers stem two of the relatively serious criticisms that are made of him: first, that he is so indifferent to his readers that he makes no effort to meet their demands—to be systematic, to prune repetitions and irrelevancies, to clarify, to make his meanings as accessible as possible; second, and almost the opposite, that he is so preoccupied with his readers that he constantly adjusts his position to take account of theirs, trimming to each passing wind and having no mind of his own—that, in Miss Hardwick's words, he "treats his own opinions as if they were those of a character in a novel he was writing. Standing in the center of the stage, watching the audience assemble, he

waits for the feel of the thing, and then chooses his rubbery mask, comic one way, tragic upside down."

Neither Riesman nor his partisans—and I write as both a friend and a collaborator—would deny the justice of these complaints. (One might, perhaps, resent their tone or deny their relevance.) Their source at either extreme can be found in Riesman's own words. "There have been times," he writes in the introduction to his later book, *Individualism Reconsidered*, "when I regretted that *The Lonely Crowd* was not more inaccessible." And then he goes on to admit that his concern for his readers resembles that of political writers who have had to veil their meanings in order to escape persecution. "The problem . . .," he says, "is real enough for me, less because of the tyranny of the powerful, who probably do not read me, than because of what might be deemed 'the tyranny of the powerless' over their group—the tyranny of beleaguered teachers, liberals, Negroes, women, Jews, intellectuals, and so on, over each other. These are my principal audiences."

This passage, with its scrambled mixture of modesty and self-confidence, is characteristic of its author. What he is saying, in effect, is that he holds a view of the public dialogue, of the place therein and responsibility thereto of the intellectual, different from that of his critics. To use another favorite Riesman phrase, it is his "stance"—rather than a specific bundle of ideas—that identifies him. To his admirers he represents not so much a philosophical system as an angle of approach, a tone of voice. And thus he also appears to those who dislike him, especially those who do so on the grounds that they can label him only in terms of his failure to fit their favorite labels. Since the role of social philosopher is one he resists, he offers a tempting rhetorical target to someone (like the Canadian sociologist Dennis Wrong) who chooses to treat him as a social philosopher in order to prove, out of his own mouth, that he is a bad one—that he does not follow, so Wrong complains, "the method followed by great thinkers in the past."

It is in this area of the intellectual dialogue, however, that Riesman has contributed some of his most useful and original ideas. What should be the role of the intellectual? Whom should he be addressing and in what terms? What should be his attitude toward society, specifically the America in which he lives? What kind of country is this, anyhow? Arriving at intellectual leadership by an unorthodox route, he has made himself—as it were—a test case of his own views.

His conduct as an intellectual can be judged together with his ethic: if one is wrong, both are wrong. The Riesman who carefully gauges his audience's mood and the Riesman who deliberately flouts that mood are the same man. And the Riesman who has discovered an audience for hitherto recondite ideas is the same Riesman as the one who has disregarded the traditional methods for getting through to the reading public.

#### WHY SO POPULAR?

OURS has often been called an "anti-intellectual" era. Scholars and scientists, taking the role of underdogs, have regularly complained about their "communications problem," one they sometimes offhandedly describe as that of "reaching the man in the street." Humanists have ruefully talked of starting a magazine that will "do for the humanities what *Scientific American* does for the sciences"; while the scientists, unassuaged, have considered themselves so unpopular that they set up committees to find out why. It could have been assumed (and I can speak as one who made the assumption) that in the modern market a book like *The Lonely Crowd* would have enjoyed at best a limited sale.

At the time Riesman appeared, the avenues of access for the academic writer to the non-academic reader were thought to be well established. The techniques of "popularization," despite the pejorative overtones of that word and its distracting effect on authors, were generally accepted. You attracted a public by "avoiding jargon," by "writing well," by "adding anecdotal material," and all the rest of the clichés to which editors succumb in the effort to embolden or restrain hesitant specialists. Ideally, works of popularization condensed the wisdom of a given "discipline," presenting it attractively yet authoritatively, with the implied promise to the reader that he was saving himself time and trouble while getting the real thing. (One school of science-writing, represented by George Gamow or by *The Education of T. C. Mits*, held that a text was easier for laymen to understand if accompanied by drawings sufficiently childish to suggest an atmosphere of comforting dim-wittedness.) The actual business of science or scholarship, however, was not supposed to be transacted in public. There was to be no hint of professional affectation or allusion. Phrases like "too technical" or "too specialized" were (and of course still are) sentences of death on the manuscripts that tried to pass the barrier into

print without first being suitably deodorized of scholarly mannerisms.

Now the most obvious thing about *The Lonely Crowd* was that it violated these rules at every turn. It directed itself to the lay reader, which was *lese majesté*, yet appeared to make no compromises in his behalf, which was treason compounded. It was relaxed and conversational in tone, sometimes slangy and even jocose, while it plowed straight into densities and complexities of material with no apology. It employed terms appropriate to its subject matter and it did not hesitate to use a pedantic word where pedantry was called for. Its pages were littered with the references, both familiar and obscure, which intellectuals use to identify themselves to one another and to achieve a sense of cultural community and continuity. It was highly discursive, following no systematic plan and continually qualifying and correcting itself as it went along. There appeared to be something wrong with it from every point of view except that of its increasingly numerous readers.

Who were they? At first they were academics too. *The Lonely Crowd* achieved a *succès d'estime* before it achieved a *succès de best-seller*. Riesman had first of all become news within the information net of professional tastemakers in the consumption of ideas. He has said of himself that he was "discovered before I existed"—meaning that his promise had been recognized (by the late Judge Jerome D. Frank, among others) before it was fulfilled. At the same time, he had commanded the attention of this special audience by speaking directly to it. Articles of his had appeared in law reviews and university quarterlies, and in 1949 he had contributed a chapter to a symposium called *Years of the Modern* in which the whole theory of *The Lonely Crowd* was concisely previewed. He was beginning to be quoted in conversation and, before long, quoting him in their doctoral dissertations was almost obligatory for graduate students. "As you doubtless know," he was told in those days by a faculty wife who did part-time typing on the side, "no self-respecting aspirant to the Ph. D. in

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any of the social sciences would omit at least one reference to you in his thesis."

The language of *The Lonely Crowd*, as we can see now, was simply the language of its readers: Informal University American, such as a faculty member or graduate student might use in a letter or memorandum; haphazard, allusive if not cryptic, taking much for granted, sometimes awkwardly graceful but more suited to verbal fireworks than constraint, and—above all—alive with ideas. In other words, it is the spontaneous rather than the formal language of the American university population, one the academic reader was thoroughly accustomed to use but not accustomed to encounter in a book, where it had almost the flavor of the forbidden, as though the reader were a voyeur into the naked mental processes of the writer. It is an admirable vehicle for iconoclasm, therefore, since it can deal with respectable topics without sounding respectable—and that, among other things, is what made it so interesting to readers who were not specialists in social science.

For what lifted *The Lonely Crowd* out of the specialist category was its appeal to certain humanists, some of whom had shared (as Lionel Trilling said) "the antagonisms to the social sciences which I know to be pretty common among people who like literature" and had distrusted the normal language of sociology because it was pseudo-scientific and gave "a false value to ideas that are simple and platitudinous." Here was a social scientist who used the tools of his trade to describe experience with a heightened delicacy and precision, rather than to force-fit it into preconceived molds. He was, at the same time, a man of generalized culture who addressed himself without shame to those of like mind. His contribution to *Years of the Modern*, for example, opens with a quotation from Condorcet and goes on in quick succession to refer to Freud, Heraclitus, Adam Smith, Malthus, Godwin, Erich Fromm, Hobbes, Holbein, John Singer Sargent, John Stuart Mill, Tolstoy, Sartre, Kant, and Mary McCarthy. Charles Poore of the *New York Times* put it very well when he said that Riesman wants to make the social sciences not only more scientific but more sociable.

Professor Trilling, in a famous phrase, defends literature as "the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty"—an objective that H. J. Muller has also proposed for history. It is almost tailor-made to describe Riesman's aim as a social scientist—encompassing as it does his receptiveness to contradictory "ex-

planations" of the same event, his appetite for undigested data and unfinished research, his relish for the ironic and paradoxical—and it is not of course a new aim for his profession. What is new with Riesman is his relative acceptance by even a minority of literary writers and critics. Most often the verdict—as between the Lynds and Sinclair Lewis, say, or between Lloyd Warner's *Yankee City* series and Marquand's *Point of No Return*—has gone to the novelists. Defenders of literature were expected to disparage sociology in terms like H. L. Mencken's, who found Veblen "incomparably tangled and unintelligible. . . ." Riesman has been fortunate enough to come along at a time when a critic of Trilling's turn of mind could praise him for writing "a work of literature in the old comprehensive sense of the word according to which Hume's essays are literature, or Gibbon's history, or Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*."

#### "INNER-" VS. "OTHER-"

THE grounds for this approval seem to me to rest in Riesman's willing exposure of his motives. Sociology had often been tendentious, as Trilling says, without admitting that it was. Riesman made no pretense of moral neutrality but he had constructed a position for himself which was not moralistic. As between his two types of character, "inner-" and "other-directed," he expressed no preference (though many readers, Trilling included, have too quickly assumed his bias toward the former, he has been at some pains to deny this). If inner-direction were the same thing as individuality, and other-direction the same as conformity, there would have been no need to invent new terms. Riesman's intention, from the start, was not to delimit individuals but to free them. As many critics have noted, "liberating" or "heuristic" are among his constant terms of approval. Highest in his scale of virtues is "autonomy," that characteristic of men and women who are not only free but can endure freedom, who can conform or not—as they choose—and are aware of the choice.

This potentiality had been implicit in social science. For, if one can isolate those elements of a man's character that are determined by his membership in society, and are no fault of his, then what remains is his alone. In this is the bond between the "behavioral" sciences and the traditional humanities—history, literature, theology, the arts—as it is between Riesman and those of his readers who have learned from him how large their freedom is. This lesson he has

repeatedly underscored with the quotation from Blake he has taken for his motto: "When I tell the Truth, it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those that do."

#### FORGIVE MY INSIGHT . . .

**N**EEDLESS to say, there were sociologists before Riesman, and many whose purposes were no less beneficent. The sciences that deal with living creatures have inevitably been compelled to place less emphasis on prediction, manipulation, and control, and more on understanding for its own sake. To be sure, there are still social scientists who love only statistics and deny the "scientific" existence of the non-measurable, the emotional, or the simply accidental. Within the profession there continues to be a useful competition between the attractions of elegant and illuminating theory as opposed to hard, empirical fact. But it is still a durable function of social science to provide those shafts of bright revelation that the jargon describes, half-jokingly, as "insightful."

These result, it seems to me, from the premise that any experience—however complex or seemingly irrelevant—can be legitimate raw material for investigation. The problem is then to connect the incredible things that do happen with something credible that has happened to others; it is one of linking dissimilar objects by unfamiliar parallels, or of placing familiar objects in a perspective that reveals their unexpected qualities. "Insights," in this sense, are mainly analogies—like, for example, Riesman's reference to diaries as self-conducted time-and-motion studies, or to entertainment celebrities as captains of nonindustry, or to workers' automobiles as decompression chambers between the factory and the suburban home. They have the effect of a sudden unearned increment of meaning, like the gift of a shiny soap bubble: their charm and wit reside in the context, and may be evanescent. Riesman and his associates, as well as many young sociologists, are aware of the temptation to be too clever. I have even heard one say to another, in a seminar: "Forgive me for being insightful, but . . ."

Yet there is more to this method than cleverness. It is a way of coping with the existing, the factual, and the exact without losing either affection or respect for them. It is a way of gently restraining the impulse to theorize by showing how many "meanings" a given fact may have. It is a way of asking, at the same time that it

explains, what we mean by "explain" and what will satisfy us as an "explanation." And it is, in good part, no more than an extension of the tradition of rational investigation both of society and of the individual psyche. Riesman's descent through this line, especially the scientific liberalism of the late nineteenth century, is so legitimate as to be almost stuffy. In his footnotes and elsewhere, he is continually paying debts to these predecessors, the two greatest—or at least those of whom he has written at greatest length—being Veblen and Freud. Oddly enough, however, Riesman's liberal-scientific ancestry is rarely acknowledged by those who share it. Only the Stalinist critic Herbert Aptheker seems to have paid much attention to his writings on civil liberties and legal sociology in the early 'forties, while only the ultraconservative Russell Kirk has recorded any awareness that Riesman's premises "are thoroughly liberal; they are almost identical with those of John Stuart Mill, whom he takes for his model in much."

Kirk, who prefers to regard American liberalism as a lost cause, is nonetheless willing to concede that Riesman has restored to it "a measure of candor, moderation, and keen perceptivity." Another way of putting this (or a way someone less antiliberal than Kirk might put it) would be to say that liberalism is still the only intellectual tradition fully usable by a man of Riesman's temperament—his respect for objectivity, his distaste for cant, his infatuation with immediate reality. This might be more apparent if he were better known for *Faces in the Crowd*, the sequel to *The Lonely Crowd* which contains much of the raw material from which it grew. There he is able to indulge at length his preference for the specific and the concrete, and to evoke the unique qualities of each case history even at the expense of his own categories of inner- and other-direction.

Undoubtedly much of Riesman's fame rests on the ease with which his terms, once absorbed, can be remembered. Yet the penalty paid by any new set of categories is to become a parlor game—after which its creator is helpless to insist, and will protest in vain, that putting people in pigeonholes was not his objective. Over the years, a variety of typologies have been invented—endomorph, ectomorph, mesomorph; anal, oral, genital; highbrow, lowbrow, middlebrow. Each is appropriate to its purpose, and its value as a learning device is hardly lessened by its unsuitability for other purposes. The simplicity of the framework is less important than the load it can bear. "By employing more types, or sub-



types," Riesman wrote in *Faces in the Crowd*, "one could take account of more facts (or, mayhap, the same facts with less violence!), but we have preferred to work with a minimum of scaffolding."

Riesman patently believes that the real world is distorted by typologies, his own included, but that the social investigator must settle for one or another of them in order to pursue his research. ("If researchers waited until they had the best typology before beginning work, they would never begin. . . .") The reason for having types is to permit the researcher "to do consciously, as a scientist, what he does every day, as a citizen"—that is, to make value judgments. If he is personally hostile to modern industrial civilization, hates the city, and despises "popular" taste, he will find numerous terms of reference to fit his bias—the contrasts between medieval and modern, rural and urban, or class culture and mass culture. But he may thereby blind himself to "precisely those developments which, within the urban industrial complex, may be altering the work and leisure patterns followed and the character traits rewarded." The new types emerge from the necessity to reveal changes in mores and national character, and—Riesman would equally clearly add—to liberate us as individuals from outdated or constricting roles, from the vocabulary of argument or behavior that outworn terms have imposed. "We would not be true to our calling as scientists," he ended by telling his audience of colleagues, "if we did not profoundly believe that the truth does set men free, or true to our heritage as Americans if we did not profoundly believe that men should be set free."

There is an important difference, at the same time, between Riesman's view and the conventional indictments of American conformity. In describing how a modern industrial society like our own favors the other-directed—the person highly sensitive to, and dependent on, the opinions of others—he has tried to lessen their stifling pressure by showing how other-direction can encourage autonomy. Considerateness, taste, charity, tact—these by-products of a concern for others are highly desirable. One can perfectly well be other-directed without sacrificing individual integrity, just as one may for convenience conform as to inessentials, in order to retain freedom as to things that matter. Riesman freely contends, in a passage too seldom quoted, that the chances for autonomy are in many ways greater for the other-directed than the inner-directed, since the tradition of hard, compulsive

self-sufficiency is a shadowy and misleading guide for the twentieth century. Autonomy is of course not a place to arrive but a way of traveling, and "when people ask, as they sometimes do, how they can become autonomous, the answer cannot be put in words." Riesman adds: "That the question is asked is a good sign, like any fundamental question about human existence: it is a sign that complacency has worn thin and that the search for what the religious call grace has been renewed."

#### TO REMAIN IN TENSION

ONE could of course concede all this and still maintain that Riesman does not relate himself effectively or realistically to the American scene. For example, it has been argued (by Gabriel Kolko) that he depends too much on assumptions about the economy (like the "income revolution") which have insufficient foundation in fact, and that his effect is therefore to minimize the continued existence of economic inequalities. Riesman, in Norman Mailer's opinion, "is extrapolating upon the vast American canvas a view of life which too closely corresponds to the generally tender and anxious world of the middle-class intellectual. . . . One feels Riesman's desire to find something justifiable, something functional, in all aspects of society. Ultimately, his credo seems to be that what-is must necessarily contain something good, and so an intellectual process which begins by stimulating the mind ends in eclectic monotony."

Mailer's criticism is a variant on the more familiar one: that Riesman's purpose is to justify mass culture's ways to man, or—as one dissenting highbrow put it—to relieve intellectuals of their guilt in watching television. Granted, Riesman is pre-eminent among those few "authorities" on popular culture who have more than a minimal sympathy for it. His own choice of subject matter is wide—movies, football, hit-parade tunes, "recreation," and the automobile come to mind—and he gives aid and encouragement to young scholars (and journalists) of similar interests. He has also been willing to go on record with statements of such an extravagance ("we are living in what I believe to be one of the great cultures of history") as to leave no doubt how little he shares the generally low academic opinion of contemporary America. But he is nonetheless a critic of it, sometimes a savage one. By making a sufficiently judicious selection from his writings, the historian Robert Wheeler has even been able to conclude that he

is essentially antipathetic to the American middle class, and that *The Lonely Crowd* is "a thoroughly pessimistic and denigrating book." Again, Riesman himself has been clear enough to make this form of literary teasing unnecessary, and one turns with relief to his explicit statement, in the *Partisan Review* symposium, "Our Country and Our Culture," in 1952:

It is particularly hard for us as intellectuals to change our view of America at the very moment when our country has risen to world predominance. Germans, Frenchmen, and Jews can testify that it is hard to detach one's loyalties from a weak, threatened, or defeated nation; it is perhaps even harder to attach one's loyalties to a newly powerful one . . . especially as we have such a long tradition of mindless or defensive boasting to live down.

For there can be no doubt that the job of the intellectual—to some extent of everyone—is to remain in some tension with his audience and his immediate milieu. . . . We must speak in such a way as to challenge our friends while refusing comfort to our enemies—still telling the truth. And this requires us to search for the shadings and ambiguities . . . which are the truth about America.

To "remain in some tension" with the milieu has been his practice as well as principle—whether in debate with liberals or humanists who seem to him pious or complacent, or in his extensive correspondence and exchange of memoranda with associates, or in his near-notorious inability to disengage himself from argument in conferences and seminars. He has opened up to teachers and writers their unsuspected potentialities for vigor and relevance, and at the same time provided a systematic groundwork for those who wish to build on his beginnings. It is not necessary, he insists, to be bound by the given terms of discussion as each generation finds them; there is a prior obligation on all of us to be immersed in unorganized facts, and to acknowledge the salutary duty to dissent.

At Harvard he has conspicuously been a teacher rather than a scholar, paying far more attention to undergraduates—even to freshmen—than they are accustomed to get from the luminaries of that university. The institution of American education itself became one of his "subjects" when he undertook to survey the academic aftereffects of McCarthyism, and he has perhaps become more devoted to pedagogy as he has become more worried about it. Foreign visitors sometimes find it shocking that he should therefore give so much of his time to students, and do

so little to push forward the endless research projects that his works could justify. Recently a visiting French sociologist was horrified to discover that the world-famous Riesman—who in Europe could command an institute with fifty assistants—here has only one graduate student. He wants no "school," and will not play the Master.

Riesman has made use of his command over an audience, and over a language of expressive range, as an opportunity for almost casual self-exposure. His papers read like transcripts of a mental process, beginning wherever he happened to be at the time and proceeding to reveal as many related aspects of his mind, from as many angles, as space permits. I cannot gainsay those who find this method annoying, but I differ with those who persist in treating it as somehow offensive or improper. And I cannot conclude this attempt to evoke a reader's response to David Riesman without acknowledging a sense of having done scant justice to the variegated, elusive, and rewarding personality which appears in the pages of his books. There is room in him for more than the good-natured optimism I may have unduly emphasized, in particular for an awareness of that fatal decline in society's vital energy to which social science gives the name of *anomie*.

In recent years he has been preoccupied by the possibility of thermonuclear war and, working often with Erich Fromm, has tried to make his influence felt in private conversations with persons of influence. He is a member of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and has helped organize Committees of Correspondence—on the American Revolutionary model—among those who share his willingness to defend, or at least discuss, unilateral disarmament. Whether he takes such an extreme position because he fully believes in it, or because he believes that only by so doing can he make moderate debate possible, perhaps he himself would be hard put to say. At any event, he refuses to share the optimistic assumption that the Kennedy Administration will soon be able to make disarmament an agreed and effective American policy. He is as sensitive to the American bent toward meanness and violence as toward our relatively decent attributes, and he makes allowance for the possibility that nations, like individuals, may choose their lesser part. He would be no more surprised if America destroyed itself than anyone must be who knows that something seriously does go wrong with people when they cease to love life enough.



OSCAR LEWIS

# MANUEL

## *in the Thieves' Market*

*A professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois, Oscar Lewis has done field work in Canada, Cuba, India, Texas, Spain, and Mexico. He recently wrote this to "Harper's" concerning "Manuel in the Thieves' Market":*

*"What I am trying to do in this article—and in my new book, "The Children of Sanchez," from which it was adapted—was expressed just recently by C. P. Snow, who wrote, 'Sometimes I am afraid that people in rich countries . . . have so completely forgotten what it is like to be poor that we no longer feel or talk with the less lucky. This we must learn to do'."*

*"The Children of Sanchez," which continues the narrative of Manuel and other members of his family, will be published by Random House this summer. An analysis of Mexico's social and economic problems by Professor Lewis appears in the book, "Social Change in Latin America," recently published by Harper & Brothers.*

THE voice that speaks in the following article is that of Manuel Sanchez, a thirty-year-old tradesman who works in the Tepito, or Thieves' Market, in Mexico City. In recent years I have come to know him and the rest of the Sanchez family well, and they have described their lives and feelings to me in tape-recorded interviews, from which this narrative is excerpted.

The Thieves' Market lies in the slums in the northeastern part of the city and it is the largest second-hand market in Mexico, perhaps in the hemisphere. In the last few years the market stalls, from which an incredible collection of used objects are sold, have been modernized; but the market itself is very old and its traditional ways continue. Manuel tells of a cruel and sometimes comic struggle for survival in a corrupt world of double-dealing and police brutality which has existed for many years, although it has rarely been described in print.

For Manuel, simply to work in the Thieves' Market represents a kind of triumph. He was born in Mexico City and has lived all his life in crowded one-room apartments in the slums. He left school in the sixth grade, married in "free union" at fifteen, and was a widower with four children at twenty-eight. Before he set up on his own in the Thieves' Market, he scratched out a living by working for anyone who would hire him: he was a vendor of lottery tickets, newspapers, and singing birds; a shoemaker; a baker; a glass and leather worker; a temporary agricultural laborer in the United States.

This life was thoroughly disenchanting to Manuel: the shopkeepers and artisans paid him miserably; Mexican movies, radio, and TV displayed to him the existence of a much better life; he was strongly impressed by the standard of living he saw in the United States. By establishing himself in the Thieves' Market, he is trying to rise from the position of a poor worker to that of a petty capitalist. And in the excitement of the market place he finds many things which help to soften the deep sense of inadequacy and inferiority he has felt since he was a boy. It is satisfying to him to strike a good bargain, to handle money not his own, to keep up his daily hopes of getting rich quickly. For most of his life he was ragged; now, dealing in second-hand clothes, he can feel that he has a large, if transient, wardrobe. He changes daily into "new" shoes, pants, and jackets.

But Manuel Sanchez is an extremely complex person, far more so than this excerpt can reveal. Along with the qualities we see—his shrewdness and pluck, his bravado and philosophical humor, his sensitivity to injustice and his desire to rise in the world—go a strong belief in the limits of destiny and class.

"To those of us," he says, "who are born to be tamale eaters, heaven sends only tamales."

To know Manuel and the Sanchez family is to understand better what it means to grow up in a slum tenement in the heart of a great Latin American metropolis. Their story thus carries implications for our attitudes and policies toward countries in Latin America—and other underdeveloped areas as well—where rapidly expanding rural populations are leaving the land and pouring into the cities, only to find that industry cannot provide them with decent work. (Twenty years ago, when Manuel was ten, there were 1.4 million people in Mexico City. Today, there are over four million.)

In the life of the Sanchez family we can find an illustration of the great gulf between the promises of the Mexican Revolution and its fulfillment. It is true that the expansion of the Mexican economy since the revolution has been impressive. Although the population has grown, the per capita wealth of the country has sharply increased since 1940. Nevertheless, the disparity between the rich and poor in Mexico is more striking today than before, despite some rise in the general standard of living. In 1960, 60 per cent of the population were ill housed, clothed, and fed; 45 per cent were illiterate and 40 per cent were not being schooled. A report by the U. S. Department of Commerce has tersely in-

dedicated one underlying reason for this situation:

There appears to have been a considerable increase in the real per capita income since 1939. However, most of the increase was in the form of commercial and industrial profits, and large sectors of the population derived little if any benefit from the enlarged national product.

Even the best-intentioned governments face tremendous obstacles in the underdeveloped countries. Poverty does terrible things to the poor, and most of the people in Manuel's life are badly damaged human beings. Yet, with all their defects and weaknesses, it is the poor who emerge as the true heroes of contemporary Mexico, for it is they who are bearing the brunt of the nation's industrial progress. Indeed, the political stability of Mexico is grim testimony to the great capacity of the ordinary Mexican for misery and suffering. But even the Mexican capacity to suffer has limits. Unless ways are found to achieve a more equitable distribution of the growing national wealth—and a greater equality of sacrifice during the difficult period of industrialization—we may expect social upheaval in Mexico, sooner or later.

Here is what Manuel Sanchez said.

### *Manuel's Story*

**F**OR a couple of years now I've been working at the Tepito market in Mexico City. I deal in second-hand stuff—clothes, shoes, gold, silver, watches, furniture, bicycles—anything that comes along. In a way, you take a chance in this kind of work, but it's never been really bad for me. On the worst day I make at least twelve pesos (one dollar), enough for food.

Ever since my mother took me to the market as a small boy, I liked the atmosphere. It is colorful, like the village markets where buyers and sellers know each other, tell jokes, and bargain. There is nothing impersonal here, the way it is in Sears, Roebuck or the Palacio de Hierro, where the clerks don't dare chat with the customers. There, they only tell you the price and do things mechanically and the joker is that the prices are fixed, eh? The customer doesn't have a chance to defend himself.

Since I've been working at Tepito, some people have a poor opinion of me. They think that everything in that market is stolen goods. But

that's a lie, yes, a lie. The truth is that only about 50 per cent of the stuff sold is crooked. But it's only little stuff . . . the handful of tools, the dust mask or rubber boots that the workers rob from the factories, or a bicycle someone stole on the fly. If it's a radio, it's the kind that's practically falling apart. Like everywhere else in the world, the real good "hot" merchandise—the fine radios and machinery—is bought up by the big capitalists. Nobody around Tepito has the money to buy the good stuff.

When I know something is stolen, I usually don't buy it. In my type of work you have to be somewhat of a psychologist, to know whom you're buying from. I can always spot a crook, a cop, a dope addict, a prostitute, or an innocent. Ten years ago there was more "hot" merchandise in the markets because the police were not so active. Now they consider the place a gold mine and are on permanent duty. Even on their day off they come to the market to see whom they can screw. It's a business with them. They know



that just by putting one of my buddies in the patrol car, they can make themselves twenty, thirty, or fifty pesos.

I got my start in the market when I came back from my trip to the United States as a *bracero*, an agricultural worker. I was working at my old job in the glass shop. One Monday I came in late and my boss decided to dock me for a week. "O.K.," I said, "big deal," and I got up and left.

To kill time, I went to the Tepito market. I met my old friend, Joaquin, carrying a pair of gabardine pants over his shoulder. He was a peddler, a dealer in second-hand goods. He told me I was an idiot to work on a job when I could be making more money selling stuff in the market. I thought it was risky, today you make something, tomorrow nothing, and maybe I wouldn't be good at it.

Actually, I had some idea of what it was like to work in the market, because I used to watch my mother and my uncles and other peddlers hawk their wares, and I knew the old-style method of buying and selling. So when Joaquin told me to try to sell the trousers for at least fifteen pesos, while he was buying up more stuff, I agreed.

A boy came down the street and stared at the trousers, and I said, "Come on, pal, I'll give it to you cheap."

"Well, yes," he says, "but I have no money. I'm selling too." He takes out a watch, a luxury-type "Haste"—very nice. He wanted 125 pesos for it, and we bargained back and forth. I wasn't embarrassed at all. I took to selling right away. It was easy.

Finally, to make a long story short, I gave him forty pesos and the pants, and he gave me the watch; so the watch came to fifty-five pesos. I offered Joaquin his fifteen pesos for the pants.

"No," he says, "don't be a crook, pal! Only fifteen pesos and you took in a great sale." Then he laughed, and said, "O.K., say no more. It's your debut here in the market. Beginner's luck."

Well, one of the dealers nearby—we call them "coyotes"—wanted to buy the watch. I thought I'd ask seventy-five pesos for it and make a fast twenty pesos profit. But before I opened my mouth, Joaquin says, "Two hundred."

"No," says the coyote. He offered to pay one hundred. I was ready to sell, but my partner, Joaquin, said, "What? Moron! Hold your horses." So I wait with my little watch, see? and we walk away. Then the coyote comes along behind us and says, "So as not to be screwing around, I'll give you 125, yes or no?"

Well, he finally gave me 170 for the watch. I

made 115 pesos on it. In a few seconds, I made more than I earned in a week of hard work at the shop. "What am I working like an idiot over there for?" I said to myself. Then and there I decided to quit my job.

#### FEAR OF THE LOUDEST

I LIKED selling . . . I liked the freedom. I had time for myself and no one bossed me around. Up to that time I had been blind, and couldn't see farther than my nose. Like other laborers, I knew only one thing, working on a job! Even when it doesn't pay off, a worker doesn't try another road or look for other horizons, but goes on doing the same thing. My father was like that, until he began raising singing birds and pigeons right here in our tenement . . . that's when he started getting ahead. I'm going to see to it that my sons aren't workers. If they can't be professionals, I'll put them into some little business. That's the only way they can earn money without being dependent on others.

I figure this way: if I start working right now on a job, where I make the legal minimum wage of twelve pesos a day, I could never raise my living standard. Out of the twelve, I'd have to give at least six to my children, and a man can't live on six. I couldn't pay rent, eat three meals outside the house, buy shoes or clothes or anything on six pesos. Suppose one of my kids gets sick and I need to buy medicine for a hundred pesos . . . any good medicine costs at least that . . . I'd have to borrow the money and pay it back at fifty centavos a day. At that rate it would take over six months to pay for the medicine and most likely in that time someone else would get sick. It's just a vicious circle and there is no way to get ahead.

The only time I lost in the market was when I bought a thing called a mimeograph. I didn't even know what the gadget was for, but, well, I was real impressed with the word, see? I thought: With a name like that it must be worth something. The character selling it spotted me for a moron. He made a fool out of me, one of the many times it happened. He says to me, "See this little machine? I want only two hundred pesos for it."

"Holy Christ!" says I, "so it's really worth something. But that's a lot of money. I'll give you fifty." We argued back and forth and I started to change my mind. I was getting a presentiment. "Maybe this damn thing doesn't even work and I'm talking my head off. The



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truth is I don't even know what that pile of junk is good for."

"O.K.," the guy says, "over here with fifty."

There go my fifty pesos. The first customer offered me thirty pesos, the next was willing to give me twenty-five pesos. And that's how it went until after fifteen days of lugging around my famous mimeograph, they were offering me ten pesos. I finally left it in the market administration office and abandoned it there. But usually I make good money in the market . . . more than I had on any job.

But it wasn't all easy going at the market. The market administration sometimes asks traders for their credentials, to force us to join a union, see? The market superintendent is in cahoots with all of them. Imagine, to sell second-hand clothing in the Thieves' Market they ask you for a Social Welfare card, a Department of Health card, a union card, your police record! I have no cards and I've had a lot of arguments about it. I resent it, it makes me rebellious, you know what I mean? There I have my merchandise spread out on the floor and the guards come and want to take it away, so I argue with them, see?

There are no permanent places for the peddlers in the market—the one who gets there first gets the spot. It's like those cowboy pictures—when they open the market doors, we all race in like horses. One Saturday I had a violent argument over my spot, and then the guard comes over and squats down to take the cloth with my merchandise on it.

"You can pick this up at the office," he says. "You don't belong to any organization and you don't have any card."

"Look," I say. "The market wasn't built for you sons of bitches or for the organizations."

"Go talk it over with the superintendent," he tells me.

"No," I say, "he's just here to collect money for the government. The Constitution says that nobody can prevent another person from working honestly. Why should he count for more than the Constitution? You touch my things and I swear I'll kick the stuffing out of you."

We use strong language here at the market. The one who hollers the loudest is the one who is feared the most.

Once I had to do something that disgusted me. I had to kick a guy. In the market, we are all *braveros*, tough guys, and whenever I was making a deal, this *bravero*, "Whitey," would come over and stick his nose in and would get the merchandise away from me. He tried to lord it over me and when I asked him not to butt in, he answered

with dirty language. I tried to avoid a fight and held back. Finally, one day I was closing a deal and had the goods in my hands, when this guy, Whitey, took out the money and paid. He said, "Let's have the goods."

"What do you mean? I'm the one making this deal. Who the hell told you to pay for it?"

"Give it to me or I'll take it!" says he.

"I'd just like to see you." And then, wham! I let him have one right between the eyes. He dropped. He got up and I caught him against the wall and kept hitting him. I knocked off his eyebrow with one punch. He tried to kick me and that made me blind mad. When he was on the ground I kicked him and his ribs made a funny sound.

"Poor guy," I said to myself, but there was the whole bunch from the market around us and I had to finish him off. Otherwise they'd think I was a jackass and they'd keep starting up with me. Even though it was repulsive to me, I kept kicking him, not trying to kill him, of course—I didn't even aim at his face, it was already covered with blood. Finally he said, "Enough, enough." I didn't give him back his money and he never tried anything with me again.

#### THE POLICE PICK FLOWERS

MEXICANS—and, I think, everyone in the world—admire the person "with balls," as we say. The character who throws punches and kicks, without stopping to think, is the one who comes out on top. The one who has guts enough to stand up against an older, stronger guy, is more respected. If any so-and-so comes to me and says, "Curse your mother," I answer, "Curse your mother a thousand times." And if he gives one step forward and I take one step back, I lose prestige. But if I go forward too, and pile on and make a fool out of him, then the others will treat me with respect. In a fight, I would never give up or say, "Enough," even though the other was killing me. I would try to go to my death, smiling. That is what we mean by being "*macho*," by being manly.

Life around here is more real than among people with money. Here a boy of ten isn't scared off at the sight of a female sexual organ. Nor is he shocked when he sees a guy lifting someone's wallet, or using a knife on a man. Just having seen so much evil at close range makes him face reality. After awhile, even death itself doesn't frighten us. We get our bruises in the struggle against life at a very early age, see? And a scab begins to form. It never disappears,



like a blood scab, but remains permanently on our spirit. Then, there comes another blow and another scab, until it gets to be like a kind of armor which makes us indifferent to everything.

Two or three times I bought hot things from crooks. It was risky, but if things were bad with me financially I'd think over the possibilities of getting into a jam and take a chance. But most of the stuff was not worth much.

I wasn't lucky all the time, even when I was acting within the law. One time I bought a radio chassis: it worked but it had no case. I bought it from a peddler for fifty-five pesos and since we peddlers don't cheat each other, I didn't even test it. I left the market and this cop grabs me, the one we call "The Bird." He's a guy who isn't good enough even to be a cop. He is very fat and always has one cuff of his pants higher than the other. His coat is so greasy you could scrape it with a knife. He grew up in the market but since he became a cop he gives himself all kinds of airs.

"Let's see the bill of sale," he says.

"Look," I say, "it has no bill of sale because it's just a chassis."

"Get in, you bastard," he says. He had three crooks in his patrol car already.

We drove off and I heard the crooks bargaining with him. He wanted five hundred pesos from the first one and two hundred from the second one. We made several stops so the crooks could collect the money. He let those two go. To the last one, The Bird said, "O.K., kid. It's a long time since I picked a flower in your garden. Let's get up-to-date, what do you say?"

This guy says: "No, boss. I've been in bad shape . . . really bad off . . . I haven't been out to work at all."

"Well," says the cop, "if you're that bad off, get out and get me twenty-five pesos."

When we got to the precinct, The Bird says to me, "You know what the story is for you? Two hundred pesos."

"Well, what do you know!" I say. "Justice is progressing! You let the guy who is really a crook go for twenty-five and for this dumb jerk who is trying to earn a living, the rap is two hundred." So I offered him fifty pesos, all I had on me.

"All right, all right, let's have it and get the hell out of here."

Once I was really caught red-handed by the police and it cost me plenty. I didn't know what I was getting into that time. I had a partner by the name of "The Bull," and we had money in our pockets then. What with the merchandise

and cash, The Bull and I had about ten thousand pesos. We were on the corner, one day, selling old clothes. I was yelling: "Buy old clothes cheap . . . take something home . . . right over here . . ."

There I was shouting my head off when Macario, the janitor's son, comes over. He was an old friend of mine and had married a girl of the Casa Grande tenement where I live. He looked real beat, his clothes all patched, flat broke, because he hadn't worked for a long time. We had worked together in the leather factory and I always knew him for an honest person.

"Manuel," he says, "damn it, lend me something for today's food—lend me five pesos, brother, can you?"

"Sure, Macario." I thought: What can this poor devil do with five pesos? Five pesos, so easy to get and so easy to spend . . .

"Look, Macario," I said, "take ten pesos. God has been good, maybe tomorrow I'll need you."

He started to leave, then he said, "Look, Manuel, I almost forgot the main thing I came for. Do you see the guy in the red cap over there? His wife and the wife of another guy were going to set up a dressmaking shop, but since this fellow drinks and got drunk for fifteen days straight, his partner made off with the machines and five thousand pesos in cash. The only thing left was a batch of cloth they had bought to make aprons. They want to sell it."

When it's a matter of business, I get suspicious right away. I trusted Macario but, you know, just in case, I went through the usual routine of asking questions.

"No, Manuel, hell! This boy works in the tannery with me and I guarantee he is honest."

I talked it over with my partner and we decided to buy the cloth at one peso a meter. There were 1,800 meters and I had to go to pick it up.

When I got to the neighborhood I found that the guy had gone out for a drink. His mother was there, an old, respectable, white-haired lady. There was the cloth, brand-new and all tied up with steel strips. I chatted with her for a while, then I came out with it.

"Look, lady, talking straight now," I say to her, "aren't . . . maybe . . . isn't this stuff hot? You know, if something's wrong, the cops come screwing around. Look, I really don't want to get into trouble, lady, sincerely."

She got red in the face: "Señor, if you have any suspicions you just better not buy it. We are poor but honest here! All of you in the market are suspicious. The lion thinks everyone is like himself." She really let me have it

"O.K., lady, don't get mad. If they're hot, I'd buy them anyhow. But you have to tell me where they're from, because if they're from around here, the owner is bound to show up. I'd go to Toluca or to Pachuca to sell them. I'm not asking because it frightens me. Nothing frightens me. The dead don't frighten me." I was thinking that if she told me it's hot, I wouldn't touch the stuff. I just wanted to get the truth out of her. But she convinced me it was really straight, see? So I bought it.

Well, there we were selling the cloth. "Come on and buy it at 1.50 a meter. Cloth for sale, cheap!"

A man comes up and buys six hundred meters. "Oh, son of a bitch," I say, "nine hundred pesos in one damned swoop. We're going to make money here." I started shouting, "Cloth here, two pesos a meter!" That morning we sold over one thousand meters!

In the afternoon Macario came to help us sell, but he was timid. "Shout, Macario, go on," I said. "Don't be afraid. I suppose you're ashamed . . . be ashamed of stealing, not of selling, brother. Look, business is fun, it's more fun than working. Yell a little." All the ladies were out buying their little chiles and tomatoes. By six, I had 1,800 pesos in my pocket.

#### "HE REALLY WEARS PANTS"

AT THAT time I was eating at a certain café, where I was a friend of Gilberto and Carolina, the owners. As soon as I turned the corner to go to the café, a man embraces me. Now we're really screwed! I tell you I can smell a cop. I had never seen that agent, but right away I knew.

He asked about the cloth, all right. He held me close to him and we kept walking toward the patrol car. The cops had been waiting for me at the café all day, but Carolina hadn't sent anyone to warn me because the police would have followed. I didn't think the cloth was hot and I still don't.

The cop said, "Well, if it's not what we're looking for, please excuse me, but in our line of work we make lots of mistakes." I was surprised. The cops are so arbitrary and here was such a decent bastard! What stuff is he smoking? I wondered. He got me into the police car and I kept explaining how I got into the cloth deal. "Ay, Manuelito," he says, "it's going to be damned messy, because the creditor wants the cloth or three thousand pesos, and we want two thousand."

"Ay, no," I say, "no, then there's no way out and I'm screwed."

"No," he says, "it's not worth it, Manuel. Think of the consequences. You'll get a prison record and then . . . just for a few pesos that you could dig up somewhere."

"But it's five thousand pesos you want! That's all! In my whole stinking life I never saw five thousand pesos." Well, there we go, off to the police station. On the way they picked up a few other friends, some pickpockets. They took their money and let them go. My cop friend kept talking.

"Look," I say, "take me to the creditor, the owner of the cloth, and let's see if I can convince him to let me pay it off little by little. I'll give you guys something too. You don't work for free."

"We can't make deals like that," he says.

Then I thought of Abram, my father's *compadre*, who worked in the police station. I began to talk about him to the cops, hoping it would do some good. I was terrified because never in my life had I been in a jail. They said I would have to go in for a while. When I got there, the guard asked me if I had any dough. I had 1,800 pesos in my pocket but I wasn't going to give it to those bastards.

"Look," says the guard, "inside they're going to shake you down and take everything you've got."

"Sure, sure, but I haven't a thing, not a thing." I was well dressed, see? I had on my gabardine pants, a good shirt, and a windbreaker. Well, they opened the door of the cage and inside I went, scared to death. There was a bunch of evil-looking characters there, the worst collection of faces I had ever seen. "Madre Santísima!" I thought, "how am I going to take care of these bastards? Let's see if I can impress them."

I came in, angry, real angry. Inside I was shaking but I looked mean. They had to think I was real wild. I see this guy sitting on the floor, and wham! I give him a kick in the pants.

"Move over, son of a bitch!"

"Hey, you bastard . . . what . . ."

"Shut up!" I give him another kick. "Shut your trap. Didn't you hear me . . . move over." He moved over and the others made room for me. I was saying, "Cowards! Fags! Stoolies!" I punched the wall, and kicked, see? I punched the door. I looked furious.

"Hey, what's eating you?" one of the guys asked.

"What the hell do you care? Am I asking you?"



"Cool off. Maybe I can help you, give you advice, see? I'm an old guest here. I know all their tricks." I kept acting real angry. I take out a cigarette and light it, and I notice another guy who looked even meaner than I. I saw I was getting on his nerves, so I said to him, "Hey, friend, you want to smoke? Have a cigarette." I passed them around. The ice was broken, and I felt safer. Then a guy comes over, a powerful-looking fellow, and says, "Hey, friend. Why did they bring you here?"

"Look," I say, cranking myself up, putting it on thick, because they have their class distinctions too. "I had fifty sewing-machine heads, I had television sets, radios, everything . . . and that son of a bitch, the one who sold them to me, turned me in. They just took everything, brother, and I'm out 100,000 pesos." I had to give myself class because they have more respect for you that way.

I noticed a guy there, lying with his face up and his legs spread, like a compass. His testicles were all swollen from the beatings the cops had given him. Every little while he'd say, "Please, boys, face down." Then ten minutes later, "Turn me over again, please." Face up or face down, he couldn't bear it. His face was all split and he had marks from the pistol butt they hit him with. Really heartbreaking, that poor guy.

Then one guy said, "You know, I was in The Well for two weeks, pal." That's a prison called "El Pozito," the little well. All you have to do is say "El Pozito," to the pickpockets around here and they cry. You know what they do there? They tie their hands behind their back, tie up their feet, and say, "Was it you or wasn't it?" and wham! a punch in the stomach, but hard, to knock out your breath. Then they throw them into a well of filthy water, full of horse urine, and then when they're half-drowned, half-dead, they take them out and do it again.

This guy who said he was in The Well went on: "That's how they kept me there. For ten days I didn't eat or drink a thing. They didn't even give me water! You know why? I buy stolen cattle, pigs, any kind of animal they bring me. But why should I give them money? They've screwed me plenty already. Why should I? They'll have to work to get me to talk! But I won't! I won't talk! I've been here fifteen days and every night they take me out."

You know, I admired that guy. He really wears pants! He had that Mexican courage that I think doesn't exist any more. I was there fifteen minutes when they came to take him out. Just as the door closed, we could hear them hitting

him. He came back looking yellow. "Not a thing, pal," he said, "and they'll kill me but they'll get nothing from me."

All this time I was wondering when my turn would come. When I heard my name I was really scared. But there was my friend, Abram, talking for me. I finally offered the cop a thousand pesos to let me go, otherwise I'd get myself a lawyer. Well, that got him. Because if he didn't take the thousand, it would go to the lawyer. So he said, "O.K., just because of Abram and all that. Let's go and get the money." I had the money in my pocket but they didn't know, see?

So he drove me to the café, and I asked Gilberto to lend me five hundred pesos. I dropped my roll behind the counter, so he could see it, and right away he took five hundred from his pocket and gave it to the cop. He was to get the rest the next day. "O.K., Manuelito, let's go." By that time he was calling me Manuelito. He even took me out for some *tacos* before he locked me up for the night. I spent the night in jail, listening to all the pickpockets tell of their adventures. I really enjoyed being there with them.

THERE are lots of low, crude characters mixed up in my business, but they have money in their pockets. All I need is capital. With five hundred or a thousand pesos, I'd make out all right. The least I'd earn would be one hundred pesos a day. I hope to God to be able to achieve something like that someday.

The fact is, I have a horror of being poor. When I see someone who hasn't five centavos in his pocket, or who looks hungry, I am absolutely horrified. It makes me want to cry because I remember the days when I was that way. I have cried tears of blood because I didn't have money to feed my wife and kids, or to pay for a doctor. I really can't stand that life any more.

The way I figure, if I'm going to die anyway, I ought to treat myself well while I am alive, eh? How do I know what will happen to me in the next world? If I have ten pesos in my pocket, and feel like having a sweet, I'll buy it, even if my other expenses are not taken care of. So that I won't be left with just my desires, eh? I hate to deny myself little things. I have often asked myself, what is worth more at the end of one's life, the things one has accumulated or the satisfactions one has experienced? I believe that human experience is worth more, no?

Yes, the best heritage I can leave my children is to teach them how to live. I don't want them to be fools . . . I swear by my mother, I won't let them become ordinary workers.

A Story by MAURICE DRUON

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery



## A MATTER OF LUCK

**I**T WAS eleven o'clock in the morning, and M. Mawar had just got out of bed in green silk pajamas. An immense, a monstrous figure, he seemed to overflow the fake Louis XVI chair. His belly hung low between his thighs and his ears stood out on each side of his head, while a twelve-carat diamond ring sank into the flesh of his little finger.

You may, if no others have been available, have bought Mawar cigarettes. They are short, flat, and Egyptian. They smell of hay; and you may well have said: "They're not as bad as all that." You may even have read, in an absent-minded sort of way, the lines printed on the package under the gold medals awarded at International Exhibitions in the nineteenth century:

Manufactured in Alexandria, Brussels, and Zurich. Make sure that the signature *Mawar Brothers* is on every box. Imitations are liable to prosecution.

But it is unlikely that it will occur to you that there is in fact a M. Mawar, the heir to the two gentlemen in fezzes, whose profiles add distinction to the center of the lid. But there is a M. Mawar of flesh and (it must be said) fat. Every day of his life, he benefits from a small royalty paid him by some five hundred thousand smokers spread over the world. He spends two months

every year in a luxurious suite in the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo and, during the course of his stay, regularly leaves several millions of francs on the gambling tables.

Huge bunches of lilies were spreading their sweetly suffocating scent; the sun was warming the windows of the corner drawing-room on the third floor, from which could be seen the gardens, the Casino, and the sea.

On the low table in front of M. Mawar was a curiously shaped mahogany box from which his white and pointed hand, that looked as if it was molded in lard, was drawing cards one after another, pairing them, turning them up, pushing them away, and slipping out new ones. And at every pair, M. Mawar sighed deeply. For he was winning.

"A hand eleven times running!" he said to himself in a low voice. "And it never, never happens in the evening. It's really too exasperating."

He knew that he would enter the Casino at about eleven o'clock that evening, his stomach importantly swelling his dinner jacket, while the employees bowed particularly low. He would take his reserved place at the big table; a servant would push his chair under him, and another place a whiskey and soda at his left hand, while



the money-changer placed a pile of chips in front of him. He would hear the whispering:

"Mawar, it's Mawar, Mawar's here . . ."

People would gather round to watch him play. He would note expressions of astonishment and covetousness on the faces of pretty women in décolleté dresses. And then, as yesterday, the day before and every other day, he would turn up a five and draw another five or worse, and his opponent would turn up a nine.

The worst of it was that Mawar's mistress this year took no account of his fortunes at the Casino. She was excited by pearl necklaces and diamond bracelets but was bored at the gambling table. Neither cards nor roulette meant anything to her. She was young and delicious; but quite maddening.

**M**AWAR pushed the baccarat shoe to one side; and tried to forget his imaginary opponents and magnificent cards. He had been concentrating so hard on his obsession, that he had failed to grasp just what the porter was trying to explain on the telephone. He had merely replied: "Send him up."

And now the man was standing before him. But M. Mawar had no need to raise his eyes above the man's waist. He knew why he was here. The worn cloth of his trousers, even the way he held his knees, were sufficient indication.

He neither raised his eyes nor uttered a word. Wearily, he took the letter the man held out to him, read it with bored indifference, and dropped it on the floor. He turned his head away toward the window, and his left cheek fell into three rolls of fat on the collar of his pajamas.

The slowness of M. Mawar's movements was very trying to the man standing there. He was about fifty years old, frail and weak in appearance, and had that air of obsequious humility which is apt to result from long years of adversity. He was wearing a mourning band on his sleeve. He had spent sixty francs on a close shave and on having his single wispy lock of hair oiled into place across his bald head. He had wanted to look his best. He could still feel the smarting of the razor on his cheeks; he would have a rash for the next forty-eight hours. And M. Mawar had not even looked at his face!

The little man was very unhappy. He felt as if his clothes were too big for him, and sweat was trickling down his back. He felt his morning coffee come back on him because of his anxiety, and he had difficulty in preventing his hands from trembling.

Still gazing out of the window at the palm

trees in the garden and the façade of the Casino, M. Mawar, his monumental fat quivering with anger, said in a sharp, high-pitched voice:

"I don't know why my friend Oudry sent you to me. He knows perfectly well I hate letters of recommendation. I haven't got a job for you! I'm neither an employment agency nor a charitable organization. If I listened to everyone, I'd have two hundred people waiting at my door. I can do nothing for you, nothing at all."

The room with its windows and lilies, its carpets and rococo furniture seemed to reel about the little clerk, and M. Mawar, with his slack flesh and gleaming carapace, seemed to him for an instant like some monstrous green insect inside his cage of windows, hugely magnified under the lenses of a microscope.

The little man sadly shook his head, which disarranged the lock of hair and revealed a large purple birthmark on his bald skull. It had an odd shape, rather like an egg, or perhaps like an imperfectly closed zero. It might have been the symbol of his destiny, a rubber stamp with which Fate had marked him at birth in violet ink.

"I understand. I can see it's no use persisting," he murmured. "I'm just out of luck, that's all."

M. Mawar consented to look at him at last with his dark, gleaming, protuberant eyes.

"That's right, my friend. It's never any use persisting."

The little man bowed vaguely and went to the door.

For a moment there was a sort of void in Mawar's mind. Then, through it, flickered the baccarat shoe, the violet zero on the little clerk's head, and the sound of the last words they had said, which were still ringing in his ears.

Suddenly, as the little man was about to close the door into the passage, he cried: "Hey! Come back!"

The little man turned.

"What's your name?" Mawar asked.

"Florentin."

"Is that your surname or your Christian name?"

"My surname. On my father's side, my family were of Italian origin, Florentini . . ."

"All right, all right, that's of no importance."

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*Maurice Druon's newest novel published in this country is "The She-Wolf of France," the fifth in a series of historical novels about medieval France. Mr. Druon won the Prix Goncourt for an earlier novel, "La Grande Famille." The translator of "A Matter of Luck" is Humphrey Hare.*

The fat millionaire stared at the little man's gray, pimply face, and the scrawny neck in the ill-starched semi-hard collar.

"Honest," thought Mawar. "Certainly honest. Not intelligent, of course, he could hardly be both."

He never made a mistake about men when he took the trouble to look at them attentively for a moment.

"Well, Monsieur Florentin, do you want to earn five thousand francs a day?"

"Oh, Monsieur!" cried the other. "I'm sorry, but . . ."

"No, no, I'm not joking. But I shall require you at night, only at night."

Such a salary as that caused M. Florentin to wonder whether he was required for some vile and illicit purpose. There was so much gossip concerning the depraved pleasures of the very rich! Five thousand francs a day, 150,000 francs a month, seemed utterly insane, when all he had hoped for, after twelve desperate weeks in search of a job, had been twenty thousand francs a month. Either the duties required of him were of an appalling nature, or there must be some mistake. He felt quite stunned.

"A day . . ." Florentin repeated in bewilderment.

"Yes. And your duties will be far from difficult. This is what I shall want you to do," said the fat man. "You will come and meet me every evening at ten o'clock wherever I happen to be dining: here, at the Sporting, or in a restaurant. I shall give you two hundred thousand francs. You will go to the Casino . . . Have you ever been to the Casino? Have you ever gambled?" he asked, suddenly aware of M. Florentin's astonishment. "Of course not. It's quite all right, just what I expected. You will go to the Casino then, and you will lose the two hundred thousand francs. You will *lose* them, do you understand? You will lose them as quickly as possible and by any method you please. And it'll do you no good to cheat and put some of the money in your own pocket. As you may well imagine, I shall take steps to make sure that you really do gamble with the whole two hundred thousand. And then, when you've done, you'll come back to me and you'll say: "Monsieur Mawar, I've lost the lot." I shall give you your five thousand francs and you'll be free till next day. That's the job? Like it?"

Mawar no longer seemed to Florentin like a monstrous beetle, but rather like some Oriental god of carved jade with mysterious eyes. Was he involved with some millionaire lunatic? What

could it all mean? And yet, there were lots of people, doctors for instance, who battered on the eccentric and the crazy.

"Very well, Monsieur Mawar, thank you very much," he said. "When do I start?"

"Tonight," said the fat man.

FLORENTIN made his way into the gambling room. He was struck by the height of the ceiling, the melancholy opulence of the bronze and corpse-green decorations, the deathly hush that lay over this place that seemed half temple and half morgue, and by the atmosphere of nervous tension that seemed to emanate from the several hundreds of people who stood in rigid, if controlled, excitement round the tables. One might well have wondered whether chance was being worshiped here or merely committed to the grave. Impassive, black-clothed men were performing mysterious rites with the precision of surgeons, carving incisively into piled lengths of chips long as intestines on the green cloths of the tables; while voices, sonorous and indifferent as archdeacons', announced mysteriously:

*"Rien ne va plus. Le sept. Impair, rouge et manque. Six cents louis à la banque. Avec la table."*

Balls turned in circular ebony troughs, cards were laid out in long rows as if in hasty divination of a future which seemed to content no one when it came, wooden shoes passed from hand to hand about a table which, as if at some unsuccessful séance, the participants seemed unable to turn. Everyone could apparently select his own cult, his particular Black Mass, his individual sorcery.

For some time Florentin wandered among the silent crowd, trying vainly to understand and initiate himself; meanwhile he read the notices announcing the maximum stakes. He saw a man receiving bank notes and giving people chips in return, which they then threw on the tables. He followed their example, and held out his wad of notes.

"Chips of what value?" asked the money-changer.

"I don't mind. Small perhaps."

He was given a heap of assorted colors and filled the pockets of his old coat with it. Then he went to a table, and found that he was standing next to an old woman with a hump.

"Humpbacks bring good luck," he thought. So he moved to the other side of the table, and hesitantly placed a chip marked "1,000" on the cloth. The ball ceased moving in the ebony trough. An instant later, the croupier's rake had



gathered up the chip with many others. Florentin gave a start of surprise and disappointment. But then he thought: "It's all right, I'm supposed to lose."

He noticed that the humpbacked woman was given back her chip with a few more too. He shrugged his shoulders, moved to another table, threw down a chip marked "5,000," and saw it raked away like the first. He could not help feeling rather uncomfortable about it. For a time, he went on doing the same thing, though the whole performance was a mystery to him and he felt as if he were wandering through a dream, some curious scene of utter unreality. Figments of the night and of the day became confused in his mind. Surely this was all a nightmare; humpbacked women, unreal croupiers? He was simply dreaming that he had gone into a casino and was gambling. He was dreaming that a Buddha in green pajamas had ordered him to lose.

As his coat-pockets began to empty, Florentin felt that curiously insistent, nightmare terror of being drawn to the edge of a precipice by an inevitable but incomprehensible force. Could it really be true that the green Buddha was going to pay him for losing two hundred thousand francs? Or was there some hideous plot behind it all? Were the bank notes forged? Would he be arrested on the way out? Or perhaps the Buddha would suddenly rise before him, terrible and avenging, reproach him with losing each minute a whole week's food for a family, and attack him with a croupier's rake. And then Florentin would wake up in his damp sheets, and it would all be over.

He felt his pockets. They were empty. It was midnight. Florentin made his way out of the Casino; the lamps cast a soft light over the palm trees in the gardens. The Milky Way looked like a fisherman's net full of bright little fish spread across the sky.

As he made his way toward the restaurant where M. Mawar had told him to meet him, Florentin felt even more ill at ease than he had that morning at their first interview. For ten minutes he walked up and down in front of the door, not daring to go in. The doorman stared at him suspiciously. In the end he managed to pull himself together.

M. Mawar was wearing a splendid white dinner jacket; his stomach hung low between his thighs; his ears stuck out arrogantly on each side of his head; and his diamond was glittering on his little finger. He had finished dining long ago and now was drinking champagne with a few friends. Beside him sat a young woman with a

bored expression and a mechanical smile; her neck and ears were laden with pearls; and from time to time the fat man stroked her slender arm.

Florentin crossed the restaurant. His legs felt weak under him and his mouth dry.

"Well?" Mawar asked.

"I've done it, Monsieur Mawar, I've lost the lot," Florentin replied. He dared not raise his eyes from the ground.

"You've taken your time about it!" said Mawar. "However, it's only the first day. No doubt, you'll manage better tomorrow."

He took five thousand francs from his pocket and handed them to Florentin.

"There you are. Tomorrow at the same time. Good night."

THE next day, M. Florentin took no more than fifty minutes to complete his task. And on the following days he made even better time.

He learned just as much as he required of the technique of gambling, for he very soon realized that the results demanded of him could be ensured quite quickly and with very little trouble.

It was all over in a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes at most: a few *en pleins* at *roulette*, a couple of shots at *trente et quarante*, and a *banco* or two. He divided his capital into chips of five, ten, and fifty thousand. If, on occasion, he doubled his stake on an even chance, he left it for the next turn of the wheel and the croupier's rake inevitably gathered it in. It seemed both easy and sure.

He had then only to walk a short way through the bright, warm night.

"Good evening, Monsieur Mawar."

"Good evening, my friend, here are your five thousand francs. See you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow, Monsieur Mawar."

It was a well-paid job.

Nevertheless, M. Florentin soon discovered how easy it was to live at the rate of five thousand francs a day, particularly in Monte Carlo. He took a room in a decent hotel, ate his fill, enjoyed the leisure of his days, and bought himself some shirts and a new suit, which was at once most respectable and quite unseasonable. His hair seemed to have recovered a certain vitality and now covered the violet zero on his skull with greater success.

It never occurred to him to keep a penny of the money Mawar gave him every day. The two sums, the two hundred thousand francs and the five thousand francs, belonged, as far as he was concerned, to different currencies. The five thou-

sand francs was ordinary money for common use, the sort of money people used in business and paid you for your work. But the two hundred thousand francs had, as it were, a different consistency; it bore no relation either to your work or to your needs. It was a curious, a fabulous abstraction: gambling money!

At the Casino, the little man with the funny lock of hair, who looked like a bailiff's clerk in a hurry to make an inventory before the chattels were seized, said not a word to anyone, changed two hundred thousand francs, lost them every night, and went off rubbing his hands, was becoming quite a figure. He aroused curiosity, even in a place so accustomed to the eccentric, the obsessed, and the crazy. Besides, everyone secretly hated him. The gamblers felt he brought bad luck. As for the croupiers, they had noticed that M. Florentin, whenever he did happen to have a lucky break, never left anything for *le personnel*, which gamblers normally do, not from generosity but because it brings good luck.

THIS had been going on for precisely twenty-three days, when M. Florentin happened to throw ten thousand francs *en plein* on number 34. It might just as well have landed on the 32 or the 35. It mattered not at all. M. Florentin had already turned away and was moving off, so he failed to hear the croupier announce: "*Le trente-quatre.*" The croupier called after him: "Monsieur, it's yours, you've won."

"Very well, leave it on," Florentin said automatically.

"It can't be done, Monsieur. The maximum is ten thousand, your original stake."

And Florentin was handed 360,000 francs. He placed another chip for ten thousand on the same number.

"*Rien ne va plus . . . le trente-quatre.*" announced the croupier for the second time.

"Oh!" sighed the crowd round the table in stupefaction, and Florentin received another 360,000 francs.

M. Florentin was quite taken aback. Wondering how to lose his winnings as quickly as possible, he went to the *trente et quarante* table, where the maximum stake was a hundred thousand. And four times running a chip for another hundred thousand fell to him. Two and seven: nine, and four: thirteen. He had now one million three hundred thousand francs on his hands.

"I shall have to hurry," he thought, "M. Mawar will be waiting for me." But even in Monte Carlo one million, three hundred thousand francs takes a little time to lose.

However, that evening the habitués of the Casino were afforded a very remarkable spectacle indeed. A little man with a lock of hair across his forehead and an eggplant-colored zero on his bald skull was running from table to table, playing with a mad fury that took no account of any of the rules or systems of gambling. He never even left himself the opportunity of doubling up; he staked suicidally and yet never stopped winning. If he threw a chip into the air, it turned into a rain of chips. If he lost a stake at one table, he found it quadrupled on another. Chips flowed toward him like a river in spate, of which Florentin was anxiously watching the level. But if he said to himself: "It's dropping," he would find suddenly that some unconsidered tributary upset his calculations by becoming swollen too.

It was as if the numbers themselves were fantastically in league, all the thousands of numbers on all the tables, wheels, cards, and chips. They seemed to have some mutual understanding and to be pursuing each other, amalgamating with each other and multiplying each other. And among them all Florentin spun like a soap bubble, as lost as a blind man amid wildly dancing revelers.

Time was passing and Florentin's chips were accumulating; over and over, he had to go to the money-changer for chips of a hundred thousand francs, which were more convenient.

He sat down at a *chemin de fer* table, thought for a moment he was losing, and then saw the pile of chips opposite him assume prodigious proportions. He then did something which is never done. There was a huge sum at stake and he drew to a seven. He drew a two and turned up nine. The bank had seven. His angry, disgusted opponents left the table. Florentin never knew he had been playing against the Maharajah of Pendura and the millionaire Zalkin, the greatest film producer in the United States. A crowd gathered round him; but he did not know why. He felt at once intoxicated and exhausted. He no longer knew whether he was playing to win or lose. He would have liked to go on playing simply to prolong the strange feeling of light-headedness and the fantastic ballet of numbers, but the gamblers were leaving the tables.

Now there was nothing but the "*tout-va*," on which he might still stake sums proportionate to his winnings. Once again, he staked a hundred thousand francs. His mouth felt dry and he drank a glass of soda water, for which he paid with what remained to him of his yesterday's five thousand francs.



He failed to notice that two very pretty women, taller than he was by a head, were lavishing interest and admiration on him. Hoping to attract his attention, they undulated to his side. They gazed at him avidly and provocatively; but he did not see them. At the *"tout-va"* the bank lost six times running. Florentin's hundred thousand francs, which he left to accumulate on the table, produced twelve millions, eight hundred thousand. It was the end of the shoe. The banker took fright and stopped the game. The gamblers, the croupiers, and indeed everyone, seemed utterly shattered. It was the finish; the Casino was closing down. Florentin alone seemed still alive, intoxicated by the miracle. His brow felt hot, his nerves were tingling. He was a prey to a singular excitement. In all, he had won sixteen millions, besides chicken feed. Lavish for the first time, he left the chicken feed, 340,000 francs, *pour le personnel*.

**T**HEN, weighed down with the fortune that overflowed his pockets and his arms, he hastened out of the Casino and hurried to the restaurant. "M. Mawar is bound to have left," he thought.

But M. Mawar was still there, sitting motionless on a banquette, his stomach pendulous as ever, while his mistress, who was dripping with emeralds, danced. They were among the last customers, and the lights had been turned to blue.

Florentin hurried in, nearly fell as he crossed the dance floor, and laid the fortune on the table. "Look Monsieur Mawar!" he cried. "Look what I've won!"

He was exultant and stammered in his excite-

ment. The fat man, his eyes dark as an Oriental god's, never moved, never gave even so much as a quiver. He simply gave a brief, an almost imperceptible smile.

"This is what I've been expecting," he said. "I knew it was bound to happen. You see," he added, turning to his mistress who, at the sight of the great pile of chips and banknotes, had come over to the table, "you see, when one plays to win every day and invariably loses, there is reason to suppose that if one plays to lose a day will come when one is ineluctably bound to win. And that is what I wanted to find out."

He turned to Florentin.

"Thank you, my friend, good night," he said.

And Florentin thought: "Surely he will give me a bonus out of all this."

"Do you think Monsieur Mawar . . . Could you, perhaps . . . ?" he stammered.

M. Mawar stared at him with a sort of calm surprise.

"At least . . . my five thousand francs . . ." said Florentin, who suddenly felt himself growing pale.

"Oh, no, my friend," replied M. Mawar. "I gave you the five thousand francs to lose, not to win. Thank you. I shall have no further need of your services."

M. Florentin went out. His head was bowed. He shivered in the early dawn. His elation had suddenly turned to utter misery.

He still had just enough from yesterday's pay to go and drink a coffee and eat a sandwich in a little bar to which the croupiers went, when the Casino had closed, and where gathered chauffeurs, tramps, flower sellers, and the more unlucky gamblers.



VAN WYCK BROOKS

# WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

*A distinguished critic of American letters sketches a distinguished poet, storyteller, and doctor. Mr. Brooks' essay will serve as the introduction to the forthcoming volume of Dr. Williams' stories—"Make Light of It"—to be published by New Directions this summer.*

ALTHOUGH I have met him only once or twice, I feel that I am a friend of William Carlos Williams. This is nothing for him to acknowledge or reject—it is simply because he is so human. I was always attracted by the legend of the small-town doctor who was yet, intellectually, a man of the world and who avoided a "money practice" with the instinct of an artist for whom the unsuccessful were the most rewarding. He had none of the "complacency that comes to so many men following the successful scamper for cash," a phrase of his own in *Old Doc Rivers*. He has never wanted to save a person because he was "a good and useful member of society. Death had no respect for him for that reason, neither has the artist." So Dr. Williams says somewhere. But "the actual calling on people, at all times and under all conditions . . . when they were being born, when they were dying, watching them die . . . has always absorbed me. I lost myself in the very properties of their minds." Not all his stories, by any means, deal with a doctor's patients; but many of them are concerned with the "Wops of Guinea Hill," with the Italians and Polacks who were factory workers, or old German harness

makers; and his compassionate absorption in them is reflected with masterful art in his candid stories, or, more often, sketches.

Dr. Williams has the advantage, rare in these provisional times, of what Henry James called "saturation," the result of a lifelong immersion in the life of a single neighborhood, the New Jersey towns of Rutherford, Paterson, and Passaic. He has never moved away from "Nine Ridge Road," a landmark for his visitors and correspondents, and this gives him the authenticity of Sherwood Anderson in whose stories one feels the man who has "been there." Of Paterson, the scene of Williams' long continued poem, he says, "I had taken part in some of the incidents that made the place. . . . I had in my hospital experiences got to know many of the women; I had tramped Garret Mountain as a youngster, swum in its ponds, appeared in court there, looked at its charred ruins, its flooded streets, read of its past in Nelson's history of Paterson, read of the Dutch who settled it. I took the city as my 'case' to work up." Meanwhile, he had practiced in the Passaic hospital and he actually lived in Rutherford. He has said, "I give my life willingly to experience and to prove" that Keyserling was right in saying, localism alone can lead to culture.

But he undoubtedly owed to his travels some of the sense of proportion with which he viewed the local scene. His English father and his mother were born in the West Indies, he heard French and Spanish spoken when he was a boy, and he had gone to school for a year in Paris, where some of his relatives were living. He had known, at the University of Pennsylvania, H.D. and Ezra Pound, who remained through his life a somewhat difficult friend; and later, "with antennae fully extended," as he said in *In the American Grain*, he fell in with Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, and Brancusi. Then Ezra Pound took him to talk with Léger. But "nothing came of it," he remarked, "save an awkward realization . . . of that resistant core of nature upon which I had so long been driven for support. I felt myself with ardors not released but beaten back in this center of old-world culture where everyone was tearing his own meat, warily conscious of a newcomer but wholly without inquisitiveness." However, drawn back inevitably to the world of his childhood, he saw this now in the scale of mankind.

In New York, as an interne at the French Hospital, where he went in for obstetrics and the diseases of children, he saw the Armory show of 1913 and encountered Stieglitz with Marsden



Hartley and John Marin. He had known Charles Demuth in Philadelphia and he met Paul Rosenfeld, "with his half-embarrassed rotundities," who became a good friend. New York was seething with interest in the arts; he saw something of Greenwich Village and he even painted a little himself. But, committed to the practice of pediatrics, he found that "the city of the hospital," in his native region, was his "final home," and he began to live a furiously crowded life there, called out at all hours of the night, delivering babies in back streets, attracted to the little houses of the very poor. They were perhaps "behind the shoe shop between Fourth and Fifth," with roofs out of line,

the yard cluttered  
with old chicken wire, ashes,  
furniture gone wrong,

as he wrote in *Pastoral*, one of his early poems. "I got to love these people, they were all right." He gave birth, as one woman phrased it, to nearly every baby born on the streets above the old copper mines, and he never knew, he said, better people, although, sleeping across three chairs, waiting for the parturition, he was unwilling to lie on the beds. Home at 3:00 A.M., he would head for a bath in his overcoat, undressing by stages, dropping each garment on the floor outside the tub and invariably finding three or four bedbugs.

He faced every complication that could be thought of, and he fell in with every sort of individual one could imagine in some phase of his development. "Let the successful," he says, "carry off their blue ribbons; I have known the unsuccessful, far better persons than their more lucky brothers." He talked with taxi-drivers, porters on trains who had been his patients, colored men and women whom he intimately knew, and a furnace man, a character, who lived in a shack four feet high that was like an animal's burrow in a swamp. But this man lived uncomplaining, alone, self-respecting, his life had "achieved the dignity of the human spirit, so that the dirt and debasement" did not matter. The doctor would leave his office in the evening feeling that he could not keep his eyes open, then he would sit in front of some house waiting to get the courage to climb the steps. But once he saw the patient all that would disappear. In a flash the details of the case would begin to formulate themselves and the hunt was on. I am quoting from the autobiography of William Carlos Williams.

All this time he was writing the poems that made him famous. He was also writing the stories of *Life Along the Passaic River* and one or two other collections. He had seen thousands of patients over a forty-year period, and people asked him, How do you do it? You must have at the least the energy of two men. But, as he saw it, one occupation complemented the other; they were two parts of a whole; one rested the man when the other fatigued him; and, as far as the writing was concerned, it took next to no time at all. "When by chance we penetrate to some moving detail of a life, there's always time to bang out a few pages. The thing isn't to find the time for it—the difficulty is to catch the evasive life of the thing." Five or ten minutes could always be found. He had his typewriter in his office desk. If a patient came in when he was in the middle of a sentence, down would go the machine, and, when the patient left, up the machine would come again. Moreover, after a complete absorption with either a poem or the delivery of a child, he came away, not fatigued, but rested. A peace of mind resulted from adopting as one's own the patient's condition to be struggled with toward a solution. He went into his office harassed by personal perplexities, and, after two hours of intense application to the work, he came out at the finish completely rested, ready to smile and to laugh as if the day were just starting. So he never felt that the practice of medicine was anything but his food and drink, the thing that made it possible for him to write.

Comparing himself with Ezra Pound, Dr. Williams said his own upbringing assumed rather the humility and caution of the scientist. He could not tolerate in his old friend the "side" that went with all his posturings as a poet. He felt that it behooved him to be at his own superlative best, to live inconspicuously and work single-mindedly, and he considered himself a man in the front line, in the trenches, the only way he could respect himself and go on treating what came to him, men, women and children. Henri Fabre was one of his gods. "His example has always stood beside me as a measure and a rule. It has made me quiet and induced in me a patient industry and, in spite of my insufficiencies, a long-range contentment"; and seeing people for him was a trivial business unless one added zest to the picture. That is how he came to find writing a necessity. He did not treat a man as something to which surgery and drugs applied—"to treat him as material for a work of art made him somehow come alive to me."

That explains in part the vitality of his tales, for Dr. Williams is a storyteller as well as a poet. Many of his stories are about his patients, seen, heard, and felt with an actuality that is unmistakable and that recalls the typewriter in the doctor's office. Sometimes they are sketches of travel that involve meetings of doctors in Switzerland, Italy, or wherever, and there is the story *The Farmers' Daughters*, a tale of two Southern girls who told the doctor much about their lives. One of the best is *Old Doc Rivers*, a character study of a surgeon who had practiced once in Rutherford when Williams was a young man, a brilliant eccentric with an uncanny feeling for diagnosis who had somehow gone wrong in his development. He would hit the dope and spend months in the insane asylum, yet people sought him out and sometimes waited months for him while he hopped himself up right before the patient. Insatiably interested in human nature, Dr. Williams talked with garage mechanics, with boys on the road from Canada who had nothing in their pockets, or he heard stories of homosexuality told him by women or men involved to which the doctor listened with the back of his ears. The important thing was to have an outstanding character whose history becomes gradually known as the story progresses. There are tales of a school friend on a revenue cutter in the Pacific and one called *Ancient Gentility* about a courteous old Italian who handed the doctor a snuffbox for his pleasure. Where had the refinement originated, the gentleness that revealed itself beside the criminality one found on Guinea Hill? Then there is *Jean Beicke*, which Dr. Williams calls "the best short story I ever wrote," the tale of a scrawny, misshapen, worthless piece of humanity whom all the nurses and doctors loved as she lay in her crib week after week. It is the story that perhaps shows best the doctor's tender sympathetic feeling.

Dr. Williams' father and mother had grown up with the colored people in their West Indian islands, and he himself had, ingrained in his very bones, a love of the Negroes, "furnaces of emotional power." A Negro soldier, whom he was doctoring for a venereal disease, gave him the courage to persist in the use of his native language—it was "always a treat to hear him"; and this new language, live and immediate, accounts very largely for the spell of his crisp fresh sketches and stories. There is not a word too much in any of them and their vivacity and naturalness reflect what Dr. Williams calls "the great sights that I see every day." They are great sights in fiction as well as in fact.

## TWO NEW POEMS

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

### *Song*

i'd rather read an account  
of a hidden  
Carolina swamp where  
the white heron breeds  
protected from  
the hunters reached only across  
half sunken logs a place  
difficult of access the females  
building their nests  
in the stifling heat the males  
in their mating splendor  
than to witness  
her broad pelvis  
making her awkward at the  
get-away . . .  
but I have forgot beauty  
that is no more than a sop  
when our time  
is spent and infirmities  
bring us to  
eat of the same bowl

### *The Children*

ONCE in a while  
we'd find a patch  
of yellow violets  
not many  
but blue big blue  
ones in  
the cemetery woods  
we'd pick  
bunches of them  
there was a family  
named Foltete  
a big family  
with lots of children's graves  
so we'd take  
bunches of violets  
and place one  
on each headstone



# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE

ARNOLD NEWMAN



## Private Talks with the ex-Ivy League

*They have made their money, joined the country club, and are bored. . . . They would like to get into political action, but the party of their allegiance seems to be blind to their reserve—and now restless—power.*

BOSTON—One of the significant untold political stories of these days does not center upon, or directly involve, the national political community of Washington. Nor is it yet as discernible there as it is in the political hinterlands.

It is the story of an odd, eager search that is taking place in most sections of the country (if primarily in the East) and in nearly all metropolitan areas—certainly in all such areas where business methods and public affairs are influenced by the ex-Ivy Leaguers who finished college just after the war. Some of these men have now reached that pleasant point in life where, in the business way, they have got it made—meaning that they are now either firmly established senior executives or owners of corporations. They are far too young to retire. But they have become far too successful to dream solely of the sales campaign, the advertising crusher, and the country club. They have long since made the country club; they are a bit bored now even when they are its president

or the chairman of its house committee.

For a decade and a half they have put their all into fiercely building their careers. Now, as their children have grown into prep-school age and the mortgages have all been paid, they are both in a position and of a mind to turn a good deal of their attention to something other than making money. They would like now to try at least to help make public policy.

This generation now come to full age is also full of latent power. It is a large and well-heeled and well-educated reserve of officer material for American politics. But the trouble is that it is also really an uncommitted reserve.

It is in search not of a new party (for *this* Ivy League group is traditionally and sentimentally and by temperament and group interest Republican) but rather of a new GOP with which it can live in comfort. These men came from the universities in the 'forties (and they themselves are now getting into their forties) faithful basically to their inherited business ethic and ethos. But all during their undergraduate (and sometimes graduate) lives, they felt the powerful influence of professors who tended on the whole to be pro-Democratic—or, by way of social bias, to look with less than enchanted eyes upon "business."

These chaps, in a word, are not the

kind to rush automatically into the Chamber of Commerce, nor happy to join in full-throated communal singing at the Rotary Club. But they most certainly do not see great virtue in any Democratic party—arguably not in such of its practical adjuncts as the AFL-CIO and the National Farmers Union.

### THE HARVARD PROTOTYPE

I WRITE this column from Boston because I had selected this area as the home of the very Vatican of the Ivy League, Harvard, which pre-eminently for some years now has been turning out just the kind of ex-Ivy League businessman of whom I speak. Not everything I say about the prototypes of my group to whom I have talked here is true down to every last syllable over the whole nation. But my men here are representative enough. This is the type figure: He served in the war and finished Harvard later. He married rather early and got into business—usually into a newish form of business which had great room for expansion and innovation. He is unlikely to make any enduring common cause with the Democrats as was anybody in my distant youth in Texas to make common cause with the Republicans. In that long ago time, nobody who was *anybody* could be a Republican there. In this present time, nobody who is *anybody* here in my group (forget those atypical Harvard professors who are always celebrated for their nonconformism) could be a Democrat.

In the capitalistic environs of Boston where my inquiries have centered, my youngish Ivy League businessmen have a revulsion from the local Democratic party as profound as it is usually unmentioned. Locally, their disgust centers on the heavy party control usually exercised by old-fashioned boss types. Still, this is by no means the only factor. And in other metropolitan areas—Westchester County, New York; West Hartford, Connecticut; the tony suburbs of Baltimore or Providence or whatever—the basic position is much the same: The youngish Ivy League businessman anywhere has no more intention of really mixing with the Democrats in the foreseeable future than have

## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

ese Yankees near Boston—"boss-n" or no "bossism."

All this, however, does not at all mean that my group can or will end within a few years as docile and regular" Republicans—and therein is the point. They have deep, automatic memories of that period in which the GOP seemed to be in the grip of McCarthyism. They are aggressives, by business standards, whose essential views of life stand rather away from the Midwestern—and often dominant—type of Republicanism than Winchester, Massachusetts, stands from, say, Indianapolis, Indiana. They are men of the world in a rather literal sense—that is, they support such concepts as higher world trade and lower tariffs, even when they fight grimly against locally hurtful tariff concessions which involve their own industries.

They are truly convinced internationalists, pro- rather than anti-UN. They are in favor of most of the social-welfare measures of modern government. Even though they stumble a bit here, they know perfectly well that even as a "business opposition" the country cannot long afford lasting and wide and sound and depriving unemployment. Those Harvard and other Ivy League professors have not, after all, captured in vain.) They are not even necessarily and always against high taxes even on business itself. But they are bitter—and, worse yet, totally frustrated—at what they regard as inadequate tax exemptions for the aspect of business, that is, business expansion. The fact that President Kennedy sees the problem much as they do and is trying to do something about it faintly pleases them but not enough. For he is, after all, a *Democrat*.

#### HOW "SELFISH" ARE THEY?

HOUGH surely not as a group or Kennedy," they are sympathetic to his appeals for a higher rate of economic growth. Most of them hold degrees in economics or in allied subjects. Most of them thought that though President Kennedy over-nplified the growth argument in the last campaign, Mr. Nixon over-nplified it even more—and in a aggressive way. Their economic



Al Smith on the campaign trail in his bid for the Presidency in 1928. The market was riding high then — but the day was fast approaching when cash value life insurance would prove the most valuable asset a man could own. (Tell us to mail you our booklet, "The Year You Were Born".)

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1961 scale for illustration.). Then, your cash value will amount to \$14,332. So, while providing \$15,000 of protection, you've sent all your dollars and over \$3700 more ahead for retirement. And at that time you can also channel funds from investments into your New England Life policy to take advantage of the favorable income rate you established when you bought the policy.

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## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

views are not truly "selfish," except perhaps in an institutional sense—they think the fostering of business is the chief aim of government, after defense and mutual security. These are not *personally* selfish views; these men have made their fortunes and most of them will be all right personally from here on out, short of some total economic cataclysm.

They try to keep abreast of national and international affairs; they are not content merely with a weekly run-through of *Time* or *Business Week*. They are far more politically sophisticated than is the common run of businessmen, though they do cling to a few highly debatable propositions. In their view the Democratic party—even in the unlikely event that the Democratic party should be seized lock, stock, and barrel by such conservatives as Harry Byrd—could not possibly be as "sound" and "prudent" economically as *any* Republican party, even a Republican party in the control, say, of Nelson Rockefeller.

Still and all, they do not rally to Rockefeller for 1964—for he, too, is to some extent suspect, though largely because he is thought to hold unwisely pro-labor views. They look upon Rockefeller as quite sound on foreign policy—though subconsciously they believe, and would never admit it even to themselves even while alone at midnight in a dark room, that the general run of Democratic foreign views is actually perhaps wiser than that of the Republicans.

Barry Goldwater—to a point and in a way—finds much favor among them. This quasi-support, however, arises almost wholly from a belief that he would put the unions in their place; and from Goldwater's compellingly clear and strong defense of "free enterprise." But he looks dangerous to them in world affairs. They think of him as a rather radical isolationist; and, internationally, they believe with Kennedy in a great deal of flexibility and effort to accommodate the Cold War by negotiation.

Their opinion of Richard Nixon is mingled and middling. They respect his great competence politically—*competence* to them is a quality having almost the dignity of art—and they think well in general of his

international attitudes. They are, however, quite as aware as is any professional politician that Nixon has been a one-time loser; and the fear losers perhaps even more than does the pro. Moreover, Nixon's Far Western background does not make him humanly close to this predominantly Eastern group. Nor does his lack of an Ivy League connection—though this they would never concede.

## WHAT'S THEIR OFFER

NOW. I have gone at some length into the very mixed views of this uncommitted reserve of officer material, for more than merely descriptive purposes. My intention has been to show one of the two essential problems of this group. Problem No. 1 is that, quite demonstrably and whether it senses it or not, it is pledged to Republicanism more by tradition and by sentiment and other intangibles than it is by conscious choice. Beyond doubt it will remain Republican in 1964; granted. But it is extremely unlikely to be *effectively* Republican at that time unless in the meantime it solves the other and capital problem: how to reach a true and aware acceptance of the existing Republican party as the best of *possible* worlds, or, alternatively, how to try to change the existing Republican party.

What the group really wants to do is to strike out for the second alternative. To begin with, the first seems an unlikely and evanescent purpose. And, more importantly, this group *really wants* to activate itself for positive goals, not least of which is the reward of affirmative participation in politics.

Here is this pool of able men, with much better than average education; underpinning; with an extraordinary sense of personal economic freedom so that it can skip ordinary work and also put money into politics where it would do the most good with enough youth left to be highly vigorous; and with quite enough of a decent purpose to qualify it as to motives.

Many in the uncommitted reserve, moreover, have additional qualities that they think and quite rightly—would be useful in political management, if not in actual political campaign.

## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

didacy. One of the men I talked to in Boston, a Harvard *magna cum laude* in economics with special emphasis on labor economics, has for years managed the complicated labor and employment affairs of a so-called "small" corporation (worth \$5 million or more) in such a way that there has never been a single interruption in its operations. Once a very academic type, he is now a highly practical type, indeed. One of the indispensables of practical politics is organization through a strong discipline-without-tears. This is what he has been doing for a long time—organizing production and distribution without tears in the form of strikes. Call this man Smith, for purposes of distinguishing him from Jones.

## FROM THE LAUNDRY

JONES is even more interesting. Now just forty-one, he has shown genius as an entrepreneur. He came out of the Army broke, but for a few hundred dollars in terminal pay. While he was finishing his interrupted course at Harvard he set up a neighborhood automatic laundry. This prospered mightily—not least because he knew that if there was anything in the world which a recent ex-GI would pay out money for, however little he had, it was to have his socks washed by somebody else.

In no time Jones was part owner of a corporation he himself founded in the service industries. (All this discussion is based on entirely private—and therefore entirely frank—conversations.) This company now has a book value of well over \$7 million. Jones very largely made it, partly out of the theories he had learned at Harvard and partly out of the simple fact that he *knows* people and how both to get along with them and to direct them. This, of course, is the first requisite in the art of politics.

Jones no longer has to punch a time clock at his plant. He is free, ready, and willing to get into politics, in the managerial way, if only he can find a place in which to do it on intellectual terms that he can accept. He is an able man in more than business—and for the most part an open-minded one, too. He suffers,

however, from an unduly sharp (though in his case understandable) cynicism toward the present state of politics. Because he has seen political corruption in the state where he lives, he believes that the kind of politics he would like to see would require far more fundamental reforms than it would in fact. It is not all as bad as he thinks it is; though this is not to say that Massachusetts politics is any model of disinterested service.

Jones and many other ex-Ivy League Joneses in Massachusetts set out last summer to apprehend and punish the Democratic party of that state. In this they succeeded. A Republican Senator, Leverett Saltonstall, was returned, and a Republican newcomer, John Volpe, was elected Governor, all in the face of a Kennedy landslide in the state as a whole.

This victory has by no means satisfied Jones, Smith, and their friends. They have the smell of the hunt in their nostrils—but something more than this will be needed to sustain them if they are to become effectively committed to politics. They must make a rationale of their party and their purposes—and this they cannot do without the sympathetic assistance of the old politicians.

Upon reflection, one is struck by the fact that this officer reserve is in some ways not dissimilar—in human quality and in attitudes and in status—to the theretofore latent ex-Ivy League reserve which Thomas E. Dewey was able to draw up around him twenty years ago when he began slaying the Tammany dragon and then moving in to control the national GOP.

It is no special business of mine to point out areas of opportunity to the only party—the Republican—which could in the circumstances make any use of them anyhow. All the same, as an *aficionado* of politics—any party's politics—I cannot bear to see so much potential force unused. So I stick out a finger and say, gratis, to the Republicans a paraphrase of that famous expression "they went thataway." In this case, the phrase is this: There they are, standing in that woods where the upper-class businessmen's suburbia meets the last, outer edges of the grove of academe.

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# *the new* BOOKS

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

## The Insulted and Injured

*Elizabeth Hardwick, editor of "The Selected Letters of William James," which Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy have just published in their Great Letters Series, is the author of two novels and many short stories. In the fall her publishers will bring out a book of her literary and cultural essays.*

UPPER Broadway, Riverside Drive, the ulcerated side streets hanging on the edge of the academic plateau, shuddering over the abyss of Harlem and the gully of Amsterdam Avenue. In the 1940s, when I was at Columbia, I used to live in the rooming houses around the University. Those brickly towers in the smoky air had huge, dark apartments inside. Some of them, under sly arrangements violating the rent-control laws, were divided into rooms which were rented singly. Downgraded but still rather collegiate and hopeful, the region was preparing itself with great practicality for the dismal future.

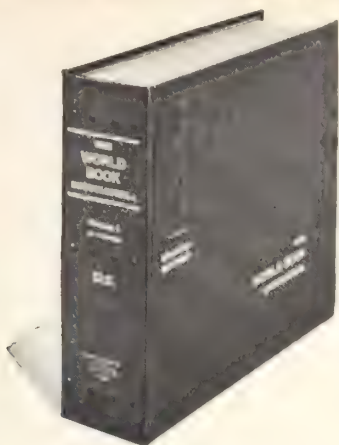
Very little adjustment was necessary for the coming residential exploitation of the Puerto Ricans and the restless Negroes in the next decades. The marigold odor of multiple occupancy, the airless arithmetic of "co-operative facilities," the greasy couches and scarred table tops (furnished) were waiting to receive the bodies of the new tenants, ready to pile them on the top of the bones of the old West Side bourgeoisie whose history and stay in the region have been annihilated, as if by a bomb. Blank brick, dirty mirrors, flaking cherubs on forgotten, undusted cornices. These houses stand now in the menacing scene, bursting with the boredom of the exile, the relentlessly exhausting dissipation of the idle. Sordid dawns and bleary midnights; Mayakovsky's "men as crumpled as hospital beds, women as battered as proverbs." The cool, drained look of dark-skinned men lounging on the steps of decrepit apartments.

Julius Horwitz's novel, *The Inhabitants* (World, \$4), is hopeless as a work of fiction and so should be read for what it is, an important document of our people on Welfare assistance,

the West Side rooming houses, the illegitimate children, the drug addicts, the tubercular swains, the squalid kitchens, the rats, roaches, and the eternal, vain search by the state and the mother for the vanished fathers of countless children. "I watched the baby hungrily sucking its milk. The baby would never know happier days." Mothers born on relief have their babies on relief. Nothingness, truly, seems to be the condition of these New York people. They are somehow abandoned by life, and exist without skills or meaning. Blankly they watch the drug addicts rip the telephones off the walls in order to get the nickels and dimes. They are nomads going from one rooming house to another, looking for a toilet that functions. There is a loss of domesticity that the crowding together of several generations cannot conceal. They live in a doom for which none of our concepts has prepared us—the queerness, the uselessness. I think I read recently that before many years have passed it is expected that nearly half of the residents of Manhattan will be living on public assistance. Horwitz gives a vivid picture, through the eyes of a social worker, of this perplexing peculiarity. Is this the world of the destitute as we have been accustomed to think of it? I have stood in front of the houses and imagined every sordid corner. I can feel the crowding, the crying, the dirt, the illness, the hopelessness. There is the soiled, careless white man, a sort of guard, looking after the owner's putrefying property. But out of the houses come the beautiful babies in their Welfare layettes, being pushed along in their new Welfare prams. Infancy is indeed the most prosperous moment in these new lives; they come forth into the world, as if for a confirmation, spotlessly, chastely dressed.

The clothes of the urban indigent are often so nice that only the drunks *look* poor; hot dogs, pizzas from the corner shop, and candy bars prevent hunger. There is a strange lack of urgency, as if all these people had been sentenced to an institution of some kind where food and warmth are provided and where one waits, waits for the father of the baby to turn up, for the

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lover to telephone, the Welfare check to arrive in the mail. Who would ever have thought that urban poverty would become the nervous fatigue and hopelessness of institution life? For these younger people are not exactly unemployed; for one reason or another—illness, pregnancy, psychological disability—they are tragically unequipped. Our ideas are somehow out of date; they do not really tell us what we want to know about all this. New York City, with its Bosch-like horrors, its hideous deformities, has this rotten density everywhere. There is some connection between the New York of the “national-market” offices and the old and new slums. It is of the essence that Manhattan should be the “borough of the very poor and the very rich.”

#### GUILT AND INDIFFERENCE

RAYMOND VERNON'S interpretation of the results of the New York Metropolitan Region Study, *Metropolis 1985* (Harvard, \$5), concerns itself only in passing with the human soul on the streets of the city. Instead it is a thorough and interesting analysis of New York's industries, government, transportation, part in the national scene. This new work is a sort of condensation of the material in the previous seven volumes published by the study. Of the dozens of facts for specialists, a few will interest even the most impressionistic reader, the most novelistic student of New York City. For example, it is felt that air travel will strengthen New York's usefulness as an office town, rather than weaken it by making other centers more readily available. And, “Metropolitan economic growth has roughly approximated that of the nation when measured by employment, but has lagged behind the nation, when measured by income.” Contrary to the accepted notion, “most of the inhabitants of the New York Metropolitan Region probably were born there and most can expect to die there.” Mr. Vernon does not expect that many older people, tired of lawns and leaky gutters, will return to the city for retirement in an apartment. But it is becoming more difficult for the well-heeled to find a place within suitable distance from the center of the city and perhaps they will live in town. “Spacious suburban living—living which combines exclusiveness with at least tolerable access—will be more and more difficult to attain as the years go by. The upper income groups . . . are already having to settle in areas which strain the limits of the commuter's endurance.” This, then, is the city's prose. For its poetry one must go back thirty years to Hart Crane:

Out of some subway scuttle, cell or loft  
A bedlamite speeds to thy parapets,  
Tilting there momentarily, shrill shirt ballooning,  
A jest falls from the speechless caravan.

In the Sicily of Danilo Dolci's new book, *Outlaws* (Orion, \$4.95), poverty, hopelessness, hunger, played-out land—classical economic tragedy and suffering—survive, old relics of injustice and indifference. Dolci, formerly an architect, went to Sicily in 1952 to study Greek temple ruins. The misery of the people led him to the decision to dedicate himself to the relief of their condition. He settled in a poverty-stricken fishing village and married a fisherman's widow with five children. The personal decision, the individual act on behalf of mankind, the belief in possibility, the ultimate responsibility: these are still the only relief from guilt and indifference the human soul can offer.

His first book, *Report from Palermo*, dramatized, by the very successful literary method of direct quotation in the language of the people, the plight of the poor at Trappeto. The Sicilian desperation, the extreme conditions of life there, have led Dolci to ask for nothing less than a total moral reorganization of society. In *Outlaws*, an account of the people of Partinico, a center of Sicilian banditry, he writes, “The best concerts, films, and plays in the world should be dedicated to the sick of mind and spirit. The least we can do is to see that the highest recompense goes to those with the most unpleasant jobs, those who clean out drains and toilets. . . . A less barbarous society than our own would see to it, at least, that the old, the defenseless, the destitute, and the children, the ‘last’ of today, were the first to occupy the first-class compartments in the trains and boats and to receive the best treatment in hotels and hospitals, on the most favorable terms or entirely free.”

There is an account of Dolci's arrest and prison term which grew out of his project whereby unemployed men began working to rebuild an abandoned road rather than remain in demoralizing idleness. Some of the affidavits offered by fellow writers show an interesting insight into Dolci's character. The novelist Vittorini writes, “I have always distrusted the sort of activity which mixes religion with social reform. As soon as I got to know Danilo, however, all my doubts vanished. And as for his ideas, his plans, and his methods . . . I must admit that I found them eminently suited to conditions in Sicily.”

Carlo Levi says of Dolci: “It is this confidence which overflows into the lives of the poor among whom he lives and whose sorrows he has so taken to heart. It is this confidence which has opened their eyes to hope. . . .” As the essence of Dolci's thought Levi chooses the statement: “We are living in a world of men condemned to death by all of us.”

The importance of Dolci's literary work comes from his decision to allow the people to speak for themselves, in their own words, without trying to find another form, such as the novel, for

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their story. When you have actually felt the lives of the bandits of Partinico, at that time Dolci's recommendations have all the urgency of a living need: "If the seven or eight hundred million lire which were found *immediately* for the upkeep of the police force in Partinico alone, had been used *immediately* for building a dam . . . the winter flood waters could have been utilized for irrigating 8,000 hectares and today there would be no banditry and no unemployment."

We are all inclined to undervalue a great rare effort of the sort made by Dolci, and to feel a certain embarrassment about, for instance, Albert Schweitzer. I heard a woman who had met Schweitzer express her dismay that he was more concerned with his *own salvation* than with a disinterested love for the natives! The age of the personal, noninstitutional responsibility is waning.

## TERRIBLE DETERMINISM

HEADLINE from an English newspaper: "Affluence and Crime advance together." With resignation, feeling the last ground sink beneath our feet, we read on about what we have been gradually coming to face these last few years. "Material progress, higher wages, rehousing, rising educational standards, and the rest had brought not a decrease in juvenile crime, as they had always been led to expect, but an increase." In America at least, psychological factors have replaced the lost faith in economic causation. But they are, one might say, not working out well either. **The Psychology of Crime**, by David Abrahamsen (Columbia, \$6), concerns itself with this increase in crime after World War II.

Dr. Abrahamsen is a psychiatrist, particularly informed about the psychiatric and social problems related to the criminal. His work is a very general and thorough one, reasonable, interesting, and perhaps useful as a survey. There is nothing new in it—and perhaps there is nothing new to be said. Dr. Abrahamsen sums up juvenile delinquency: "Thus we see that a combination of factors is responsible for the creation and sprouting of juvenile delinquency. There are those within the individual himself and those within his

environment, but perhaps most important of all is the way a person reacts to the elements in his environment."

This analysis doesn't leave us very strongly counseled. The psychological equation has been challenged no less than the economic by the post-war person. "Thus while psychiatrists and psychoanalysis previously treated patients suffering from neuroses as a result of repression, today they find more patients are suffering from character disorders, reflecting a distorted ego and superego structure leading to acting out." The murder rate in the United States is twelve times as high as that in England. And it somehow seems relevant that the young playwright Edward Albee describes the subject of his play "The American Dream" as "the mutilation and destruction of children."

How can we go on a hunger strike against callousness and emptiness, picket the unloving mother in whose hell so many are living, the negligent, selfish father who has created so many violent sons and unhappy daughters? Psychology is a terrible determinism; the sins of the parents are indeed passed on to the tenth generation. The children of bad parents have their hideous revenge on their own wives and children. The abused, hurt child becomes the cruel adult. What does it mean that crime has increased? Is the life of the child within the contemporary family more and more wounding, leading to dull or violent rages, careless destruction? And what is there to do? There is, we read, "treatment" and "therapy." An older paperback, *Wayward Youth*, by August Aichhorn has a chapter on "The Transference." Is this it? The answer? And yet the usual—indeed all but the rare—psychiatric description leaves one feeling dissatisfied and unconvinced. Analyses in current books become more and more glib and shallow. The case seems disposed of in the word, the picture, the frame. There is an air of smugness and self-satisfaction in the psychoanalytic approach that one would never find in, say, Dolci. One feels one's own use of this analysis in conversation infected by the poison of smugness. The therapy center seems in danger of becoming another slum,

## THE NEW BOOKS

out up with cheap materials, by uninspired men.

Gordon Allport's **Personality and Social Encounter** (Beacon, \$7), a series of essays on "personality psychology," and other related topics, touches on these matters in a lively if rather conservative manner. Allport seems to have retained the happy belief in moral consciousness and therefore he can wonder if we could set up a standard for child training in order to avoid the conditions that lead to delinquency, prejudice, and mental disorder. "I can suggest, for example, that the abstract imperative *respect for persons* should be tested and formulated from the point of view of child training." As we used to say in our youth about civil disobedience or the Golden Rule: how do you know it won't work, when it's never been tried? . . . Still.

The horrible English case of the murderer John Christie and the almost certainly falsely executed Timothy Evans contains in it all the despair and sadness of mankind. Ludovic Kennedy has written about it in a book, **Ten Rillington Place** (Victor Gollancz), widely read and commented upon in England but not yet published in America. Weak-minded Timothy Evans was hanged for the murder of his child, whose body, along with that of its mother, was found at 10 Rillington Place. Evans always said another tenant of the house, John Christie, was responsible for the murder, but it was Christie's testimony that resulted in hanging Evans.

Some few years later, four more bodies and two skeletons were found at 10 Rillington Place and Christie admitted having murdered them. Christie, a necrophiliac, was a man of such abnormality that his case cannot have, even for murderers, much application. He is a nightmare mutation. And yet the "psychiatric description" comes forth, inevitably, as it must, with the expected traits: dim, obsessional neatness; prim gentility and "sanctimoniousness"; "sniveling hypocrisy."

"It is odd to what extent chimneys entered into Christie's life: for the first seventeen and last fifteen years of his life he lived within direct sight of one." Of course, he was a scoutmaster and liked putting on

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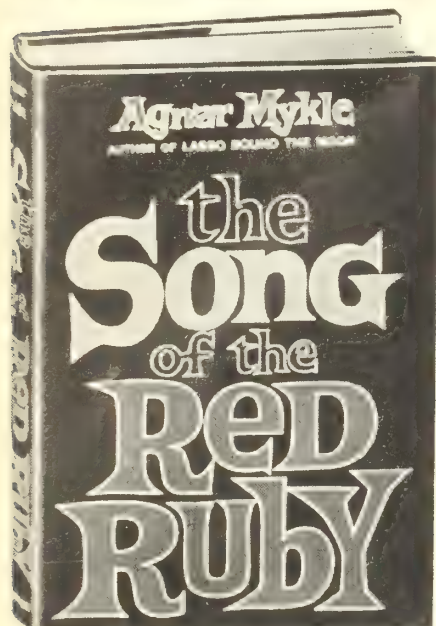
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Few first novels in recent years have received the critical acclaim accorded Agnar Mykle's *LASSO ROUND THE MOON*. Ben Ray Redman, in the *Saturday Review*, described Mykle's talent as "one of the greatest that I have encountered in forty years of reviewing." *Newsweek* hailed Mykle as "a born novelist...with a narrative vigor that is irresistible." Now in *THE SONG OF THE RED RUBY*, Agnar Mykle continues the story of Ash Burlefoot, so exuberantly begun in his first bestseller. He recreates the agonizing uncertainties of a young man's coming of age—his adjustment to university life, his introduction to politics, his attempts to distinguish between the powerful urges of love and sex.

When first published in Norway, *THE SONG OF THE RED RUBY* became the center of an 18-month storm of sensation and controversy—the first book to be tried and convicted of obscenity under a 70-year-old Norwegian statute. Mykle and his publisher later appealed the verdict to the Norwegian Supreme Court, where, after seven months of tension and debate, the obscenity verdict was dramatically reversed.

Translated from the Norwegian by Maurice Michael

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## THE NEW BOOKS

uniforms. He had a harsh father, an overpossessive mother, four sisters who dominated him. The seeds of his necrophilia: "When Christie was about eight years old an event occurred which made a lasting impression on him. This was the death of his mother's father, and, as was the custom . . . , the body was laid out in the home for the family to pay their last respects. Christie was asked if he would like to have a look at his grandfather, and he said he would. He had always been rather frightened of the old man . . . but when he looked at the still waxen face, at the static dummy . . . a feeling came over him of what he later described as fascination and pleasure." From that time on Christie was fond of playing in the graveyard and thus does life imitate psychiatry.

### SEX AND LOVE

IN books of non-fiction one must always be prepared for disappointment, particularly if the subject is sex. I have read *Patterns of Sex and Love: A Study of the Frenchwoman and her Morals* (Crown, \$4) and I was, indeed, much disappointed. This is a very simplified French Kinsey Report, with interviews, case histories, and so on. The Kinsey Reports actually told us something we didn't know, or at least couldn't prove; this French book, with only a few cases and actually a much more limited area for study—"love in its various individual and social aspects"—concerns itself only with feelings and simple attitudes. You will learn that Frenchwomen actually do have a good deal of common sense about marriage, are reluctant to divorce, have mixed attitudes toward virginity, etc. These interviews and the interpretations of them will not much startle and only lightly instruct.

**What about Women**, by John Henry Cutler (Washburn, \$3.95), has a good deal of charm and says all the usual things. Chapter One ends: "Women are on the move. What are their goals and how capable are they of attaining them? Some clues to the answers may be found in biology." To whom are such thoughts addressed? As a series of light, rather witty articles for a popular magazine the thoughts are adequate. Their

preservation in the library seems unnecessary.

**Husbands and Wives, The Dynamics of Married Living**, by Robert O. Blood, Jr. and Donald M. Wolfe (Free Press, \$5), is a very ambitious study, with a large sampling, and is actually "a major research project on the American family" of great interest. Besides the expected topics of money, children, division of labor (high-income husbands do less work around the house), the study takes up some unusual aspects of married life, such as "emotional well-being," and tries to find the facts about them. On the therapeutic value of a husband who sympathetically looks at his wife's problems and tries to deal with her feelings, they say, "Perhaps more than ever before in the history of the human race, the average man meets this particular need. . . ." And, "Today, the mental-hygiene function is valued enough to be recognized as an important family function and effective enough to be a source of genuine satisfaction to most wives." The conclusions of the survey are rather optimistic about American marriage. Habit and companionship and mutual dependency are powerful guards, blocking the gates of change or escape.

**Sex in Man and Woman**, by Theodor Reik (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50), is not one of the brilliant Reik's greatest books, since it is a collection of thoughts and jottings, rather haphazardly put together. Still, it is so original and fresh, and so brightly sensible in its relation to life, so rich in feeling, that it is a pleasure to read. Reik is utterly free of rigidity and repetitiveness. In his thoughts, old words become new. Even such a simple notion as the different educational possibilities for men and women brings forth: "The education to shame can be considered typical in the direction toward restraint which is insisted upon in feminine education." *Shame* is the word that counts. A few more jottings from this civilized old man: "Reik's law: *The degree of hostility experienced against one sex is functionally related to the degree of ungratified unconscious love for the other.*" And, "If a woman is not reconciled with her mother she will never get along with men."

# BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

## FICTION

**The Other Woman I Am**, by Genevieve Gennari.

One gets very tired of journals by, or novels about, middle-aged widows looking for "readjustment." Although that is very much what this is—a novel in the form of a journal—it is entirely unfair to lump it with others. It is an absorbing personal story of a still-beautiful Parisian woman, widowed at forty-four, and her relationships, past and present, with other people and men especially—husband, son, potential husbands, and lovers. But it is a great deal more than that. There is a quality of universality about it, both contemplative and yet passionately involved, which removes it at once from the ambiance of self-pity in which most such books drown from the start. It speaks not just to her own condition but to many, and one learns from it and thinks about it for days. A vulnerable and compassionate mind is at work here, yet quick and amused too, eliminating softness and relating one woman's life to the whole world. It is a pity that in spite of this I suppose it will be read mostly by women. It deserves a better fate.

McKay, \$3.75

**The Hunter Deep in Summer**, by Edward Loomis.

Maybe more people are getting middle-aged all the time, but in any case this seems to be the moment for novels about their problems. The Los Angeles trial lawyer who is the protagonist here is on the far side of fifty. He has retired with his wife to the small town of Albo on the California-Nevada border, and as the book begins he has taken on the case of two Indian boys being tried for murder. The story starts slowly but one feels that there are elements of dedication and excitement which are bound to build up to a revealing explosion. Alas, they don't. There are effective moments in the courtroom and in the Kearsarge Valley where the lawyer goes on expeditions of refreshment and almost

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

mystical self-discovery. But unlike the widow's book discussed above, there is a kind of monotone about this elderly search for status, renewed passion, and a Cause. Perhaps the effect is intended by this young first-novelist who may mean to say that life, death (someone else's), passion inevitably must be experienced with a sense of lessening reality and involvement by those who are past their prime. He makes that point convincingly, though it's not very surprising, and his writing is lucid and disciplined—welcome attributes in a young novelist. Viking, \$3.75

*The Morning and the Evening*, by Joan Williams.

The author of this first novel has written a very beautiful book and a recital of its subject matter in a few words can give no idea of its dimensions. Briefly, it is the story of a small Southern town's alternating concern, and lack of it, for the gentle, middle-aged town "loony" who cannot speak and whose careworn mother dies as the story begins. Miss Williams' penetration into the poor man's mind and her understanding of its limitations are convincing, and the very goodness of the people involved (including the doctors and attendants at a state hospital for the insane) puts the sad and inevitable conclusion into the realm of real tragedy. I can't remember when I have read a book which treats the human race with so much dignity, kindness, and respect. Which doesn't mean there aren't devils in it too. Atheneum, \$4

## NON-FICTION

*When F.D.R. Died*, by Bernard Asbell.

As a child I remember hearing my great aunt tell again and again the story of how she learned the news of Lincoln's death. She was hanging out clothes in the back yard in a small town in upstate New York when she saw a neighbor on the back porch, crying. The news was then more than twenty-four hours old.

In spite of obvious differences, the emotional climate at Roosevelt's death was probably much the same. Both great Presidents, who had also been leaders in great wars, were now, most suddenly, dead. Mr. Asbell has

collected the "back porch" stories, the "where I heard it" accounts, from heads of nations and GIs in the field; from the Little White House in Georgia where F.D.R. died (the author has talked to or heard from everyone there) and the White House in Washington (he had Mrs. Roosevelt's help); from the man who was suddenly summoned to be President and from the man who ordered the casket; from the newsroom and the undertaking parlor; from government officials and political cronies; and the stories are woven back and forth to make a most moving historical tapestry. Only this time, once Mrs. Roosevelt had been notified and the news released, the story was known all over the world in a matter of minutes.

As Mr. Asbell says, "It was an hour when each individual seemed moved to summarize his own connection with the piece of history which had so abruptly ended." Probably everyone over twenty-five who reads the book will have his own moment of history to add.

Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$4

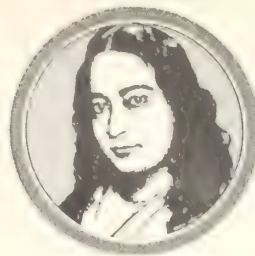
If readers of our Supplement last month on "The Mood of the Russian People" want to explore the matter further, there is no lack of new books on the subject.

*Russians as People*, by Wright W. Miller. Introduction by Alexander Dallin. 8 pages of photographs.

This book continues the mood of our Supplement—an investigation into the minds and manners and motivations of the Russian people based on more than twenty-six years of visiting and living in the Soviet Union. History and background are here too but the emphasis is on the people today. The writing is simple and lively. Dutton, \$3.95

*Only in Russia*, by Howard Norton.

Mr. Norton with his wife and four children spent three years in Russia where he was Chief of the Moscow Bureau for the Baltimore *Sun*. They had no diplomatic or other special privileges and lived directly with and among the Russians. This is an excellent and forthright account of their experiences and observations with more of the reporter's quick perception and less of Mr. Miller's



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historical approach. It is more personal, more anecdotal, more critical, and almost photographic in its style (though there are no photographs). Mr. Norton knowledgeably explores all phases of Russian life. It is brisk, very readable.

Van Nostrand, \$4.95

**The Soviet Union: The Land and Its People**, by Georges Jorjé. Translated and revised by E. D. Laborde. This scholarly geography-history, first published in English in 1950 and now brought up to date by Dr. Laborde is solid reference fare after the two more popular books mentioned above. It is not political; it covers geography, economics, and natural history. It is full of maps and diagrams and pictures. It is not a book to read through but to refer to constantly as background to all of today's reading about Russia. A paragraph at random about the fauna of the steppes:

There remain none of the equines which were once characteristic of the country: Prijvalski's horse, the tarpan, and the kiang; no saiga antelopes, stags, wild boars, or beavers, scarcely any roebuck, only a few bustards, and far fewer wild bees, though butterflies in their myriads still haunt the flowers among the grass.

I can only say that what is no longer there still makes very pretty rose.

Longman's, \$7.50

**Dragon in the Kremlin**, by Marvin Albert.

Most of us now know that the pact that was signed between Russia and China on February 14, 1950, may eventually affect us all. Few of us know much about it beyond that. In his book the widely-traveled CBS correspondent in Moscow examines "The Alliance," its relation to us and to our allies and to all the countries in the Far East; discusses its strengths and weaknesses; and writes of it as few others are qualified to do.

Dutton, \$4.50

**The War Called Peace: Khrushchev's Communism**, by Harry and Sonaro Overstreet.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

They don't try to say what Khrushchev means in each swing from peace talk to war talk but they remind their readers most effectively of the actions behind the words in each instance. Using Berlin as a case study they show how his "design for confusion" and his "strange weapons" (both described in separate chapters) have worked and continue to work on the unwary. Unpretentious and illuminating.

Norton, \$4.50

I have never before seen a book about the wild, beautiful, almost roadless, and nearly tourist-less peninsula of Mexico's Baja (Lower) California. Now, as so often happens, there are two just published within the same week.

### The Forgotten Peninsula: A Naturalist in Baja California, by Joseph Wood Krutch.

This, as the title and the author indicate, is primarily a naturalist's report with such chapters as "Plants, Queer, Queerer, and Queerest," "A Closer Look at the Boojum," and "Captain Scammon and His Whales." But there is history, too, and there are vivid descriptions of getting from place to place and what living is like when you get there. Sixteen pages of photographs.

Sloane, \$5

### Yesterday's Land: A Baja California Adventure, by Leonard Wibberly.

The author who wrote of the trip that he and his family took to Portugal in *No Garlic in the Soup!* journeys this time with friend but without family and recounts their difficult but rewarding travels in this ancient land, discovered and abandoned in turn by Spaniards, missionaries, pirates, and developers. With these books to lead them on, the hardy tourists may yet take over.

Washburn, \$3.50

### The Great North Road: A Journey in History, by Frank Morley.

A charming personal, historical, and literary pilgrimage with many stops and meanderings, up the Great Road which starts in London and goes its winding way across all of England to Edinburgh. A most unusual travel book heartily recommended to any who plan to motor

## COMING IN HARPER'S



Minoru Yamasaki, architect

### A NEW IDIOM IN ARCHITECTURE

How a new kind of Monolithic design . . . full of surprises and invention . . . is supplanting yesterday's Functional style. Illustrated.

By Robin Boyd

### TEACHERS COLLEGE: AN EXTINCT VOLCANO?

Though it is still a magnet for degree-hungry teachers, the one-time West Point of U.S. education is in trouble.

By Miriam Borgenicht

### THE REAL HOPE FOR LATIN AMERICA

Some down-to-earth (instead of idealistic) goals for the Kennedy Administration, based on a first-hand country-by-country appraisal.

By Peter F. Drucker

### "REALISM" IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE

Why sex and squalor are not the stuff of great drama.

By Mary McCarthy

### QUEBEC'S REVOLT AGAINST THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

A report on an unexpected insurrection in Canada's most conservative province.

By Miriam Chapin

in England this summer. By the author of *Travels in East Anglia*.

Macmillan, \$5

**It Takes All Kinds**, by Robert Littell.

Another unorthodox travel book, by the Paris editor of *Reader's Digest*. This is really a collection of well-told anecdotes but since they take place in cities and towns all over Europe it is travel too. Pleasant whether going or staying home.

Reynal, \$3.95

As we go to press two biographies of Americans are being published, two whose lives overlapped in time but whose experiences of America as they grew up were as different as if they were on separate planets. They both lived to become international figures; both were professional journalists and broadcasters, and each was seriously concerned about human dignity. But in the end their backgrounds claim them, and leave them as striking examples of the diversity of American experience.

**Don't Let Them Scare You: The Life and Times of Elmer Davis**, by Roger Burlingame.

This is a lively, informative, and affectionate portrait of the boy from Aurora, Indiana, who became newspaperman, novelist, short-story writer, international broadcaster, essayist, head of the OWI. His biographer has put Davis's work in perspective by reconstructing (perhaps in too much detail) the events that were its inspiration. Here are excerpts from his broadcasts so that one hears again that quiet, fearless voice with its Midwestern drawl; and from his essays (many of which appeared in this magazine) which are masterpieces of clarity, wry humor, and often, of splendid indignation. A good life of a good man.

Lippincott, \$5.95

**Truly Emily Post**, by Edwin Post.

It was harder for Mrs. Post, born and brought up in Tuxedo Park, one of the richest and most exclusive communities in the country, to escape from her environment into the mainstream of events in America and elsewhere. It took a different kind of courage. Yet she did it and her son tells the story in easy,

pleasant fashion which throws interesting lights on the way a race of vanishing Americans conducted their lives in the Mauve Decade and the early years of the century. Mrs. Post was ahead of her times though she never abandoned the "gracious" life. In 1915, as a journalistic stunt for Frank Crowninshield, she crossed the country in an open touring car to report on the San Diego Fair and the Pan-American Exposition in San Francisco. Later came her social-world-shaking *Book of Etiquette* (again at the instigation of Crowninshield); still later her newspaper column and her regular broadcasts. Without ever really leaving her own world she made her name a byword for correct and easy behavior at every social level. And people as different as Washington diplomats and schoolgirls in love sought, and got, her advice.

Funk & Wagnalls, \$4.50

#### FORECAST

#### Books of the Month

For June the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen George F. Kennan's *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin* (Atlantic-Little, Brown); for July, *The Edge of Sadness*, by the author of *The Last Hurrah*, Edwin O'Connor (Atlantic-Little, Brown); as its midsummer selection, *The Making of the President 1960*, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum); and for a later time, as yet unscheduled, *Kidnap: The Story of the Lindbergh Case*, by George Waller (Dial).

#### June

In June Dutton will publish Mickey Spillane's first book in nine years: *The Deep*.

Pantheon will issue an entire book of photographs of the lioness heroine of the best-selling *Born Free*. Its title, *Elsa*.

The author of *David the King*, Gladys Schmitt, has a much-heralded biographical novel on the Random House list, *Rembrandt*.

John Steinbeck's new novel, *The Winter of Our Discontent*, which Viking is publishing in June will run in four parts, from May to August, in *McCall's* and will be a 30,000-word book digest for *Reader's Digest* Book Club in July.



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# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## THREE GREAT CONDUCTORS

*What qualities are needed to play the great works in great style? . . . New "integral" recordings of Schumann, Brahms, and Schubert provide the evidence for reappraisal.*

Some electronic seers, peering into their transistors, predict that in the future the complete works of Bach will be recorded on a plate that will be, if not the size of a pinhead, not much bigger. That fine day not yet having arrived, conductors are busy making "integral" recordings. That is, instead of recording a Beethoven symphony, they are recording all nine. Or instead of one Brahms symphony, all four.

Three great conductors have recently been featured in this kind of undertaking. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra are heard in Schumann—all four **Symphonies**, the **Manfred Overture**, and the **Piano Concerto**, with Leon Fleisher at the keyboard (Epic SC 6039, 4 discs, mono; BSC 110, 4 discs, stereo). Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra participate in a recording of the four Brahms **Symphonies**, plus the **Tragic Overture** and **Academic Festival Overture** (Angel 3614, 4 discs, mono; S 3614, 4 discs, stereo). Bruno Walter, however, has not decided to lead all of the extant Schubert symphonies. He confines himself to the three most popular—the **Unfinished**, in which he leads the New York Philharmonic, **No. 5 in B flat**, and **No. 9 in C**, both with the Columbia Symphony (Columbia M2L 269, 2 discs, mono; M2S 618, 2 discs, stereo).

The Schumann album is most interesting of the three. Not because Szell is a greater conductor than Messrs. Walter or Klemperer, but because there happen to be available many, many excellent recorded performances of the Brahms and Schubert symphonies, whereas there are

almost none of the Schumann. The Schumann symphonies are hard to conduct. Often Schumann's scoring has to be touched up; and how much touching to do? Mahler, at the turn of the century, liberally rescored them, and the result is almost a travesty. On the other hand, conductors who lead the symphonies in the original scoring find themselves with music—no matter how glorious or original—that often has a thick texture and a dull patina.

Then, too, there is the problem in Schumann of how much romanticism to accentuate. The temptation is to use as much rubato as the orchestra can comfortably manage; but a conductor has to have infinite taste and control, or else the music-making becomes anarchic.

Szell, more than any conductor, has solved the Schumann problem. His rescorings are tactful—an undoubted line here or there (that is, omitting some instruments that duplicate a melody) or a slight reinforcement elsewhere. On the whole, the music comes out with no apparent alteration. And in matters of pacing, rhythm, balance, and color, Szell is magnificent. He has brought the Cleveland Orchestra to a point where it is one of the world's great ensembles, and it is completely responsive to his wishes. The four Schumann symphonies emerge with strength, alertness, exactitude, and a romantic ardor. Rather than go in for romantic excesses, Szell emphasizes the classical elements in the music, presumably figuring that the romantic elements will take care of themselves. Which they do; and it is surprising how much the Schumann romanticism is heightened by Szell's insistence on clarity. This is not paradoxical; there is a strong classical element in Schumann, a fact of which too many contemporary interpreters are unaware.

Thus Szell's album is by far the best available. It really has no com-

petition, and should stand as the definitive version for a long time to come. The only relatively weak performance is of the Piano Concerto, in which Fleisher plays accurately but in a rather matter-of-fact manner: ultraefficient and seldom with fervency or color.

Klemperer's album of Brahms is tremendous. His conception of the music is totally without Viennese *Kitsch*. It is monumental, monolithic, without much charm, but enormous in size. All is intensity, with distant lightning flashes and low rumbles of thunder; and when the storm does burst, it bursts with explosive fury. Klemperer has none of the mellowness of Walter, the tensile strength of Toscanini, the urbanity of Beecham or Monteux. With heavy tread he pursues his purpose single-mindedly. Generally the results are overwhelming. There are, of course, many valid ways of approaching the Brahms symphonies, and the history of the phonograph has brought us many splendid interpretations. Klemperer's way is to emphasize the sheer strength of the music. Few will fail to respond to the Brahms he presents.

Bruno Walter's way with Schubert is big in conception, but it has a relaxed quality. Walter is never in a rush to get anywhere. Even in the Fifth Symphony, that light and joyous work, he is fairly deliberate. And while he can never be accused of lagging in the C major Symphony, it also cannot be said that he ever gives the feeling that the music is exciting him. Walter goes in for the loving phrase, the rounded contour, the sentiment of the music. Fortunately, throughout his long career (he is going on eighty-five), he has never confused sentiment with sentimentality.

## *Purists Do Not Scream*

Of other recent orchestral discs, two especially stand out. One is commemorative of the late Sir Thomas Beecham. It is named **Love in Bath**, and is an arrangement of music by Handel originally intended by Sir Thomas for a ballet called *The Great Elopement*. He here conducts the Royal Philharmonic, with Ilse Hollweg as soprano soloist (Angel 35504, mono; S 35504, stereo).

Veteran record collectors know all about the Handel-Beecham arrangements. *Love in Bath* is as enchanting

## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

any of them. It has a wonderful period flavor, brought up to date in Beecham's rescoring. Purists have been known to scream at the conductor for certain things he had done; but when it came to the Mandel-Beecham scores there always were cheers. For these are adaptations and do not pretend to be anything else. As an example of sheer musical pleasure, few things can approach them.

*epochal Wagner*

The other disc is also commemorative. In it, Toscanini conducts the NBC Symphony in Wagner—the bird scene of Act I of *Die Walküre*, and three excerpts from *Götterdämmerung*: Daybreak; Siegfried's Rhine journey; and the Duet between Brünnhilde and Siegfried. The singers are Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel (Victor LM 2452).

Toscanini was, very likely, the greatest Wagner conductor who ever lived. This record, taken from the broadcast of February 22, 1941, presents him at his best, and it also presents the greatest Wagnerian tenor of his age. If ever a singer dominated his field it was Melchior. For over two decades none could begin to approach him, nor has he had any successors. His voice was unique—a heroic tenor with a solid baritone underpinning. It was a voice of exceptional size that never waned. For one thing, it was produced too effortlessly. For another, it never lost quality, even in extended fortissimo passages. Never strident, it provided a perfect mix with orchestra.

And Traubel, too, was a soprano in the great Wagnerian tradition. In her day she was somewhat eclipsed by Flagstad, and some opera-goers failed to realize the glory of her voice. Or they took it for granted. But she was second to none. When Traubel and Melchior lift their voices on this disc, backed by Toscanini, the music—despite the obvious age of the recording—is anything but merely evocative or nostalgic. It is epochal, and the word is used advisedly. Very possibly we will never again hear this kind of work on the operatic stage. Need one point out that this disc is basic to any collection of Wagner? Or to any collection?



The final curtain has fallen on the storied career of Jussi Bjoerling. In his passing, the world of opera has lost one of its most brilliant performers. But the immortal voice of "the dominant tenor of his time" lives on through the medium of great recordings. Here are three magnificent albums by Bjoerling with more than 45 selections from the finest opera literature, plus a wonderfully lyrical group of songs and ballads. Truly collector's items. *Monaural only*



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# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

BYRD, D. C.

What," said the lady at the party, "is the name of that guitar player in Washington who ..." and, without waiting for her to finish, I said, "Charlie Byrd."

"... who plays," she went on, "both jazz and classical?"

"Charlie Byrd," I said, "for jazz—or, for classical, Charles Byrd. Same man."

"How did you know," said she, "whom I meant?"

"There isn't," said I, "anyone else."

AND, for a fact, there isn't. If your ear, at the word "guitar," looks forward to hearing the Segovia-like tone of the unamplified instrument, then it will not be disappointed in Byrd. If, moreover, you have always covertly hungered for a Segovia who swings—who can pass effortlessly from a sixteenth-century pavane for the vihuela into "How Long Has This Been Going On?"—then Charles—or Charlie—Byrd is your only choice.

Originally, the jazz guitar seems to have been liberated only by electronics from the fate of being a slightly louder and more plangent banjo, a strummed adjunct to the drums and piano. Amplification made it a solo instrument, able to blast out a melody in competition with the reeds and brass—but at a price: a sweet, nasal whine that runs the constant danger of sliding over into "Sweet Leilani." Byrd—and high fidelity, which conveys the "Spanish" guitar unenhanced, and thus makes amplification unnecessary—have between them rescued it from that fate.

In his jazz trio, Byrd enjoys the support of Keter Betts, who complements him so closely that the double bass seems at times an extension of the guitar, a set of lower strings still further down the frets. The two "classical" sets speak for themselves, but "Blues for Night People"—despite its clumsy title—speaks for a world in which the two musics have become one.

**Jazz Recital.** Charlie Byrd. Savoy MG 12099. **Blues for Night People.** Savoy MG 12116. **Jazz at the Showboat.** Offbeat OJ-3001. **Byrd in the Wind.** Offbeat OJ-3005. **Charlie Byrd Trio.** Offbeat OJ-3006. **Charlie's Choice.** Offbeat OJ-3007.

**An Anthology of Music for the Guitar, The Sixteenth Century.** Charles Byrd, Guitar. Washington WR-411. **Four Suites by Lodovico Roncalli.** Washington WR-429.





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